

aware, it seemed, that this flag-staff was there, and had set a man to watch and guard it, and prevent any one from using it for such a purpose.

When, therefore, William Armstrong attempted to hoist his lantern, the sentry leaped out from his hiding-place, under the furze bushes, and forbade him, on pain of death, to do so; but he treated his threat with contempt, and hoisted away, when the sentry fired, and down he dropped, and down came the lantern too.

This was the shot we heard, and that the light we saw while crossing the sands that very night, as the reader will remember.

The man, when he saw him fall, was frightened at what he had done, and ran away for help, but while he was gone, Armstrong so far recovered from the first sudden effects of the shot, as to be able to get on his feet again, and walk to old Matty's hut, hard by.

Here, for three long days and longer nights, he suffered from the effects of the shot, the most excruciating tortures, and yet, these were trifling, when compared to the mental agony he endured.

Remorse and despair had seized his soul, and it hung hovering on the brink of the fathomless gulf of eternal ruin, for he could not see how God could pardon a sinner such as he had been.

Bella was wretched too, to see him in this fearful state of mind, and she read to him from the Holy Book, all the hope inspiring passages she could find or think of. The prayer of the thief upon the cross, seemed to attract his attention more than anything else, and ever and anon, during his brief moments of relaxation from pain, he would ask his kind and soothing nurse to read it to him again.

This was the first indication that hope was battling with despair, and his simple instructor hailed it with delight, and again submitted to his wondering view, the riches of redeeming love.

At length he began to cry for mercy, and wept, and prayed, and ——— died.

And was his prayer heard? Poor Bella believed it was, and who shall dare to doubt it!

All else that remains of my simple tale to tell, may be summed up in a few words.

After the funeral was over, Bella was so heart-broken, and her life had now become so objectless as completely to unfit her for the active duties of her place, and she therefore returned home to her mother.

And when a couple of years more had passed away, the whole family on the advice of young David, and the offer from him of a free passage, sold their property, and emigrated to Canada, and I became the owner of,

“*Bay Wood Cottage.*”

SELF EDUCATION.

AN ESSAY ADDRESSED PARTICULARLY TO THE YOUNG MEN ENGAGED IN “COMMERCIAL BUSINESS.”

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“*Is malice, be ye children, in understanding be ye Men!*”
—

WITH regard to their mental culture, young men engaged in the various departments of commercial business—may with all propriety, be classified as follows:—those, who, in the first place, have, from various circumstances, been hurried to business in early life, before they could possibly acquire even a rudimental education, sufficient to enable them to sustain with satisfaction or credit, the humblest positions in Mercantile or Social life; next to this class are those, who, from more favored circumstances, have enjoyed all the advantages in early life of thorough educational training, and enter upon their business career with every prospect of honor and success, and lastly, others with still greater privileges, have had their mind well supplied from all the sources of knowledge at the college and the school—entering life fully prepared to assume and sustain the highest positions, the merchant or the man, in either commercial, social, or political life can be called to occupy; to each and all of these several classes, the study of our subject, “Self Education” is highly important, for it points out a method for supplying the “mental wants” of that class, whose opportunities have enabled them to taste, and perhaps drink deeply at the “Spring of Knowledge,” as well as those who had, perhaps, but just reached its margin, to be driven, thence by stern necessity, to begin their life of toil and care in this world's busy throng—the writer cannot suppose that it will be required of him, either to illustrate or argue in confutation of the enormous idea often uttered in the phrase, “such and such an one have just completed their education!” demanding, as it does, but little thought to arrive at the conclusion, that, however ably and successfully, both on the part of their teachers and themselves, their education may have been conducted, it is very far from being completed, if by this it should be understood, that they have nothing more to learn, and that henceforward they may give up the pursuit of mental culture, by relinquishing the practice of mental application—in short, man's capacity for the acquisition of knowledge, is limited only by its finity, and the ocean of truth has no boundaries, so that the mind may toil on for years in the paths of literature and science, may ascend heights, never before attained in the acquisition of know-