

THE MONKEY TEMPLE OF BENARES.

Among the thousand or more temples and shrines with which the holy Hindoo city of Benares is endowed visitors generally find the great temple dedicated to the worship of the goddess Durga one of the most interesting. It is known to Europeans as the monkey temple because in and around its precincts many hundreds of sacred monkeys roam about without interference. The temple is situated in the southern extremity of the city. It was erected during the last century by the Ramee Bhawani of Natre in honor of Shiva's wife, the terrific goddess who is supposed to delight in death and slaughter, and of whom the poor believers in the various attributes of the deities comprising the Hindoo Pantheon stand in the greatest dread.

The Durga Kund is conspicuous in this city of temples for the grace and simplicity of its architecture, writes a correspondent of the London Graphic. It adjoins a tank which is the finest in Benares, and occupies the central portion of a quadrangle, the walls being stained red with ochre. The sacred portion of the temple consists of twelve finely carved pillars standing on a marble platform, and supporting a heavy roof. This platform is about four feet from the ground, and is ascended by a flight of low steps on each side of the square. The temple is well provided with the necessary instruments for

creating the frightful noises which emanate from these abodes of idolatry all over India. Drums of huge dimensions, gongs, bells, and tom-toms are all at the service of the priests in performing the rites required of them. But the antics of the monkeys which make this temple their home are, next to its architecture, the most attractive feature of the place. The goat's blood with which the walls are sprinkled, and the sacrifices that are known to take place here to appease the wrath of Shiva and his terrifying spouse, are rather revolting to a Christian; but the grotesque play of the monkeys, their importunate begging, the pranks they enact on one another, and the graceful agility they are constantly displaying supply a perpetual source of amusement which one is apt to think must prove rather

distracting to the devout Hindoos who come here to worship. These sacred monkeys are of the genus *Semnopithecus entellus*, popularly known as the long-tailed Indian monkey. A few years ago, as no one dared molest these animals, they not only increased rapidly in numbers, but, growing to be exceedingly bold, developed alarming thieving propensities. The annoyance they caused amounted to a public nuisance, for no house in the place was safe from their depredations. At last the trouble grew so serious that some reduction in the number of these adept thieves became a necessity, although the prejudices of the people were against any such steps being taken. In the end the Government was requested to interfere, and, waving aside all other considerations but that of public policy, the authorities had many hundreds—report says thousands—captured and sent away. Nevertheless, there are plenty of them left, and they certainly constitute one of the sights of a city that is probably in many respects the most interesting in the world.

The Most Foolish of all foolishness is to fool with sin.—*Ram's Horn.*

THE STORY OF LAURA SECORD.

BY HATTIE CLARKE.

At the close of the America war of independence, many of those that had fought in the king's army, rather than break their oath of allegiance, left their homes and emigrated to different parts of Canada, becoming known as United Empire Loyalists.

Among those to settle in Ontario was Thomas Ingersoll, after whom the present town of Ingersoll was named. He brought with him his two sons and a little daughter, Laura, all of whom inherited their father's bravery and patriotism. As she grew to womanhood, Laura's devotion to her country was strengthened by her marriage with James Secord, also a United Empire Loyalist, and originally of Huguenot descent.

In the year 1812 war was declared against Great Britain by the United States, and was almost immediately followed by the invasion of Canada by the latter country. At this time James Secord, with his wife and family, were living at Queenston on the Niagara river; so we are not surprised to learn that, encouraged by his wife, he was one of the first to take arms in defence of his country. However, his active service did not last long, for in the British victory at Queenston Heights, which cost the life of the gallant General Brock, Secord also fell dangerously wounded, and was only rescued from among the dead and dying by his faithful wife.

As their home had been destroyed dur-

ing the battle, Laura Secord was obliged, with only a handful of men to defend the post!

Beaver Dams was nearly twenty miles away, and the attack was to be made on the next day but one. How was Fitzgibbon to be warned in time? Her husband was in too weak a condition to think of undertaking the journey, and the children were all too young. There was only one alternative. Could she leave her husband, children, and all that her heart held dearest, whilst she, perchance, perished in the vain attempt to give the warning? But she loved her country too much to desert it in this hour of trial. No, she would do her duty at whatever cost, leaving the result in the hands of an all-wise Father.

