

which contains in it so many endearing associations and precious remembrances, hid in the heart like gold. It appeals at once to the very centre of man's being, his "heart of hearts." All that is sweet, soothing, tender, and true, is wrapt up in that one name. It speaks not of one circle, or one bond; but of many circles and many bonds, all of them near the heart. The family home, the family hearth, the family table, family habits, family voices, family tokens, family salutations, family melodies, family joys and sorrows; what a mine of recollections lies under that one word! Take these away, and earth becomes a mere church yard of crumbling bones; and man as so many grains of loosened sand, or at best, but as the fragments of a torn flower, which the winds are scattering abroad.—*Rev. H. Bonar's Night of Weeping.*

SATAN TURNED BROKER.

Rev. Dr. Nott, in a temperance lecture, relates the following:

A wine dealer's wife, in the commercial capital of the State, whose conscience was ill at ease in relation to the traffic in intoxicating liquors, availing herself of an auspicious moment, said to her husband:

"I do not like your selling, it seems to me to be a bad business; you do not, I suppose, make more than one or two hundred dollars a year by it, and I should be very much rejoiced if you would give it up."

"I know," answered her husband, "as well as you, that it is a bad business, I should be as glad to give it up as you would to have me; if I did not make more than one or two or even five hundred dollars a year by it, I would give it up."

"How much then," inquired his wife, "do you make?"

"Why," replied her husband, "I make from two to three thousand dollars a year, an amount quite too large to be relinquished."

"What you say," she rejoined, "brings to my mind the remarks of a temperance lecturer I once heard, who having repeated what Walpole said in relation to every man having his price in politics, added that it was much the same in religion. Satan, continued he, is a broker—not a wheat or cotton broker, but a soul broker. Some can be procured to labour in his service for a hundred, some for a thousand dollars a year. My dear husband, look you well to it—to me it seems that even three thousand dollars a year is a paltry price for that which is truly priceless."

On the mind of that husband sudden conviction flashed; and liberal as was his portion in those rewards of unrighteousness which Satan proffered, he resolved, and avowed the resolution, to receive it no longer.

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR CHILDREN.

I once saw a preacher trying to teach the children that the soul would live after they were all dead. They listened, but evidently did not understand it. He was too abstract. Snatching his watch from his pocket, he said,

"James, what is this I hold in my hand?"

"A watch, sir."

"A little clock," says another.

"Do you all see it?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you know it is a watch?"

"It ticks, sir."

"Very well, can any of you hear it tick? All listen now." After a pause—

"Yes, sir, we hear it."

He then took off the case, and held the case in one hand, and the watch in the other.

"Now, children, which is the watch? You see there are two which look like watches."

"The little one in your right hand."

"Very well, again. Now I will lay the case aside—put it away down there in my hat. Now let us see if you can hear the watch ticking?"

"Yes, sir, we hear it," exclaimed several voices.

"Well, the watch can tick, and go, and keep time, you see, when the case is taken off and put in my hat.—The watch goes just as well. So it is with you, children. Your body is nothing but the case, the soul is inside. The case—the body—may be taken off and buried up in the ground, and the soul will live and

think, just as well as this watch will go, as you see, when the case is off."

AN IDOL CHEATED BY THE HORSEWHIP.

A mile below Serampour, there is a large pagoda, held in extreme veneration. The principal idol is brought out once a year, on a car like that of Juggernaut, to visit some of his neighbours. An immense concourse is always collected on these occasions, and here, as at Juggernaut, the poor wretches throw themselves under the wheels of the car to be crushed to death. Mr. Pakenham, Lord William Bentinck's private secretary, happened to be passing through the place on horseback, last year, at the time of the ceremony. He saw a Hindoo throw himself down in the way of the car: the wheels were near upon him, when Mr. Pakenham galloped up and belaboured the martyr with his horsewhip. The poor fellow jumped up, and ran as fast as his legs could carry him into his jungle, shouting murder! He was quite prepared to endure a most horrible death, but a horsewhipping was a thing that had never entered into his calculations. What a capricious principle is courage! Timid and spiritless as these people are, there are forms under which death seems to them a matter perfectly indifferent.—*Voyage dans l'Inde par Victor Jacquemont.*

GREEK LEPERS.

When at day break we put out to sea, we were startled by hearing voices, in a creek not far from that in which we had slept; and on rounding a rocky point of the island, saw the speakers—and a melancholy sight it was. There sat, drenched and shivering on the bare shore of this desolate isle, seven human beings in every stage of virulent leprosy. Three were far gone in the disease,—a woman and two men, apparently old. The men had lost their sight, and one was speechless; and all had lost the use of their extremities, which, indeed, appeared to have been eaten away. Two others had not lost the use of their hands; but their toes were gone, and they could scarcely walk. A fine young man and a well-grown rather handsome girl remained, and at a distance appeared unharmed; but on nearer approach, the bandages on one foot of the female and over one eye of the youth told that the plague-spot was upon them too. Their tale was a short one. They were a family of lepers, Greeks, from the island of Syme, who wandered from port to port in their boat, fishing and collecting alms. In the storm of the day before they had been driven ashore in this little bay, and their boat lay much damaged on the beach. They had no means of lighting a fire, and no provisions. We gave them a light, and as much food as we could spare, which we placed on a rock, to be taken away by the younger and least afflicted of the party; adding, what they seemed to prize even more than food, a quantity of tobacco. Promising to inform their countrymen and others at Rhodes respecting their misfortunes, and to procure for them assistance if possible, we sailed away from this sad interview with the victims of one of the most hideous and incurable afflictions of humanity,—with many blessings from the poor lepers, and thankful for having been the means, through the accident of a storm in which we had nearly perished ourselves, of relieving, and possibly saving from a lingering death, these miserable people. Eventually, we had the pleasure of hearing, in Rhodes, that they were enabled to get their boat once more afloat, and to leave the desert rock on which they had been cast.—*Travels in Lucia in 1842.*

DIFFERENT KINDS OF EARTHQUAKES AND THEIR RESPECTIVE EFFECTS.

Of the movements, the horizontal vibrations are the most frequent; and they cause the least damage to the slightly-built habitations. Vertical shocks are most severe; they rend the walls, and raise the houses out of their foundations. The greatest vertical shock I ever felt was on the 4th of July 1830, at half-past seven in the evening, when I was in the old forests of the Chanchamoyo territory. Before my hut there was an immense stem of a felled tree, which lay with its lower end on the stump of the root. I was leaning against it and reading, when suddenly, by a violent movement, the stem rose about a