

of the whaling-boats approached a piece of ice on which several were sitting, and attacked one of the creatures, whereupon all the rest immediately rushed towards the boat and vigorously set upon the crew. For a time it seemed necessary to fly for safety; but all hands resisted the attack, and would have escaped very well, if one of the walruses had not pierced the boat's side with his tusks. The men had to retreat to repair damages. They dragged their boat upon the ice-floe, and by stuffing oakum into the hole, stopped a very serious leak sufficiently to allow them to return to their comrades. The fishing is thus often dangerous enough to give zest to the business.

Seals are not only caught from boats in open water, but quite as often on ice. They are not constituted for continual living in the water, but must have air. The holes which they make in the ice for the sake of air become often the cause of their destruction.

Mr. Hall was once crossing a channel named for Dr. Kane, the great Arctic explorer, and was especially desirous to reach a certain spot of land, when his course was interrupted by a seal-hunt. He says: "Wherever my eyes turned, seals appeared in great numbers by their holes, and we were quickly among the animals dealing death around. It was the work of but a few moments; and the very notes of which I now write were recorded as I sat by a seal-hole, the water of which was crimsoned with blood. Our captured seals were so many the natives did not know what to do with them."

When larger numbers are taken than are required by the hunters for immediate food, the skin and surface fat, together forming a "pelt," are all that is saved. When the fishing-vessel returns to port with her hold full of these "pelts," the skins are separated from the fat; the oil from the latter being very valuable, and the skins are preserved by being salted and dressed for fur or tanned for leather. The skin of the walrus makes a valuable leather, being very soft and strong, sometimes as much as an inch in thickness.

The Esquimaux are skilful seal-hunters. Their life almost depends on this creature. It is to them food, fuel, and clothing, and when they fail to obtain it they suffer both by hunger and cold. The seal has become very cunning in their neighbourhood. One method of seal-hunting is that which man has learned by watching the bear, who is the seal's great enemy. It consists in a sort of charming process. The hunter, with his eye fixed on the seal, who is taking an airing on the ice beside his hole, moves on his side holding his gun aimed ready to fire. If the seal moves, the hunter stops and makes a noise, which is a mixture of rude singing and howling, resuming his approach when the animal becomes quiet. The bear keeps his prey under the influence of this charm until he can reach it with his paws, but men often fail, and after patiently toiling for some time, see the coveted prize take a plunge and disappear.

If patience comes by inheritance, these Esquimaux must be the children of Job. Fancy going on such a hunting expedition as the following: The sagacious dog, by his keen scent, brings his master to the spot where under the snow the seal has a hole in the ice. Then with the greatest care the hole is

examined with a spear, and having thus prospected, the fur-clad hunter seats himself to wait for the seal's "blow," the noise which indicates his taking a supply of air. At the second or third puff the spear is struck forcibly through the snow till it penetrates the unfortunate creature's head. If the spear is even so much as a quarter of an inch out of the way of the exact spot, then the tables are turned, and the seal, warned by the sound of the spear on the solid ice, is away speedily and the poor man loses a good many dinners. Think of the disappointment of such a result, after sitting, as did one poor man of whom Mr. Hall writes, two days and a half, without food or drink, and with the thermometer thirty or forty degrees below freezing point. Not many seal-skin sacques would be seen in Toronto if the wearer had to earn them so painfully.

If the harpoon finds its way into the seal's head, it lodges there, and although eight or ten fathoms of line fastened to it may be run out, the other end of the line is secured about the waist of the captor, and when he has cleared away the snow and enlarged the hole in the ice, the prize is triumphantly drawn through.

There are pets and pets. It is not surprising that the canary bird or the graceful kitten should be fondled, but what a love of animals must be required to cause a walrus or a seal to be chosen as the object of loving caresses. Yet a certain Madame Canneheq had in St. Petersburg a tame walrus which she tended with the greatest care. The animal expressed its delight at the approach of its mistress by an affectionate grunt, and was happiest when allowed to lay its huge, uncouth head in her lap.

A story is told of a seal which makes one ashamed of the superstition and cruelty of man. It was taken when young and grew up in a family living on the seashore, and was a pet with the children, with whom it was gentle and affectionate. It would obey the master's call, and would even bring home fish for the family dinner. After the seal had been some years thus domesticated, the owner's cattle became affected with a sort of murrain. A "wise woman" being consulted with reference to their cure, said the evil was sent upon the man because he harboured an "unclean beast," which must be immediately destroyed to save the cattle. The poor seal was accordingly carried a long distance out to sea, and left to take care of itself. But the next morning the faithful creature was found sleeping in its accustomed place at home. The next day the seal was carried away still farther, and again it returned. The cattle were dying, and the wretched hag decreed that, as it was unlucky to kill a seal, it must be deprived of sight and taken still a greater distance from its comfortable home. It was done; but a week after, during a terribly stormy night, a faint noise was heard at the door and the superstitious inmates of the house were too frightened to sleep, imagining the noise to be the warning of the Banshee that death was at hand.

