

"I will give you the means. I have not just escaped from the galleys; whoever secures and takes back an escaped prisoner is entitled to a reward of fifty francs. How much does your rent amount to?"

"Fifty francs," answered the father. "Well," said the other, "put a cord round my body; I will follow you to the city, they will recognise me, and you will get fifty francs for bringing me back. 'No never!' exclaimed the astonished listener, 'my children should starve a dozen times before I would do so base a thing.'"

The generous young man insisted, and declare at last that he would go and give himself up, if the father would not consent to take him. After a long struggle the father yielded, and taking his preserver by the arm led him to the city and to the mayor's office. Every body was surprised that a jilted man like the father had been able to capture such a strong young fellow, but the proof was before them; the fifty francs were paid and the prisoner sent back to the galleys. But after he was gone, the father asked a private interview of the mayor, to whom he told the whole story. The mayor was so much affected that he not only added fifty francs more to the father's purse, but wrote immediately to the minister of justice, begging the noble young prisoner's release. The minister examined into the affair, and finding that it was comparatively a small offence which condemned the young man to the galleys, and that he had already served out half his term, he ordered his release.—Is not the whole incident beautiful?

Effect of Tale-Telling.

The ancients have represented the effect of tale-telling on busy bodies themselves by a fable, to the effect that the crow, which was at first of finest white colour, was changed into his present colour of jet black, for the crime of tale-bearing: a crime that could not pass with impunity in this family of the inferior animals. A poet has given us the fable as follows:

"The raven once in snowy plumes was drest, While as the waviest dove's unsullied breast, Soft as the swan's, a large and lovely bowl; His tongue, his prating tongue, has changed him quite, To sooty blackness from the purest white."

Albeit this is simply a fable; it shows us how the ancients regarded the mischievous sin of tale-bearing. It has not ever changed the snowy white plumage of a raven into a sooty blackness, the slanderous tale-telling tongue of any one who habitually allows himself to back-bite and calumniate others, cannot but tarnish his own character with shades of darkness and guilt. Its effect on the person slandered may not be lasting; for the good shall outlive the envious detractions of all such meddlers; but the spirit of calumny commingles and interweaves into the very nature of detractors. Can a leopard change his spots? No.—Can a tale-telling, mischief-making troubler of society refrain from his havoc of good men's names? He can; But only by keeping his mouth as with a bridle.—Morning Star.

General Miscellany.

The Natural History of the Sabbath. The Creator has given us a natural Sabbath—Sabbath, and a moral rest—Sabbath, and it is our duty to observe with care. Under the pressure of a great excitement, if we do not have passed weeks together with little sleep, or none, but when the process is long continued, the nerves give way, and fever, delirium and death ensue; nor can the natural amount be systemically carried without corresponding mischief. The Sabbath does not arrive like a thief. The day of rest does not steal over us in the hour of slumber. It does not entrance us almost whether we will or not; but addressing us as intelligent beings, our Creator assures us that we need it, and bids us notice its return and court its renovation. And if, going in the face of the Creator's kindness, we force ourselves to work all days alike, it is not long till we pay the forfeit. The soul-worker—the man of business or the man of letters—find his ideas becoming turbid or slow; the compass of his faculties is upset; grows moody, fitful and capricious; and with his mental faculty broken, should any disaster occur, he is liable to natural melancholy, or in self-distrust, or in self-exaltation, or in a gloomy world. An ordinary man, whether he be an artist, an engineer, or a tradesman, who works day and week to week, and night into night, his eyes get dim, and forgetful of their duty, his fingers no longer perform their feats of twinkling agility, nor by a plastic or tuneful touch, would dead matter, or would mechanical powers; but mingling his life's blood in his daily drudgery, his looks are prematurely gray, his countenance sallow, and having at last he has become a morose or reckless man, for any extra effort, or any blink of balmy feeling, he must stand indebted to opium or alcohol.—North British Review.

Character of the Stork.

That the stork does not scrupulously confine itself to a fish, frog and serpent diet, those who to their cost who have suffered it to stalk about near the breeding place where the wild duck hides her nest. The highly moral bird, whose piety is blazoned in hooves of maidens carrying his revered parent on his shoulders, and held sacred in so many cities (where, doubtless, they keep their weather eyes upon their poultry, notwithstanding his solemn gait, as a bit of a Pecksniff in his way. After standing stock still in a musical attitude, as if he were above the vanities of this world, he has been seen to march slowly by the side of the ornamental lake with the air of a contemplative philosopher and then disappear among the bushes. Before his disappearance a stork nest near the point where he vanished, as if to continue his meditations undisturbed by human eye, has been seen full of goodly little dusky powder-puffs of wild ducklings, and somehow or other, when he has emerged from the wilderness, it has been soon after discovered that the nest was empty. This feathered ogre was in the habit of visiting the nests day by day, biding his time till incubation was complete, when he swallowed every squab that had come to light. Truly Brahminical and reflective is the air of one of these old storkers. Motionless stands the black philosopher. It is a lovely summer's day, but the sun and the gentle breeze floating the clouds under the blue sky move him not. A slight motion in the eye may be detected as one of the giddy young sparrows with which the Zoological Garden is infested, flits by, but he avers not. At last a luckless new-fledged one passes within reach of our philosopher. Quick as thought the transcendent bill is darted forward, and—crack!—the little bird is seized and swallowed.—Fraser's Magazine.

