

"I have the best right to venture," said Pierre, "as it was I who discovered it."

"Come," said Pierre, "let us decide by drawing lots." "Write three numbers," said Guillaume, "put them into my hat, and whoever draws number one will try the venture."

Guillaume blackened the end of a wooden splinter in the fire, tore an old card into three pieces, wrote on them one, two, three, and threw them into the hat.

How the three hearts beat! Old Bernard lay shivering in the cold fit, and each of his sons longed to risk his own life to save that of his father.

The lot fell upon Pierre, who had discovered the nest. He embraced the sick man.

"We shall not be long absent father," he said, "and it is needful for us to go together."

"What are you going to do?"

"We will tell you as soon as we come back."

Guillaume took down from the wall an old sabre, which had belonged to Bernard when he served as a soldier; Jehan sought a thick cord which the mountaineers use when cutting down trees; and Pierre went towards an old wooden cross, reared near the cottage, and knelt before it some minutes in fervent prayer.

They set out together, and soon reached the brink of the precipice. The danger consisted not only in the possibility of falling several hundred feet, but still more in the probable aggression of the birds of prey inhabiting the wild abyss.

Pierre, who was to brave these perils, was a fine athletic young man of twenty-two. Having measured with his eye the distance he would have to descend, his brothers fastened the cord around his waist, and began to let him down. Holding the sabre in his hand, he safely reached the nook that contained the nest. In it were four eaglets of a light yellowish-brown color, his heart beat with joy at the sight of them. He grasped the nest firmly in his hand, and shouted joyfully to his brothers—"I have them! Draw me up!"

Already the first upward pull was given to the cord, when Pierre felt himself attacked by two enormous eagles, whose furious cries proved them to be the parents of the nestlings.

"Courage, brother! defend thyself! Don't fear!"

Pierre pressed the nest to his bosom, and with his right hand made the sabre play around his head.

Then began a terrible combat. The eagles shrieked, the little ones cried shrilly, the mountaineer shouted and brandished his sword. He slashed the birds with his blade, which flashed like lightning, and only rendered them still more enraged. He struck the rock, and sent forth a shower of sparks.

Suddenly he felt a jerk given to the cord that sustained him. Looking up, he perceived that, in his evolutions, he had cut it with his sabre, and that half the strands were severed.

Pierre's eyes dilated wildly, remained for a moment immovable, and then closed with horror. A cold shudder passed through his veins, and he thought of letting go both the nest and the sabre.

At that moment one of the eagles pounced on his head, and tried to tear his face. The Savoyard made a last effort, and defended himself bravely. He thought of his old father, and took courage.

Upwards, still upwards, mounted the cord; friendly voices eagerly uttered words of encouragement and triumph; but Pierre could not reply to them. When he reached the brink of the precipice, still clasping fast the nest, his hair, which an hour before was as black as a raven's wing, had become so completely white, that Guillaume and Jehan could scarcely recognize him.

What did that signify? The eaglets were of the rarest and most valuable species. That same

afternoon they were carried to the village and sold. Old Bernard had the medicine, and every needful comfort beside; and the doctor in a few days pronounced him convalescent.

MATRIMONIAL TIPS.—I have frequently remarked that a guest has frequently become the paste and cement of two married quarrelling halves, because shame and necessity have obliged them to speak and to be friendly to one another, at least so long as the guest was listening. Every married lord should be provided with one or two guests that might come to relieve his sufferings, when the mistress of the house happened to have the devil of dumbness in her toady, for she must talk, at least, as long as the gentlemen are present, and take out of her mouth the iron thistle-apple of silence, which grows on the same stock as the apple of discord.—*Richter.*

TO OUR READERS.—The Canadian Family Herald is published by Mr. Charles Fletcher Bookseller, No. 54, Yonge Street. It is kindly requested therefore that all communications intended for the Herald be addressed to the publisher, in order to prevent confusion, or delay in attending to them.

CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1852.

WORK WHILE IT IS DAY.

