

he scampered along ahead of us; sometimes turning round, he would stamp his foot, shake his head, and bay the dog: at last we all, except William, felt inclined to give it up; but he was determined the stag should be caught.

William not only played the part of a staghound, but that of huntsman also, for he frequently put his hand to his mouth to imitate the blast of a horn, and gave us a tantivy! tantivy! which animated us all in the chase.

On, on, we went; the yellow leaves
Were flying in the wind,
And though the stag was fleet of foot,
We were not far behind.

Now high, now low; now up, now down;
We scamper'd o'er the plain:
A brighter, or a happier time,
Will never come again!

John, with all his swiftness, was tired out; George's cunning was defeated; Thomas had hurt his leg through holding his head too high; and I thought we had better give it up for that day, but William still held on his course: he could not run faster than the rest, nor was he so cunning, his only chance, was in persevering, and he did persevere to the last; for the stag got into a stone-quarry, and finding no way to get out, was turning round when William came up, just in time to lay hold of him before he could escape. We were all breathless, and eager, and hungry as hunters.

Though William had caught the stag, the rest of us boasted as loudly as he did. John said, he should have caught him, if he could have held his breath long enough, for he was first in the chase.

George said, he should have had him, for a certainty, had he not turned the wrong way. Nothing had hindered Thomas from laying hold of him, but the piece of timber over which he had fallen; and I was equally confident, that if the rotten stick had not broken and let me down into the ditch I should have caught him.

"Yonder is old Norris," said William, as we returned through the field; "let us go and tell him what a chase we have had." Norris the woodman, was a cheerful and pious old man, and we liked to hear him talk, for he was fond of young people and always had some good advice for them; ending every observation with a text of scripture.

This hardworking, kind old man was a general favourite with us, for we respected him as much for his good sense and piety, as we loved him for his cheerfulness and good temper.

His face was ruddy, though marked with the wrinkles of three score years, and where he once rebuked us with a frown, he encouraged us with a smile twenty times over.

He rested his broad axe upon the boughs of an oak-tree, while we told a long tale of

our adventures, and William did not forget to inform him that he caught the stag when we were all tired.

"Ah! my young masters!" said old Norris, "I too have had my frolics and my stag-chases. Life is something like a stag-chase; many a rough hill have you yet to climb, and many a difficulty to go through.

"You may learn something from your chase to-day.

"You started in pursuit of pleasure, as I and the rest of the world have done afore you; but how short-lived it has been, and how soon are you wearied out! So will it be with all your undertakings, for your days will soon pass away. 'What is your life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away.'

"You will find many get a head of you in the different pursuits of life, just as master John there got a head of you in the stag-chase, and then, like him, they will lose their breath, and find 'that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.'

"Many will outwit you, as master George tried to outwit the stag, but it is better to hold on in upright, straight-forward ways, looking above for grace and guidance, that you may 'finish your course with joy, and find the end thereof, eternal life.'

"Young master Thomas, who tumbled over the piece of timber, is not the only one, by a great many, who has smarted for carrying his head too high in the world. Pride may be found in every heart. Some people think me humble, but I fancy, at times, that there is as much pride beneath this old red waistcoat of mine, as in the heart of a king with a golden crown on his head, and I pray to Christ for grace against this direful enemy. Have a care of pride, for the Bible says, 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.'

"No wonder," continued old Norris, putting his hand on my head, "No wonder that you should fall into a ditch when you trusted to a rotten stick: let it be a lesson to you, for there are thousands of rotten sticks in the world, and you may do worse than fall into a ditch of stinging nettles. A false friend is a rotten stick, and will be sure to fail just when you stand in need of support, for 'Confidence in an unfaithful man, in time of trouble, is like a broken tooth, and a foot out of joint.'

"Riches are rotten sticks, and will break all to pieces, therefore, do not depend upon them; but, of all rotten sticks, the heart is the worst. He who trusteth in it is a fool, for it is, 'deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.'

"Master William has set us all a good example, by holding on his way, and neither halting, nor turning to the right hand nor to the left without cause. Let us follow his example, and in our pursuit of a heavenly inheritance which leadeth not away, and which we may all obtain through the

merits, and mercy, and grace of Jesus Christ, let us all, I say, persevere, for, 'He that endureth to the end shall be saved.'

"But I reckon that I have almost tired you with what I have said. May you ever be as happy as you are now, though you must not always expect to be as light-hearted! Some day or other in your after lives, mayhap you may call to mind what old Norris said about your stag-chase."

Here he began to wield his axe over his head like a hearty old man, and the opposite hill resounded with his sturdy strokes.

The bright, broad-breasted sun, sunk behind the elm-trees, and we returned home, almost as much pleased, and perhaps more profited, by old Norris's remarks, than we had been with our stag-chase.

LONDON.

The truth of the following picture will be recognized at once by those of our readers who can recall the circumstances attendant on their first visit to the British Metropolis. It is taken from a late number of the *Kuickerbocker Magazine*:—

"I never shall forget my entrance into London. It was an epoch in my life. About two o'clock in the afternoon, while we were yet thirty or forty miles from the metropolis, a friend pointed out to me an indication of its 'whereabouts.' A little above the horizon, and as far in distance as I could strain my vision, lay a long line of watery-looking cloud, like the first faint distant view of the Blue Ridge in Pennsylvania, seen when the early morning light touches it in October. This was the smoke cloud that always overhangs London, be the day never so fine or clear—a cloud, the extent and 'volume' of which may be gathered from the fact that vegetation is earlier by a fortnight on the west and south-sides of the metropolis, than at the northern and western sides—a circumstance alone attributable to the severity of the north and north-east winds being mitigated in their passage over London, by the smokes belched from a million of coal-fires into the hazy air. About ten miles from London, the carriages, waggons, carts, indeed vehicles of every description, began to thicken—and very eminence of the highway that overlooked a long onward reach of the road, showed the mass denser and more dense, as it neared the metropolis. 'And this is London, is it not?' said I, as we entered upon a broad, continuous street, and saw others commencing on either side. 'Not yet—wait a bit,' said the bluff alderman-like coachman. We rose a slight ascent: 'That is London!' said the driver with conscious pride, as he pointed his whip—'there's the village!' I turned my head—for with boyish eagerness I had been looking right and left—and before me lay the British metropolis spread all round to the horizon in every direction—a thousand domes, towers, steeples, and turrets piercing the