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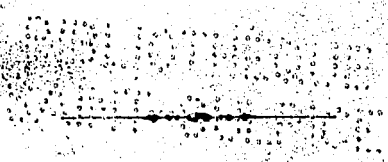
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THE  
CANADIAN  
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VOLUME I.



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# CANADIAN SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

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DECEMBER, 1872.

[No. 1.

## WINTER.

THE Summer is past, the winter is nigh,  
And the wind through the trees begins to sigh ;  
No leaves on the trees; the flowers are dead;  
And the hardy shrub would fain hide its head.  
The feather'd songsters have all flown away  
To warm climes, where they can sing and play ;  
The snow bird only remains behind  
To endure the cold and buffet the wind.  
Around rich hearths it is cheerful and warm,  
Though outside may fall the snow in a storm ;  
The children prattle, and listen to tales,  
And think of the beauty of snowy dales.  
But, ah! how is it with the poor and sad,  
Who have little food, and are poorly clad,—  
Who are scant of fuel to keep out the cold,  
To keep life in the young, and revive the old ?  
May God shelter the poor from wintry blasts,  
And supply their wants while this season lasts ;  
May He touch the hearts of people of wealth  
To give for Christ, and for His creatures' health.

(For the CANADIAN SUNDAY MAGAZINE.)

## JAMES SAWYER, THE YOUNG BURGLAR.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

James Sawyer was the son of respectable parents, though latterly the father contracted intemperate habits, and frequently came home at night in a beastly state of intoxication, causing the utmost terror to his wife and children. James was the eldest child, and was now in his fourteenth year. He was getting of an age to notice the bad example his father was setting him, and he took

advantage of his helplessness to remain out until late hours at night. His mother often tried to keep him in, and threatened him with his father's punishment if he persisted in staying out so late. But her son only laughed, and said (like an undutiful son, as he was), "Why don't you keep father at home? He's worse than me; he comes home drunk, and I don't!"

Many tears did that poor mother shed over her erring husband and her wayward boy; and many prayers did she offer to the Throne of Grace for both of them.

Not far from Sawyer's house there lived a boy named Bill Jones, who was noted for being an idle, good-for-nothing fellow. He was known to be connected in some way with a gang of young men, who met frequently at nights for some purpose unknown. He had money to spend too, sometimes, though he never earned any, and his mother was poor. Bill was often in James Sawyer's company, but had never mentioned his connection with the gang. But now, thinking that James would be company for him coming home at night, he decided on making him a member of his club. Meeting him one day, he said:

"Come, Jim, come with me to a meeting of jolly boys to-night. There's about ten or twelve of us; and if you like them, we will make you one of our company."

"What do ye do, Bill, when ye meet? and how late do ye stay out?" queried James.

"Oh, we enjoy ourselves, and have lots of fun," replied Bill. But you'll have to come and see for yourself, and I'm sure you'll like it."

"Well," said James, "I'll go if you'll call for me. Just give a whistle or two outside the house, and then wait for me at the corner."

"All right," said Bill; "I'll call for you after tea."

The two lads then separated.

At the appointed time, Bill gave a whistle outside James's house, and then walked to the corner near by,

He was soon joined by James, and the two proceeded at a brisk step to the rendezvous of the club, which was situated in an outhouse, in a back street, and well concealed from passers by.

As the two made their appearance, they were hailed with various exclamations and remarks, such as "Hallo, Bill! who have you got?" "Here comes another new member!" etc. Bill introduced his friend, saying he would make a useful member of the club; and the latter body welcomed James, who soon felt at home. The room was made tolerably comfortable, being provided with sundry articles of furniture, consisting of chairs, benches, and a table, upon which stood a handsome lamp. The club sat round the table, and discussed some project which was about to be carried out that night. The new member was sworn to secrecy, and told that he would participate in the proceeds of their hauls, if he would assist them. His consent was easily obtained; and after playing cards for a couple of hours, and partaking of supper, six members, including James, were detailed to go, some to watch, and others to effect an entrance into a store on one of the business streets of the city. This being James's first attempt, he was left to watch outside with his friend Bill Jones. No policeman made them afraid, and the party returned to their rendezvous successful, having obtained a considerable sum of money. The booty was divided equally between the whole, only a small sum for rent and expense of supper being retained.

Shortly after, the meeting broke up, and James went home, Bill Jones accompanying him as far as his door.

