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THE LITTLE SEWING GIRL.

THE wind blew bitter cold, on one of the stormiest days of winter, driving the snow in drifts, and penetrating the warmest clothing which could be put on by those whom necessity called abroad. How comfortable it was to sit in a warm, cheerful room, while the blast whistled about the windows, but could not enter with its chilling breath. Comfortable indeed for those whom wealth or competence had favored with such homes; but how many on that bitter night, in the obscure lanes of this wide city, felt the snow drifting on their miserable beds, and, with aching hearts, gathered their few tattered clothes round their famishing children, for whom, they had no bread to give, and no fire to warm!

The short twilight was fading away, but a blazing fire in the grate threw a cheerful light round a small apartment, where Mrs. Marlow was sitting with her children, amused with their good-humored gaiety. They had just returned from school; but kindly cared for, and wrapped in comfortable garments, they had

known little inconvenience from the inclemency of the weather, and only felt the comforts of home more grateful from the contrast. A low ring was heard at the door ; but it was unheeded in their enjoyment, till presently it was repeated, a very little louder, for the touch seemed given by a weak or timid hand.

"You had better go to the door, Jimmy," said Mrs. Marlow to her son. "Bridget does not seem to hear the ring, and it is cruel to keep any one waiting outside, in this cold storm."

Jimmy obeyed with alacrity, and directly returned, saying a little girl waited in the hall to see his mamma. "And she looks frozen to death," he added, "for she has only a bit of an old cloak on, and a little thin bonnet that does not half cover her poor ears."

Mrs. Marlow went out directly, and found that Jimmy's description was not at all exaggerated. A girl about twelve years old, very thinly clad, and almost bare-footed—for the old shoes and worn stockings could not protect her feet from the nipping frost—stood at the hall stove, spreading her naked hands to receive the warmth, with an eagerness which seemed to absorb all her faculties.

"Do not stand too near the stove, my poor girl," said Mrs. Marlow, kindly. "Sudden heat will make your hands ache after being so very cold. Have you no covering for them?"

"No, ma'am," she said, timidly drawing back, and wrapping the tattered cloak about her hands.

"And what can have brought you out, child, on such a stormy day?" continued Mrs. Marlow. "I wonder that you have not perished with the cold?"

"Indeed I could not help it, ma'am," said the girl ; "my mother is very ill, and she was obliged to send me out to see if I could get any sewing."

"If your mother is so ill, how is she able to sew?"

"I can sew very well, ma'am," returned the girl modestly, "and mother is sometimes able to show me a little about what I do not know so well ; so we make out to finish any plain work that we can get to do."

"For whom have you been sewing?" asked Mrs. Marlow.

"For Mrs. R——. She lives in a grand house in —— street. Mother found it hard to get sewing enough to keep us, so she went there to wash and clean house sometimes ; till little Johnny grew so sick she could not leave him, and then father took bad, and went into the hospital and died there."

"And your mother?" asked Mrs. Marlow, much interested.

"My mother was very sick too, ma'am," she continued, "and has not been able to do any hard work since ; so Mrs. R—— gave us some plain sewing, and it helped us a little, but——." She stopped, and colored deeply.

"But, what !" inquired Mrs. Marlow ; "did you not suit her, or did you displease her in any way. Mrs. R—— is rich, and able to pay you well?"

"We took what she pleased to give us for a long time," replied the child, "and made her a set of nice chemises, and nightgowns, which pleased her very well. But the days are so short we had to sit up late at night, and sew, when the little ones were in bed, and lights, and wood, and rent came very hard, mother said ; and so she asked the lady to pay her a little

more. But she was angry, and said we were ungrateful, and she has given us nothing to do since."

"You were wrong to displease a lady who was so kind to you," said Mrs. Marlow; "for she probably knew best what was proper to give, and she would not wish to wrong you. How much did she give you for your work?"

"Seven-pence ha'penny a piece, ma'am, for the chemises, and ten-pence for the night-gowns, and there was a good deal of frilling and work on them."

"Seven-pence half-penny and ten-pence for such work!" repeated Mrs. Marlow. "Surely, child, you are mistaken; tell me the truth, for I know Mrs. R——, and can ask her?"

"It is the truth," said the child firmly; "but indeed we would be glad to get anything now, that would find us bread for the children. I have just been to the lady again, but she would not see me; and I have called at so many doors, but no one gave me any work, and at last a lady sent me to you, ma'am, and told me that you were kind, and would perhaps give me some work."

Mrs. Marlow asked her mother's name and residence, which she carefully marked down, and then she desired her daughter to shew the little girl to the kitchen, and request Bridget to give her a good supper, and allow her to warm herself.

"Mamma," said Jimmy, "do you think the little girl told you the truth?"

"I do, Jimmy, for her poor little careworn face looked honest and truthful, and her story, too, seemed probable, and was told without hesitation or contradiction."

"Bridget told us the other day, mamma," said Clara, "when I was going to give something to a beggar, that we could not believe these poor children at all, for their parents send them round with stories to excite compassion, and get money from people, when they ought to work for it."

