

VOL. IX.

DOCTRU.

THE LIFTING OF THE VEIL. Between the Here and the Hereafter,
Heaven's repose and earthly strite,
Hangs a mystic screen dividing
Souls from souls and life from life.
Soft as sew talls on the waters,
Or the mist o'er mount and dale,
Soundless as a bud's unfolding
Let the lifting of the veit.

When we pine with restless yearning Some long vanished form to view, Seems the veil a luminous ether, Saintly faces smiling through.

We can almost catch their whispers, Sweet as sigh of summer gale—Almost see the beckoning fingers, And the lifting of the veil.

Yet when all the soul as weary
Of life's turmoil, pain, and whirl,
Till we strive to rend the curtain—
Lo! we beat but walls of pearl,
We have missed the crystal doorways,
Of the keys celestial tail—
And wait without, impatient
for the litting of the veil.

When the face we love grows pallid—Purer, clearer, day by day,
Till we see the spirit's lustre
Shining through its tent of clay;—
When the jewel leaves the casket,
How we shudder, weep and wail,
At the angel's noiseless beckening,
At the luting of the veil.

To the Infinite Creator
The grand Universe is one—
For blue corridors are linking
Sea and sky and star and sun.

And the loved our hearts bewail, Did but reach an inner chamber. At the litting of the veil!

Though we may not hear their footsteps
As they journey to and fro
Through the hidden, shining chambers,
Noiseless as the dropping snow—
Though we may not see their vestments
Silvery pure as moonbeam pale,
We shall meet them fair as morning,
At the lifting of the veil.

When his visible works so mighty—
With such splendors spread abroad,
What must be the secret places
Of this palace of our God?
Not with anguish—not with weeping— But with raptures should we hail Every beckening of the angels, Every lifting of the veil! [Portland Transcript.]

Sabbath Reading.

FRANK AND THE GRAPES.

"Can I have some of those grapes, father?"
Frank stood on the plazza and pointed to the fine, large clusters which grew over a neigh-boring trellis, and hung temptingly almost within his reach. on they belong to Mrs. F-

She did not plant them for her neighbors, but

"We might have a sew, father."

"But they do not belong to us, my son.—
Shall we take what is not ours?" She won't know it, she can't see us, fa- troubles you, dear." ther;" and Frank stood on tiptue, and ed his neck, to see if they came with- flowed up to my lips when I opens

in the range of any of the windows of the next house. Satisfied upon this point, he turned away.—'Please do get me some, father," he said beseechingly.

Mr. Townsend looked steadily and earnest—

"Not if your heart in its outre"

Mr. Townsend looked steadily and earnestly at Frank. Then, taking him by both bands, he said impressively: "And is there no one else who can see you, my son? and whose commandment you would break by so doing?"

Frank bent his head, and a deep flush of shame overspread his face. His eye sunk beneath his father's earnest, troubled look.

"Not if your heart in its outre diving the future," was the answer.

"Are you a propher, that you specified authority?"

"I judge your future by my of Nelly. I will not believe that i wrongly."

I reached out my hand for in the propher of the propher of

ber, there is an eye that neither slumbers nor sleeps: and that you cannot escape. If you cannot escape. If you cannot escape of my heart. I was a poor, depen and down into the depths, it is there also.

That an eye has merculully watched over you through all the five years of you: little life, and it looks upon you at this moment. It sees you now, and understands the thought of west not ignorant or unlearned. It

He paused for a moment, and the boy buri-ed his face in his father's bosom.

