

THE WALDENSIAN PEDDLER, OR,
THE VAUPOIN MISSIONARY.

"LADY fair! these silks of mine
Are beautiful and rare;
The richest web of the Indian loom,
Which beauty's self might wear.
And these pearls are pure as thine own fair
neck,
With whose radiant light they vie.
I have brought them with me a weary way.
Will my gentle lady buy?"

And the lady smiled on the worn old man
Through the dark and clustering curls
That veiled her brow as she bent to scan
His silks and glistening pearls.
And she played their price in the old man's
hand,
And lightly turned away;
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call,
"My gentle lady, stay!"

"O lady fair, I have yet a gem
Which purer lustre brings
Than the diamond's flash of the jeweled crown
On the lofty brow of kings—
A wonderful pearl, of exceeding price,
Whose virtue shall never decay,
Whose light shall be a charm to thee.
And a blessing on thy way."

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel
Where the youthful form was seen,
Where her eye shone clear and her dark locks
waved
Their clasping pearls between.
"Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth,
Thou traveller gray and old;
Then name the price of thy precious gem,
And my page shall count thy gold."

The cloud went off the wanderer's brow
As a small and meagre book,
Unbathed with gold or diamond gem,
From his folding robe he took.
"Nero, lady fair, is the pearl of price;
And such may it prove to thee
Nay! keep thy gold—I ask it not;
For the word of God is free."

The hoary traveller went his way;
But the gift he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work
On that high-born maiden's mind.
For she hath turned from the pride of sin
To the loveliness of truth,
And given her contrite heart to God
In its beautiful hour of youth.

"JACK."

WHAT a noble looking fellow Jack is! what dignity and benignity of countenance, and what a majestic air. He reminds me very much of a dog owned by the Rev. E. R. Young—formerly missionary at Norway House in the far Nor'-West. He was a noble St. Bernard, presented to Mr. Young by W. E. Sanford of Hamilton. He was the largest dog I ever saw. He was, I think, as tall as an ordinary dining-table; I know he could whisk things off the table with his large bushy tail. Mr. Young found him of great service in hauling his dog-sled over the frozen snow, and once he saved his master's life by his endurance and fidelity in crossing Lake Winnipeg on the ice in a winter storm. Sometimes the dogs' feet would get sore from walking on the sharp broken ice, and then the missionary would put leather shoes or moccasins on them. The dogs would come and hold up their feet to get their shoes on, or perhaps be down on their backs and hold up all their four feet at once. Mr. Young tells a story that Jack was so much thought of at the Government House at Winnipeg that the Governor's daughter once gave the missionary an invitation to dinner in this wise:—"Bring Jack to dinner, and come yourself."

"I wish you would pay a little attention to what I am saying," roared a lawyer to an exasperated witness. "I am paying as little as I can," was the calm reply.

EDITH'S OBJECT LESSON.

EDITH had just come in from walking; and, as usual, she had a book under her arm. For if Edith's walks did not lead her near the library building, they were apt to turn in the direction of some acquaintance, or schoolmate, who was ready to lend a "perfectly splendid" book.

She hastily put off her wrappings, and was soon cozily nestled in an easy chair, so deeply interested in the new volume she never noticed grandma's entrance, much less thought to offer her the comfortable seat; so deeply interested, that she gave no heed to her mother's request to put on little Fred his rubbers and mittens, until the request was twice repeated; and then, I am sorry to say, Edith closed her book, and went with very bad grace, and a decided frown on her brow, to attend to the little brother.

And all through the evening, instead of adding anything to the social enjoyment of the family, Edith sat apart, her pretty head bowed over the book in her hand. Uncle Will was visiting at the house, and had noticed how very much reading his young niece seemed to accomplish. At first, he was pleased; for Uncle Will was very fond of books, and thought Edith was developing a good literary taste.

But when he talked with her about standard works of history and fiction, he was surprised to find how very little she knew of any of his favourites. He was not long surprised when he began to examine some of the many volumes which Edith brought home with such frequency, among her school-books, borrowed from other girls, or loaned from the library. "The Bride of the Wreck," "Ghost of Raven's Hall," or "Last Heir of Merton," were not exactly the kind of reading Uncle Will thought best fitted to foster a fine, pure taste, or make a young mind and heart stronger and better.

He said nothing yet to Edith; but he thought a good deal of his bright, pretty niece, and his eyes were often fixed thoughtfully upon her, as she pored over her books, or sat dreamily gazing into the fire when the shadows grew too thick to see the pages filled with such unreal but fascinating tales.

Uncle Will was perhaps a little graver than usual this particular evening, after Edith was so ungracious in performing simple duties.

"Have you any special engagement after school to-morrow?" he asked, when Edith bade him good-night.

She looked up brightly, for Uncle Will so frequently had a nice treat on hand.

"No sir; only to take back Fanny Merle's book, and get one Ellen Winton promised to lend me."

"I will send back the borrowed book, and the other can wait, I am sure. I want you to go to the museum with me."

"Oh, thank you, Uncle Will! That is so very nice."

