

One old man in the neighborhood was a most intrepid s—k killer. His plan was to drive one in a corner, behind some rubbish, then lean over, and, by a dexterous move, catch it by the tail, then, holding it out at arms-length, with head and body downwards, master s—k was at his mercy—for a s—k is dangerous only when it can project its tail at right angles to its body. With the s—k hanging by its tail in one hand, and a club in the other, the old man soon made short work of his prisoner. After he had stretched it lifeless, this old man used to skin it, cut the fat out, and boil it, making s—k oil, which he said was good for rheumatism, and much valued. I used to think sometimes that his olfactory nerves were wanting, for one could not go near his cabin at certain seasons, when in the midst of his harvesting s—k oil, without a strong feeling of disgust.

One day I had gone away from a home, and coming back had brought with me a young friend, who had a clam near me. It was late, and we were cold and hungry. After stabling the oxen, we started for the shanty. As we approached, we saw that the door was open, which seemed rather suspicious. As we drew nearer we heard noises inside, as of tins and boxes being shoved around. Tom Martin, my friend, went to the back window, and held up the lantern while I looked in through the half opened door to see the nature of the occupants. I was horrified to behold three s—ks deliberately waddling around, sticking their noses into everything, and generally making themselves quite at home. I saw, much to my further dismay, a herring box on the floor, which was quite full when I left in the morning, but, which was now quite empty. I had just opened the box in the morning, and had counted twelve dozen fish. During my absence the s—ks had evidently enjoyed a great feast, for I could not discover one herring left. I could not help laughing at one greedy fellow, who had stuck his head into an empty lobster can, and the ragged tin edges had caught in his hairy neck, where it remained a fixture. It certainly was most amusing to see him running around shaking his head, vainly endeavoring to rid himself of his new found patent head-gear.

But what were we to do now? that was the question. We dare not eject the creatures forcibly, because they would take a terrible revenge. We opened the door wide and stood around waiting, with empty stomachs and chattering teeth, devoutly praying that help would come to us in our great extremity. The air was frosty and the night wind was

keen. It was dreary waiting, moments seemed drawn out into hours, and hours into days, we watched the constellations one after another drop out of sight, and still the s—ks came not out. At last, we became reckless, something must be done, after consulting, we decided upon a course, I was to seize an opportune moment, rush in with the lantern, and jump on the bed. Tom was to make a terrible racket outside, hammering the boards of the shanty with a mallet. I got in safely, leaned forward, and silently placed the lantern on the floor beside the bed, then Tom began to hammer. These proceedings on our part, seemed to disconcert the phlegmatic s—ks, while the light from the lantern caused them to blink their eyes, and look around in astonishment. The unearthly noises outside seemed to raise their curiosity, then it apparently dawned upon them that they were not the sole occupants of the shanty, and that their company was not particularly desirable. At first they were stubborn, they acted as though they were indignant, then took it philosophically enough and prepared to leave, during this time I scarcely breathed for fear our tactics would fail; but now they started, one after the other, very reluctantly, as though sorry to go. They waddled a few steps, stopped and looked around. After a few irresolute advances they finally passed through the door into the darkness. Then, and not till then, did I breathe freely; and shutting the door quickly upon the intruders, Tom and I congratulated ourselves that things were not so bad as they might have been. We little knew, however, what was still in store for us.

TO BE CONTINUED

Second Anniversary

Of the First Methodist Church Society of Y. P. S. C. E.

THE visitors and representatives of the different Y. P. S. C. E. and Epworth League societies in the city with the members of our own society filled the lecture room on this occasion, and a most excellent program was provided. The lecture room wore its holiday dress of flowers and palms, and the reception committee did its work well in making every corner at home. The following named ladies and gentlemen gave addresses, which were preceded by the President's (Mr. Thos. Morris, Jr.) address. Mr. Best of the Baptist church; Mr. Malcolmson, (Presbyterian); Mr. Robertson,