Upon entering the house, and retiring to bed, the young burglar began to feel some pangs of conscience, as the beginner in crime generally does.

"What would his mother say if she knew it?" or, "what if his father—Oh, I don't mind him, though."

Again, "what if the police should find out that he took part in the robbery?—what then?" and he almost cried to think that he should be sent to jail. In fact, this fear began to take such a hold on his mind, that for an hour after he lay down he could not sleep; and when he did so, his last thought was, that the police would be after him in the morning.

This is the way of all transgressors. They fear every earthly punishment; they fear man's laws, but pay no heed to God's laws, nor the punishment that awaits the breaking of any one of them. But James Sawyer was to escape punishment this time, the police being unable to find any trace of the robbers.

Next evening, Bill Jones called for James, and the two went for a walk together. Now Bill was James's senior by two years, and was more hardened in crime than his companion. He was the only son of a widow, who labored honestly with her hands to support herself and her idle son. The theatre and billiard saloons were his usual places of resort; and to one of the latter he now conducted James. Here they met several of their companions of the previous night, and they played for money and drink, and had a "high time" of it. Some of them lost nearly all their portion of the spoils of the robbery; among whom was James Sawyer, who had never played billiards before. James here first learned to drink.

Boys, beware of billiard saloons and the theatre! You can get no good at those places. It is in such places that Satan is always ready to ensnare you. Boon companions encourage you to do as they do, and in the transient pleasure and excitement of the moment, you are sure to fall. But resist Satan and he will flee from you; and pray to God to enable you to resist temptation in whatever shape it may appear.

But to return to our tale. About midnight our young hero returned home, half stupid with liquor, and in ill



humor at the loss of his money. He slept sounder that night than the previous one, his alarms having died away. The next few nights were spent at the theatre, in company with others of the gang.

The club, as they called themselves, met again, and having in the meantime marked out a couple of stores, another raid was made, with similar success as the previous ones.

The excitement consequent on the robbing of two stores in one night was great, and the police were blamed for their inactivity, some even going so far as to say that they (the police) must have had a hand in it themselves. As may be supposed, the police were indignant, and became doubly vigilant; they determined to save their characters, and capture the burglars if possible.

Bill Jones meeting James soon after, gave him information of the next burglary.

"I say, Jim, we're going to make a grand haul on Saturday night. Hoffman's store on — street is to be entered, and you and I are to take part in it."

"Bill," answered James, "I'm afraid we'll be caught this time. That store is in a very public place, just in the centre of the city."

"I know it," replied Bill; "but there's not the least danger; the police are blind, and will never see us. We have entered stores just under their noses, and they couldn't see us! Don't be afraid, Jim."

"I'm not afraid," again answered James, "but there's been so many stores broken into lately, that the police are mad because they can't catch us, and they'll be on the look-out now, sharper than ever."

On Saturday evening, the club of young burglars met, according to appointment, in their room. The early part of the evening was spent, as usual, in debating over their past successes and of the probable success of the raid they were about to make that night; and indulging

afterwards in card-playing, their favorite pastime. Half-an-hour after midnight, playing stopped to partake of refreshments; after which, six of the gang were told off, and despatched to the scene of action. To avoid suspicion, they were to approach from different directions.

James Sawyer, being the smallest and lightest, was selected to enter the shop through the fanlight over the door. Bill Jones gave him a word of encouragement as he was being lifted up.

"Now, Jim, be of good courage, and do the thing handsomely. Search the till well, and bring off all you get. Open the door if you can, so that we may go in and help you."

"I'll do my best," replied James, "and I'll open the door, if I can. But, Bill, be sure to keep a good look out."

Sawyer then disappeared through the fanlight, the glass of which, cut with a glazier's diamond, fell with rather more noise than was agreeable.

Having struck a light, he tried the door, but was unable to unlock it; so he proceeded to execute his work of robbery alone. This he did with some misgivings as to his own safety; for, he thought, if a policeman made his appearance, his companions would run away, and he would be sure to be caught.

And now again he began to feel some of the fears which he felt on the night of the first robbery, and he wished in his heart that he was safe at home and free from being a prey to the police.

That night two policemen, meeting on their beat, held a conversation on the recent robberies.

"Well, Patrick," said one, by way of salute, "how goes it down your way? Any sign of the burglars?"

"Never a sign, Charley. But if I come across the gentry, I'll lay rough hands on them, and no mistake."