"Do you remember, Frank, last Sunday"

"Do you remember, Frank, last Sunday"

"But heart."

a man who had seen the world with ing into its busy, bustling ranks, seeing had turned away, weary at I taught you the commandments. You re-peated them after me. One of them was came to spend the summer with Langdons, with whom I was living

"I did not mean to steal !" You could not have taken what did not belong to you without stealing. Now let me tell you more about that commandment, and when you are older, you shall read it for yourself in the Bible. It was delivered to Moses, thousands Bible. It was delivered to Moses, thou-ands of years ago, upon Mourt Smai, amid thunderings and earthquakes and fearful signs.—

The people were not permitted to approach, but stood afar off, and beheld the smoke ascending, and the lightnings. at d listened to the sound of the trumpet. They trembled with fear, for God himself descended upon the mountain in fire. And the finger of God worde that commandment upon a table of stone. Now, my son, do you think that you can break it, and offend Him?"

Frank wept upon his father's bosom, but weary and disheartened. When the

"Now kies me, my son. You are grieved, worship of its ido!. and God will forgive you. I am sure that you will never never forget this: never forget the found me weeping. Louise he found me weeping, Louise he found me with my low name and calling, punish his disobedient, and bless his obedient punish his disobedient, and bless his obedient children. Love him with all your heart; and mere raise my plebeian voice to those so far above me she would

The Final Judgment.—"We must all appear," or, as now it is generally admitted, that "we must all be manifested before the judgment seat of Christ"—a far more searching thought. If we were to employ a homely expression, and say "turned inside out," it would, I believe, exactly express the intention of St. Paul; all that is inward now, and thus hidden, becoming outward then; every mask strapped off; every diaguise torn away; what apy man's work has been, that day declaring it; and not according to its outward varnish but its inward substance.—Trench

man's work has been, that day declaring it; and not according to its outward varnish but its inwartd substance.— Trench.

Manax.—Jeremy Taylor says if you are for pleasure, marry—if you prize rosy health, marry—and, even if money be your object; marry.—A good wife is heaven's best pit to man—his angel and munister of graces naumerable—his gem of many pirtues—his castet of many jewels—her voice his sweetest music—her smile his brightest day—her kiss he guardian of his impocence—his arms the numerable—his gem of manyinitues his caset of many jewels—her voice his sweetest used be smile his brightest day—her kisson guardian of his innocence—his arms the le of his safety, the balm of his life—her instry his surest wealths—her economy his safest ward—her line his fauthful counsellers—her. ward her lips his faithful counsellors—her you cannot mean what you a sying," the idea of the sorrow is sobbed, "You cannot mean what you a sying," the idea of the sorrow is sobbed, "You are rich to dead. Miss Russell," beginning on his bead.

I sobbed, "You cannot mean what you a sying," is sobbed, "You are rich to make the idea of the sorrow is sobbed, "You are rich to make the idea of the sorrow is sobbed, "I am poor, unknown and it was assembled, "I am a sewing girl."

SHADOWS, THEN SUNS INE. "Work, work, work!" I res out from the window to catch breezes of the morning as they sw the green meadow lands, cool and Lines of misty, golden light wer adown from the hilltops, making a across the green, dewy fields, ladders from one treetop to anoth all the wide expanse of woods that could reach. Under the window, lilacs blossomed—the roses to purple clusters, backward and forming as if to exchange kisser, and in sweet breath their united fragrand.

But what were the suclight, the dewy fields and flowers to me?

n t go out freely among them; my not press the green grass of the might not mander where the bree authems through the trees; my is not p'urk the simplest flower forward to meet their weary out I must work, for labor was the or me; whether I made it a pleasure the on'y alternative. And so w mv eyes which the suntight bridged across with golden bars, I self to my daily task. There was well of bitterness with n my he with the most rigorous will I co-keep from overflowing—a passic

hearing of my deep, womanly nation vain I tried to press backward quiet charnel it had always known er it surged up to catch the light shadows; the light, shough I said there was no light, and the shad, even in my bitterest moments, heart against. It was a strange t can you comprehend it, reader? a
I denied everything for a fear tha
sweet foundation of a rope.
"Work, work, work!" I said ag

ing my fingers close upon my eye ing fall the garment on which I sewing. "I wish I might die, di tears fell thick and fast. I wished weep my l.fe away.
"Nely; Nelly, dear, you will long that there will be no rainbow

shower; instead, a dull, heavy gra everything. Look up, I have sometheto you."