Various efforts have been made by the young men in our wholesale and retail establishments to get their hours of attendance so much abridged as to afford them a little spare time to devote to the cultivation of their minds, or to healthful recreation. But these efforts have only met with a partial success. No class of society is so belated, and kept at the wheel, as the class employed upon newspapers—both compositors and writers. But, nevertheless, we would cheerfully trim the midnight lamp to write a few lines in behalf of those of our fellow citizens engaged in other callings, because while we have our grinding toil, we have along with it mental improvement, and now, and again, mental relaxation; whereas, in many cases, the whole time of the complainants is spent in scrippery and small talk, which tends only to lessen and destroy those reasoning powers which form the distinguishing characteristic of man. This short hour movement is a subject to which during the last 20 years we have turned more or less attention, and have frequently found in that time that many of those young men with whom we bailed side by side for the attainment of some amelioration; when they got up a few more steps of the ladder, became the greatest barriers to anything like progress in the curtailment of the hours of labour. We have found it so, and think that it is a general feature, not confined to any one locality; but it is, nevertheless, an unfortunate one. These young men while in servitude cry out against the injustice of long hours and the evil which it does to their constitution, but the moment they are elevated to have the charge of their own till the case is altered—new hopes, new aspirations animate them, and not only do they confine themselves a little more

closely than hitherto; but they actually are the necessity of drawing the cords a little tighter around those whom they have got to assist them. If it had not been for this periodical resistance, the early closing movement would long ere now have been triumphant. But we move on in an endless chain, ever and anon returning to the point from which we set out. We see a fit emblem of this transient state of feeling in a piece of eccentric work. Every circle seems to strike out a new, bold, and independent course for itself; but, on inspection it is found that each succeeding circle, cuts the centre exactly where its predecessor cut it. In like manner the young men take an interest in the movement, and all is vigour and energy; but the moment they turn the key of their own door, the animation begins to decay, and very speedily an early closing movement, becomes a matter for mature consideration. We speak not, of course, of any particular case, but of the system as a whole, so far as it has come under our observation during a period of twenty years; and having studied its various phases, we are fully satisfied that the perpetuity of the evil is mainly attributable to the fact, that the young men, who, themselves so ardently desire a short day, in order to have time for the cultivation of their mind, no sooner start business, than they lengthen their day very considerably. Solomon seems to have had a similar idea of the state of matters in his day, for he says— "That which hath been is now; and that which is to be hath already been." We are satisfied that the business hours of all sorts of establishments might be shortened very much and the same amount of business done, and there is only one way, we think, in which the object will ever be effected. Let the young men of all early closing associations resolve—that when they commence business for themselves, they will adhere most rigidly to the same restriction of hours, which they have urged upon their present employers. This would no doubt operate very powerfully against those who first spanned the distance which intervenes between employer and employed; but we hold it to be sound philosophy, that no man has a right to ask his neighbour to do, what he himself would refuse to do if placed in similar circumstances. Let then a resolution to that effect, be weighed and duly considered, let it be adopted and, a penalty attached to its infraction if you will, and ere ten years, the folly of self-immolation, will be very apparent. Our own minimum would be, that all mechanical employments, and all places of business be closed, at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and opened at ten o'clock on Monday morning, and be regulated on the other days as may seem best for all parties. The reasonableness of such a proceeding, and the advantage that its prosecution would confer upon society have been so often, and so ably urged, that it is unnecessary to say one word upon that head, and as we firmly believe in the principle of self-reform, if you wish to reform society, so it will be seen that our remarks all bear upon the power that lies with the young men themselves, and if they wish their end accomplished, that power must be exerted.

FIRE IN RICHMOND STREET.

It is not perhaps too late to allude to a fire which occurred in the City one morning last week, as there are circumstances connected with that fire which nearly concern the wellbeing of society. About a quarter past three o'clock on Wednesday morning week, the fire bells commenced to ring their dismal peal, and the sudden glare which speedily ascended on the calm, serene, and motionless air, gave evidence that the alarm