"Bridget should be more charitable to her own country people," said Mrs. Marlow, smiling; "but it is undoubtedly true that there is much imposition practised, and many false stories told by the very poor and needy; but we must not therefore conclude that there is no truth amongst them, and that they are all impostors. It is generally easy to detect impostors, by making personal investigation, by visiting their abodes, and enquiring into their characters. But it is better even to be deceived, occasionally, than to have a fellow-being suffer from our negligence. Now you must help me, children to find some warm clothes for this poor girl, or she will perish on her way home. What have you got that you can spare?"

"Here is a pair of nice warm mittens," said Jimmy. "I have some others and do not need them; and if I did I would give them to her."

"And here," said Clara, "are some comfortable over-stockings."

"And here is a hood, as warm as wool," said Kitty; and so, with an outer garment from Mrs. Marlow, the poor girl, who again stood waiting in the hall, was well clothed, and went home rejoicing, carrying also a basket of food, and Mrs. Marlow promising to call soon and see about her mother.

The next morning Mrs. Marlow called on Mrs. R——. That lady's carriage was waiting at the door,

and Mrs. Marlow met the lady herself in the hall, gaily dressed, and just ready for a morning drive.

"I will detain you but a moment," said Mrs. Marlow. "I merely called to inquire about a poor woman named McQuinn, who has been in the habit of working for you, I believe?"

"Oh, yes, she used to work for me, and helped the servants on odd days, now and then; but I have not seen her for a long time."

"She is ill," said Mrs. Marlow; "but did you not give her sewing occasionally?"

"Yes, she did a good deal for me at different times; and she, and her little girl, both sewed very neatly. I had no fault to find with them, and might have employed them till this time, only, like all those Irish people, they took advantage of my kindness, and grew exacting and ungrateful."

"You paid them too liberally, perhaps," said Mrs. Marlow, a little sarcastically.

"Oh, no!" returned Mrs. R——; "their work was cheap enough for that matter, which is a consideration, if you wish to employ them. Mrs. McQuinn made me some under garments very neatly, for seven-pence ha'penny, and ten-pence. I could have got them made for six-pence and eight-pence, perhaps not quite so well; but she had the impertinence to trump up and tell me it was not enough! So I quit her at once; it is the only way to deal with such people."

"And pray, Mrs. R. where could you find any one else, any one indeed, who was not driven to desperation by her poverty, who would make up such garments for that low price?"

"Oh! there are plenty who would do it—there are

thousands out of employment who will work for almost nothing. Times are hard enough with all of us, just now, and it is a blessing that we can get any thing done cheap."

"And is it right to take advantages of these poor people?" asked Mrs. Marlow. "You cannot purchase the labor of a respectable seamstress, who is placed under the protection of society, for twice that sum; but these poor strangers, who struggle hard even for existence, in a strange land, are ground down to accept the lowest mite, and upbraided with ingratitude if they rebel!"

"Come," said Mrs. R. somewhat abashed, "you always turn every thing into sober earnest. It is fine sleighing—will you take a drive with me?"

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Marlow; "I have a long walk to take, so good morning to you."

It was clear and bright, after the storm of the preceding day, and being a weekly holiday with the children, Mrs. Marlow took her eldest daughter with her, and walked to the Quebec suburbs, to look for Mrs. McQuinn. It was not an easy task to find the place described by the little girl; but after threading many obscure lanes, and inquiring at many wretched tenements, she was at last directed to the attic of a miserable house, so densely populated, that it seemed literally to swarm with inhabitants. As they passed up the dark and rickety stairs, the noise issuing from the rooms below,—of children pent up in cheerless and unwholesome confinement—of women, scolding and complaining,—and of men driven by compulsive idleness to degrading vice—rose up in deafening clamor, while the air was stifling and offensive, almost beyond endurance.

"Do let us go back mamma," said Clara, quite pale

with alarm; "I never saw such a place as this,—I am sure there can be no good people here."

"You have nothing to fear, Clara," said her mother; "and it is well for you to enter these abodes of poverty, that the wants and sufferings of your fellow beings may be felt and understood by you. Regard them as the children of our common Father, created with souls as capable of improvement and happiness as your own, and let your heart be ever open to compassionate, and your hand ever ready to assist them."

Another step or two brought them to the landing place, and following the direction given her, Mrs. Marlow tapped at the first door, and it was directly opened by the little girl who had visited her on the preceding evening.

"Please walk in, ma'am," she said with a low courtesy, and a smiling face. The room bore marks of the utmost destitution; it was an unfinished attic, and the snow which had drifted through the broad cracks, in the recent storm, still lay heavily on the beams; the single window, clattering dismally in the wind, was almost darkened by the rubbish stuffed in its broken panes, and scarcely an article of comfort or convenience was to be seen. A few embers were carefully collected together on the hearth and the girl was fanning them with an old hat, to kindle a blaze under the small saucepan which was placed upon them. But the hearth was swept very neatly, the floor was clean, the old chest, the broken stools and table, were free from dust, and arranged with more order and nicety than is usually seen in the abodes of hopeless poverty. There was a miserable bed in one corner, on which lay a woman, evidently sinking under debility,

and two or three young children were huddled together under the scanty coverings, to receive the warmth which was not to be found otherwise in the desolate apartment.