Before the words fell upon my e

cognized a presence near me, a sor leaped up in great waves of joy Words were not wanted to assure presence of Charles Hastings. It man I loved

"Now, now, Nelly, we have the he said, drawing a chair and seat close by my side, at the same to tossing carelessly the light, airy robe will all was making upon the table. "Tell what

Hor some reason the bitterness hin me

"Are you a prophet, that you so k with

"My son, you have forgotten. You shrink before the gaze of your earthly father; how then, will you meet that of God? Rememelegant, polished man, at ease in a

From the moment I saw him, wh him wholly and well, as if for ye "I do not think you did, my son. But been permitfed to read his heart a Frank wept up n his father's bosom, but weary and disheartened, the world were turned for the world were turned for a momen

I have often wondered since how

CARLETON-PLACE: CANADA WEST, SEPTEMBER 23, 1858.

ly, half reproachfully in my face. "I am weary of pride, pomp and show. I sake for the love of your true, womanly heart—a heart that has been kept pure and free from the corroding dusts of the world. Give, O give me a home there, Nelly! If there, is a condescession upon either side, it is yours. You are truer and purer than I am. Do not interrupt me. If you were not, your lile could not flow on so calmly, so gently. I am a better man when near you, darling."

O, how like a bewildering, beautiful dream his words made everything to me! How rapidly and intoxicatingly the assurance of his love wear through the warting chambers of my soul! I forgot everything, hardship, prive tions, insults, sorrow and despair, as for one little moment he drew my weary head to his breast, teling me that henceforth and forever it should be my shelfer, resting place and shield.

"Ha, ha, ha!" broke through my golden in the price of brick.

"Sir," I began, in a choked voice, "I do not make everything but to make everything that the sum of money from the love of your true, womanly heart—a heart heart from the love of your true, womanly heart—a heart heart from the love with man and the corroding dusts of the world. Give, O give me a home there, Nelly! If there, is a condescession upon either side, it is yours. You may be able to give her some clue to it—in a quiet way you know."

This all happened years ago, in a time of shadows; now I have the sunshine.

The west, AT PRESENT.

A correspondent of the Evening Post thus writh their chandedicrs and Bruxelle carpets, are not now the order of thelday. Yet I have not in the price of the load of the warding money by mortgaging the feet simple place and shield.

"Ha, ha, ha!" broke through my golden of the warding in one essential virtue, people more warded proved the price of brick.

"Ha, ha, ha!" broke through my golden joy the quick, musical laugh of Louise Langdon. "Really this is interesting! How lucky for me that I took a freak to rise early this morning! This beautiful, pathetic tablesu free of expense! Ha, ba, ha! Shall Shall ted my-

I summon spectators, Mr. Hastings.
"Just as you please, Miss Langdon," was the cool, carelessly given reply, as he drew me back to my seat upon his knee. Perhaps your enjoyment will be increased, however, if you have the seifish pleasure of knowing "Eno that it is unshared by any one eise " In vain.

> you," she replied, in a conciliating tone.
>
> "Don't, I beg you, humbug this poor, unsophisticated creature any longer. Of course you are perfectly excuseable, however, for gentlemen have a right to seek amusement I glanced around to the little group that as they choose; but this girl, this servant of "Come here, Loui e, and let me look at

given with a light lang!.
"Well, yes, anything, only let this girl be A quick, hery auger houe in Charles Hasting's eyes at these words, such as I had never seen there before, yet his voice was calm as he said aloud to her:

"Very well," and whispered to me, "I'll take care of you, darling. Do not fear."
Half an hour later, as I was pacing backward and forward across my chamber, Louise Langdon came to me, her beautiful features darkened by frowns. I did not tremble at her anger, but stood up silently and proudly before her, waiting for her to commence the merciless tirade which she had in readiness for

with a stamp of her slender foot.

