

pified him from our heart, although he are not able to say whether he was the more sorry because he had made an attempt to steal, or because he was caught in the attempt.

He protested that this was his first offence and also confessed that an older boy put him up to it. How this is we cannot tell but the first words we heard, "Stop that boy!" are still ringing in our ears.

There is a boy associating with "low-down fellows of the baser sort;" and just as sure as "Evil communications corrupt good manners," so surely will that boy soon be as bad as the worst of his comrades. *Stop that boy!*

Another finds pleasure in the company of those who lie, swear, and profane God's holy Sabbath. This boy will soon take an active part in all the vices of his companion, and swiftly rush down to ruin if not reuced. *Stop that boy!*

Another, again, delights to lounge about the drinking saloons, and likes to taste a drop whenever an opportunity offers. He already delights in gambling and drinking. Unless that boy is saved, he will be a pest in respectable society, and in the end fill a drunkard's grave. *Stop that boy!*

Here is another of whom a thieving spirit seems to have taken possession. He may at first only steal a marble from his comrade, or a few apples from a neighbour's tree, but unless that boy is stopped, he will soon break into houses, rifle drawers, and end his career as a convict in the state prison. *Stop that boy!*

We only hope the little fellow we spoke of above will keep the promise he made to the Marshal, and never make another attempt to steal; for we fear he would not get off so easily if caught a second time.—*Children's Friend (American).*

BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

We were crowded in the cabin;
Not a soul would dare to sleep;
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter,
'To be shattered in the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,—
For the stoutest held his breath;
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with death.

As thus we sat in darkness:
Each one busy in his prayers,—
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"I'm 't God upon the ocean
Just the same as on the land!"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer;
And we anchored safe in harbour,
When the morn was shining clear.

THIRSTING TO DEATH.

It ought not to be forgotten by any one liable to shipwreck, that thirst is quenched by soaking the clothing in salt water twice a day, or even oftener, and allowing them to dry upon the person. A noble and humane

old sea captain Kennedy, published this statement more than a hundred years ago; yet it is very doubtful if two persons out of any company taken promiscuously, are aware of so important a practical fact, to which the generous captain attributed the preservation of his own life and of six other persons. If sea water is drank, the salty portions of it are absorbed into the blood and fires it with a new and more raging thirst and a fierce delirium soon sets in. It would seem that the system imbibes the water, but excludes all the other constituents. It is known that wading in common water quenches thirst with great rapidity. Persons while working in water seldom become thirsty. And it is further interesting to know, that however soaking wet the garment may become from rain or otherwise, it is impossible for the person to take cold if the precaution is taken to keep in motion with sufficient activity to keep off the feeling of chilliness, until the clothing is perfectly dried or facilities are afforded for a change; but in changing the garments after a wetting it is always safest and best, as an additional safeguard against taking cold, to drink a cup or two of some hot beverage before beginning to undress.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE DOG OF SANDAY.

A YEsSEr was wrecked off the Island of Sanday (Orkney) in the early part of May, 1861. "A Newfoundland dog seeing a poor fellow struggling among the breakers, leaped into the sea, and having seized in his mouth the upper part of the man's jacket, bore his head up and swam ashore with him."—*Orkney News-piper.*

All day the furious tempest raged
Along the Pentland shore,
And the surges broke like green wood smoke
On the cliffs of Skerryvore.

The sun was sinking in the west,
Lurid and red sank he,
While a little band stood on the land
And gazed along the sea.

The farewell gleam of dying day
Shone on a sailor's form,
As he clung to the deck of a surf-swept wreck
That drove before the storm.

"Alas! alas!" the gazers cried,
As darker grew the sky,
"Must he find a grave 'neath the rushing wave?
"What a dreadful death to die!"

A giant billow sweeps the deck;
He has loosed his hold at last!
And his drowning cry came shrilling by
Upon the stormy blast!

See! there speeds a dog with leap and bound
Adown the rugged steep!
Ere the eye can wink from the rocky brink
He plunges in the deep!

High on the waves and low between
He breasts the angry sea,
Away from the shore, through the stormy roar,
Right onward swimmeth he.

Speed, Oscar! speed thou noble dog!
Upon thy fearful path,
Speed, Oscar! speed! nor hear nor heed
The raving tempest's wrath!

He hath seized the sailor, ere he sinks,
By the jacket collar tight,
And back to the shore, through the stormy roar,
He strains with all his might.

No word is spoke nor breath is drawn
Among the little band,
As through surf and spray he breasts his way
And gains the rocky land.

They bore the sailor to their home,
Where long in swoon he lay,
And tears were shed and prayers were said
By joyful hearts that day.

Long, long in Sanday's lonely isle
This story shall be told,
And coming days shall hear the praise
Of Oscar true and bold.

—*Band of Hope Review.*

TRICKS OF THE WINE TRADE.

The United States are represented to be the largest consumers of champagne in the world, and the consumption per annum is estimated to be one million baskets.—The whole champagne district is about twenty thousand acres, and the amount of wine manufactured for exportation is ten million bottles, or about eight hundred thousand baskets. Of this, Russia consumes 160,000, Great Britain and her possessions 265,000, France 162,000, Germany 146,000, and the United States 220,000. The custom-house in Philadelphia, through which passes a large amount of the champagne imported into this country, reports only 175,028 baskets per annum. Seven hundred and eighty thousand baskets, therefore, of the wine drank in this country for imported champagne, is counterfeit—an amount equal to the whole supply of the champagne district for the world.

WHO OUGHT TO?

Few will attempt to deny that the temperance movement has been the means not only of producing a great moral reformation, but under the divine blessing, of preparing the way for the reception of those influences of the Holy Spirit which have led thousands of the reclaimed to sincere and heartfelt repentance; and if "there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth," how ought the Christian to rejoice over the numbers who have been thus brought to this happy experience, and how earnest should be his endeavours to extend that blessing to others!

We have each a duty to perform in endeavouring to promote, to the best of our ability, the present and eternal welfare of our fellow-men. And when we clearly see, that a means, however simple it may appear, has been so successful in reclaiming from vice and leading to virtue, thousands of poor drunkards, whilst thousands more are still staxking on the brink of a promatoure and hopeless grave, shall we not be accountable if we refuse to make an effort to reclaim them which only requires the sacrifice of one needless luxury?

ALCOHOL AND THE BRAIN.—Dr. Kirk, on distilling the brains of some men who had died from drinking, obtained a quantity of alcohol retaining the smell of whisky, and burning with the usual blue flame of spirit. Dr. Ogston obtained similar results, by subjecting to distillation the brains of persons who died from alcoholic intoxication. Dr. Percy's experiments show that alcohol is conveyed with rapidity to the brain, as if this organ were its special destination.

AN APPEAL.—For the sake of health—for the sake of morals—for the sake of intellect—and for the sake of every high and sacred consideration, we urge the disuse of all alcoholic liquors! They fire the imagination, inflame the passions, make callous the heart, and sear the conscience; they rob man of health and clearness of intellect—they degrade him from his position in creation, as the representative on earth of earth's Creator, and make him an object, not of love, but of loathing—not of admiration, but of contempt; not of approval, but of condemnation, and sink him, in the end, to the companionship of the lost spirits of the nether world.—*Dr. Beaumont.*