"Well, of course, we'll have to look sharp, after what

the Chief said to-day. He spoke very cutting about our want of vigilance, and said that some of us must have been asleep in some door-way."

"Bedad, the Chief was seavere enough; but I think some of the fellows desarved it. How could it be possible for two stores to be broke into, and men of the force patrolling outside, I'd like to know?"

"Oh, it's all very well for you to talk that way, Pat;" but, perhaps, some store may be robbed on your beat, and then what will you say?"

"I'd like to catch the villains robbing a place on my walk—I would!" replied Pat warmly; I'd trate them to a little of my stick if they refused to come to the station and give an account of themselves!"

"I hope you may catch them," said the other; "but perhaps we'd better be moving, for fear they may do it behind our backs after all."

The policemen separated, each going in an opposite direction. Patrick began to think of what Charley, the other policeman, had said. "Some store may be robbed on my beat, and then what will I say?" The spalpeen! Perhaps he's in league with the thieving rogues himself, when he let them rob them two shops on his beat last week! Ha! he didn't like what I said; and, sure, that's the reason he said some store might be robbed on my beat. Wouldn't he like it? But I'll disappoint him, if I can help it."

It happened that the policeman Patrick's beat lay by the very place the burglars had selected for their operations. The thieves had arrived while the two policemen were talking, only about three hundred yards distant.

Patrick had just finished the last sentence, when he thought he discerned, in the distance, some figures darting into a door-way. He walked along cautiously, looking into every gate and door-way, until he approached within about fifty yards of the spot, when,

hearing a low whistle, he rapped his stick against the cut-stone wall of a house, and walked rapidly forward.

Immediately several figures were seen rushing from door-ways and flitting off. The policeman gave chase; but, hearing a noise at one of the doors as he passed, he looked, and saw the figure of a lad climbing out by the fanlight.

"Ha! I've caught ye at last!" exclaimed the policeman, laying hold of Sawyer as he reached the ground. "And so you're one of the burglars are you? And you're not a big one, either. Where's the others? Is there any more inside?"

"No, there's no one inside," tremblingly answered James, "and I don't know where the others are."

"Are ye telling me the truth, now, youngster?" urged the somewhat excited policeman.

"Oh, yes, I am," again answered James. "There's no one else inside; and, please, let me go."

"I can't let you go; you'll have to come with me to the station."

A couple of policemen now arrived on the scene, one of whom was Charley. Patrick told them to keep watch outside the store, for fear, he said, some more of the thieves might be inside; while he, himself, took his youthful prisoner to the station.

Again there was excitement in the city over the news that one of the burglars was captured, and he a mere lad. Some pitied him, while others thought he should be sent to the penitentiary.

Next day James was examined, and through fear, gave the names of all his confederates. Some were arrested during the next couple of days, and some made their escape from the city when they heard they were wanted.

When the day of trial came, James Sawyer pleaded guilty to the charge of burglary, and was sent for a term of years to the penitentiary, along with Bill Jones, who

had received a like sentence. Some of the gang were discharged, the authorities believing that as the gang was now broken up, a couple of convictions would be sufficient. By this means, some of the leaders of the gang escaped punishment, while the two youngest were convicted and sent to prison.

When James Sawyer came out of prison, both his father and his mother were dead, and his brother and two sisters were in a charitable institution. And, finding none of his old companions in crime, he left, accompanied by Bill Jones (whose mother was also dead), for another city, whither he was told they had gone.

Boys, remember the story of James Sawyer, the burglar. He was as innocent as you at one time, but, having got into bad company he fell. He neglected his church and Sunday-School; and forgot the commandments "Remember to keep holy the Sabbath day," and "Thou shalt not steal."

---

### TRUTH.

The worth of truth no tongue can tell,  
'Twill do to buy, but not to sell;  
A large estate that soul hath got,  
Who buys *the truth* and sells it not.  
Truth like a diamond shines most fair,  
More worth than pearls or rubies are;  
More rich than gold or silver coin;  
O may *it always* in us shine.  
O happy they who in their youth,  
Are brought to know and love the truth;  
For none but those whom truth makes free,  
Can e'er enjoy true liberty.  
Truth like a girdle let us wear,  
And always keep it clean and fair;  
And never let the tale be told,  
That truth by us was ever sold.

## OLD RYE.

I WAS made to be eaten  
And not to be drank ;  
To be thrashed in a barn,  
Not soaked in a tank.