"First I must know by what authority you question me," I replied. "Girl, are you not my servant, working

for the home I give you? Are you not accountable to me for your deportment "I'll do not please you, I can easily leave," I said, turning away from her.

"Yes, and leave me you should, but for Mr. Hasting's kindness and pity. Foolisby neart, alls me work, deterten idly
though
the same with the street old man. "Take her away, 1010 |
the street, to the jail. anywhere! I would have her in my house another moment, sir!
The jail is the place for the thieving creature.

"No, no, father, don't say that—don't be make for me. Mr. Hastings thinks you will please us better than any one else."

"No, no, father, don't say that—don't be too harsh!" cried Louise. "It is my affair; all which is strenge eventful history—

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"No, no, father, don't be the street in my house another

I could but smile at her presumption. as will, tather!"
she closed the door after her. "Mr. Hastcorpse like he lies; ings thinks you will please us, I repeated to myself, thankful that her insinus ions had of the loo longer power to ruffle the calm joy of my Louise!"

"You are too kind, too longiving," said the Cares naught for north or south, or east or west, The country's one to him, poor patriot, and his mind of the look in the loo

Two or three days passed away, and I did not meet or speak with Mr. Hastings again. But for my trust in his love, my perfect faith in his every plan, I should have left the house in his every plan.

with door, the handsome, haughty face of Louise platform, some one grasped me firmly by the platform, some one grasped me firmly by the arm. I looked round, and met the wondering one watching us, before he said, pressing my hand as he turned (away—"Three days, Nelly?" he asked, drawing me back from the ore so Nelly !"

solent But his assurance did not make me happy.

time, same roof sheltered us both; but now for three long days I was to be left to the mercy of the cruel, revengeful Louise. What heart,"

ke to might not happen in that time? I wept mynelly, self to sleep thinking of it, and all night my
dreams were shadowed by the face of Louise
Langdon, wearing the same expression it had
worn the evening before, when it lowered
by his
heek?

a woa wo
Louise's face was an unreadable one, yet astings Louise's face was an unreadable one, yet ant of when she spoke to me there was an air of to me, triumph about ber—a vein of satisfied re-

voice.

On the morning of the second day of Mr. Hastag's absence, while I was aitting in my chamber finishing a light, morning wrapper for Louise, I was summoned to the parlot. I know not why, but a sudden fear took possession of ac; I felt that a great greef was hearing down close upon me, and I could hardly totter down stairs, as real had grown hardly totter down stairs, as real had grown hardly totter down stairs, as real had grown are to be marked by the marked at once, Nelly; so there will be marked at once, Nelly;

wanting in one essential virtue, people more readily suspect her of lacking others. So I nust believe that you are able to tell me something of my money, rather than other servants who have always shown themselves

strictly honorable in everything." " And is this all you have to sav to me? l asked, glancing around upon the little as

"All! Is it not enough, young spoke Mr. Langdon.
"Enough? certainly, sar," I acswered, turn ing to leave the room; but at the door I was

"Really, Charles, this is a little beneath met by an officer, who thrust a search warrant ceding me up he stairs, "such things must be looked into."

was following me, to see if there was any one mine, really she makes me blush that I am a pitying, humane face in it; but I looked in you while you are of shing," was the reply.

vain. Every countenance was as hard and cold as granite. Why, O, why, did not some kind angel send Mr. Hastings to me at that moment of peril!

"What makes you so pale, Nelly!" sneered Louise, as I leaned trembling against the

window casing for support.
"I did not answer her, but watched the pompous official as he carefully searched every article of clothing in my trunk with a preserration that was worthy of a better cause.

"Nothing here, sir," he said at last, rising to his feet, and facing Mr. Langdon.
"Here is another box," broke in Louise, inting to a writing desk that set upon the His chills having seven ages. At first he's 'bill

Again the man of law commenced his duty, with a smile of hope lighting up he features.

