

to foul language. No one respects a person who is habitually guilty of indelicate expressions or impure allusion.

Whatever your habits are that are really bad, have strength and courage to conquer them. Let your voice and your example wherever you are, speak for virtue and truth. Let your influence be ever exerted for the best good of others. This cannot be done unless you reform your habits and conquer every bad propensity. The following translation from an Italian author is appropriate and beautiful:—

"Crown his brow with laurel wreath,
Who can tread the fields of death—
Tread with armed thousands near—
And know not what it is to fear,
But greater far his meed of praise,
Juster his claims to glory's page,
Who, true to reason's voice, to virtue's call,
Conquers himself—the noblest deed of all."

THE LOST CHILD.

An event which occurred near Briançon, will give some notion of the incidents which embazon mountain life and field sports in these regions. A peasant, with his wife and three children, had taken up his summer quarters in a chalet, and was depasturing his flocks on one of the rich Alps which overhang the Durance. The oldest boy was an idiot, about eight years of age, the second was five years old and dumb, and the youngest was an infant. It so happened that the infant was left one morning in charge of his brothers, and the three had rambled to some distance from the chalet before they were missed. When the mother went in search of the little wanderers, she found the two elder, but could discover no traces of the baby. The idiot boy seemed to be in a transport of joy, while the dumb child displayed every symptom of alarm and terror. In vain did the terrified parent endeavour to collect what had become of the lost infant. The antics of the one and the fright of the other explained nothing. The dumb boy was almost bereft of his senses, while the idiot appeared to have acquired an unusual degree of mirth and expression. He danced about, laughed, and made gesticulations, as if he were imitating the action of one who had caught up something of which he was fond, and hugged it to his heart. This, however, was of some slight comfort to the poor woman, for she imagined that some acquaintance had fallen in with the children, and had taken away the infant. But the day and night wore away, and no tidings of the lost child. On the morrow, when the parents were pursuing their search, an eagle flew over their heads, at the sight of which the idiot renewed his antics, and the dumb boy clung to his father with the shrieks of anguish and affright.

The horrible truth then burst upon their minds, that the miserable infant had been carried off in the talons of a bird of prey; and that the half-witted elder brother was delighted at his riddance of an object of whom he was jealous. On the morning in which the accident happened, an Alpine yager,

"Whose joy was in the wilderness, to breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,"

had been watching near an eagle's nest, under the hope of shooting the bird upon her return to the eyry. After waiting in all the anxious perseverance of a true sportsman, he beheld the monster slowly winging her way towards the rock behind which he was concealed. Imagine his horror, when, upon her nearer approach, he heard the cries, and distinguished the figure of an infant in her fatal grasp. In an instant his resolution was formed—to fire at the bird at all hazards, the moment she should alight upon her nest, and rather to kill the child than leave it to be torn to pieces by the horrid devourer. With a silent prayer and a steady aim, the mountaineer poised his rifle. The ball went directly through the head or heart of the eagle, and in a minute afterwards this gallant hunter of the Alps had the unutterable delight of snatching the child from the nest, and bearing it away in triumph. It was dreadfully wounded by the eagle's talons in one of its arms and sides, but not mortally; and within twenty-four hours after it was first missed, he had the satisfaction of restoring it to its mother's arms.—*Waldensian Researches.*

LETTER FROM A YOUNG MAN IN MEXICO TO HIS FRIENDS IN CANADA.

I took a trip to Brazos Island last week by the way of Rio Grande, a distance of 600 miles. The boat laid up every night which afforded me an opportunity of making myself par-

tially acquainted with the manners and customs of the people. Before the war, the waters of the Del Norte had never been ruffled by the paddle-wheels of a steamboat, and but few had ever seen an American. There are at present twenty boats constantly plying between the mouth and Mier, a distance of 750 miles, which make it a great source of profit to the inhabitants. Their wood, which heretofore was left standing, is now cut down and is sold for two dollars and a half per cord. They also obtain a liberal price for their beef, chickens, eggs, hogs, and any thing else they may have to sell. The people are kept in profound ignorance, there being none but the Priests and Alcades that have any knowledge of letters. The rich keep the poor in a state of bondage. There is one residing in the vicinity, that has some 1500 of his fellow Mexicans in bondage, and whose taxes amounted to the enormous sum of \$96,000. He was educated at Beardstown, Kentucky, and married an American lady. He lives in the greatest splendour, while his mercenaries drag out a miserable existence. Men like cattle are liable to be sold for debt, and never have I seen slaves in the Southern States in such abject servitude. The people on the banks of the river live in villages, or what they call "Ranchos," which are owned by a rich man, and the people are nothing but mere tenants.

Their houses are built of posts, placed together as close as possible, and daubed with mud inside: the only opening is the door; the roof is made by placing a pole on two uprights, one at each end, to which the rafters are then fastened with strips of raw-hide. They next place canes, which grow in great abundance, across the rafters, which are also fastened with strips of raw-hide, on the top of which they put the covering, which consists of young cane tied together in small bundles, and placed close together and over each other like shingles. Such a roof, when well made, is perfectly water proof, and will last twenty years. Their furniture consists of a stone to grind their corn, a tray to make their cakes, plates of sheet iron to bake; a few blankets of their own manufacture, laid on the ground for beds; they have no floors to their houses: they have a long narrow box suspended to a rafter for a cradle, and they are all well stocked with children.—The whole occupation of the men is building their huts, making brush fences, turning up the sod with a wooden plough, planting enough corn for the use of the family, a few acres of cotton, and breeding mules. The poorest man in the country rides, even the very beggars, Horned cattle, sheep, and goats, require but little attendance, owing to the salubrity of the climate they need no shelter, and have good grazing the whole year round. The women are the hewers of wood and the drawers of water; they are a mixture of Spanish, Indian and Negro, and in my estimation are no more than half civilized. All the women smoke cigarettes. The men are continually on horseback, with a lasso in their hand, even the smallest boys have their lasso, and they are as expert as our Indians with their bows and arrows. This lasso, or running noose, is made of horse-hair, and they seldom miss their aim. I have seen them catch oxen, and mules around the neck and legs, at full speed, and many an American has lost his life in the same manner.—*Brockville Recorder.*

APPLES OF GOLD.

"This do in remembrance of me."—Luke xxii. 19.

Come, my soul, obey thy dying Lord's command; let it be thy delight, as it is thy privilege, to attend thy Master at table, to take a nearer view of his bleeding love, and, by a renewed act of faith, obtain a fresh taste and renewed pledge of the precious benefits contained therein. Stagger not through unbelief; it is a blessed truth, Jesus died for sinners: this is the foundation of a sinner's hope; let this encourage thee, O my soul; thou art a sinner, guilty and defiled! Jesus' blood cleanses from all sin; he is the fountain opened for thy uncleanness: thou art by nature a child of wrath, condemned by the law, exposed to the curse: but Jesus was made a curse for thee: thou art unrighteous, unholy; but Jesus is made of God unto thee righteousness and sanctification: thou art weak, beset with enemies; his strength shall be perfected in thy weakness, and thou, by faith, shall be more than conqueror through him that loved thee. Thou art afraid of perishing at the last; look to Jesus; he purchased thee with his blood: he will not give thee up; none can pluck thee out of his hand.

Rise, then, O my soul, and come to the banquet of love, and partake of the blessings of the everlasting covenant; beseech the Lord to manifest his love, and seal thy pardon, renew thy strength, and enable thee to travel the remaining part of thy pilgrimage till thou come to Mount Zion, and be admitted a welcome guest at the marriage-supper in heaven.