I come as a blessing  
When put through a mill ;  
As a blight and a curse  
When run through a still.

Make me up into loaves,  
And your children are fed ;  
But if into a drink,  
I will starve them instead.

In bread I'm a servant,  
The eater shall rule ;  
In drink I am master,  
The drinker a fool.

Then remember the warning,  
My strength I'll employ,  
If eaten, to strengthen ;  
If drank, to destroy.

---

## THE SAILOR'S PROMISE.

THERE was a company of several sailors once on board a ship. Six of them had learned to drink, as sailors are so apt to do. But the seventh man in that crew never would touch a drop of intoxicating liquor. One time the vessel in which they were sailing was bound to Liverpool. The six drinking-men agreed among themselves that when they got into port, they would invite Jack to a tavern with them, and make him drink for once at least.

They arrived in Liverpool, ordered a supper at a tavern, and invited Jack to it. He went. The supper passed off pleasantly. Then they began to drink their liquor. First one, and then another invited Jack to join

them in drinking; but he declined. Then they all urged him together; but still he refused. Finally, they got angry and threatened to beat him unless he would drink with them.

"Shipmates," says he, "I'm in your power. What can one fellow do against six? But before you begin to do as you have threatened, hear what I have to say." They agreed, and Jack went on to give this explanation of his conduct:—"My father," said he, "was a drunkard. I remember, when I was a child, how he used to beat and abuse my mother, who was always affectionate and kind to us. One day in winter, my mother sent me away on some business, which kept me from home till late at night. On my return, as I came near the house, I saw something lying on the snow, which looked like the figure of a man. I came nearer, and looked carefully at it in the light of the moon; and you can imagine, perhaps, how I felt when I found it to be the frozen body of my dead father. I was overcome with horror. I hastened home and told the dreadful tidings to my poor, heart-broken mother. Our kind neighbours came in. They carried my dead father home. Preparations were made for the funeral. On the day of the funeral my mother took me and the other children into the room where the corpse was lying, to look upon our father's face for the last time. As we stood there, weeping round that open coffin, she made us each solemnly promise that, as long as we lived, we never would learn to drink intoxicating liquor. My mother is dead and gone to heaven. I have always looked on the promise I then made as a sacred thing. I have sailed round the world, but in storm or in calm, in winter or summer, I have never yet broken it. Now boys, would you now have me drink, and break that promise which I made to my dear mother?"

"No, no, no!" was uttered by every voice, and the

tears which flowed down their weather-beaten faces showed how much they felt what he had said.

---

## THE ORGAN BOY; or, A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN.

### REMINISCENCE OF A FRIEND.

THEY had all gone away that day. I was alone, and sad; very sad and lonely I felt. I was looking around on the shadows that seemed deepening and darkening, and beheld not the sunlight, bright and broken, that lay at my feet.

And thus it is. How often comes up a murmur, when we should be careful for nothing, but with prayer, supplication, and thanksgiving, make our requests known unto God!

All at once there broke upon the stillness the dearest, sweetest strain of music—so mild and winning that it startled me. In a moment I knew what it was. It was only an organ boy in the street. I did not look out, but taking a few pieces of silver in my hand, went to the door. He stood close by the step. What a pale, sad face met mine, and the large, mournful eyes thanked me more than his broken Italian could. I went in and closed the door. He continued playing piece after piece, skilfully, with a master hand, as if in gratitude for what I had given him. The sad, sweet face, and the forsaken look, haunted me.

It was only an organ boy. How often I had heard the words said, coupled with a feeling of disdain. But even an organ boy might have a loving mother, a gentle sister, poor and dependent, perhaps. I had given him some coin, and that was all that I could do—no, not all. He might be hungry. I laid some slices of cake upon a plate, and as I passed the table, took up the first tract that presented itself, and placed it with them. He might need the bread of life. I opened



the door and laid the plate upon the steps. What a look he gave me. And the tears came into the dark, wistful eyes in answer to my own sad smile.

I went in and kneeled down by the window, and looked through the closed blind to observe him. And a prayer was in my heart and on my lips that the little tract—"How to become a Christian"—might be owned and blessed of God. I knew I had given it for Christ's sake. I watched him to see if he would take those dear words of truth with him. He did. And how I hoped and prayed that he would have them read to him; that they might live in his soul, the voice of eternal life.

