

confined her in a neighbouring granary. Miserable as she was from this accident, she wanted about the house incessantly for a day in search of her lost kitten, manifesting such an anxiety about it, as could neither be mistaken nor beheld without sympathy. Some cats provide for the family they are about to have by storing up mice for them, and when they have lost their kittens, it is not unusual for them to continue collecting provisions in the hope of their returning. One instance is mentioned of one, which, for more than a fortnight after the loss of her young ones, would come in with a mouse, search out the house to give it to them, making a complaining noise.

The extremity of this parental feeling has a remarkable effect of making the most timid animals bold for the time in protecting their young, or in seeking for food where with to support them. The quiet hen is seen, in a new character of courage and determination when she is surrounded by her brood. Even feeble birds will then fly fiercely at men or other animals which may have given them any alarm on account of their progeny. It is a well known fact, says Mr. Swainson, that a pair of ravens which dwell in a cavity of a rock, of Gibraltar, would never suffer a vulture or eagle to approach the nest, but would drive them away with every appearance of fury. The missile thrush, during the breeding season, will fight over the magpie or jay; and the female Mandrake will frequently allow herself to be made a prisoner, rather than quit her nest; or, if she herself escape, she will speedily return, menacing the invaders by hisses like a snake, and biting all who approach her; this we have ourselves noticed. The artifices employed by the partridge; the lapwing, the ring plover, the pewee, and numerous other land birds, to blind the vigilance and divert the attention of those who may come near her little ones, are equally curious. The partridge, both male and female, conceal their young out to feed, and carefully assist them in their search for food; but if disturbed in the midst of this employment, the male, after first giving the alarm, by uttering a peculiar cry of distress, throws himself directly in the way of danger, and endeavours, by feigning lameness or inability to fly, to distract the attention, and mislead the effort of the enemy, thus giving his mate time to conduct her little brood to a place of safety.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

SUNDAY SCHOOL FACTS

Mr. Knill, lately a missionary to Russia, narrated the following facts at one of the London Anniversaries, in May, 1844.

I. "God never shines upon indolence; but if we put forth the feeblest effort to glorify him, he will shine upon us, and make us shine. You have two thousand Sunday School teachers—whom shall we dismiss? Sunday School teachers are some of the most interesting people in the world. They take hold of infant minds, and direct little children to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. What blessedness has been connected with our Sunday Schools! I was a Sunday-school teacher, and I look back to those days as amongst the finest and the happiest of my life. I was anxious that the children should be converted. I was a young disciple when I began to be a Sunday-school teacher; and it is a fine thing when youthful piety is devoted to teaching. Youthful piety fills the heart with love to, and zeal for, God. I did not see the fruits of my exertions at the time, but after I had been abroad twenty-three years, I was preaching in London. At the close of the service, a man, dressed as a sailor, came into the vestry and spoke to me. His face was burnt with the beams of the sun, and his cheeks were weather-beaten with the storm. Do you not know me? No; I never saw you to my knowledge. I was one of the boys in your Sunday-school. Oh! you have grown a great deal since that—what was your name? He told me. I remarked, There were two brothers; one was Sammy, and the other was Johnny. I am Johnny. I am glad to see you—what is your occupation? I am occupied in the sea—fishing. I am captain of a vessel and captain of my own vessel. Well, captain, I am glad to see you. How are you going on with regard to your voyage to eternity? The tears gushed from his eyes, and he

said, I hope I am going on well. I carry a Bethel flag with me, and when we come to a strange port I hoist it; to see if there are any praying sailors there; and if so, we have a bit of a prayer meeting; and sometimes I say a word or two to them. I inquired, Where did that good word begin? I can trace up my religion to the school. It was the interrogatory system, and I mean to keep it. Do you know of any other boys that were in the class? Yes; two; one is a Baptist, and the other a Churchman. We have been comparing log-books, and we find we can trace up all our views of religion to the Sunday School.

H. I went to Bideford, the place where I laboured as a Sunday-school teacher, to preach. At the close, I said, If any of the boys that were in my class are living, I shall be glad to see them at nine o'clock to-morrow morning. If they are going on well, they will be glad to see me; and if not, they will be ashamed. Oh! what a dreadful thing it is when one man cannot look another in the face! A few minutes before nine o'clock, a very respectable man came and requested to see me, saying, You invited me to come and see you. Are you one of the boys that were in my class? I am. How are you going on? I am local preacher amongst the Methodists. I am telling them every Sunday what you used to tell me in the corner-pew. To give a Methodist some good thoughts is a good thing. I believe that, by this time, we should have been half heathens if John Wesley had never been born. Then came another, Were you one of my boys? Yes. What business are you? A sail-maker. How are you going on? Oh, I ran very far away from God after I grew up; but amidst my most depraved nights and days the conviction would often come to my mind which I received in the Sunday-school. It was a book fixed in my nose. At last the Lord laid me on a bed of sickness. When I was there my companions all forsook me. Ah! the world always goes out when the Christian comes in. I hope, he added, that for about four years I have been able to walk with God; and I find the Sunday-school coming up when I am at work. While he was speaking another came; he was dressed more smartly. Were you one of my boys? Yes, I have often thought of you. I used to read the Magazine to see whether you were living or dead. I often said I should like to see Mr. Knill. I am a prosperous man, and I owe all to my religion. I should like to give you some token of my love. I should like to have it. What will you give me? I am a tailor, and will give you a new coat. I used to put it on when I preached for Sunday-schools, to tell the teachers what they might expect. After this, will you break up your Sunday-schools? No; enlarge them, till every boy in the empire shall read his Bible.