"Mother," said the little girl, approaching the bed, "here is the lady who was so kind to me yesterday."

The poor woman raised her head from the straw pillow, on which it rested, and in a feeble voice thanked Mrs. Marlow for her charitable aid, which, she said, had saved her famishing children from starvation.

The quiet voice, and modest countenance of the woman, and the cleanliness of the low bed on which she lay, at once created a feeling of interest and respect. Mrs. Marlow sat down beside her, and kindly inquired into her situation and her wants. With an overflowing heart, and a voice enfeebled by illness, but with a truth and pathos which no art could imitate, Mrs. McQuinn related her humble tale. It was a common story of deprivation and misfortune, too common alas! for thousands of poor emigrants daily experience it, and it is so constantly repeated, that it too often falls unheeded, on the ears of the rich and fortunate.

Previous to the dreadful winter of 1846, emphatically called the winter of starvation, she had lived in humble prosperity, and knew nothing of the bitterness of poverty. She had a kind husband and healthy children; their little garden and potatoe patch, with a cow, furnished them with all the necessaries of life, and cheerful industry gave a zest to their simple fare. But when the potatoe crop failed, and starvation and disease entered almost every house, and provisions became exorbitantly dear, their resources also began to fail. Rent day came, and the cow was sold, to satisfy

the landlord's demand; the children grew pale and meagre, no labor could be obtained; one after another, their little comforts were exchanged for bare necessities, and the spring found them destitute and hopeless of any better change in their native land.

They succeeded, by many painful sacrifices, in obtaining the means of reaching this country, which seemed to offer them some promise for the future. They struggled hard to obtain subsistence here; destitute and strangers, they could not at once find employment, but after many hardships and discouragements, they at length began to reap the reward of persevering industry. But the husband was attacked by illness, which took him off from labor, and subjected them to many expenses. He was at last taken to the hospital, and died there. Mrs. McQuinn, though broken down in health and spirits, still toiled incessantly; day after day she drudged at the washing tub, or any job she could obtain, often meanly remunerated, or paid perhaps only with broken meat, or a cast off garment. Kitty, the eldest girl, in the mean time took care of the children, and had been taught by her mother to sew neatly, and work industriously whenever she could obtain any thing to do. And thus they had contrived to exist till the severe winter exhausted their little means, and then Mrs. McQuinn's health failed, and she was no longer able to leave the house to earn a pittance for her hard labor. Mrs. R., who found their services valuable, as she obtained them for a small sum, continued to supply them with plain sewing, till Kitty, by her mother's direction, ventured to represent their necessities, and modestly request a little more for their services.

Mrs. R. assured her that she could get the work done much cheaper,—that she had given it to her, because she was very needy—but since she was so ungrateful, she would employ another person. Poor Kitty would gladly have kept the work on any terms, they were reduced to such extremities, and indeed their almost desperate need of a few shillings, could alone have impelled her to the boldness of asking Mrs. R. for more, though she well knew that justice was not done to them. But Mrs. R. from that time refused to aid her, in any way; perhaps the child's wretched appearance was a reproach to her too easy conscience; she gave no more thought to her, and made no effort to relieve her suffering family. Ah! if she had looked into that abode of want; if, while so wantonly lavishing her hundreds on vain show and selfish indulgence, she had cheered them with a word of kindness, or given a mite to relieve their penury, what wretchedness had they been spared, and how rich would have been her own reward!

Many weeks had now passed since they had been able to get any work; the children were crying for bread, and almost perishing with cold; every thing they possessed had gone for rent, for their scanty fuel, and a few other necessaries. They had been glad to find shelter in that miserable garret, which a charitable countryman suffered them to inhabit, rent free, and there, destitute of every comfort, but with a meek and patient spirit, poor Mrs. McQuinn was wearing away in the last stages of rapid decline.

The substance of this story, told in simple language, and with many pauses, greatly interested Mrs. Marlow and her daughter. The salutary impression made on

Clara's young heart by that scene of distress, it may be hoped, will never be forgotten. With tearful eyes, she slipped a small piece of money into Kitty's hand, which she had brought out to purchase some trifles for herself; and she felt far happier in thus bestowing it than in the gratification of any selfish indulgence.

Mrs. Marlow was not rich, but her charity like "the cruise of oil," never failed, and, as it is truly said, "where there is a will there is a way," she always found means, in some degree, to promote the comfort and relieve the wants of her fellow creatures. She immediately set about finding a more comfortable lodging for Mrs. M'Quinn, to which she was removed in the course of the day. Several kind friends, to whom Mrs. Marlow related the circumstance of the poor family, cheerfully aided her in procuring for them the comforts which they required. Warmth and wholesome food and decent clothes were provided for them; and above all, Kitty had an abundance of plain sewing given her to do, for which she was paid a reasonable price, and was thus enabled by her own industry to procure most of the necessaries which their condition required. With a grateful heart, and with honest pride, she toiled at her needle, often laying it aside to attend upon her sick mother, or perform some kind office for the little ones. Always patient and cheerful, it was surprising how much she accomplished; and such a glow of satisfaction crossed her pale, young face, when her employers praised her work,—so neatly was it done, and always so promptly.

