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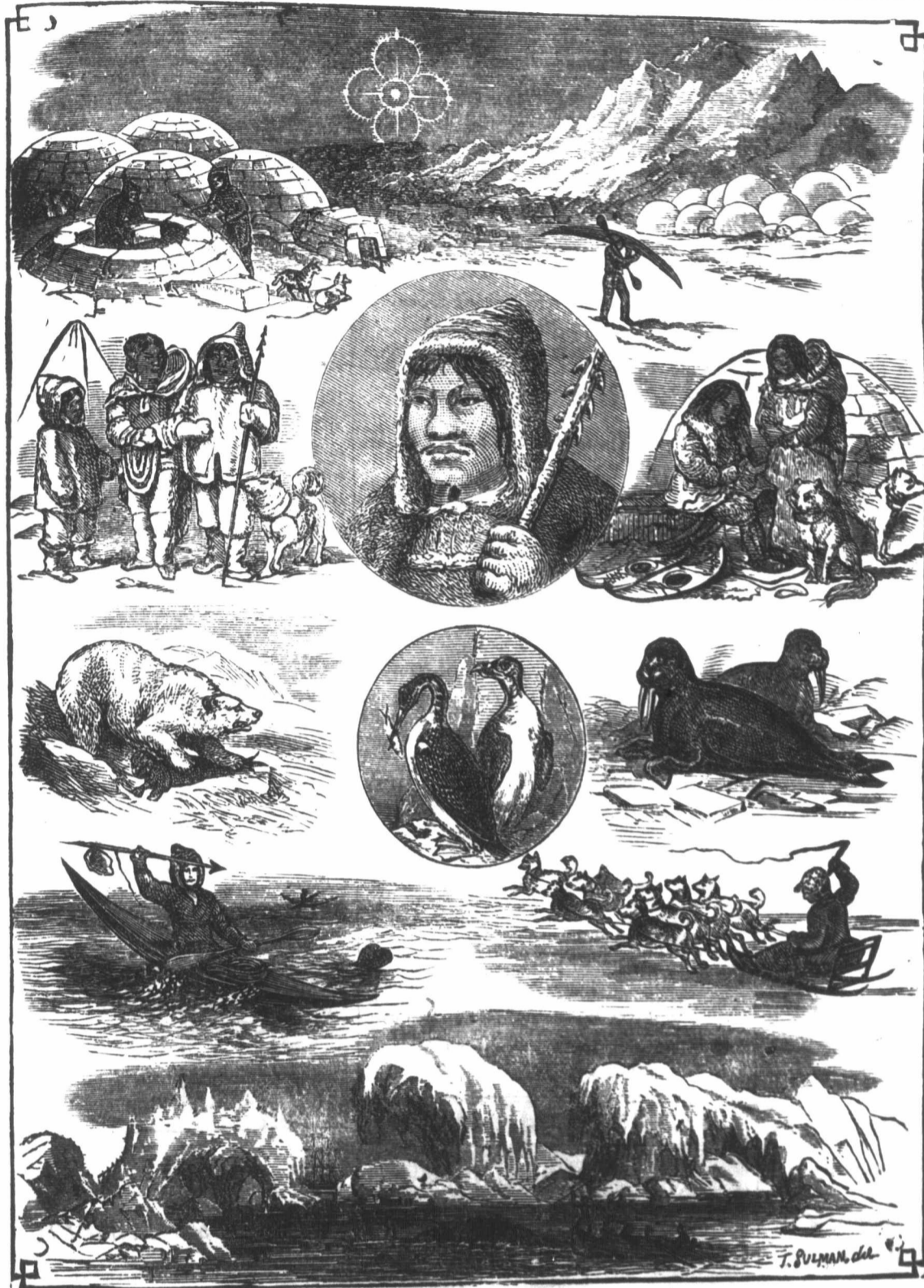
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ENSES.

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Children's Department.

LIFE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

The picture gives to us some idea of what the extreme northern parts of Canada, around Hudson's Bay and Davis' Straits, are like. Yet these hardy Esquimaux do not mind the cold weather. They build thick walled houses out of blocks of snow which they carve with their knives. Then they make a sort of low arched passage through which they crawl. Across this seal-skin curtains are hung, which keep out the wind. It is surprising how warm they are. They use furs for rugs and couches, and warm their hands over a stone basin or lamp in which seal blubber is burning.

The seal is the chief friend of the Esquimaux. It furnishes him food, clothing, oil for his lamp, skin for his kyack or canoe, and bone for his spear. Hunting the seal is, therefore, his chief occupation.

In his skin kyack he will go to sea, even when the waves are very rough. His paddle is a single piece of wood, wide at each end, this he will use with one hand, while with the other he hurls his harpoon with unerring aim. Sometimes his kyack upsets, but its skin cover or deck, fits so close to the body of the Esquimaux that with a single stroke he can turn it upright. The large bag fastened to the harpoon is of skin filled with air to prevent the seal from diving down deep.

