

strength or the improbability of our attempting to follow them with so small a force as we could muster, they have taken no pains to conceal their movements."

"That gives me strong hope that we shall be able to come upon them unawares."

By this time the little party had reached the place of the recent encampment, where they beheld the *debris* of the morning's meal, consisting of the tail and bones of a muskrat and some fish scattered around the fire.

"I cannot understand why they should be on the move so early, unless they were in some fear of pursuit," resumed the Captain. "Perhaps there is a settlement of white men

somewhere hereabout. What say you, Philip?"

In reply Edgerton informed his companions that the only white settlers were located near the mouth of the river, which he judged must be some miles to the south east of them.

"Then we have only ourselves to rely on, but with patience and the blessing of God, we may accomplish all we wish for."

"We can but trust in Providence and our own hands, and if it be the will of Heaven that we fail, we shall have no self-reproaches to add to the bitterness of disappointment."

"And now, come, let us break our fast, for if I mistake not, we shall need all the strength our morning's meal will give us."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## LOVE OF ADMIRATION A MORAL VIRTUE.

[CONCLUDED.]

We do confidently hope that hereafter no man, except he be a minister, will value himself in his appearance, form, manner, voice, or gestures. It is all vanity, as may be easily illustrated. When you see a turkey gobbler, why is it that you smile? is it because the bird is ordinary in his shape, ordinary in his plumage, ordinary in his movements, and with an extraordinarily ordinary voice? If this were all you would only pity the poor bird. But you laugh because from his strut and note you perceive that he fancies himself very good looking. So with man—his native ugliness would only awaken pity in the souls of all the fair spectators who behold him, but when he makes a display of his imperfection, evidently expecting admiration, he receives the laughter which greets the turkey gobbler. But some one will say, I grant all this—I do not suppose that I am very intellectual, or beautiful; but the ladies enjoy my society, I value myself in those qualities which cause these acute and impartial judges of manly excellencies, to admire me.

Poor, foolish lady's man! Do you not know that ladies have a very keen sense of the ridiculous. They love opportunity for the gratification of this sense, and they find it in the so-

ciety of the lady's man; for what can be more ridiculous than a rough, ungainly creature with tight fitting pants, stiff shirt collar, and all surmounted by a beaver hat—seeking to modify the natural roughness of his voice, and like the lion in Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, "to roar as gently as 'twere any sucking dove," or striving to twist his rugged countenance into an affectionate or admiring smile, or aiming to render his stiff and ungainly movements graceful or dignified? Ladies do certainly value such a man, but as one values a monkey, for the sake of his antics and grimaces.

But in case this theory will not cover the whole ground, there is yet another—ladies are endowed—some of them—with great tenderness of heart. These know that the rest of womankind only pretend to find men's society agreeable, in order to gratify their love of the ridiculous; consequently, out of mere pity, and to save the poor victim from destined ridicule, these others pretend to take pleasure in his society.

How foolish, then, for a man to value himself in his hair, or mustache, in his voice or manner, when all these awaken only pity or contempt; or to imagine that the better portion