Mrs. M'Quinn lingered through the winter months, patient in all her sufferings, and grateful that God had raised up friends to protect her children, when she

should be called away from them. After her death, thanks to the benevolence which provides a home for the destitute orphan, the little children were received into a charitable asylum, where they are well cared for, and fitted for the duties of their humble station.

Mrs. Marlow took Kitty into her own family, where she became a faithful and valuable domestic, and is still daily improving, as she grows older and gains experience.

"I am glad, mamma," Clara one day said, "that we did not send Kitty away that cold night, without listening to her story; what would have become of her, and we should never have found any one else so good and so patient with the little ones, and then she sews so neatly too."

"Yes, my dear Clara," said Mrs. Marlow, "and it is a good lesson to us, which I trust we may not forget. Many of the poor children who knock at our doors for charity may be as deserving of our attention as Kitty was; but if sent back to their miserable haunts without sympathy or aid, they are driven to desperation, and perhaps tempted to crime. We should never withhold a kind word or a helping hand from any of God's suffering children; and may we always remember, that 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

AN OLD FABLE, IN A NEW DRESS.

The old fable you've read, I'm sure time and again,
Of the man and his ass,—what a mess they were in!
An old fable it is, but not the less true,
And perhaps it may please you, if varnished anew.

There went trudging, one day to the market, we're told,
An old man and his son, with an ass to be sold;
A traveller who saw them, thus scornfully cried,
"Who but fools would thus walk, with an ass by their side!"

The man, wishing to please, set his son on the ass:
But what said the next one, who happened to pass?
"What a shame for a lad, on the ass to be put,
"When his feeble old father is walking on foot!"

The poor man thus rebuked, placed the boy on his feet,
And then mounted himself, on the now empty seat;
But a third passing by, thus exclaimed to the son,
"Shame to tire a poor boy, while his father rides on!"

The old man in despair, took the boy behind too,
And thought he had done the best mortal could do;
But a fourth passing by, exclaimed very demurely,
"If that ass were your own, you'd not load him so surely."

Quite puzzled and lost, both got down at that word,
And strapped the poor ass, with a strong bit of cord;
Then lifting him up,—they'd a foot bridge to pass,—
Hoped now to please all, since they carried the ass!

But every one laughed at the comical sight
And even the ass thought that all was not right!
For he kicked hard, and struggled as well as he could,
Till at last, fairly freed, he fell plump in the flood.

The old man very sadly returned on his way,
But he wisely improved the events of the day;
For he never again sought to please every one,
But rested content, when his duty was done.

THE UPAS TREE.

"MAMMA," said Rosa Malcolm, looking up from the book which she had been intently reading for the last half hour, "is there such a tree as the Upas, which kills every one who goes near it?"

"There is certainly such a tree, Rosa," said her mother; "but there have been a great many false stories told about it by the credulous and foolish, one of which you may have been now reading, perhaps."

"Oh! I hope it is not true, indeed! it is so dreadful!" said Rosa.

"Pray, what is it?" asked her mother; "and who gives the account that seems to shock you so much?"

"It is given by a person by the name of Foersch, a Dutch surgeon, who was stationed with some forces at a settlement on the coast of Java," said Rosa, glancing at her book. "He says these dreadful trees grow in a barren valley, surrounded by high mountains, which no one ever approached except criminals, who were sent there as a punishment to gather the poison. That a priest who lived about sixteen miles from the place, to prepare those who were condemned, for their fate, told him that within the last thirty years, he had seen seven hundred persons depart for the Upas valley, and that out of every twenty, not more than two had returned alive."

"A shocking account, certainly, Rosa," said her mother; "but I am happy to be able to say there is not much dependence to be placed upon the story."

"Oh! but, mamma, he heard it from the priest," said Rosa, "and was besides present when some of these poor criminals set out upon their expedition. There

was dreadful weeping and lamentation, he said, when they departed; but he gave them a cord to measure the size of the tree, and begged them, if they came back alive, to bring him a small branch, or a few leaves from it."

"Very humane of him, truly, to make such a request," said Mrs. Malcolm, laughing. "If they escaped from the fatal place with life, they would hardly care to gather any of the poison branches as a proof that they had been there."

"But, mamma," said Rosa, earnestly, "they were required to bring back some of the poison gum; and before setting out, were furnished each, with a little silver box in which to deposit it. In order to give them a chance of safety, they were also provided with thick leather gloves, and a leather cap that reached quite to the breast, and which had glasses in the eye-holes through which they might see."

"And did any of them return alive?" asked Mrs. Malcolm, unable to repress a smile at the deep interest shown by her little daughter in this absurd narrative.

"Oh! yes, a few of them," said Rosa, "and they said," again glancing at her book, "that a putrid vapour constantly issued from the tree, which killed every thing it touched—that not a tree, except the deadly Upas, not a bush nor a blade of grass was found in the valley nor on the neighbouring mountains for many miles round. Nor was there a bird to be seen, nor even an insect, nor a reptile, but—horrible, mamma!—the barren ground was covered with hundreds of human skeletons and half decayed bodies of the poor criminals who had fallen victims to the dreadful poison of the tree."