In the morning the poor seal was found quite dead at the door. Unable on account of its blindness to obtain food, it was shockingly emaciated and had only strength to crawl to its unmerciful abuser to die. The story says that from this time misfortune was the

constant attendant of this inhuman family. Nothing around the house nor in it prospered, and finally after losing his property and his children, the proprietor became blind and miserably died.

Health Alphabet.

As soon as you are up shake blanket and sheet;
Better be without shoes than sit with wet feet;
Children if healthy, are active, not still;
Damp beds and damp clothes will both make you ill;
Eat slowly, and always chow your food well;
Freshen the air in the house where you dwell;
Garments must never be made too tight;
Homes should be healthy, airy and light;
If you wish to be well, as you do, I've no doubt,
Just open the windows before you go out;
Keep your rooms always tidy and clean;
Let dust on the furniture never be seen.
Much illness is caused by the want of pure air;
Now to open your windows be over your care;
Old rags and old rubbish should never be kept;
People should see that their floors are well swept.
Quick movements in children are healthy and right;
Remember, the young cannot thrive without light.
See that the cistern is clean to the brim;
Take care that your dress is all tidy and trim;
Use your nose to find if there be a bad drain,
Very sad are the fevers that come from its train;
Walk as much as you can without feeling fatigue;
Xerxes could walk full many a league.
Your health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep;
Zeal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

The Other Singer.

No bracelets nor necklaces had she;
No white silk dress had she ever seen,
And a common white muslin, even, she had never worn;
She was barefooted, and though the morning was warm, she had wrapped an old shawl around her to hide the holes in her dress.
A neat little girl was Mandy, or at least she would have been, if she had known how;
She always washed her feet in the fast-running gutter puddles, after a hard rain, just because she liked to see them look clean; but she had no needle and thread at home, nor patches; and her work among the barrels, picking for rags, was not the cleanest in the world.
Yet on this very afternoon in which Miss Cecilia was getting ready for the concert, and frowning over her white silk, because the trail did not hang quite as she liked, did this little girl, Mandy, give a concert. Her audience was an organ grinder who stopped to rest a bit, an old woman who was going past with a baby, and a little boy with a load of chips. The words she sang were:—

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins.

And the chorus, repeated as many times as did Miss Cecilia's: "I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed."

"Where did you get that?" asked the organ-grinder.

"What?" said Mandy, startled, and turning quickly.

"That; that you're singing."

"O, I got it to Sunday-school." And she rolled out the wonderful news, "I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed—been washed in the blood of the Lamb."

"I don't s'pose you understand what you're singing about?" said the organ-grinder.

"Don't I, though," said Mandy, with

an emphatic little nod of her head. "I know all about it, and it's all true. I belong to Him; He is going to make me clean inside, and dress me in white some day, to stay with Him for ever and ever. 'I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed—been washed in the blood of the Lamb.'"

Away down the street, as far as the organ-grinder could hear, as he trudged on, there came back to him the faint sound of that chorus, "I've been redeemed." Nobody threw bouquets to Mandy; nobody said she had a sweet voice. But the organ-grinder kept saying the words over and over to himself; they were not new words to him. Years ago, his old mother used to sing those first ones, "There is a fountain." He had never heard the chorus before, but he knew it fitted, he knew all about it, his mother had taught him, and away back, when he was a little boy, a minister had said to him once, "My boy, you must be sure to find the fountain and get washed." He never had. He was almost an old man; and it was years since he had thought about it, but Mandy's song brought it all back. Was that the end of it? O, no. The organ-grinder kept thinking, and thinking, until by and by he resolved to do. He sought the fountain, and found it, and now, if he knew the tune, could sing, "I've been redeemed." Many a time he says the words over and over. Is that the end? O dear, no. It will never end. When Mandy and the organ-grinder stand up yonder, and she hears all about the song that she sung as she picked over rags, it will not, even then, be the end. Nothing ever ends.—*The Pansy.*

Passing the Rubicon.

JULIUS CÆSAR was appointed by the Roman Senate to govern Gaul—now called France. Being a successful warrior, he was not satisfied with so humble a position as that of the governor of a province, and he resolved to make himself master of Rome itself. In marching there he must cross the river Rubicon, which formed the boundary between the two countries. To cross this was to invade the empire, and thus to expose himself to certain death if he failed in the enterprise.

His army is mustered, and commences its march. They arrive at the brink of the river; the ambitious general hesitates; to cross is to conquer or die. Suddenly he turns his horse's head to the stream, dashes forward, commands his army to follow, and, as he rises on the opposite bank, exclaims, "The die is cast!"

He pursued his march to Rome, then the capital of the world, seized the supreme power, and held it until he was violently put to death in the senate-chamber. We sometimes hear it said of a man, "He has passed the Rubicon," which means that he has taken a decisive step, or committed himself in such a way that he can not go back. To commit one's self to the right and the true and the good is wise. It makes one more bold and determined. To commit one's self to the wrong and the false and the evil is destruction. It makes one reckless and desperate, and ends in ruin.

THE traveling showmen are exhibiting three skeletons of Guiteau—his skeleton when he was a boy, his skeleton before he shot Garfield, and his skeleton after he had been hanged.