He held up to the wondering company a short gold chain which had been a gift of my she began, her voice quivering with rage.

"Answer me!"

Sighing like furnace, with a woful groaning, which bore the initials, C. H. A muripur of displeasure went according.

Well, what have you to say for yourself?"

Sighing like furnace, with a woful groaning, which bore the initials, C. H. A muripur of displeasure went according.

"Do you hear that, Mr. Officer?" called He shakes himself, his bed, the room, the house; the excited old man. "Take her away, into Moments seem hours—no sleep—no rest—no life;—

"You are too kind, too forgiving," said the

"But do not think of that, father; she

draw away from him,

"But a momen, dear. I am preparing a home for you. It will be ready soon. I am going away to-morrow. When I return, I will take you away from this place. Keep up a brave heart till then. I will be back which spoken aunted with if I Langdon. I had not time to signify hy more deared. I will order the carriage my-self in time for the noon train and send some one to assist you in packing your truck."

In less than half an hour I was in the depot waiting, half impatiently, for the noon train, in which I was to go. It came at last, and with a feeling of mingled relief and despair, I made my way through the crowd towards the car pointed out to me. As I stepped one for tupou the platform, some one grasped me firmly by the

car and through the crowd. "Home!" I said, faintly, as I leaned back heavily upon his arm.
"You are mistaken in the direction. Home is this way, dear, very near you," he replied, motiving a coachinan towards him.
"Drive us to Chesnut Hill," he called to the driver, as he lifted me into the coach.

I looked at him with wonder and surprise. It seemed like a dream to me. "I'll tell you, Nelly, we are going home. So much for our destination. I came back to-day, because I felt sure you was in trouble. What have they been doing to you?"
In broken sentences I told him the story of

"Never mind, never mind," he said; I will take care of you in fature, But first I wish a better right to protect you. I will order the driver back again. We will be married at once, Nelly; so there will be no room for scandal. God forbid that I should be

"Well, what of that?" he asked, holding me at arms length from him, as though I flad been the merest child, and looking half sternly, half repreachfully in my face. "I am weary of pride, pomp and show. I ask for the love of your true, womanly heart—a heart "Probably not, miss. But to make every-that they have been that?" he asked, holding my daughter Liouise. Some one that she will not forbear prosecuting her suit against his wife, since she did not leave town yesterday as agreed upon. He bopes also that Miss L. will not allow any modest or conscientious scruples to deter her from her duty, even though in doing it she is force-

very great depreciation is the price of brick lumber, and labor, and the ease with which turns are made with the aid of a little money But in proof that the late monetary revulsion as doing its blessed work, there is less crino-ine and, flowing silk on the side walks now, and less rolling through the streers in costly equipages, than there was two years ago. A great drawback, however, on the thrift of the great West is the enormous railroad charges. It costs twelve cents to bring a bushel of prairrie. True, the railroads have been constructed by costly borrowings, amid great waste and dishonesty; but by what rule of ethics should the whole West be victimised to make up the loss ? But low rents, low railto make up the loss? But low rents, low rail-road charges, and Christian municipal taxa-tion must soon correspond to other values, and the West will presper." So much for the prose account of it—but now for the po-etry! A poet in Iowa, writing to the Boston Post, sketches his home as follows:—

" All the West's a chill, And all the men and women merely shakers. All have their 'sick days' and their 'well days lewling and puking in his spouse's arms; And then the whining workman, somewhat With bile begilded face. creepeth like snail, Unwillingly to work. And then his knees ache; Answer me!"

But I did not care to speak, and so remained allent.

Why don't you answer me!" she asked, with a stamp of her stender foot.

"First I must know by what authority you "Those are the very pieces ""

gold ring, which bore the initials, C. H. A murnur of displeasure went around the circle at the discovery of the ring, and before it had died away the officer turned from a small box that he found three golden eagles.