“Horrible, indeed, my dear, if it were true, said Mrs. Malcolm; “but happily the exaggerated stories of travellers are not to be relied upon,—and those of this Dutch surgeon in particular have all been proved forgeries. He wished to tell wonderful tales probably, and willingly received the reports of the ignorant, instead of taking the trouble to examine himself.”

“And is not all this true then, mamma?” asked Rosa.

No, my dear, and its untruth has been shown, by the testimony of various scientific men, especially by the eminent naturalist, Dr. Horsfield, who says expressly that Foersch “committed an extravagant forgery;” though he tells us there is a tree in Java from the sap of which a fatal poison is prepared. It is called the ‘Anchar,’ and it is the same with the Upas. The preparation of its poison, is known only to the inhabitants of the northern extremity of Java.”

“And is it not then dangerous to breathe the air near it?” asked Rosa.

“No, not at all,” said her mother; “for the inner bark of the tree is very fibrous, and they work it into strong ropes, which they would not do if there were danger in going near it; and in young trees, where it is more tender, the poor people weave it into a sort of coarse stuff which they wear while laboring in the fields.”

“And it does not poison them?” said Rosa, in a tone of surprise.

“No; though if it becomes wet it produces a dreadful itching, but nothing more,” said Mrs. Malcolm. “The sap, from which the poison is prepared, is contained in the outer bark; when wounded it flows out abundantly, and resembles milk.”

"Have you ever seen a picture of the tree, mamma?" asked Rosa.

"Yes, I did once in a splendid work on Java, which was a present to a friend," said Mrs. Malcolm, "and I should think it must be a beautiful tree. The stem rises to the height of sixty or seventy feet, perfectly straight and naked, before the branches shoot out, which crown its summit. It grows in the midst of thick rich forests, surrounded by climbing shrubs and vines, instead of standing alone and desolate as the Dutch traveller has falsely stated."

"Thank you, mamma," said Rosa; "but I am sure I don't see how any one could tell such wrong stories even about a tree."

"It is a foolish habit, as well as a wicked one, and causes a great deal of mischief in the world," said her mother. "But there is a tree growing wild in China and Japan, of which such tales might be told with much more truth, and that is the varnish tree, which yields the beautiful black varnish, so much used by the Chinese in finishing their various manufactures."

"Is it a poison tree, mamma?" asked Rosa.

"The sap which forms the precious varnish, flows from a wound in the bark, the same as in that of the upas tree, and there is a corrosive property in it, which affects those employed to gather it, very seriously. An eruption breaks out on the face, which in a few days spreads over the whole body, causing abscesses, swelling, and great pain."

"Why, this should be called the poison tree, I think," said Rosa.

"It has doubtless been confounded with that," said her mother; "and owing to the precautions necessary

to be used by the workmen who approach it, has given rise to many of the fabulous stories respecting the upas tree. Before they commence their work of gathering the varnish, the men rub their bodies well with prepared oil, besides washing themselves with a decoction of herbs and bark, and taking a course of medicine. They also, in order to prevent the effluvia of the varnish from affecting the skin, wrap their heads in linen veils, leaving only two holes for their eyes ; they also wear long gloves reaching to the elbows, and cover themselves with a close dress of leather."

"Why this is almost like what I read of the dress, which the criminals, wore who were sent to the upas valley," said Rosa.

"Yes, only this is a true account, and that was borrowed from it," said her mother. "It is said that some persons can handle the varnish-tree, and even wash their hands in the juice without being at all injured, while others are dreadfully affected even by the wind blowing from the tree, or by the smoke of it when burning. It is however a source of so much profit, that there is no difficulty in finding persons willing to collect the varnish. It flows only in the night, when it is caught in shells, which in the morning are scraped out, and in the evening the shells are again replaced to catch the fluid. It is said that fifty trees, which can be attended by a single workman, will each yield a pound of varnish in a night. It is strained into large tubs, when it resembles cream ; but soon blackens in the air."

"I suppose, mamma, this little Chinese cabinet is finished with varnish, from that wonderful tree," said Rosa.

“Yes, my dear, and so is the small table in the drawing room, and the gilt-figures are put on with a liquid gum which flows from a tree called by the Chinese *kou-chou*; it resemble a fig-tree, and they wet their pencils in the milky liquor which runs from the bark when it is cut, and draw their figures and ornaments upon the wood, over which they apply the gold-leaf, and it is so cemented by the gum that it never comes off.”

“And they are so beautiful,” said Rosa—“I have often admired them, but I shall have so much more interest in looking at them, now that I know the way in which they are done.”

“Only strive to remember what you learn, Rosa,” said her mother, “and it will always be a pleasure to me to teach you; but go now—Emma is waiting for you, and you have not yet had your walk to day.”

THE CANDLE AND THE SUN ; OR, THE HUMBLEST
MAY BE USEFUL.

