

of the finest. A perfect Babel of languages was heard, and in the bedrooms the following unique announcement was posted:—"Considering the great affluence [influx] of visitors from all nations to this house, we beg [you] to take good care and to lock well the door during the night." It was bitter cold, and the wind howled and moaned without, but in the elegant salons the music, mirth, and gaiety seemed a strange contrast to the bleakness of the situation.

At four o'clock in the morning, the unearthly sound of an Alpine horn rang through the corridors, and a motley group of shivering mortals turned out to witness the glories of the sun-rise. The strangely-muffled forms that paced the summit of the mountain, bore slight resemblance to the elegantly dressed ladies and gallant carpetknights of the evening before. Tantalizing glimpses of the glorious panorama were caught through rifts in the swirling clouds; but sullen and grim they swathed us round, and sullen and grim we crept back to bed. Dr. Cheever, who was favoured with a fine view of this revelation of glory, says: "It was as if an angel had flown round the horizon of mountain ranges and lighted up each of their pyramidal peaks in succession, like a row of gigantic cressets, burning with rosy fires. A devout soul might also have felt, seeing these fires kindled on the altars of God, as if it heard the voice of Seraphim crying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts, the whole earth is full of His glory.'"

I had the good fortune after breakfast to get a fine view of the landscape. Beneath me, like a map, lay Lakes Zug, Lucerne, Sempach, and half a score of others, with their towns and villages; and in the distance the whole range of the Bernese Alps. The nearer view—now flecked with sun, now gloomed with shade—was a vision of delight, whose memory can never fade. The faint, far-tolling of the bells and lowing of the kine floated softly up, and all the beauty of the "incense-breathing morn" unfolded itself to the sight. One hundred and thirty mountain peaks are visible; within nearer view is Sempach, where Winkelried gathered a sheaf of Austrian spears in his arms, then buried them in his bosom, and "death made way for liberty." And there was the wild Morgarten fight in 1315, where 1,300 brave Switzers repulsed from their mountain vales 20,000 of the Austrian chivalry; and there is Cappel, where Zwingle, the great Swiss Reformer, fell pierced by 150 wounds. His body lay all night upon the field of battle, and next day was tried for heresy, was burned, and the ashes mingled with those of swine, and scattered on the wandering winds. The view from Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, is more extensive, and in some respects more grand, but it is by no means so beautiful, and, above, all has not the thrilling historic memories.

A DEAR little girl of a few summers, after kneeling in prayer, went down to breakfast. When about half way down stairs she went back again; her mother called her to the morning meal, but she replied: "I am going back to say my prayers." "You have already said them," replied her mother. But I forgot to tell God something," said the little one.

OVER THE FENCE.

BOY.

OVER the fence is a garden fair—
How I would love to be master there!
All I lack is a mere pretence—
I could leap over the low white fence.

CONSCIENCE.

This is the way that crimes commence;
Sin and sorrow are over the fence.

BOY.

Over the fence I can toss my ball,
Then I can go in for it—that is all;
Picking an apple up near the tree
Would not be really a theft, you see.

CONSCIENCE.

This is a falsehood—a weak pretence;
Sin and sorrow are over the fence.

BOY.

Whose is the voice that speaks so plain?
Twice have I heard it, and not in vain.
Ne'er will I venture to look that way,
Lest I shall do as I planned to-day.

CONSCIENCE.

This is the way all crimes commence,
Coveting that which is over the fence.

THE PLOUGH-BOY OF THE NORTH-WEST.

HE uses neither horses nor oxen in turning up his millions of acres; he does it with his own hands! He is a wise fellow, always choosing the good places. There is plenty of land in the North-West that is too sandy and stony for anything but the grasses that can take care of themselves. This he lets alone. The soil that he turns up is rich black loam that looks good enough to eat, or, to say the least, to put your choice geraniums in, and under his cultivation it has been growing better and better these hundreds of years. The fact is, he has such good judgment that all we have to do is to take possession of his farms—"jump his claims," as they say here. You must be prepared, though, for a valiant dispute of property. The party in possession, with becoming dignity, goes right on farming his own land. When we think ploughing enough has been done, and put in our seeds, he, in his thorough way, goes at ploughing again, turning our seeds wrong end up, then, working hard as he does, he naturally takes a bite of the roots that reach down where he is. It's all so fair you are ashamed to say anything against it. The pity is, that the Government when it treated with the Indians, could not have treated with the moles too. There, my riddle is out now, if not before.

Well, I had been more than three years in this country without ever seeing a mole, always seeing his work, but never himself, and he was getting to seem a mystery, if not a myth, until this February when Mr. Mole was above ground for a holiday before the busy season, and I saw him, he having been sorrowfully caught.

So, now, let me introduce to you in person the mole that had the honour of being presented in character by Dr. Dawson before the Science Association. He is not at all the mere little blind mouse that one may see absurdly mining a cellar in Ontario. He is a sturdy fellow, as heavy as twelve mice and the colour of one, and upon the whole is as sunny a little animal as I have seen. He has pockets! Guess where they are. No, you will never guess! They are on his head! Just below his wee bit ears. Two nice, large pockets, lined with grey and pink silk, and hemstitched all round, with floss to match. This one had his nicely

stuffed out with provisions—bits of roots, stems and leaves made into neat bundles, showing outside like little dry bouquets on back side of his head.