"My money! my mosey!" screamed Louise.

"Those are the very pieces ""

"Those are the very pieces ""

"Those are the very pieces!"

"What have you to say now, miss?"
asked Mr. Langdon, coming up to me and laying his thin hand upon my arm.

"That Miss Louise Langdon placed the money there herself, sir," I asswered, slowly and distinctive the chattering magpie, with jaws all springs. His talk is all of cold and " clothes-more clothe

Headache succeeds the chill, and fever hot. Resolves the thought that AGUE is its king. At last he sleeps. Quinine has done its work.

But for my first in his every plan, I should have left the common to step in the streets. But he winded me to stay for some good reason, and so I have to stay for some good reason, and so I have to stay for some good reason, and so I have to stay for some good reason, and so I have to stay for some good reason, and so I have to stay for some good reason, and so I have to stay for some good reason, and so I have to stay for some good reason, and so I have to stay for some good reason, and so I have the pair of the Lause to do course. Louise toldem that he locks between two all traits, and so she must/sot of courtesy to him, insast upon my seeing may chamber instead of the the pair of the family were making mery in the with the stay of the sound of th For a whole month in Melville Bay our fate hung in the balance. The season was very similar to 1848, when I was with Sir J. Ross; the whole bay was crammed full of light pack, and the e was no land ice. Having previously examined the edge of the middle ice down as far as 72 ° 20 without any prospect of success, there was but one course open to me—to enter the pack whenever a favorable opportunity offered, and trust to boring through into the court water. This is what Sir J. Ross did, and being on the same spot, and also on the same day; and, moreover, a very favorable opportunity of long leads opening out, I tried the same plan. We did not succeed; a long run of southerly winds closed the ice together so that it did not open again.—

Still! had the precedent of the North Star from which to draw the hope of a drift through into the north water, and this I think from which to draw the hope of a drift through into the north water, and this, I think, we should have done in time to save our season but for the grounding of some bergs on a bank off Cape York, which it has been our lot to discover. We drifted up within 24 miles of that cape, and subsequently far to the westward before commencing our southern march. But all this you will see in my statement of proceedings and track chart which I have sent to Lady Franklin.

We are thoroughly efficient, but rather short banded, and I am sorry to add that R.

Scott (leading stokers) died on the 4th of De-

injured. She leaks a little, and we had to pump her out all Winter three times

Forty tons of coal remain on board, and we will take in as much more at the Waigat. As for provisions, we have excellent in quality, of salt meat 17 months, preserved meat and penmican 13 months' Sec. From this you will see how well provided we are, and how easily we can complete ourselves for a third winter at Beechey Island.

Let us estimated that \$26,000,000 worth of tobacco was used in France during the spear third winter at Beechey Island.

With regard to my future plans, I see no reason for departing from my original scheme. If early into the west water, I will thoroughly sift the Pond's Bay natives, so as to separate the history of Belcher's abandoned

Walker, should I succeed in getting down to

Yours very sincerely, F. L. M'CLINTOCK.

wheat two hundred miles, when that same wheat is taken over a thousand miles on a fifty thousand dollar propeller for only four cent. Lumber now sells here for six dollars the thousand feet, yet the farmer who lives seventy miles in the interior is ust pay three and a half dollars per thousand freight on the same before he can shelter his stock or fence his of about 45°. In the course of about half an hour it sunk below the horizon.

> CHARLES DICKENS .- Who is now reading bis Christmas Carol to crowded audiences in London. He is about forty-five years old, rather above the middle height, and of a slight lithe figure; if you did not know who he was, you would take him, at first glance, for some remarkable man; his is a decidedly striking face, rather long and thin, with shaved cheeks, a mustache, and pointed beard. His hair is light brown, long and silky; his forehead broad and high, but his eyes are his most remarkably feature, dark brown in color, and flashing, when he is animated, with extraordinary brilliancy. His voice is deep and sonorous, capable of exquisite modulating, and of expressing the deepest feeling. The pathos which he throws into one short line in the "Carol," where the Cratchit family are mourning their lost child—"The color! Ah lapoor Tiny Tim!" can not be described. One slight peculiarity may be noticed, a hissing slight peculiarity may be noticed, a hissing manner of pronouncing the letter "s."
>
> accident, and sent it the next day to all the local papers, with this malicious heading:
>
> "Terrific Descent of a Balloon!"