He has Gone to Ride.

Yes, he has gone to ride, and left a small boy in his store, who understands but little about his business, and is too full of play to wait upon the customers. The young merchant cannot stand it long, we are certain. He not only spends two or three dollars on his excursion of pleasure, but he loses many a good sale. Customers do not like to trade with boys, and when the master of the shop is continually absent, he may rest assured that his customers will finally forsake him. How many young men have commenced business with fair prospects, but finally failed, because they were too fond of riding and sailing.—Business will not take care of itself. A man who spends his money so foolishly, loses in several ways. His credit suffers materially. What bank director is not suspicious of him? It is a difficult matter to make his note go, when it is known what his habits are—and as sure as he lives they will be known. Bank directors are not only inquisitive, but they are keen observers also.—Merchants are careful whom they trust. If a man is too fond of pleasure, he will soon find it difficult to raise credit or credit. And what is the result of his course? Failure. His goods are sold at a low price, his business is involved and withdrawn from his grasp. How sad the condition of such a man, who has lost all his friends. If he has been a true and upright man, he could soon obtain good and commendable again; but since he has lost the confidence of the community, what course can he pursue, but bend his course to California, vainly hoping to fall upon a fortune at once? To prosper in business, let our young merchants at the onset be careful of their expenses, and never spend profusely money which cannot properly be called their own. By care and prudence they will eventually succeed.—Ohio Branch.

Wanted Immediately!

Faithful, constant, unwavering men, women, and children, who will adhere strictly to the following items, and practice them in temperance and fervour, without growing faint or weary— 1. Those who will drink non-intoxicating liquor, a beverage, who will abstain from any

- Who will never use profane language, and who will strive to prevent others from doing so.
Who will never lay a wager, nor take any bet, and who will do nothing which they can avoid to have a violation of the Sabbath law.
Who will use those means which they individually think will soonest remove the evils of intemperance.
Who will encourage and aid the general diffusion of religious and useful knowledge.
Who will always, if in their power, assist the distressed, and endeavour to discover if there be any such in the vicinity.
Who will show by precept and example that they regard labour as honourable and indolence a vice.
Who will strictly and conscientiously avoid all gossiping, tattling, backbiting, or speaking evil of one another.

Temperance.

- Questions for Liquor Dealers.
BY FRIDMANT WAYLAND.
1st. Can it be right for me to derive my living from that which is spreading disease, poverty, and prostration of health, and may, perhaps, be fatal?
2d. Can it be right for me to derive my living from that which is debasing the minds and ruining the souls of my neighbours?
3d. Can it be right for me to derive my living from that which is debasing the minds and ruining the souls of my fellow men?
4th. Can it be right for me to derive my living from that which is known to be the cause of miseries of all the crimes which are perpetrated against society?
5th. Can it be right for me to derive my living from that which accomplishes all these at once, and which it does without ceasing?
6th. Do you say that you do not know that the liquor which you are selling will produce these results? Do you not know that nine hundred and ninety-nine gallons produce the effects for one which is used innocently?
7th. Would it be right for me to sell poison on the ground that there was one chance in a thousand that the purchaser would not die of it?
8th. Do you say that you are not responsible for the acts of your neighbours? Is this clearly so? I do not know who furnishes a murderer with a weapon considered as an accomplice?
9th. If these things be so—and that they are so, who can dispute?—I ask you, my respected fellow citizens, what is to be done? Let me ask, is not this trade altogether wrong? Why then should we not altogether abandon it? If any man think otherwise, and chooses to continue it, I have but one word to say: My brother, when you enter a cargo of intoxicating drinks, think how much misery you are importing into the community. As you store it up, think how many curses you may be heaping together against your ill. As you roll it out of your warehouse, think how many families each cash will ruin. Let your thoughts then revert to your own family, wife, and your little ones, then look up to Him who judgeth righteously, and ask yourself, my brother, is it right?

Cold Water Story.