The other great enemy of the seal is the polar-bear, who is almost as expert a fisherman as the Esquimaux. He can swim and dive like a seal. The poor seal in the picture will never escape from the grasp of his bearship.

Another Arctic animal is the walrus, a big, fierce fellow, with two great ivory tusks; with these he drags himself out of the water and over the ice ham-nocks at an extraordinary rate. They are very savage and strong, yet the Esquimaux,

armed only with a harpoon, will pursue and capture them for their tusks, hide and blubber.

Immense numbers of sea-fowl—awks, penquins, gannets, and the like, frequent these northern waters and shores; many of them feed on fish, and their flesh and eggs have a rank and fishy taste, but others are very good eating, and their eggs, in the short summer, may be gathered by bushels. They almost darken the air and cover the sea, and make day and night hideous with the clangor of their cries. Some, like the penquins, have very short wings, good only for paddling, not flight; and when on shore they stand almost erect. They are large birds, and their white breasts make them look like a row of children in white pinafores ranged along the shore.

The great companions of the Esquimaux are the dogs. They have short ears and generally bushy tails, are very intelligent, and will drag their master in his bone-built sled over the ice at a great rate. They will sleep in the snow, and if they get a couple of fish a day will keep fat and strong all winter. This would seem to us a very rude, inhospitable climate. Yet many British sailors visit these bleak regions to catch whales, and for purposes of geographical discovery. At the bottom of the cut a boat's crew is shown harpooning an apparently sleeping whale. Whalers can now fire a harpoon out of a gun. When struck, the whale makes a dive with immense speed, dragging out the line so fast that it might set fire to the boat unless it were kept constantly wet. Sometimes a man's leg is cut off by being caught in a loop of the rope. The dying whale thrashes the sea into foam with its huge tail, and will sometimes cut a boat in two, or toss it into the air with a single stroke. The whale is sought chiefly for his blubber, a coat of fat a couple of feet thick, which is cut into strips and torn off him, and fried out on ship-board. The discovery of rock oil in Canada and the United States has almost destroyed the demand for whale oil, and consequently the whale fishery.

Those grand ice bergs in the picture, which often rise like mountains, as the name means, are very magnificent objects, flashing in the sunlight like palaces of diamond. Often ships are caught in the ice and crushed, or have to be abandoned. We knew an old Orkney sailor who helped to rescue a party of men from a crushed vessel. Some of the men had liquor, and of these not one escaped; all were frozen. Sir John Franklin sailed to these northern regions, and was never seen again. The British Government, at the request of Lady Franklin, sent several expeditions in search of him. At last the lonely graves of some of his companions, and his watch, compass, and other relics were found. One ship of some early explorers were found, in which every one on board was frozen to death. The Captain sat in his cabin, with a pen in his hand, frozen to stone; and he had sat thus for years when he was found. The crew of the *Polaris* a few years ago had to leave their vessel and were carried on in an ice floe a thousand miles, when they were rescued by a British vessel.

The long dark winters of these regions are terrible. For six months the sun is never seen; but some compensation is made by the brilliant streams of the Northern Lights, which dance across the sky. In the summer, on the other hand, for many weeks the sun never sets, but circles round the horizon, low down in the sky. Sometimes a brilliant phenomenon called the parheliion, or mock sun, occurs like the appearance shown at the top of the picture.

Many years ago some pious missionaries went to these bleak regions to teach the natives the story of the cross. For a long time they labored without success; but at last that tender story melted their icy hearts, and now many of them are Christians.

A LITTLE GIRL'S NICKEL.

In the town of L., in the State of Alabama, two little girls live. Their mother told the older one to dust the dining room. She was going to school; she told her mother she would not have time to prepare her morning lesson. Her father told the younger one, of four summers, if she would dust the dining room one week for her sister he would give her a dime. She went to work with her tiny hands; it took her a long time, nevertheless she was faithful, and did it well. At the end of the week, her father paid her. She told her mother one nickel was for the missionary work. The first earnings of her life she divided with the Saviour and his cause. This is a small sum; the principle is of much value. Our Saviour does not overlook the day of small things. He remembered the widow's mite. This is the lesson: Give nickels; give dimes, give dollars; 'tis all the money we save; the interest will be great reward if we are faithful to the end.

CHRIST, THE FIRST AND THE LAST.

A Spanish painter was once employed to paint the "Last Supper." It was his object to throw all the sublimity of his art into the figure and countenance of the Lord Jesus; but he put on the table in the foreground some chased cups, the workmanship of which was exceedingly beautiful. When his friends came to see the picture on the easel, one said:

"What beautiful cups!"

"Ah," said he, "I have made a mistake; these cups direct the eyes of the spectator from the Lord, to whom I wished to direct the attention of the observer."

He took up his brush and blotted them from the canvass, that the strength and vigor of the chief object might be prominently seen and observed. Whatsoever hinders us from beholding Christ in his glory should be removed.

—Only what we have wrought into our characters during life can we take away with us.—*Humboldt.*

BIRTH.

At Emmanuel Rectory, Arnprior, on the 31st. October, the wife of the Rev. K. L. Jones, of a son.