

eyes—which are very prominent—with the end of the lash. The drink and the using this bad language, make him get in a passion—for making use of angry words gives rise to bad feelings—and all have an uncomfortable journey. His horses, whether his own property, or entrusted to him by his master, are the worse for the treatment, and the man becomes brutal and hardened.

Now a merciful man is kind to his beast, and a really good driver knows that creatures that are kindly and steadily treated do better and go more willingly. I rode out to the *Free Trader* one morning. It had three fine horses harnessed to it. The driver mounted his box, and put his long whip into a hole in the box, but tumbled his coat, and called *teck, teck*. Away the horses set off and went willfully and briskly, till he saw a passenger waiting to get into the coach. "Wo—wo!" he cried out. Immediately they stopped and the man got in. "Right!" The docile creatures pricked up their ears and off they set again. The same thing was repeated many times, and the horses always obeyed directly. The man looked proud of the fine obedient creatures in such good training, and the whip had an idle life of it, for they went far more willingly without it.

ANTIPATHY TO SPIDERS.

Few people like spiders. No doubt these insects must have their merits and their uses since none of God's creatures are made in vain; all living things are endowed with instinct more or less admirable; but the spider's potting, creeping ways, and a sort of wicked expression about him, leads one to dislike him as a near neighbor. In a battle between a spider and a fly, one always sides with the fly; and yet of the two the last is the most troublesome to man. But the fly is frank and free in all his doings; he seeks his food openly; suspicions of others, or cover designs against them, are quite unknown to him and there is something almost confiding in the way he sails around you, when a single stroke of your hand might destroy him. The spider, on the contrary, lives by snares and plots; he is at the same time very designing and very suspicious, both cowardly and fierce; he always moves stealthily, and if among enemies, retreating before the least appearance of danger, solitary and morose, howling, no communion with his fellows. His whole appearance corresponds with his character, and it is not surprising therefore that while the fly is more mischievous to us than the spider, we yet look upon the first with more favor than the last; for it is a natural impulse of the human heart to prefer that which is witty and unsuspicious, even in the brute creation. The cunning and under-signing man himself will, at times, find a feeling of respect and regard for the guileless and generous stealing over him; his heart, as it were, giving the lie to his life.—*Miss Cooper's Rural Hours.*

EVERYTHING LENT.—An old quaint writer once said that children, relatives, friends, honors, houses, land and endowments, the goods of nature and fortune, nay, even of grace itself, are only lent. It is our misfortune to fancy they are given. We start, therefore, and are angry when the loan is called in.—think ourselves masters, when we are only stewards; and forget that to each of us it will be said, "Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou must be no longer steward."

The Sulky Boy.

This is a species of ill-temper with which you are all familiar. We see persons afflicted with it almost every day—and a sad affliction it is, too, both to themselves and to their neighbors. There is Robert—for instance—a good boy, in many respects, but once in a while he has a desperate fit of the sulks, which nearly if not quite balances the credit side of his character, and leaves him with more demerits than merits. So long as he can have his own way, every thing goes on pleasantly, but let his father interfere with some plan he has formed, or set him about some job he does not like, and you will soon find out what his temper is. For hours after, perhaps for a day or two, he is surly, morose and gloomy. He says but little, but when he speaks he snaps and growls like an angry wolf. He pouts, scowls and looks sour at everybody, friends as well as foes; and should you attempt to reason kindly with him on his folly he grows more obstinately sullen than ever. Do you ask what good all this does? I do not know. There certainly can be no pleasure in this punishing one's self; on the contrary, he greatly aggravates his disappointment. A cheerful, sprightly temper makes its possessor happy; but a sulky one can only render its owner wretched. The lad I have described indulges only occasionally in these fits; but there is danger that this sullen state of mind will after a while become permanent with him, if he does not soon break himself of the habit. He is gradually souring his disposition, and the habit is growing upon him. It will be well if he does not turn out in the end a mere Nabal—the churl whose character is described in 1 Sam. 25—*Boy's Own Guide.*

ANIMAL SAGACITY.

In the immense forests of North America, the moose-deer is hunted by the Indians with such relentless perseverance, that all the instincts of the quadruped are called forth for the preservation of its existence. Tanner, a white man who lived thirty years in the woods, thus describes the extraordinary extent of the moose's vigilance:—"In the most violent storm, when the wind and thunder and the falling timber are making the loudest and most incessant roar, if a man, either with his foot or his hand, breaks the smallest dry limb in the forest, the moose will hear it; and though he does not always run, he ceases eating, and concentrates his attention to all sounds. If, in the course of an hour, or thereabouts the man neither moves nor makes the least noise, the animal may begin to feed again, but does not forget what he has heard and is for many hours more vigilant than before."

CLOUDS.—There is certainly something mysterious in the clouds, and certain kinds have often a wonderful influence over us.—They march, and would take us up with their shadows and bear us away; and while their forms are lovely and variegated their brightness and the splendid light that then reigns on the earth, are like a prophecy of an unknown, ineffable glory. But there are also dim, and grave, and terrible forms of clouds, in which all the terrors of the ancient night appear to assail us. The heaven appears as it would never become clear again, the cheerful blue is expunged, and a lurid copper red, on a black grey ground, awakes terror and awe in every breast.