

just how we are situated, and offered him my watch as a pledge for the payment of our rent within two months, and interest on the arrearages. I told him I did the business because you were away hunting for work.'

'So he's got your gold watch, Maria.'

'No—he would not take it. He said if I would become responsible for the rent he would let it rest.'

'Then we have got a roof to cover us, and food for to-morrow. But what next? What a curse these hard times are.'

'Don't despair, Peter, we shall not starve. I've got enough work engaged to keep us alive.'

'Ah—what is that?'

'Why Mr. Snow has engaged me to carry small packages, baskets, bundles, &c., to his rich customers.'

'What do you mean, Maria?'

'Just what I say. When Mr. Snow came home to dinner I was there, and asked him if ever he had light articles which he wished sent round to his customers. Never mind what was said. He did happen to want just such work done, though he had meant to call on the idlers that lounge about the market. He promised to give me all the work he could, and I am to be there in good season in the morning.'

'Well this is a pretty go. My wife turned butcher's boy! You will not do any such thing.'

'And why not?'

'Because—because—'

'Say because it will lower me in the social circle.'

'Well so it will.'

'Then it is more honorable to lie still and starve, and see one's children starve too, than to earn honest bread by honest work. I tell you, Peter, if you cannot find work I must. We should have been without bread to-night had I not found work to-day. You know that all kinds of light, agreeable business are seized on by those who have particular friend. At such a time, it is not for us to consider what kind of work we will do so as it is honest. Oh give me the liberty of living on my own deserts, and the independence to be governed by my own convictions of right.'

'But my wife, only think—you carrying out butcher's stuff! Why I would sooner go and do it myself.'

'If you will go,' said the wife with a smile, 'I will stay at home and take care of the children.'

It was hard for Peter Stanwood, but the more he thought upon the matter, the more he saw the justice of the path into which his wife had thus led him. Before he went to bed, he promised to go to the butcher's in the morning.

And Peter went. Mr. Snow greeted him warmly, praised his faithful wife, and then sent him off with two baskets, one to Mrs. Smith and the other to Mrs. Oxlaid. The new carrier worked all day, and earned 97 cents. It had been a day of trials, but no one sneered at him; and all his acquaintances whom he met, greeted him as usual.—He was far happier than when he went home the night before, for he was independent.

Next day he earned over a dollar; and thus he continued to work a week, at the end of which he had five dollars and seventy-five cents, besides having paid for all the food of his family, save some few pieces. Saturday evening he met Mark Leeds, another binder, who had been discharged from work with himself. Leeds looked careworn and rusty.

'How goes it?' asked Peter.

'Don't ask me,' groaned Leeds, 'my family are half starved.'

'But cant you find anything to do.'

'Nothing.'

'Have you tried?'

'Everywhere; but its of no use. I've been to the

bindery to-day, and what do you suppose he offered me?'

'What was it?'

'To let me do his handcarting. He had just turned off his nigger for drunkenness, and offered me the place. The old curnudgion! I had a great mind to pitch him into the handcart and run him to the—'

'Well,' said Peter, 'I have been doing the work of a butcher's boy for a whole week.'

Mark was incredulous, but Peter convinced him, and then they separated, one going home contented, and the other away from home, to find excitement in which to drown his misery.

One day Peter had a basket of provisions to carry to Mr. Wilson his former employer. He took the load upon his arm, started off, and just as he entered the yard, met Mr. Wilson coming out.

'Ah Stanwood is that you,' asked his old employer kindly.

'Yes sir.'

'What are you up to now?'

'I'm a butcher's boy, sir.'

'A what?'

'You see I've brought provisions for you, sir. I am a regular butcher's boy.'

'And how long have you been at work doing this?'

'This is the tenth day.'

'But don't it come hard?'

'Nothing comes hard so long as it is honest, and will furnish my family with bread.'

'And how much can you make a day at this?'

Sometimes a dollar, and sometimes not over fifty cents.

Well, look here, Stanwood, there has been a dozen of my old hands hanging round my counting-room this fortnight, whining for work. They are stout, able men. Last Saturday I took pity on Leeds, and offered him a job of doing my handcarting, a dollar and a quarter a day; and he turned up his nose and asked me not to insult him! Yet he owned that his family were suffering. But do you come to my place to-morrow and you shall have something to do if it is only to hold your bench. I honour you for your manly independence.'

Peter grasped the old man's hand with a joyous, grateful grip, and blessed him fervently.

That night he gave Mr. Snow notice that he must quit, and on the morning he went to the bindery.—For two days he had but little to do, but on the third a heavy job came in and Peter had steady work. He was happy more than ever, for he had learned two things; first, what a noble wife he had; and second how much of resource for good he held within his own energies.

Our simple picture has two points to its moral.—One is—no man can be lowered by any kind of honest labor. The second is—while you are enjoying the fruits of the present, forget not to provide for the future, for no man is so secure but that the day may come when he will want the squanderings of the past.

From the Grahamstown Journal.

MURDER OF A WESLEYAN MISSIONARY.

The attack appears to have taken the mission-family entirely by surprise; and perhaps nothing can be conceived more appalling than an unexpected outbreak of this character. The yells of the savages, the lurid flare of the huts, as one after another the firebrand is applied to them, the screams of affrighted women and children, and the agonising cries of the wounded and dying, form altogether a concatenation of horrors which no language can adequately describe. It appears that it was amidst such a scene of tumult