

her at any time—I know where she lives. In the meantime, we may catch him yet, if we are quick. See, there are marks of blood on this window; he has got out that way.' So then they flung me down, saying, 'Don't think to escape us, little traitress! We will find you in your nest of serpents; no doubt the whole family are traiters!' And then they all went scambling through the window, and left me, and I ran away as fast as ever I could, and came here. I got our bread, but I have been afraid to go home, for I smure those terrible soldiers will be waiting for me, and perhaps they will go to our house and kill us all—*maman* and Mary and little Jacques."

Valerie began to sob afresh, while John Pemberton sat in great perplexity, considering what would be the best course to take. He thought it probable as Klein had a considerable start of his pursuers, that he would escape them, in which case it was but too likely that the soldiers would seek to wreak their vengeance on the child whom they chose to pronounce his accomplice. Yet matters might be worse if they burst into Madame Brunot's house when there was no one there to protect it; and he came to the conclusion at last that he must risk the endeavour to take Valerie home, and he trusted that, by using the most unfrequented streets, they might reach the house in safety. Valerie trusted him too implicitly to object, and hand in hand they started.

(To be Continued.)

THE SOUTH SEA PARADISE.

For mere beauty of scenery the Navigator Islands are probably equal, if not superior to any in the Pacific. The scenery of the Sandwich Islands, although grand, is somewhat cheerless; the Friendly Islands are superlatively fertile, but too tame and low-lying to be thoroughly picturesque; the Feejees are in many places sterile and forbidding; while Ceylon, perhaps the most fertile island in the world, is so only in the interior. Alone of all the ocean groups the Navigators do not disappoint. Seen from the deck of a vessel a few miles off the land, there are not many tropical islands that present a more beautiful or picturesque appearance than Upolu. Though not so high as Savaii by 1,000 feet, it nevertheless shows a bold and majestic front. Perhaps, indeed, the weather-beaten rocks that form the mountain summit are if anything too stern and gloomy for a tropical landscape. They are, however, not often visible, but are generally shrouded by fleecy masses of vapour, or wrapped in mist and storm-clouds. Immediately below this stony region vegetation commences. At first the trees are small and stunted, and the undergrowth thin. But with every foot of descent the vegetation changes rapidly in character, until within an incredibly short space of time the forest becomes thoroughly and completely tropical. Trees of a hundred different species now struggling with each other for sunlight and air. The soil is a rich loam, composed of decaying vegetable forms. Over head the trees meet, forming a leafy canopy through which the vertical rays of the sun strive in vain to pierce. Beneath this the traveller walks in dim, uncertain twilight. Around him all is hot, moist, and decaying. The air is sickly and oppressive, the grass rank and matted, while from trunk and bough hang long snake-like creepers and supple vines that trail along the ground, and at every step trip up the unwary. On the trunks and branches of the trees are clusters of rare ferns and orchid that

would be the glory of an American hot-house. They grow luxuriantly on the moss covered bark and dead wood, and seek little sunlight or fresh breezes. Among these forest trees are many on which the natives depend for life. There is the ivy (whose bitter luscious are eaten in time of scarcity), the orange, the linn, and the bread fruit. Then there is the stately cotton tree, the sandle dip, and the cocconut palm, with its leafy crown, at once the glory and the wealth of the South Sea Islands. The ground in many places is covered with flowers as with a carpet, while in others it is grown over with a dense and impenetrable mass of shrubs and flowering plants. Here is the home of the wild mango and yam, the nutmeg and arrowroot, the banana, and, lastly, of that shrub from which the natives extract the strange drink they call kava.

LOST—A FASHIONABLE WOMAN'S BABY.

A New York correspondent of a Western paper, tells this story: "One year ago to a fashionable mother was born a baby boy. She got a wet nurse who remained with her six months, and then, as the child liked the bottle best, was discharged. When the baby was born, the grandmother was there from her distant western home, and shortly after returned, to come no more till this summer. In the mean time the young mother has seen her child sometimes once a day, sometimes once a week, as the case might be. The first thing on grandma's arrival was a loud call for Tommy, and Tommy was forthcoming. He was kissed and hugged and praised and petted, and grandma just lugged him about, and finally, old lady like, she stripped him to see how much he had grown. Then came a shriek. Where was Tommy's extra toe? Tommy was born with six toes: grandma knew it. The family doctor was sent for, and when an examination of Tommy was made the M.D. unhesitatingly pronounced it not the 'Simon pure' Tommy by any means. There had been a malformation of the original Tom's feet that time would not have remedied. Then all sorts of speculations were in order. But one servant had anything to do with the baby, and she had been six months away, no one knows in what direction. Thomas sits up in a dubious position. If he ain't Tommy, who is he?"