The stranger boy went his way and I mine. Many shadows often came up in my pathway; many trials were meted out to me, and all this was forgotten. And was I remembered? And now, I think, I know it is a cherished thing, a blessed thought, to feel that we have a place in the heart of another, though that heart be lowly and a one; to know that we have done deeds of mercy, and that we are remembered in prayer; that there are those who plead for us at the throne of grace. It is a beautiful, a blessed legacy. Life and love have made it precious, priceless.

Time passed on, and then came the dreadful war, with all its dread accompaniments of sorrow and suffering. A few months since, while on a journey, I went with some friends to visit one of the hospitals of the sick and wounded. How sad the sight was!—the bleeding hearts and the broken hopes, and the silent struggle with suffering; I inwardly prayed that He, to whom all power is given, might be in their midst; to help and to heal them.

The physician stood silently counting the faint pulses of one who lay on a cot lower than the rest, but with pillows and clean coverings. His face was youthful, but oh! so faded and white, and sunken! His eyes were

closed, and his dark, damp hair was pushed carelessly back from a brow pure and clear as marble.

I lingered a moment. The face strangely attracted me; and then I passed on with the rest—a few steps only, for I felt faint and sick, and leaned against a pillar for support. Carefully, kindly, the physician laid back the almost lifeless hand, gently arranged the pillows, and with a heavy sigh, turned away to other places and other faces.

The dying one slept. Still and motionless he lay there, and a light, holy and beautiful, trembled softly over the faded features. A step passed me. I could not leave the spot. I only shrank back further among the shadows. It was the man of God that came and stooped over that smitten form. How sweetly that sufferer slept! It must be his last sleep on earth.

More than once the chaplain bent his face down to see if he breathed, and laid his hand lightly, lingeringly on the cold forehead. And then he awoke. There was a long, troubled sigh, as if the spirit was unwilling to come back to earth; and the large dark eyes looked up as from a distance.

“Am I dying now?”

I caught every word. It seemed so like some dear music strain that I had heard, that I could not wholly recall.

The minister had looked pityingly upon him.

“Do not fear to tell me. I am almost ready.”

That voice—it must be some half-forgotten dream I was trying to trace out.

“I do not know, dear brother; it may be. But have you found the Saviour of sinners? Is Jesus indeed precious?”

“O, yes, yes. I have just seen him—I am not wandering—I will tell you directly, before I go.”

“Have you a mother, my brother? What can I do

for you?" The minister could scarcely speak from emotion.

"Yes, sir, but not here."

The chaplain answered, "And what shall I say to her? I will write whatever you wish me to."

"Thank you, sir. But I will see her first. I will see her soon. She is in heaven."

What a holy light flashed up from that deep dark eye!

"But I have a little sister. It is almost all that I have of earth. If you would send some trifles to her, if you would pray for her: she will be all alone—a stranger indeed. But—I have given her to God. She will be safe.—But won't you pray for her? And if you will but send her these——"

With a trembling hand, he took from beneath his pillow a purse with a few pieces of gold, a Bible, a picture, and an almost worn-out little book of but few pages. There were blood drops upon it.

"And this has saved me—has saved my dear mother; with the divine blessing it has saved us both. It was long years ago. I was but a poor organ boy, with a sick mother and infant sister to do for. We were so destitute—and a kind lady gave me this little book. And how glad my mother was when I read it all over to her. No one before had ever given us anything to tell us the way of salvation. And I have prayed for her every day—and my mother prayed for her. And I have wished—I have asked God if I might not see her—just to thank her—just to tell her of all the good her little gift has done. And to tell her, thus always to cast her bread upon the waters, thus to lend to the Lord. O blessed indeed is the cup of cold water given to fainting, dying ones!"

Noiselessly I advanced from among the shadows, with my hands tightened over my hushed heart, and listen-

ed.—The deep, dreamy eyes were half closed; the low words were but whispered, yet I heard them all.

“I had a dream just now—such a beautiful, blessed dream. I stood, a weary pilgrim, before the heavenly gates. I heard the angels’ songs within, so glad, so joyous, I cannot describe them. They are too blessed for earth. And then I passed in. O what a glorious place! Spirit words could only describe it; the earthly has no language that can tell of the transcendent greatness and blessedness of that place of infinite love.

“I met the angels, that smiled so sweetly upon me, at every step. But I wanted to see my Saviour—I wanted to see my mother. It was not long. She was very near to him. I saw them both.—And then I was thinking of one more that I wished to see. But I did not know as she had come yet. And I heard the gates open. And I saw her face among the angel throng gathered there. I knew it. She was the one that gave me this book. O how I wanted to go to her, and tell her what a blessed work she had done. I looked up to Him. He must have known what was in my heart, for he said, ‘Yes.’ I stood by her side, and held her hand in mine. Through the long, wide spaces of heaven I led her on. We stood before the Saviour. He had a shining crown in his hand, with very many glorious stars within it. She knelt before Him. He laid it upon her brow. . . . But mine—mine was to meet her as she entered heaven, and lead her to Jesus. But—it was only a dream.”

A broken sob betrayed my presence. I stood over the dying youth. My tears fell fast upon his cold, white face. Those dark, mournful eyes looked up. He knew me. He had no power to move. Only the stiffened lips whispered faintly, wearily,—

“Now I know that Jesus heareth prayer. And now, let Thy servant depart in peace, for my eyes have seen

Thy salvation. Perhaps I shall be the first to meet you as you come."

Sister, brother, Christian friend, what a little thing it is to give a few printed pages; and yet, with prayer, and the divine blessing, how much good they may do! Oh, I wish we would all remember thus to scatter the seeds of truth and grace, everywhere; thus to cast our bread upon the waters; thus to give the cup of cold water; thus to lend to the Lord.—*Band of Hope.*



### THE BEAVER.

THE above is an engraving of this interesting little animal, which is one of the most useful of the fur-bearing animals of this country, and emblematical of Canadian nationality. Its fur is valuable and very much used, and its flesh is good for food. It is one of the wisest, most provident, and hardest workers of the animal tribe, and may well be called the "Engineer." It fells trees, builds houses, and constructs dams over small streams; and its care for its young is most maternal. Its habits are a study in themselves, and may well teach a lesson to the untutored savage, by whom it is much beloved.

An Indian, going out to shoot beavers, saw a large one felling a lofty tree. Ere he gave the finishing strokes he ascended a neighbouring hill, throwing his head about, and taking deep draughts of air. The Indian, who steadfastly regarded him, supposed that he was

taking an observation of which way the wind blew: as when he made his last effort on the tree, he made use of this knowledge to shelter himself from injury at its fall. He then measured the trunk into equal lengths for the height of the house he was to build, and loading his broad tail with wet clay, made a mark at each division. Uttering a peculiar cry, three little beavers appeared at their father's call, and began to gnaw asunder the wood at the places which he had designated. "When I saw this," said the Indian, "I turned away. Could I harm such a creature? No. He was to me as a brother."

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### MR. NOBODY.

I know a funny little man,  
As quiet as a mouse,  
Who does the mischief that is done  
In everybody's house.

There's no one ever sees his face,  
And yet we all agree  
That every plate we break was cracked  
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books—  
Who leaves our doors ajar;  
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,  
And scatters pins afar.

That squeaking door will always squeak,  
For, prithee, don't you see,  
We leave the oiling to be done  
By Mr. Nobody.

The finger-marks upon the doors  
By none of us are made;  
We never leave the blinds unclosed,  
To let the curtains fade.

The ink we never spill; the boots  
That lying round you see,  
Are not our boots—they all belong  
To Mr. Nobody.

**BISMARCK AND THE SABBATH.**

COUNT BISMARCK, of Prussia, hearing that the peasants on his estate were in the habit of working on Sundays, wrote to his bailiff to stop it. He replied that all their time was occupied in working on his estate, and they had only Sunday to look after their own land. The Count then authorized him to allow those who had land, to harvest their own crops first when they were ripe, but to forbid their working on Sunday. The peasants were so much affected by this generosity, that they resolved the Count should lose nothing by caring for them first; and, as the result, his work was better attended to than ever.

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**BONAPARTE AND THE SENTINEL.**

BONAPARTE, always untiring, after having gained the battle of Arcole, which lasted three days, travelled over his camp, clad in a simple garment, which disguised him as the commander-in-chief, for the purpose of examining for himself if the fatigues of three days' severe fighting had caused his soldiers to lose any of their usual discipline and habitual watchfulness. The general found a sentinel sleeping; gently raised his gun without awaking him, and watched in his place. Some moments after the soldier awoke; seeing himself disarmed, and recognizing his general, he exclaimed, "I am lost!" "Reassure yourself," said Bonaparte to him gently, "after so great fatigue, it is permitted to one so brave to fall asleep, but another time choose a more suitable hour."