Her plans were soon made. One mile distant, at St. David's, her brother lay ill. This would serve as an excuse for her absence to the children and neighbors, without needlessly alarming them. In the early dawn Laura Secord set forth. For fear of arousing the suspicions of the sentries, she wore only the usual cotton house-gown and woollen slippers in which she was accustomed to do her morning's milking.

She had gone but a short distance when she was challenged by an American sentry. She replied that one of her cows, which was fortunately near by at the time, had strayed from home, and she had come to milk it. Reaching the cow, she managed to drive it before her till out of sight of the sentry. The story of her sick brother

with only a handful of men to defend the post!

After reaching Decan's farmhouse at Beaver Dams, where Fitzgibbon and his men were stationed, and telling her story, she was so completely exhausted that two of the men were obliged to carry her in a hammock to a place of safety. But her journey was not in vain, for Fitzgibbon, warned in time, and assisted by the Indian allies, was able to place his men in such a position that Colonel Boerstler and his force, imagining that Fitzgibbon had received re-enforcements, surrendered after a short skirmish.

Laura Secord was soon able to return to the home she loved so much; but, although living to the age of ninety-three, she rarely spoke of her brave deed, considering that she had simply done her duty to her country by it.—*Golden Rule.*

BIRDS AND BOYS.

Mrs. Olive Thorn Miller tells us that boys are more destructive to birds than any other beast of prey whatever. The hawk's

beak and the shot-gun are feeble exterminators compared with the nest robber's stealthy hand. It is just in the coming months that these young destroyers get in their deadliest work.

We are blessed with birds of plumage and song as fair as could be desired. That they prefer the society of man, when hospitably treated, is clear. The deep forests are silent, but the groves of every village are God's own aviaries in the months of spring. The love and study of these visitors, with other woodland denizens, and of nature in general, is one of our finest and truest passions. What a pity that it should be shadowed with thoughtless cruelty!

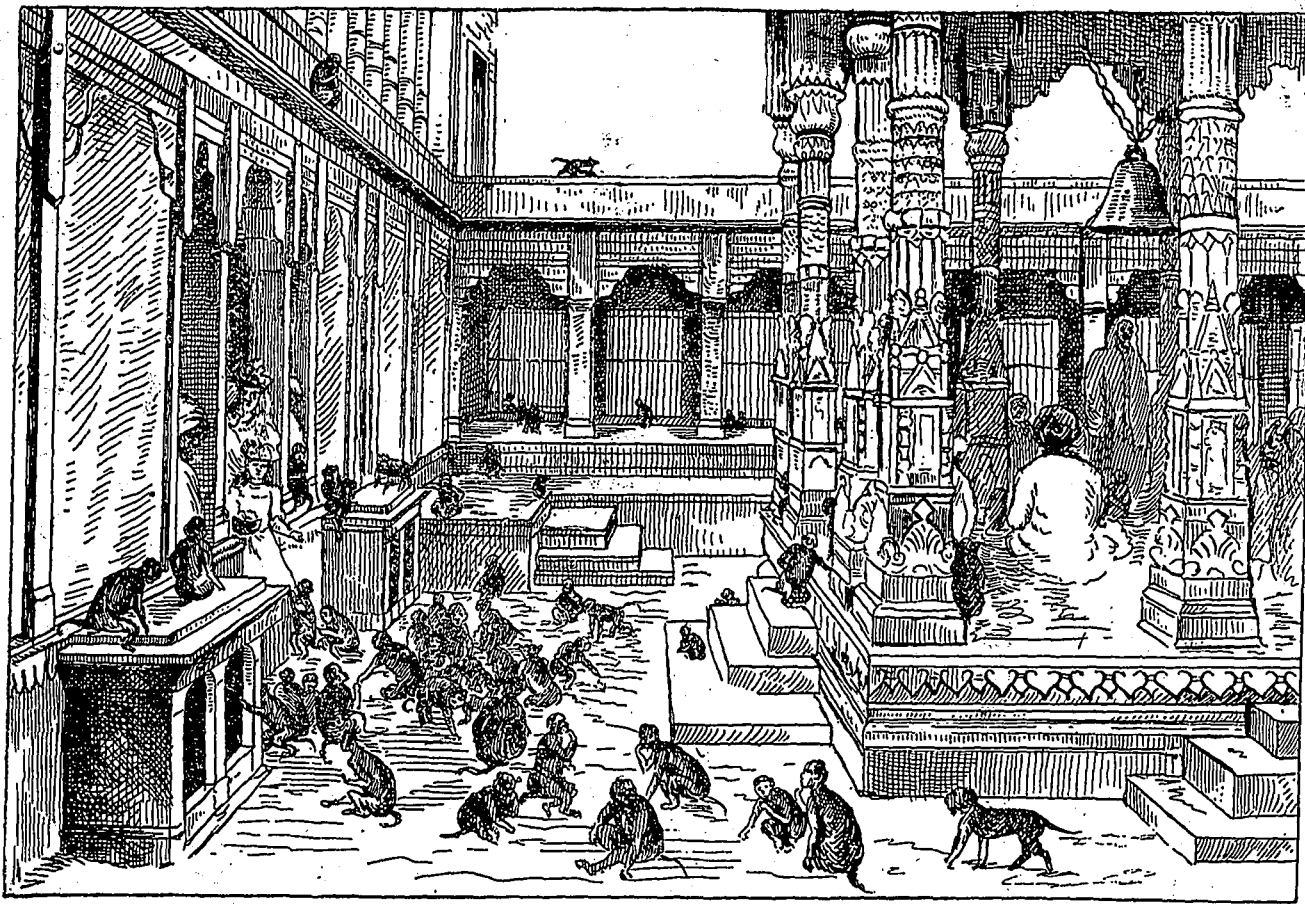
As if the feathered creatures had not natural foes enough—snake, squirrel and hawk—we must encourage our lads to pursue them with all the fatal precision of