IMPROVED CONDITION OF INBLAND At the recent meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland, the Lord Lieutenant was present, and made a speech at the banquet, which closed the proceedings. Is the course of his remarks, he adduced some statistics to show the greatly improved condition in Ireland, and the progress which is manifest in agricultural industry. Since 1852, the value of the "live stock" owned by the farmers has increased \$25,000,000 by the tarmers has increased \$25,000,000. In that year, the number of acres under cultivation was 5,739,000; and in 1857, not withstanding the enormous increase of pasture, the number of acres under cultivation was 5,881,000, making an increasy of 49700. In 1852, the number of panpers relieved was 590,775, and in 1857 the number was only 190,823, being a decrease of about one third. And while there is this gratifying evidence of the greater material prosperity of the country, there is equally gratifying evidence of moral improvement. In 1857, the homierdes were 30 less than in 1852, and in robber ies and burglaries there was a decrease of more than one half. Labor, also, is now in good demand, and wages have generally ies. U.S. Paper.

I am now an old man. I have seen nearly a century. Do you want to know how to grow old slowly and happy? Let me tell you. Always eat alowly—masticate well. Go to your food, to your rest, to your occupation, smiling. Keep a good nature and a soft temper everywhere. Never give way to anger. A violent tempest of passion tears down the constitution more than a typhus fever. Cultivate a good memory, and to do this you must always be communicative; refever. Cultivate a good memory, and to do
this you must always be communicative; report what you have read; talk about it. Dr.
Johnson's great memory was owing to this
comunicativeness. You young men, who are
just leaving college, let me advise you to
choose a profession in which you can exercise
your talent the best, and at the same time
be honest. The best profession is the ministry of the gospel. If you have not talent
to be a minister, be a lawyer, but an honest
lawyer.—Rev. Daniel Waldo.

Among the attractions of a Methodis camp meeting at Redding, Connecticul lately was a fat girl yet in her teens, weighin 500 pounds, and dressed in bloomers, wat low neck and bure arms:

Sound Doctring. - If the Bible, instead of being prestrated to the service of slavery by a corrupt and time-serving ministry, had been employed by the American pulpit as Dr. Cheever employs it, and as its own teachings ships from such knowledge as they may possist and as its own teachings from such knowledge as they may possist as the such that it is a service of see and such as the such as the former would be the place to which we would have to fall back. If the launch is injured, I will take a boat from Beechey Island, and leave her there should I go down to liablet Strait, or to Cape.

Walker, should I succeed in sections down to Maller, should I succeed in sections down to Maller, should I succeed in sections down to And nonpression's bateful service.

NO. 2.

"To sanction robbery and crime and blood And in oppression's hateful service Libel both man and God,

Walker, should I succeed in getting down to Peel Strait.

Should I get lown to the Magnetic Pole, I will pass on the east side of King Wilham's Land, communicating with the natives, and into Fish River. If I can manage to complete my work in Fish River by ship, it would be an immense advantage to winter near the southwest angle of King William's Land.

Disco, May 24.—For the early part of this season I shall be among the whalers leasurely following their motions; but, should they not persevere to the north as long as I think desirable, I must then judge for myself whether to persevere or return south with them, and seek a southern passage. I purpose sailing to-morrow morning. We shall long remember the kindness of Mr. and Mrs.

Olrick and all here.

