

MURDER DETECTED.—When the Rev. Dr. Donne took possession of his first living, he walked into the church-yard and found the sexton digging a grave. The doctor took up a skull which lay on the earth, and began to indulge in serious contemplation. On looking at it attentively, he was surprised to find a headless nail sticking in one of the temples. This he carefully and secretly extracted, then asked the grave-digger whether he knew whose skull it was? The man said that he believed it belonged to a man who had kept a shop; a drunken fellow, who, one night having taken two quarts of spirits was found dead in his bed the next morning. "Had he a wife?" "Yes." "Is she living?" "Yes." "What character does she bear?" "A very good one; only her neighbours reflect on her, because she married again the very day after her husband had been buried." The doctor's suspicions were aroused. He called upon the woman, asked several questions, and especially and pointedly as to what was the cause of her husband's death. She giving him the same account as that which he had received from the sexton, he suddenly held the nail before her eyes, and said in a loud and authoritative tone,—*"Woman, do you know this nail?"* She was struck with horror at the unexpected sight of the too-well remembered instrument which her own hands had employed to take away her intoxicated and helpless husband's life. She was afterwards tried, condemned, and executed. *"Be sure your sin will find you out."*

THE SECRET.—I noticed, said Franklin, a mechanic among a number of others, at work in the erection of a house but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humour, who had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met.—Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy, or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. "No secret, Dr.," he replied; "I have got one of the best of *wit*, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home, she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and then the tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things

through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody." What an influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it and make it the fountain of cheerful and good emotions. Speak gently then—a happy smile and a kind greeting after the toils of the day are over cost nothing, and go far toward making a home happy and peaceful. Whenever a young man asks my counsel about getting married, I tell him to look out for a young woman, who is *domesticated, healthy, and pious*. With these three good qualifications, she will be worth her weight in gold, even if she be penniless; whilst if she is without them, she will be a bad bargain, no matter how rich she may be.

GRANDFATHER GREGORY.

In a certain parish, in England, a Quaker barber received, the other day, a note for church rates, five shillings and sixpence. He called upon the clergyman of the parish, and said:—"Pray, friend, what dost thou mean by this note?" "Mean! Why, it is for the church-rate; don't you see?" "Yes, friend; but what is that for?" "Why, for the repairs of the church, and for the decent maintenance of public worship, to be sure." "Well, friend, but what have I to do with that? I don't attend thy church." "Oh, that don't signify; the church is always open, and it's your own fault if you don't come. Besides, it's the law and you must pay." "Well, friend, I take leave to tell thee that I think that a very unjust law that obliges me to pay for a ministry and a religion which I don't attend. Fare thee well." A few days afterward, the barber, by way of straightening accounts with the parson, sent his reverence a note:—"Debtor to Timothy Salters, for shaving and hair-cutting, five shillings and sixpence." The receipt of this note by the parson very quickly brought him to the shop, in no good humour, either. "What do you mean by sending me this bill? You never cut my hair nor shaved me in your life!" "Nay, friend, but thou knowest my shop is always open, and it is thine own fault if thou dost not come to be shaved."

I THINK our church will last a good many years yet, said a worthy but wagish deacon to the minister, "I see the sleepers are very sound."