Somewhere about here, writes a Southern correspondent, lives a small farmer, of such good habits that his coming home late at night is no unusual thing. His wife urged him in vain to sign the pledge. "Why, you see," he would say, "I'll sign it after a while, but I don't like to break off at once; it ain't worth my while. The best way is always to get used to a thing by degrees, you know." "Very well, old man," his helpmate would reply, "see now if you don't fall into a hole one of these days, while you can't take care of yourself, and nobody near to take you out." Some months ago, as it is very true, the plowman, a couple of days after turning from a field, a fellow, the old fellow took a tumble down well, and after a deal of scrambling, escaped for the "light of his eyes" to come and help him out. "Didn't I tell you so?" said the good wife, showing her eye over the edge of the parapet, "you've got to take a hole at last, and it's a hole by the bye. In my feeling, or you might have

W. W. S. continues to be a prisoner in the forest, where he is... At every turn of the road, he would be glad to see the old man... "I don't know," he murmured, in a hoarse voice, "I don't know if I am doing that or not."

For Farmers.

- Farmer's Calendar.
It is a good plan to plant seed from States further south in the cold season, only the seed of a cold climate will ripen well.
Often breaking up a surface keeps a soil in healthy, for when it lies in a hard solid state enriching showers run off, and the salubrious air cannot enter.
Weeds exhaust the strength of the ground, and if suffered to grow may be called garden sins. The hand and the hoe are the instruments for eradicating weeds, yet if there is room between the rows for the spade it is well to use it.
Never keep your cattle short; few farmers can afford it. If you starve them they will starve you.
It will not do to hoe a great field for a little crop, or to mow twenty acres for five loads of hay. Enrich the land and it will pay you for it. Better farm twenty acres well than forty acres by halves.
Drive your business before you and it will go easily.
In dry pastures dig for water on the brow of a hill; springs are more frequent near the surface on a height than in a vale.
Rain is cash to a farmer.
The foot of the owner is the best manure for land.
Cut bushes that you wish to destroy in the summer and with a sharp instrument; they will bleed freely and die.
Sow clover deep; it secures it against the drought.
Never plough in bad weather, or when the ground is very wet.
It is better to cut grain just before it is fully dead ripe. When the straw immediately below the grain is so dry, that on twisting it no juice is expressed, it should be cut, for then there is no further circulation of juices to the ear. Every hour that it stands uncut after this stage is attended with loss.
Accounts should be kept, detailing the expenses and produce of each field.
When an implement is no longer wanted for the season, lay it carefully aside, but let it be first well cleaned.
Obtain good seed, prepare your ground well, sow early, and pay very little attention to the moon.
Cultivate your own heart aright, remember that whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. Do not begin farming by building an expensive house, nor erecting a spacious barn till you have something to store in it.
Avoid a low and damp site for a dwelling house. Build sufficiently distant from your barn and stock-yard to avoid accident by fire.
Good fences make good neighbours.
Experiments are highly commendable, but do not become an habitual experimenter.
The depredations of birds are fully compensated by the services they render in preying upon insects.—West Cheshire Farmer.

Harvesting Roots.

If a great crop to suppose that roots, such as beets, turnips, carrots, &c., when intended for stock feeding should be housed early. It is, on the contrary, much better to let them remain out till the weather becomes quite severe. A heavy frost does not injure the turnip, if it is in the soil. I have known the ground to freeze quite hard before their removal, and no injurious consequences resulted from the circumstance. And beside, the growth of the turnip, after the weather becomes cold, is much more rapid than during the milder season. Cabbages, like turnips, are also very considerably benefited by remaining out, even till snow falls. Some, indeed, allow them to remain out all winter; but this is a pernicious practice, for although they are liable to become diseased, and rot, if they are too early removed in the cellar, yet it is always well to have them under cover, in order that they may be "available" when wanted for use.—Germanian Telegraph.

32. r sufficient ly her- ister's e pro- gono- Mrs. d, was by the n Sher- lan for an-ter- l being herbow n of it, invita- sed to for her. for the to reject lead his exertion, ing it to at four ry Eng- x ninth When rtune to ned him her was sed him h books capacity, inform- me reply, le a doe rk was, a sub- m Jones owed all his early e maxim, tion, she ten com- dily mar- d over in a turning mother's arrested target, in and the owed was of nature message as o inspired that could e comput- ing and e felt when e incident pleted his Christian g and liter- e years, when nd workly refully and pures, and called the ine origin, er morally, er strains of ed from all ignage they Burns. tion. the St. Louis ng: e his escape e. He was made his aped pursuit before a cot- pped to beg rent while he l the inmates st distress.— corner, their ng her hair, or in agony, was the mat- it they were of doors, de- rent. "You d the father, hout food or provide any then to tho nd then said: