

amuse and improve the boy. He made the following suggestion: "Let the schoolmasters in concert arrange for a tour that shall start from Rouen, go down the Seine, take boat to Cherbourg, Portsmouth, London Bridge, and back by Boulogne or Dieppe and Havre to Rouen again. The steamer chartered should be a special one; there should be some two or three tutors in charge; the trip should take some seven or eight days, and a ticket for the trip be the reward for the boys who would otherwise have got prize books. Parents of children should be allowed to accompany them at reduced fares. The seven days' trip being completed, the steamer should start another similar excursion with a new lot of prize schoolboys."

Whether a similar scheme could be advantageously carried out in Canada or the United States may be left for schoolmasters to decide.

#### HE WAS AFRAID OF IT.

A writer in "The British Friend" says: "A young man, a spirit merchant, built a large house in the country and was retiring from business. When he first told me of his intention, I remarked to him: 'Surely, the spirit traffic is a paying business when you are able to retire from it so soon.' 'No,' he answered, 'it is not that; I have retired from it through fear,' and then he went on to tell me that he was a wholesale merchant and sold to many retail dealers. He kept a diary in which he entered all the names and ages of his customers, and when and how they died; and he said: 'I watched with deep regret many of those who came into this business gradually slipping downwards. When I called on some before 11 in the morning they were so stupefied by drink that they were scarcely able to conduct their business. One morning, on looking through my diary, I was struck by the number of names I had entered there as having died suddenly through the effect of strong drink. From that moment I shut the book and resolved

that I would be done with the demon that was bringing so many promising young men suddenly and early to fill a drunkard's grave."

#### A FAITHFUL DOG.

During the Reign of Terror in France, a gentleman in one of the Northern departments was accused of conspiring against the republic and sent to Paris to appear before the revolutionary tribunal. His dog was with him when he was seized, and was allowed to accompany him; but on arriving in the capital was refused admission to the prison of his master. The distress was mutual; the gentleman sorrowed for the loss of the dog; the dog pined to get admission to the prison. Living only on scraps of food picked up in the neighborhood, the poor dog spent most of his time near the door of the prison, into which he made repeated attempts to gain admittance. Such unremitting fidelity at length melted the feelings of the porter of the prison, and the dog was allowed to enter. His joy at seeing his master was unbounded; that of the master on seeing the dog was not less. It was difficult to separate them, but the jailer fearing for himself, carried the dog out of the prison. Every day, however, at a certain hour he was allowed to repeat his visit. At these interviews the affectionate animal licked the hands and face of his master, and looking in his face whined his delight.

After a few mornings, feeling assured of re-admission, he departed at the call of the jailer. The day came when the unfortunate captive was taken before the tribunal, and to the surprise of the court there also was the dog. It had followed its master into the hall, and clung to him as if to protect him from injury. One would naturally imagine that the spectacle of so much affection would have moved the judges and induced them to be merciful in view of the fact that the prisoner had committed no crime. But this was a period in which ordinary feelings were reversed and men acted in the spirit of maniacs