

The faces of the two boys flamed: one with anger, the other with shame.

"But he shall go!" cried the young lord. "Come along, Caradoc, to the eagle's nest!"

"I must not! But I will show you the fossils this evening," rejoined Caradoc.

Mr. Pennant beckoned his son away, and they returned to the farm, the others to the castle.

"I hate that Farmer Pennant!" said Lord Penruddock heartily.

"So do I; he is a conceited fool," returned the earl.

"Why don't you send him off?"

"He has a lease of the estate. I wonder what became of the wreck last night! They shall not defraud us of our own."

"Who? the Pennants?"

"Possibly. Did you hear a cry?"

"Why are you always imagining cries by night and day, my Lord?" asked the boy, irritably; "it is only a seagull. But, father, I think the Pennants are honest, and I don't really hate them. They are not wreckers. It is those low, mean, cowardly brutes, that live down at Monad. I should like to exterminate them. Let's fire a few cannon down upon them from the cliffs."

A servant in livery appeared with a message.

"Some fishermen have come up, my lord, to say there is wreckage cast ashore below Ogof Bay, and they are waiting your lordship's orders."

The earl's moody face broke into a grim smile.

"Tell them I am coming," he said, and hurried up the stairs, followed by his son, who muttered, "Wreckage, waifs, strays—I am sick of the words. They shall never be used when I am earl."

To be continued.

MR. SPRY'S "LOG OF THE CHALLENGER."

The cruise of Her Majesty's ship "Challenger," voyages over many seas, scenes in many lands, by W. J. J. Spry, R. N., is a very interesting work. The "Challenger" was placed at the disposal of a scientific staff under the direction of Professor Sir Charles Wyville Thompson, F. R. S. The object of the expedition was to investigate the bed of the ocean, and drag for deep sea life. The results have been most gratifying, interesting and instructive. The Challenger circumnavigated the globe, was three years and a half out, sailed 68,890 miles, consumed 4,826 tons of coals, was 719 days at sea, made 374 deep sea soundings, 111 successful dredgings, and 129 successful travellings. Mr. Spry appears to be a faithful observer of things on land as well as at sea. Of Tonga, one of the friendly Islands, he incidentally remarks: "Before leaving I had an opportunity of visiting the native church, which is prettily situated on the top of the highest hill. It is a neat looking building, consisting of a nave and two aisles; the frame-work of the roof is cocoa-nut tree, supported on columns of hard wood, and thatched with palm leaves. About a dozen windows on each side light the building. Benches are provided to seat about 800. There is a fine pulpit and a good sized organ, which was well played by one of the natives. The sermon was preached by a Tongan, and the singing was very good."

Of the Fiji Islanders, Mr. Spry thus speaks: "The natives are a fine race, and doubtless possess many good qualities; formerly they were pre-eminently bloodthirsty, ferocious and cruel. Cannibalism was then indulged in to an incredible extent; and this not for mere satisfaction of revenge, but to satisfy appetite, friend, relation, or foe equally afforded food to the most powerful. These degrading features, however, are rapidly passing away, under the influences of the Christianising efforts of the missionaries, who have been engaged among them since 1835."

Of the Papuan race he says: "The missionaries report the islanders as being the worst they had to deal with in the South Pacific; those who have been labouring amongst them during the past few years have been treacherously killed and eaten."

Of the aboriginal Australians, he says: "They are poor wretched specimens, the lowest in the scale of humanity; their dwellings if such they can be called, being formed by a few bushes behind which they creep for shelter; dependent from day to day on what they can pick up for food, not one

having arrived at the first and simplest form of civilisation; and in like manner destitute of all traces of religion, except, perhaps, a faint symptom of belief in a good and evil spirit."

Of the Chinese, he writes: "They have a religion of some sort, as Whang Heng (a very intelligent Chinese with whom I was acquainted) assured me, with churches and endowments as in England; that is to say, they have the system but not the faith. I had supposed all along that the curiously constructed temples, sacred to Joss, had more or less of a religious character about them but I was now undeceived. My habit on passing these edifices was to call in and see what was going on, and one day I found out that Joss was nothing more than a fortune-teller, after the manner of the Oracle of Delphos."

Of Bhuddism in Japan, he says: "As we approach the Holy of Holies, a large brown figure of Buddha is in view, and we pass on to the building, gorgeously decorated in gold and lacquer work, with elaborate and ornamented carved roofs and pillars. The sacred shrine to which the multitude come to pray is protected by a large frame of wire netting. A curious practice seems in force with the hundreds who pay their devotions here; they purchase from the priest in attendance small squares of paper on which are inscribed certain hieroglyphics; these they chew for a time, and then throw as pellets at the grating (which is consequently covered with results); and the precision with which these pellets strike the grating, or go through the mesh, determines certain inferences as to good or bad luck."

Of Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, Mr. Spry writes: "The Church of England has had a Bishop, if not a very large ecclesiastical interest, here since 1862. The cut stone cathedral, brought all the way from England by Bishop Staley, is still the work of the future. The foundations were laid some years ago by the late king, but the superstructure lies packed in cases within the church enclosure. The funds being exhausted, the chance of erection is somewhat remote."

We have read the work from which we have taken the above extracts, with much pleasure. It is published by Belford Brothers, Toronto.

Children's Department.

FAIRY-FOLK.

The fairy books have told you
Of the fairy-folk so nice,
That make them leathern aprons
Of the ears of little mice;
And wear the leaves of roses,
Like caps upon their heads,
And sleep at night on thistle down,
Instead of feather-beds!

These stories, too, have told you,
No doubt to your surprise,
That the fairies ride in coaches
That are drawn by butterflies;
And come into your chambers
When you are locked in dreams.
And right across your counterpanes
Make bold to drive their teams;
And that they heap your pillows
With their gifts of rings and pearls;
But do not heed such idle tales,
My little boys and girls.

There are no fairy folk that ride
About the world at night,
Who give you rings and other things,
To pay for doing right,
But if you'd do to others what
You'd have them do to you,
You'll be as blest as if the best
Of story books were true.

THE DYING NEWS BOY.

In a dark alley in the great city of New York, a small ragged boy might be seen. He appeared to be about twelve years old, and had a care-worn expression on his countenance. The cold air seemed to have no pity as it pierced through his ragged clothes and made the flesh beneath blue and almost frozen.

This boy had once a happy home. His parents died a year before and left him without money or friends. He was compelled to face the cold, cruel world with but a few cents in his pocket. He tried to earn his living by selling newspapers and other such things. This day every thing seemed to go against him, and in despair he threw himself down in the dark alley, with his papers by his side. A few boys gathered around the poor lad, and one asked, in a kind way (for a street Arab):

"Say, Johny, why don't you go to the lodges? (The lodge was a place where almost all the boys staid, at night, costing but a few cents.) But the poor little lad could only murmur that he could not stir, and called the boys about him, saying:

"I am dying now, because I feel so queer; and I can hardly see you. Gather around me closer boys. I cannot talk so loud. I can kinder see the angels holding out their hands for me to come to that beautiful place they call heaven. Good bye, boys. I am going to meet father and mother." And, with these last words on his lips, the poor boy died.

The next morning the passers by saw a sight that would soften the most hardened heart. There lying on the cold stone, with his head against the hard wall, and his eyes staring upward, was the poor little frozen form of the newsboy. He was taken to the church near by, and was interred by kind hands, and those who performed this kind act will never forget the poor forsaken lad.

W. H. M.

THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW WAY.—I recently observed a beetle ascending the wall of my room, which was papered, the figure being a narrow, central colored stripe, on each side of which was a glazed space. It was up the central stripe, the coloring of which facilitated its progress, that the beetle was slowly making its way. It would occasionally turn aside as if seeking a new path, but when it came in contact with the smooth surface it would lose its hold and fall. This occurred several times, and as I watched its movements the thought came to my mind that the beetle's progress was similar to man's, as he plods through life. So long as he keeps in the straight and narrow path of right, his ascension to honor and fame is sure, though slow, but the moment he seeks a new and easier route, and steps into the glazed and gilded path of sin, he loses his footing and falls. Let the young man who may read these lines learn from the homely but truthful story of the beetle, that the only path to a glorious life, here and hereafter, lies along a rugged, straight and narrow route; that on each side may be found broad and shining paths, and that man's natural discontentment often leads him to try these new paths, which lead to failure and ruin.

MARRIAGES.

At St. John's Church, Oromocto, New Brunswick, on Tuesday, 16th of Oct., by the father of the bride, Henry Wilmot, Esq., third son of the Hon. R. D. Wilmot, of Belmont, to Elizabeth Stewart, eldest daughter of the Rev. Richard Simonds, Rector of Burton.

On the 8th inst, in St. Luke's Church, Hubbards Cove; by the Rev. Stamer, Rector Henry Hugh Stantford, to Margaret York both of Chester, N. S.

By the same on the 20th inst. at St. James Church; head of St. Margarets Bay. Amos Awald of Colemans Cove, County Lunenburg to Ellen Cornelius of Ingram River St. Margaret Bay N. S.

At Sussex, N. B., June 23rd, by Rev. C. F. Medley, J. G. Whitehead, to Annie Eerl Cox.

At the residence of the Hon. A. J. Smith, Dorchester N. B. on the 4th of October, by the Rev. John D. H. Browne, Rector, Thomas Tolwell, of Dorchester, to Jane Reardon, of Halifax, N. S.

DIED.

At Mount Hope Asylum, Dartmouth, 15th. inst. Thomas Webster, a native of Kingston-upon Hull, England, and for many years merchant of Pughwash, N. S., aged 44 years.