

possible. A lady passenger thrust her child out to me from the stage window, crying, "My baby's dead! my baby's dead!" The child and mother, however, were both unhurt. Taking the child on one arm, I scrambling up the side of the mountain, and another following. On reaching the road again, I found that although somewhat scratched and severely injured by the concussion of the several falls, still I did not seem seriously. The two other passengers, I believe, were not hurt more than myself. The driver had his face severely cut and the bone broken. One of the horses was badly injured, the other three slightly. The stage coach also escaped without much damage. The Marysville stage being in company with us, we got on board, and I stopped at Comptonville. A gentleman who passed the scene of the accident at daybreak said the stage was full a hundred feet below the road, and was stopped in its descent by a log against which it fell. That we should have fallen so many feet without being dashed to pieces; that the horses should have gone down along with us without some time falling upon the stage or striking us with their hoofs; or that the treasure chest, a heavy box, two and a half feet long by a foot high and broad, and bound with iron, which was inside the stage, should not in our many over-turnings have struck some of us, are so many instances of the kind interposition of Providence in behalf of our safety.

ESCAPE FROM DANGER.

A happy party of parents and children, uncles, aunts, cousins, and neighbors, one pleasant day went out to enjoy a picnic party, in a shady spot, near the ruins of an old castle, in England. The day was fine, and, after having fixed upon a suitable spot, the cloth was laid, and the baskets were emptied, and as the party had taken a long ride, they would have relished a much less tempting repast than the one now set before them.

After they had finished their meal, they all dispersed themselves to find the amusement which best suited their taste. Some remained to examine the ruin, and make sketches of its different parts; others went to explore the woods at a distance, and gather flowers or plants to add to their collection at home. The children were amusing themselves with a

variety of games, but the most charming was hide-and-seek, among the ruins and trees—the niches and large stones were famous places for concealment; and when all had been tried but one over what had been once a doorway, John, whose turn it was to hide with Mary, very thoughtlessly fixed on this niche for her to hide in. It was not very difficult to reach it for an active little fellow like John, but the broken stones up the arched doorway, every here and there, projected like stairs; and when the distance between these stones was too great for Mary, he knelt on one knee, that she might make use of his other knee for a step. In this way they clambered up nearly ten feet; John exulting in the feat, and Mary's fears silenced by his courage. "There, now you are quite safe—you may call whoop as loud as you like," said he; "they will never find us."

Just as he said this, he placed his foot on the highest stone, on which Mary was standing, and which, with his additional weight, began to totter. Mary started. "Oh, John, I am going to fall; it moves." "Nonsense, Mary, it is quite safe," said he, looking rather frightened; "only stand still—have you called whoop?"—Just then a small stone, which had been supported by that on which Mary stood, was loosened, and fell down with some noise to the ground; the large stone shook again, and John saw that if he moved, both Mary and the stone must fall together. His blood ran cold; he felt quite giddy; but recalling all his vigor, he shouted whoop! whoop! as loud as he could, and the next moment all the little footsteps were running about in different parts of the ruin. "Emma—Jane—come here under the arch—here we are—Mary will fall—call papa or some one—I can not hold her much longer," cried John. "Where are you? I can not see you," said some of the children. "Go and call papa or some one to help us," cried John, louder; "do not be afraid, dear Mary," said he in a low voice, turning to her, "I will not let go till you are safe."

The children were so dull as not to understand what it was all about, and they called Emma, and told her to come and help her cousins out of their hiding-place. She came, calling them by name, not at all alarmed, and saying in joke, "How clumsy they must be not to be

able to get out of their hiding-place without my help!" When she came near and heard John's cry of distress, she was alarmed, and ran to her aunt, who was sitting with some friends at a distance. "Oh, aunt, come and help Mary and John—they have got into a part of the ruin, and can not get out; John is crying out for help." His mother was soon on the spot, followed by all her friends, but she could render her children no assistance, and she waited in intense anxiety the arrival of some of the gentlemen.—Mr. Basil came first, and, with the help of some gentlemen, who followed him, wheeled the cart which had carried the provisions under the arch, and, standing on it, could just reach the children.—"When I say 'now,' John," said he, "take away your leg, and let fall the stone backward, or it will hurt you very much; be ready." He grasped Mary without lifting her up—gave the word—down tumbled the heavy stone with a prodigious noise—little Mary rested safely in his arms, and John scrambled down into the cart, covered with dust and cobwebs.

Be Cheerful at your Meals.—The benefit derived from food taken, depends much upon the condition of the body while eating. If taken in a moody, cross, or despairing condition of mind, digestion is much less perfect and slower than when taken with a cheerful disposition. The rapid and silent manner too common among Americans, should be avoided, and one topic of interest introduced at meals that all may partake in, and if a hearty laugh is occasionally indulged in, it will be all the better. It is not uncommon that a person dining in pleasant and social company can eat and digest well that which, when eaten alone, and the mind absorbed in some deep study, or brooding over cares and disappointments, will lie long undigested in the stomach, causing disarrangement and pain, and if much indulged in becomes the cause of permanent and irreparable injury to the system.

Home Comforts.—Wealth is not essential to neatness. We have visited a large, showy house in disorder from cellar to garret—nothing homelike, nothing inviting; and on the other hand we have seen a low log cottage, whitewashed outside, and embowered with roses, a model of neatness and comfort inside, with its white window-curtains, and every article of furniture handsomely arranged. This was owing to the excellent housewife. But while skill and labor within are so important in this great element of