He's very expressive-looking; hands are right up under his chin, convenient to his pockets; yet it is a puzzle to me, and I think it would be to you, how he could stuff them in such a snug, orderly way. This little fellow was seen smoothing them back, first with one hand and then with the other, much as you may have seen some gentlemen stroke their beards.

EASTERN POSTMEN.

A LITTLE girl once asked a missionary how in the world she ever got her letters living in a place where there are no railroads. This is the answer given in the *Little Helpers*:

The letters come from New York across the Atlantic to England by steamship; from England across the Straits of Dover in a small steamer to France; down through France and Italy to Brindisi by train; from Brindisi across the Mediterranean Sea to Cairo, Egypt, by steamer; from Cairo to Suez by train; from Suez by ship through the Suez Canal, Red Sea, etc., to Bombay, from Bombay across Hindustan by train to Howra, a city north of Calcutta. From Howra the mail is brought by postmen to Dhubri, Assam, where it is assorted and put into bags to be taken to the different stations. The load for one man must not weigh over thirty pounds.

The postman runs or trots with a letter-bag on a stick which he carries across his shoulder. On the end of the stick is a cluster of bells to warn people to clear the road. Some carry a horn which they blow if any one is in the road. The distance between the rest-houses is seven miles. The men go with a peculiar motion, the body bent forward, one hand holding the stick on which the mail-bag hangs, the other spread out as though to ward off anything that might come in the way. They half trot, half run. Their clothing consists of a white cloth on the head and one worn around the waist, extending to the knees. With the exception of a glance, they never notice any one they meet. A postman always brings to my mind the words of Elisha to his servant: "Gird up thy loins and take my staff in thine hand, and go thy way; if thou meet any man, salute him not; if any man salute thee, answer him not again."

A SOCIAL GLASS.

HERE is no harm in taking a glass occasionally with one's friends," said Wm. Willet, when advised to be careful lest he should get too fond of drink; "and it is only on such occasions that I take it at all—just to be sociable. It don't do to appear to be mean, you know."

William was the only and beloved son of well-to-do, respectable and honoured parents;—young, handsome, educated and generous.

At the time of which we speak, he had begun to feel that he ought to be trusted to look after his own affairs, and manifested a considerable degree of self-reliance.

At that time it was customary for young men to treat each other, when

they chanced to meet in places where liquor was sold; and it was looked upon as rather manly to step up to the counter—lay down a quarter or more, as the case required, and treat all hands.

William had treated and been treated several times when the caution above alluded to was given; and when, afterwards, he received similar warnings, he said, "No fear of me; it is only weak-minded people that become drunkards. At any rate, I don't like liquor, and only drink occasionally—just to be sociable."

Two years later, and his countenance had become florid, his meetings with his friends at the dram-shop became frequent, and, to the deep sorrow of his parents, he often came home with an unsteady step, and his reason beclouded. On being remonstrated with, he said he had only taken a little,—not enough, he would think, to be noticed. But he would be a little more careful; in fact, he intended to give up drinking altogether.

Alas! poor William; he knew not the strength of his appetite, nor the weakness of his resolution. Only a few years more passed by, and William had squandered a fortune; broken the heart of a beautiful young wife; beggared his little family; and bartered his soul for drink.

In a miserable log shanty, through the chinks of which the wintry winds whistled, and the snows drifted, William passed the last days of his short and unhappy life, and he passed away leaving all he had to bestow,—a drunkard's blessing on his ruined household, and taking with him the achievements of a misspent probation,—the drunkard's curse upon his soul.

Young man—don't drink!—*Set.*

THE SERPENT OF THE STILL.

THEY tell me of the Egyptian asp,
The bite of which is death;
The victim yielded with a gasp
His hot and hurried breath.
The Egyptian queen, says history,
The reptile vile applied,
And in the arms of agony
Victoriously died.

They tell me that in Italy
There is a reptile dread,
The sting of which is agony,
And dooms the victim dead.
But it is said that music's sound
May soothe the poisoned part;
Yea, heal the deep-venomed wound
And save the sinking heart.

They tell me, too, of serpents vast
That crawl on Afric's shore,
And swallow men; historians past
Tell us of one of yore.
But there is yet one of a kind
More fatal than the whole,
That stings the body and the mind—
Yea, and devours the soul.

'Tis found almost o'er all the earth,
Save Arab's hot domains;
And there, if o'er it hath a birth,
'Tis kept in mercy's chains.
'Tis found in our own gardens gay,
In our own flowery fields,
Devouring every passing day
Its thousands at its meals.

Its poisonous venom withers youth,
Blasts character and health;
All sink before it—hope and truth,
And comfort, joy, and wealth.
It is the author, too, of shame,
And never fails to kill;
My friends, dost thou desire the name?
"The serpent of the still."

"HURRY, mamma," said the little innocent with his cut finger, "it's leaking."