A candle was accidentally left burning after sunrise. “Begone!” said the sun, and hide your diminutive light. “How dare you pretend to show your glimmering ray before my brilliant flame?”

“I known my light is very humble,” said the candle; “but you need not *insult* me on that account.”

“You insult *me* by attempting to shine in my presence,” said the sun.

"I do not intend it," said the candle; "I only pretend to be useful in a small way."

"Don't tell me of being useful," said the sun, "pray what can you do?"

"If I *must* defend myself," said the candle, "I will tell you, that I shine where even you cannot. You, no doubt, are of greater service to man than I am; but it ill becomes you to abuse an humble being, whose only offence is that he makes up for your defects. A candle at night is of more value than an absent sun."

PROCRASTINATION; OR, THERE IS TIME ENOUGH.

"JANET, have you finished the slippers you were working for cousin Anna?" asked Grace Stanton of her sister, who was half lying upon a sofa, quite lost in the contents of a book she was reading.

"Yes, all but one pattern, Grace, and there will be time enough to finish that this evening," said Janet looking up from her book.

"This evening!" replied Grace; "you should not trust to doing it then, for some one may come in and prevent your working; besides, mamma desired we should have every thing we intended to send, ready to-day, as uncle George goes out in the boat to-morrow morning at nine, and she wished to have the parcel made up to-night."

"I am sure there is no such haste about it," said Janet; "the box may be left open till morning for my slippers, and if they are put in last, it is no matter."

"Yes, if they *are*," said Grace; "but unless you go to work upon them now, I do not believe they will be put in at all, and I am sure cousin Anna will think it strange to receive a bridal present from all of us excepting you. Even little Clara has finished a toilette cushion for her, and a very pretty one it is."

"Do, for goodness sake, let me read just this chapter," said Janet, impatiently, "and then, to please you, I will take my work, though it is all nonsense, for I am sure there will be time enough to finish all I have to do."

"Well I hope you will find it so, Janet," said Grace; "but for my part, I like to be in season, and so I am very glad I have my purse done, and can help mamma to pack the box."

"You do not say you have finished that purse already, Grace?" said Janet, looking up in surprise.

"But I do though, and right glad I am," replied Grace, holding up before Janet as she spoke, a beautiful purse of blue and silver, wrought in crotchet stitch.

"It is lovely,—Anna will be so pleased," said Janet, "and with my slippers too, for they are quite as pretty," and spreading them out on her lap, she looked at them admiringly.

"They are *prettier* by far, dear Janet," said her generous sister; "so delicate, and so exquisitely wrought,—oh! if you would only put by that book, and finish them before night,—if you will not, I tremble for you."

"Nonsense, Grace, you are always croaking—I am sure there is time enough," said Janet.

"Do pray, leave off saying *time enough*," said Grace, "for you have often found there was not, and will do

so now to your sorrow, I fear. But I hear mamma calling me: good bye, but pray do not take up your book again." And away she ran, shaking the silver tassels of the purse, in her joy at having finished it.

Janet sat a minute or two after her sister left the room, holding her work in her hand—she even took a few stitches, and half determined to complete it before laying it aside. But her book was still lying open in her lap; it was that fascinating fairy tale of "the Good Genius who turned every thing into gold," and she had left off at the commencement of a very interesting chapter. Her eye glanced longingly towards it, and as she caught the first words, she took it up to read just a sentence, but then she began another and another; and forgetting her sister's warning words, and her own good resolve, she read on and on, never heeding how fast the time was going, till she came to a pretty allegory, which seemed written expressly for her; at last she could not help applying it to herself—it was this:

"The two elder sons of Time were the fair To-Day and the dark To-Morrow, and they both loved Virtue's noble daughter, the blue-eyed Duty; each seeking her for his bride. But Duty won by the energy of To-Day, cared not for his younger brother, the dreamy To-Morrow, so she mated with the first born, and Virtue, her loving mother, blessed their union. Then To-Morrow, moved by envey, went sorrowing to his father, Time; and the grey-beard, catching him in his shadowy arms, drew his ill-gifted boy to his bosom, and thus consoled him.—'Grieve not, my child, that the greater vigor of thy brother hath found more favor than thyself in the eyes of the grave maiden, Duty; grieve not, for I will give unto thee, for thy partner,

gay Folly ; her, whose laughing looks and merry mood have won her countless followers, and whose realm is all the world. And, as a dower, I decree that twice the third part of that which belongs to Duty and To-Day, shall henceforth be set apart for Folly and To-Morrow.' But when even-handed Virtue heard the harsh resolve, indignant that what was rightfully her children's, should be transferred to others, she ordained that the first born of Folly and To-Morrow, should disposes them of their marriage portion. And when the child was born they called it—PROCRASTINATION."

"Procrastination!" repeated Janet, casting the book from her; "that is my great fault—I know it; I am always told it. I often suffer from it, yet I do not amend. But I will, and from this moment."

And, taking her needle, she began diligently to work; but, the afternoon had already gone, twilight was gathering, and she could scarcely distinguish the different shades of her worsteds. She went to the window, but it was fast growing dark, and she could not see to do the delicate bunch of Forget-Me-Not, that formed part of her unfinished pattern. She entered the drawing room, hoping to find it lighted, but Grace was playing on the piano, and her papa and mamma chatting on a sofa in the twilight.