This was very generous of the great Bonaparte; but what is it compared to the loving care of our Heavenly Father; who is *ever* watching over us while we sleep at our posts, and depart from the right path! He is always ready to forgive our weakness, the moment we ask Him.

## THE LOST CHILD.

## I.

It was a clear, cold, winter night,  
The heavens were brightly starred,  
When on St. Bernard's snowy height  
The good monks kept their guard.

And round their hearth that night they told,  
To one who shelter craved,  
How the brave dog, he thought so old,  
Full forty lives had saved ;

When suddenly, with kindling eye,  
Up sprang the old dog there,  
As from afar a child's shrill cry  
Rang through the frosty air.

In haste the monks unbarred the door,  
Rugs round the mastiffs threw ;  
And as they bounded forth once more,  
Called, " Blessings be with you !"

## II.

They harried headlong down the hill,  
Past many a snow-wreath wild,  
Until the older dog stood still  
Beside a sleeping child.

He licked the little icy hand,  
With his rough, kindly tongue ;  
With his warm breath he gently fanned  
The tresses fair and long.

The child looked up with eyes of blue,  
As if the whole he guessed ;  
His arms around the dog he threw,  
And sunk again to rest.

Once more he woke, and wrapped him fast  
In the warm covering sent ;  
The dogs then with their charge, at last,  
Up the steep mountain went.



## III.

The fire glowed bright with heaped-up logs,  
 Each monk brought forth a light ;  
 "Good dogs!" they cried, "good dogs, good dogs!  
 Whom bring you here to-night?"

In with a joyous bound they come—  
 The boy awoke and smiled :  
 "Ah me!" the stranger cried, "some home  
 Mourneth for the fair child!"

With morning light the monks and boy  
 Sought where the village lay—  
 I dare not try to paint the joy  
 Their coming gave that day.

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**MASSACRE OF THE HUGUENOTS.**

WHEN Catherine de Medocis, had persuaded Charles ix to massacre all the Protestants in France, orders were sent to the governors of the different provinces to put the Huguenots to death in their respective districts. One Catholic governor, whose memory will ever be dear to humanity, had the courage to disobey the cruel mandate. "Sire," said he in a letter to his Sovereign, "I have too much respect for your Majesty, not to persuade myself that the order which I have received must be forged; but if, which God forbid it should be really the order of your majesty, I have too much respect for the personal character of my Sovereign to obey it."

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**NOT FAR AWAY.**

Two little girls were walking homeward one moonlight evening. I heard one of them say, "Sister Annie, it don't make any difference how fast we walk, the moon keeps up with us every step of the way; it don't move at all, and yet it is always along with us." So it is with God in heaven; though he seems far away, He is keeping step with us always in the march of life.

## USEFUL INFORMATION.

**COUGHS.**—It is said that a small piece of resin dipped in the water which is placed in a vessel on a stove (not an open fire-place), will add a peculiar property to the atmosphere of the room, which will give great relief to persons troubled with a cough. The heat of the stove is sufficient to throw off the aroma of the resin, and gives the same relief that is afforded by the combustion, because the evaporation is more durable. The same resin may be used for weeks.

**THE LUNGS.**—Persons desirous of ascertaining the true state of their lungs, are directed to draw in as much breath as they conveniently can; they are then to count as far as they are able, in a slow and audible voice, without drawing in more breath. The number of seconds they can continue counting must be carefully observed; in a consumptive the time does not exceed ten, and is frequently less than six seconds; in pleurisy and pneumonia, it ranges from nine to four seconds. When the lungs are in a sound condition the time will range as high as from twenty to thirty-five seconds.

**GOOD SERVANTS.**—The following is a recipe for obtaining good servants:—Let them observe in your conduct to others just the qualities and virtues that you would desire they should possess and practice as respects you. Be uniformly kind and gentle. If you reprove, do so with reason and with temper. Be respectable, and you will be respected by them. Be kind, and you will meet kindness from them. Consider their interests, and they will consider yours. A friend in a servant is no contemptible thing. Be to every servant a friend; and heartless, indeed, will be the servant who does not warm in love to you.