human ingenuity. Country academies offer prizes for the largest collection of eggs, and packages containing dozens of specimens, are forced upon the markets at cheap prices, or thrown in as premiums with popular journals for youths. No wonder the parks grow still and the flocks disappear to the detriment both of the bird-lover and the husbandman.

All this wanton and artificial pursuit is sanctioned in the name of science. We doubt, however, whether it is necessary that the size, shape, color and spots of every egg should be known to the young ornithologist. Many of our very best writers on birds have gained their knowledge without the slightest disturbance of domestic arrangements among the boughs.

The fines imposed by law are laughed at. But a strong sentiment against the practice, with a clear understanding of the ruin that it is causing, would soon check the progress of this ovomania. It is none too early now to begin the crusade.

JOSEPH BILLINGS says, 'I will never purchase a lottery ticket so long as I can hire a man to rob me at reasonable wages.'



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ing the battle, Laura Secord was obliged, with the assistance of two young slaves, to convey her wounded husband, five small children, and all their household belongings, to a farm about a mile distant. Through the long and dreary winter that followed, she nursed her husband back to comparative health, though he was never again fit for active service. With the spring came renewed hostilities, and the little household was often forced, under threat of pillage, to give entertainment to the American soldiers; so it did not cause much surprise when, at the close of a June day, some of Dearborn's soldiers demanded their supper. Knowing that remonstrance would be useless, Mrs. Secord ordered that the best fare the house afforded should be set before them, while she busied herself in an adjoining room.

After a time the loud voices of the soldiers, who had partaken too freely of their host's cider, attracted her attention. What was her astonishment and dismay to learn that they were discussing an attack to be made by the American force, of five hundred men, under Col. Boerstler, upon Lieutenant Fitzgibbon, stationed at Beaver Dams,

at St. David's helped her to pass the remaining two sentries that she encountered before reaching that place.

Here she had to resist the entreaties of her friends, who begged her not to risk her life in so perilous an undertaking. But she would not turn back now; and so, after a little rest and direction as to the way to take, she plunged at once into the forest, not daring to keep to the more open road.

Few of us at the present day can have any idea of what that nineteen-mile walk meant to Laura Secord. On and on through the pathless woods, stumbling over fallen trees, wading through streams swollen with the spring rains, often slipping on the moist clay soil. Nor were these the only perils of the way, for now and again would be heard in the distance the cry of some wild animal, or a rattlesnake would glide across her path. Still, with the courage of despair, she presses on through all the heat of that June day; still on through the gathering shadows, for she well knows that at nightfall the wolves will be abroad.

Suddenly there falls on her ear some-