Yours very sincerely,

THE SMALLEST YET —Two little girls, natives of Middlesex county, Massachusetts, aged respectively nine and eleven years, and weighing but thriteen and filteen pounds, have been visited privately in Boston, by a number of the curiou, who had heard of their being in the city. Their height, from crown to sole, is but twenty-nine and thirty-one inches respectively, yet they are symmetrically formed and enjoy perfect heafth. They grew like other children until about the age of eighteen months, and they now wear withof eighteen months, and they now wear with out difficulty rings which were put on their ingers at the age of two years.

HUNGER PROOF.—Boswell, the biograper and worshipper of Dr. Johnston, observing to the latter that there was no instance of a beggar dying from want in the streets of Scotland—"I believe, Sir, you are very right," says Johnson, "but this does not arise from the want of beggars but the impossibility of starving a Scotchman."

Demijohns are now known by the more re-fined term of "spirit wrappers."

Lady Orinoline fell from her borse the other day at Brigham, England, but fortun-tunately received no injury. However, some wicked wag wrote a long account of the

CURE FOR BALDNESS — A medical journal days that the decoction of boxwood has been days that the decoction of boxwood has been successful in cases of baldness. Four large handsfulls of the stems and leaves of the garden box are boiled in three piats of water, in a closely covered vessel, for lifteen minutes, and allowed to stand in an earthen jar ten hours or more; the liquid is then straised, and one ounce and a half of cologne added, and with this solution the head is well washed every morning.

GREAT FALLING OFF IN LMIGRATION .-For the first time in the history of emigra-tion to the United States from the British islands, there is now a preponderence in the movements towards Australia and Canada over that towards these shores. The official returns mude up in England show that for the first three months of 1858 the aggregate number of emigramts from great Britain was 19,000, of whom only 8,200 were bound for the United States against 16,726 for the corresponding period of 1857. Of the rest, 9 867 were bound for the Australian colon-

A colored camp meeting was held in the woods at Marbletowe, Ulster County, New Jersey last week, at which 4,000 people were present.

BIGAMY .- On the 31st of Auguest, a man named Peter Wilson was committed to gaol in Montreal, to stand his trial for having a plurality of wives. It appears from the affi-davit, that on the 18th October, 1857, the prisoner was married at the Parish Church in that city, by Father Connolly to one Mary, Bush; that subsequently he became acquainted with one Bridget Best, to whom he proposed marriage, and she accepting was on the 12th Juoy, 1858, married to him by the Rev. Alfred Stone, Incumbent of St. Thom as Church,—the prisoner having previously informed her that he had been keebing woman but was not married to her. The pris soner stands affair chance of a trip to Kingston, The man is rather elderly, while the unfortunate victim of his wiles is quite young.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

Toronto was yesterday favored with a visit and the e was no land ice. Having previously examined the edge of the midd'e ice down as far as 72 ° 20 without any prospect of success, there was but one course open to me—to enter the pack whenever a favorable opportunity offered, and trust to boring through into the north water. This is what Sir J. Ross did, and being on the same spot, and also one of the finest in the same, the same spot of the same spot erintendent of the Montreal Telegraph Line in this city, by whom they were taken to the Rossin House, and afterwards escorted round the city. They visited most of our public institutions, and expressed themselves highly gratified with all they saw. They dired in gratified with all they saw. They dined in the evening amongst the general company at the Rosain House. Their visit was intended to be strictly private, but they were soon recognized and were the objects of the most marked attention. Attorney General Macdonald and the other Minisets, and several prominent citzens, paid them their respects. They were to leave Toronto this morning, at eight o'clook, by the Grand Trunk cars for Montreal.

Sixty Scotch girls have just been imported direct from Scotland, to work in the factories at Holyoke, Mass.

ACCIDENT.—A little boy, son of Mr. Jas-Coemba, of Ottawa, was drowned last Fri day, by falling into a pool of water in a ger den at the rear of the house.

gize when you find her at work in the katch but continues her task till it is finished and not fail to make a good wife and an actor