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow may never come to us. We do not live in to-morrow. We cannot find it in any title deeds. The man who owns whole blocks of real estate and great ships on the sea does not own a single minute of to-morrow. It is a mysterious possibility not yet born. It lies under the seal of midnight, behind the veil of glittering constellations.

Enjoy the present, whatever it may be, and be not solicitous for the future; for if you take your foot from the present standing, and thrust it forward to to-morrow's event, you are in a restless condition. It is like refusing to quench your present thirst by fearing you will want to drink the next day. If to-morrow you should want, your sorrow would come time enough, though you do not hasten it. Let your trouble tarry till its own day comes. Enjoy blessings this day, if God send them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly, for this day is ours. We are dead to yesterday, and not yet born to to-morrow.

MODERN NAVAL WARFARE.

Modern science has so changed the art of sea warfare that mere animal courage is only one of the many elements required to make a great naval commander in-chief. In the days of sailing men of-war good seamanship consisted in performing certain complicated manœuvres by the action of the wind on the sails; and if it failed, or the rigging was shot away, it then became a question of chance, or bull dog courage. The first broadside of Collingwood's flagship at Trafalgar is said to have killed or wounded 400 men. Bad seamanship on the part of the French led to such a disastrous result, and not the superior gunnery of the English. With steamships ramming will be as fatal as raking was with the old wooden vessel, and frequently more so, because being rammed by a powerful iron clad will simply mean annihilation. Our magnificent and costly ships, if improperly handled, may fall to sudden ruin under the well-delivered blow of a puny enemy. I have long held the opinion that all fighting ships should be fitted with a system of temporary fenders, in order to deaden the blow of an antagonist. Some future genius will carry the suggestion into effect, and its influence will be as beneficial to his ship as the takes of the chain cable were to the sides of the *Kearsage* in her action with the *Alabama*, the shells from the guns of the latter vessel failing to penetrate the rudely improvised cuirass of her antagonist. It was one of those simple contrivances which mark the man of original thought, and doubtless had a great influence on the result of the action, if it did not wholly decide it.

MILITARY STATISTICS.

M. Amadee le Faure, a Frenchman, has published a complete analysis of the military strength of the various nations in 1875. Germany, it appears, has an army, including all classes of reserves and the navy, which foots up a total of 1,700,000 men, with annual estimates of £20,000,000. The English army and navy, including militia and volunteers, comprise 535,000 men, and cost £24,800,000; Austria has 535,000 men, costing £10,800,000; Belgium, 43,000, with an expenditure of £1,659,200; Denmark, 54,900, costing £366,000; Spain, according to the regulations of 1870, possesses 270,000 men, with a yearly budget of £6,400,000; France, with the reserve and navy, has a total effective strength of 1,700,000, costing £26,600,000; Greece, 51,000 men, and estimate £360,000; Italy, 760,000 men, expenditure, £9,840,000; Holland, 100,000, estimate, £1,120,000; Portugal, 73,000 men, costing £180,000; Russia has, with the fleet, an effective strength of 1,500,000 men, with a budget of £27,000,000; Sweden, 100,000 men, costing £1,120,000. The effective strength of Switzerland is approximately 180,000 men, costing only £360,000; Turkey, 300,000 men, with estimates of £5,680,000. On a war footing, therefore, the armies of Europe are 9,833,000 men, costing annually £136,804,000.

THE *Normal Class* specifies four classes of teachers. "(1.) Those who leave upon the minds of their pupils a general impression, but no definite knowledge of which the pupil can make use. (2.) Those who succeed in communicating knowledge, but do not provide for its retention by the pupil. (3.) Those who communicate knowledge, and fix it in the memories of their pupils; but the knowledge is like seed carefully deposited in a paper or box. (4.) Those who so impart knowledge that it develops self-activity and power in the pupil, as seed wisely deposited in the soil, which grows and bears fruit."

THURS

In the recent subject of the Bonn he found His Grace sufficient to able him harmony trines to b ence havin fixing upc express th of attentio from the f he belong phase and the subject went on t disapprov on the con over whic "He felt i culties wh those wh sympathy the Bible, ians in thi gard to th respect to tance fro surely can thy is sh England, slightest c for union English a of which other, to possible, a ground of order. D have kno overtures dignitariet Church, f ious bodie basis thos we have i sals rejec dignation. venerable quite a pe the whole duced to r had been the writin that the bona fide man, and still anim: induced project, u strong art Magazine, ities of th with unnt asked, Wh the simpl in which