**EARLY RISING.**—Dr. Philip Wilson, in his "Treatise on Indigestion," says: "Although it is of consequence to the debilitated to go early to bed, there are few things more hurtful to them than remaining in it too long. Getting up an hour or two earlier, often gives a degree of vigour which nothing else can procure. For those who are not much debilitated and sleep well, the best rule is to get out of bed soon after waking in the morning. This at first may appear too early, for the debilitated require more sleep than the healthy; but rising early will gradually prolong the sleep on the succeeding night, till the quantity the patient enjoys is equal to his demand for it. Lying late is not only hurtful, by the relaxation it occasions, but also by occupying that part of the day at which exercise is most beneficial."

CLEANLINESS, it is said, has a powerful influence on the health and preservation of the body. Cleanliness, as well in our garments as in our dwellings, prevents the pernicious effects of dampness, of bad smells, and of contagious vapours arising from substances abandoned to putrefy; cleanliness keeps up a free perspiration, renews the air, refreshes the blood, and even animates and enlivens the mind. Whence we see that persons attentive to the cleanliness of their persons and their habitations, are in general more healthy, and less exposed to disease than those who live in filth and nastiness; and cleanliness brings with it habits of order and arrangement which are among the first and best methods of happiness.

HOW TO GET SLEEP.—How to get sleep is to many a matter of high importance. Nervous persons who are troubled with wakefulness and excitability, usually have a strong tendency of blood on the brain, with cold extremities. The pressure of the blood on the brain keeps it in a stimulated or wakeful state, and the pulsations in the head are often painful. Let such rise and chafe the body and extremities with a brush or towel, or rub smartly with the hands, to promote circulation, and withdraw the excessive amount of blood from the brain, and they will fall asleep in a few moments. A cold bath, or a sponge bath and rubbing, or a good run, or a rapid walk in the open air, or going up and down stairs a few times just before retiring, will aid in equalising circulation and promoting sleep. These rules are simple and easy of application in castle or cabin, and may minister to the comfort of thousands who would freely expend money for an anodyne to promote "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

WALKING.—To walk gracefully, the body must be erect, but not stiff, and the head held up in such a posture that the eyes are directed forward. The tendency of untaught walkers is to look towards the ground near the feet; and some persons appear always as if admiring their shoe-ties. The eyes should not thus be cast downward, neither should the chest bend forward to throw out the back, making what are termed round shoulders; on the contrary, the whole person must hold itself up, as if not afraid to look the world in the face, and the chest by all means be allowed to expand. At the same time, everything like strutting or pomposity must be carefully avoided. An easy, firm, and erect posture, are alone desirable. In walking, it is necessary to bear in mind that the locomotion is to be performed entirely by the legs. Awkward persons rock from side to side, helping forward each leg alternately by advancing the haunches. This is not only ungraceful, but fatiguing. Let the legs alone advance, bearing up the body.

## SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

## NO. I.

I AM composed of fourteen letters.  
 My first is in new, but not in old ;  
 My second in silver, but not in gold ;  
 My third is in bake, but not in stew ;  
 My fourth in much, but not in few.  
 My fifth is in cake, but not in bread ;  
 My sixth in heavy, but not in lead ;  
 My seventh is in air, but not in breeze ;  
 My eighth in cold, but not in freeze ;  
 My ninth is in wine, but not in ale ;  
 My tenth in sleet, but not in hail ;  
 My eleventh is in zebra, but not in ass ;  
 My twelfth in zinc, but not in brass ;  
 My thirteenth is in art, but not in skill ;  
 My fourteenth in murder, but not in kill ;  
 My whole is a noted personage, mentioned in the Bible.

## NO. II.

I AM composed of six letters.  
 My first is in jam, but not in crowd ;  
 My second in coffin, but not in shroud ;  
 My third is in rude, but not in polite ;  
 My fourth in duel, but not in fight ;  
 My fifth is in anger, but not in rage ;  
 My sixth in mint, but not in sage ;  
 My whole is a river, mentioned in Scripture.

## GEOGRAPHICAL RIDDLE.

## NO. 1.

1. A reptile ; 2nd. A vegetable ; 3rd. A liquid for the hair ; 4th. A vehicle ; 5th. An article for the stove ; 6th. A part of a ship ; 7th. A fault ; 8th. A fruit ; 9th. A drug. The initials of the answers will form the name of a city in Europe.

## SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

- No. 1.—Who was the first organist ?  
 No. 2.—Who was the first artificer in brass ?  
 No. 3.—Who was the first great hunter ?  
 No. 4.—Where is it mentioned that iron floated on water ?  
 No. 5.—Where is pulpit mentioned ?