Poor Janet felt that she had no time to lose, and, disappointed, she stole up into the nursery; but the baby was crying, and the other children having a game of romps, and, though she attempted to work, they made such a noise, and troubled her so much, pulling at her frock, stealing her worsteds, hiding her scissors, &c., that she could do but little, and was glad when, at last, tea was over; and she could sit down

quietly to her work. Her mamma shook her head rather reproachfully when she saw her striving so hard at her unfinished slipper, and said: "Oh, Janet!" but, Janet, though she felt very guilty, looked up brightly, and repeated her usual words:

"Oh! mamma, there is time enough."

"We shall see," said her mother; and Janet's needle flew faster than ever, so fast that Grace really thought the slipper might be finished before bed-time, and so perhaps it would have been but for an untoward occurrence which no one could foresee. Just as Grace had arrived at the above conclusion, a loud scream was heard from the nursery, and the next instant a maid-servant burst into the room, crying out, "Oh! ma'am, Master Willie has such a fit!"

In a moment the whole family flew up stairs; the mother first, who, alarmed as she was, preserved her presence of mind, and began immediately to undress the child, and prepare him for a warm bath. The little creature was Janet's idol, and as he lay on his mother's lap, rigid and convulsed, she forgot every thing but his danger, and, kneeling down beside him, she did for him all she could, though her eyes were blinded with tears, and she could not check the sobs that kept constantly rising in her throat.

The Doctor was sent for, but though the little fellow soon recovered, he look languid and exhausted, and made them all so anxious, that none were willing to leave him,—least of all, Janet—and ten o'clock came before she even thought again of her slipper. She then found it was too late to work, but it was a comfort that the baby was sleeping sweetly, and, when at their mother's express desire, she and Grace went off to bed,

she said to herself: "I will get up at early dawn to finish my slipper, and there will surely be time enough before breakfast."

But anxiety for dear little Willie kept Janet long awake; and, once or twice, she crept into the nursery to see that all was well with him. Then came thoughts of her own negligence, and fears lest she should not be up early enough in the morning to finish her slippers; and many good resolutions she made to overcome that bad habit of procrastination, which, not only in the present instance, but often before, had caused her such pain and mortification. She prayed God earnestly, in the silence of that sleepless night, that He would give her strength to conquer this great fault; and then lying quietly down beside Grace, whose slumbers seemed bright with happy dreams, for she was smiling sweetly, Janet strove also to fall asleep. But still, thought after thought would crowd into her mind, and it was almost dawn before her eyes at last closed.

Then she slept so heavily from fatigue of mind, that even when all were stirring around her, she heard no sound, and the first thing that roused her was, a kiss upon her cheek, and the words, "Good bye, darling; it is a shame to waken you; but I could not go off without one kiss."

Janet started up, and saw her uncle George standing beside her. "Oh! you are not going?" she said. "Can it be so late? and my slippers!"

Her voice trembled so that she could not finish the sentence.

"Never mind them, darling," said her kind uncle; "I will tell Anna all about it; that Willie was ill, and you could not finish them."

"Oh! no;" sobbed Janet, "tell her that I was negligent, and left them till the last minute, or I might have had them done in season."

"Well, Jenny dear, I will tell her the whole story if you like," said her uncle; "I am glad the lesson is not lost upon you, and when I come back I shall expect to see you as prompt in your duty as Grace is—and am almost sure when any thing is to be done, I shall not hear you say again, "*There's time enough!*" So dry up your tears, and bid good bye, for I must be off." And fondly embracing, and kissing her, he hastened away.

Poor Janet, however, could not so soon dry her tears; she buried her face in the pillow, and wept for a long time,—tears of shame, mortification, and repentance. But from that day her amendment began; instead of dawdling idly when dressing in the morning, and coming to the breakfast table when every one else was seated, or had half finished their meal, she was the first with smooth hair, and a bright "good morning" to make her appearance there; and in the place of talking over her lessons, and suffering her attention to be diverted from them to every thing around her, she fixed her whole thoughts upon them, and, without annoying others, got them quickly and well. In short, whatever she had to do, it was now done promptly, nor was she perpetually saying, as she formerly did when urged to do any thing, "There is time enough;" but she really found, now that her tasks were duly performed, there was ample time enough for every pleasure and occupation of the day.

ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

A GENTLEMAN of Staffordshire, England, used to go twice a year to London, on horseback, accompanied by his dog, a terrier; but, for fear of losing it in the metropolis, he always left it in the care of his landlady, at St. Albans. Once, however, the large house dog of the inn, and the terrier having a quarrel, the terrier was so much overmatched, that it was with difficulty he could crawl; he went silently away out of the yard, and for a week no one knew what had become of him. He then returned, and brought with him a dog, both larger and stronger than the one by which he had been beaten, and they both fall upon the inn dog, and beat him most unmercifully, leaving him half dead. The terrier and his friend then disappeared; and when the gentleman, on his return from London, called at the inn for his dog, he heard an account of the fight, and gave him up for lost. On reaching home, however, he found the terrier safe, and learned that he had come from St. Albans, and coaxed away the great house-dog, and then proceeded with him to avenge the injuries he had received; after which he came home in quiet with his companion.