Edith was all ready at the appointed hour. She had been to the museum before—yes, many times—but going with Uncle Will was quite different to going with any one else. He had a way of talking about the beautiful pictures and statuary, and various curiosities, that made them seem something more than mere canvas and paint, and marble or bronze.

And so to-day they went slowly

from one department to another, looking at the wonderful, beautiful objects, and Uncle Will talked so pleasantly about many things, and answered Edith's questions clearly and patiently.

At last they paused before a case full of many strange things.

"Look, Uncle Will," said Edith. "What is this piece of gray-locking stone with these funny marks upon it?" "Cannot you tell? Look closely," said Uncle Will.

"I don't think it is writing of any kind," said Ellen, peering into the case. "They look like—yes, I am sure they must be bird tracks of some kind. But so large."

"They are bird-tracks, my dear. The foot-marks of some great fowl that lived ages ago, when the stone you see was a soft, miry mass, on which these clawprints were easily impressed."

"How very strange," said Edith, "to think that a bird living so long ago should have left tracks behind that we can see to-day."

"Very strange," said Uncle Will, smiling. "But these are only a few of the many wonderful tracks of past ages written on the rocks. Did you ever think, Edith, that all of us—especially young folks like you—are making prints which, like these bird-acks, may last long after us?"

"Why, how, Uncle Will?" asked Edith.

"I told you this rock was once a soft substance, into which these great claws easily sank. As ages passed by, the mire hardened, hardened until that footprint was a part of the rock, never to be effaced."

"Young people's minds and hearts are very like the soft mass; and the thoughts they think, the persons they associate with, the books they read, are all doing something towards making foot-prints. If evil, impure images walk often through the young mind and heart with wrong, untrue ideas about life and its duties, these things will surely leave their ugly prints growing firmer and firmer, deeper and deeper until they can never be effaced. And so again, right, sweet, loving thoughts and endeavours will as surely leave their marks too. Then ought we not to be very careful about the marks we are making as we go through life—careful about things that may seem very trivial in our daily lives? and I know of nothing which may leave deeper marks of good or evil on young hearts than the books one may read."

Edith's face had flushed deeply, and she listened to her uncle with her eyes fixed upon the strange, uncouth marks before her.

Although she was over fond of foolish, unprofitable books, Edith was a bright, sensible girl, and knew directly, from the beginning of her uncle's talk, why he had brought her to the museum, and to this particular case.

She felt ashamed, but she looked up bravely, and said, with just a little tremble in her voice:—

"Uncle Will, I know what you mean, and I will try to be making better foot-prints."

And Uncle Will held her hand tight a moment, and they left the museum. *S. S. Times.*

"YEs," said the reverend gentleman, "I am rector of the church, my mother-in-law is di-rector, and my wife is cor-rector."

SWORDSMEN OF THE DEEP.

IMAGINE whaloes fencing with one another for amusement!

It seems as if such a thing could not be; and yet there are whales of a certain species which not only fence with one another, but use their teeth for swords.

It is the narwhal that fences. One of the teeth of the male narwhal always grows through the upper lip and stands out like a spear, straight in front of the animal.

It seems as if all the material that should have gone to fill the narwhal's mouth with teeth had gone to the one tooth that grows out through the lip; for sometimes this tooth is eight feet long. The animal itself, from head to tail, is seldom more than sixteen feet in length.

Of what use such an enormous tooth is to the narwhal no one knows. Some persons say it is used for spearing fish; others, that its use is to stir up the mud in the bottom of the ocean in order to scare out the fish that may be hiding there; and one man says the tooth is for the purpose of breaking holes in the ice in winter; for the narwhal, like all whales, is obliged to come to the surface at intervals to breathe.

Whatever the tooth is intended to be used for, it is certain that when the narwhal wishes to play it finds another narwhal of a like mind, and away they charge at each other till the long tooth-swords clash together.

They are active as well as frolicsome, and sailors tell of seeing them crossing swords in this way, thrusting and parrying, rolling and darting about with marvellous agility and grace.

The narwhal is light gray in colour, and covered with black spots. For a great many reasons it is valued by the Greenlanders. It furnishes a very fine quality of oil, its flesh is used for food, and its skin, made into a jelly, and called *matlak*, is considered a dainty too choice for ordinary occasions.

This "swordsmen of the deep," as I have called him, is a warm-blooded animal, and must not be confounded with the saw-fish or the sword-fish, both of which are entirely different from the narwhal.—*John R. Coryell.*

A MAN known to be a dangerous character when drunk called at a saloon, drank and was served with dinner. As soon as he was under the influence of the liquor he drew his revolver and on the slightest provocation began firing at the people near him. In a few minutes he had killed three men and seriously injured several more. Then he took to flight and nearly succeeded in escaping. On being captured he begged to be killed on the spot, for, as he said, he couldn't help being a murderer when drunk. Column after column of the newspapers is required for narrating every week occurrences of this character. The people ought to be in a mood just now to insist upon observance of the law forbidding the sale of liquor to men known as drunkards and to move in favour of suppressing the sale altogether. And people will by-and-by see the folly of letting drunken men go abroad to do horrible mischief while other crazy and criminal people are confined in cells. The drunken man is both a criminal and a lunatic in fact, and he ought to be so regarded by the law.