To be continued.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.—The following touching incident is from the New-York Mirror.—An eminent clergyman one evening became the subject of conversation; and a wonder was expressed that he was never married. That wonder, said Miss Porter, was once expressed to the reverend gentleman himself in my hearing; and he told a story in answer, which will tell you, and perhaps, slight as it may seem, it is the history of other hearts as sensitive and as delicate as his own. Soon after his ordination, he preached once every Sabbath for a clergyman in a small village not twenty miles from London. Among his auditors, from Sunday to Sunday, he observed a young lady who always occupied a certain seat, and whose close attention began insensibly to grow to him an object of thought and pleasure. She left the church as soon as the service was over; and it so chanced that he went on for a year without knowing her name; but his sermon was not written without many a thought how she would approve it, nor preached with satisfaction unless he read approbation in her face. Gradually he came to think of her at other times than when writing sermons, and to wish to see her on other days than Sunday; but the weeks slipped on, and though he fancied that she grew paler and thinner, he never mustered resolution enough to ask her name or seek to speak with her. By those silent steps, how-

ever, love had worked into his heart, and he made up his mind to seek her acquaintance and marry her if possible; when one day he was sent for to minister at a funeral. The face of the corpse was the same that had looked up to him Sunday after Sunday, till he learned to make it a part of his religion and his life. He was unable to perform the service, and another clergyman officiated; and after she was buried, her father took him aside and apologized for giving him pain—but he could not resist the impulse to tell him that his daughter had mentioned his name with her last breath, and he was afraid a concealed affection for him had hurried her to the grave. Since that, said the clergyman in question, my heart has been dead within me, and I look forward only to the time when I shall speak to her in Heaven.

PRINTERS.—We cut out the following paragraph from an American paper, and insert it in our own, to give honour and commendation to a class of the community, to which all are under obligation. The observation that a college education is not to be compared with an education at the case, provided the opportunities are turned to advantage by the young compositor, is true to no small extent.

No trade sends into the world smarter and more active men than that of printing. Look to officers of trust and honour—where talent and energy are required—and you will be most likely to find them filled by printers. Who make our best editors, lawyers, preachers, mayors and congressmen? PRINTERS. Printing is a glorious business, thus to fit men for honour and usefulness. A college education is not to be compared with an education at the case. One of the greatest lawyers England ever produced was a printer. The greatest philosopher of America was a printer. Who is the Mayor of London? A printer. Who are Mayors of Glasgow, Edinburgh and Perth? Printers. So also are the Mayors of New-York, Washington and Savannah, printers by trade. The recent Mayor of Boston was a printer. There are something like a dozen printers in Congress—all of them honours to their profession. Printers are looking up. Who wouldn't be a printer? To the young apprentices at the case or the roller-stand, with amuted faces or dirty fingers, we would say, don't be discouraged. A few years ago, all the distinguished men we have named above, were employed. Stick to your business, and every leisure hour ye have, employ in the perusal of useful books and in the cultivation of your minds. Then the day will not be far distant, when, if you are true to yourselves and contract no bad habits, you will become useful and honourable citizens—exercing a wide and healthful influence.

To encourage farther the printing youth of Canada, and to stimulate them to endeavours after eminency in their honourable calling; we urge them to read lives of learned, eminent, and successful printers. Let them read the lives of the English printers, as Wm. Bowyers, Cave Baskerville, and John Nichols. Let them read the lives of the eminent Scotch printers, John and Andrew Foulis, and Smellie, and the learned French family of the Stephens. Other printers are also worthy of acquaintance. There is Jerome Commelin, the Frenchman, of great abilities, as a scholar and printer: the Sardinian printer, John Baptist Bodoni, one of the most noted printers of the 18th century; the Italian, Aldo Manuzio, who surpassed all other printers of his age for correctness; and the celebrated Dutch printers and publishers, the family of the Elzevirs. There are some eminent and learned printers in the present day. Why should not some rise up in Canada?

The Printers of Toronto have formed themselves into a Typographical Society for the purpose of promoting the interests of Printers as a body, in all their various grades, and to uphold the respectability of the members of the printing profession. With such objects, we cannot but wish the Society much success.

THE POPK AND BIBLE SOCIETIES.

The Journal des Debats publishes a long rescript addressed by the Pope to the Roman Catholic Clergy against Bible Societies. "We recommend you," says his Holiness, "to announce and to explain in proper time and place, to the people confided to your efforts, to withdraw your