THE DORMOUSE.

BY MRS. HOWITT.

The little Dormouse is tawny red;
He makes against winter a nice snug shed,
He makes his bed in a mossy bank,
Where the plants in the summer grow tall and rank;
Away from the day light, far under ground,
His sleep through the winter is quiet and sound;

And when all above him it freezes and snows,
 What is it to him for he naught of it knows?
 And till the cold time of winter is gone,
 The little Dormouse keeps sleeping on.
 But, at last, in the fresh breezy days of the spring,
 When the green leaves bud, and the merry birds sing,
 And the dread of the winter is over and past,
 The little Dormouse peeps out at last.
 Out of his snug, quiet burrow he winds,
 And looks all about for his neighbours and friends;
 Then he says, as he sits at the foot of a larch:
 " 'Tis a beautiful day for the first of March!
 The violet is blowing, the blue sky is clear,
 The lark is upspringing, his carol I hear;
 And in the green fields are the lamb and the foal,
 I am glad I'm not sleeping now down in my hole."
 Then away he runs in his merry mood,
 Over the fields and into the wood,
 To find any grain there may chance to be,
 Or any small berry that hangs on the tree.
 So from early morning, till late at night,
 Has the poor little creature its own delight;
 Looking down to the earth and up to the sky,
 Thinking, "What a happy Dormouse surely am I!"

 RIDDLES.

CHARADE.

My first,—oft seen in wintry storms,
 Exposed to heat, my second forms,
 My whole's a flower of modest mien
 And names a book you've often seen.

RIDDLE.

A puzzle I send you;—the letters resolved
 As initials of words in this riddle involved,
 When placed in their order the name will reveal
 Of an instrument formed of both iron and steel,

That in youth yields amusement,—in after life proves
 A guide to the wandrer wherever he roves.
 First a word meaning silent, its letters will claim,
 That backwards or forwards they read just the same;
 Then a word meaning Father, a scriptural name,
 That backwards or forwards is still just the same;
 Next a mouth-stopping verb, which I also proclaim,
 That read backwards or forwards, will still be the same;
 Then a time of the day, also bearing a name
 Whose letters read backwards or forwards the same;
 Then a quadruped, common, both useful and tame,
 Whose name is spelt backwards and forwards the same,
 Then a word for a doctrine or dogma, whose claim
 Is that, spelt either way, it will still be the same.

E. H. V.

Port Sarnia, C. W.

ANSWERS TO THE CHARADES AND RIDDLES
 IN THE LAST SNOW DROP.

The letter I is like the American Revolution because it is the beginning of Independence.

The letter J, like the end of spring, because it is the beginning of June. The letter K, like a pig's tail, because it is the end of pork. The letter L, like a lady giving away her betrothed, because it makes *over*, *l-over*. The reply to G's riddle is, the *Sun*.

A. J. C's. charade has received the following answer from L. E.:—

Your *first* is snow, that falleth oft
 Like fleecy down, so white and soft;—
 Your *second* is a little clown,—so you declare,
 In saying which, you're hardly fair,
 For none, my friend, such name e'er heard
 Bestowed by man, on beast or bird!
 Therefore, but few your *whole* could guess,
 Which *snow-bird* is, and nothing less.

FROM THE EDITORS' CHAIR.

THE months come round so fast that we find it difficult always to say new things to our young readers. This number closes the second year since we commenced our little magazine, and our efforts to sustain it have never yet seemed irksome to us, and never will, while we are cheered by the assurance that so many young hearts are made happy by the perusal of its pages ; we would humbly hope too that some have become wiser, and it may be better, from the information we have herein endeavoured to collect for them, and from the examples of goodness, of gentleness, and of various other virtues, which it has been our desire to exemplify to them in the many tales, both original and selected, with which we have interspersed the volume.

We again thank those who have sent us charades, or riddles, and replies to them ; and those especially who from time to time have furnished us with longer and more valuable contributions. We hope they will continue still to oblige us with their favors ; and if any who feel a true interest in the " Snow Drop," and wish its continuance, will exert themselves to increase its list of subscribers, we shall be still more indebted to them, even though they succeed in obtaining only one additional name.

One friend, by her activity in our cause, procured in the circle of her own acquaintance fourteen or fifteen subscribers, and another, displaying equal interest, obtained thirty among her own friends. To these efficient well-wishers we have expressed our sincere thanks, and we do it again from our hearts. We do not complain of our want of success—we have no cause

to do so—but there are many reasons, some disinterested and some, we confess, selfish, which make us desirous that it should be greater, and if the magazine has merit, and is calculated to benefit the young, for whom we design it, it ought to be encouraged, and it will be.

In this belief we shall commence another year, which will probably decide the expediency of continuing our undertaking still longer, or of bringing it a twelvemonth hence, to a final close.

END OF VOLUME II.