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CANADIAN SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

JUNE, 1873.

[No. 7.

A FLORAL LESSON.

I WALKED in the garden one summer-time,
And talked with the blossoms there ;
The roses blushed with a shy, sweet grace,
And their breath was in all the air.
The lily flaunted her banner forth,
So snowy, and soft, and light,
And said to the pansies in purple and gold,
" My dears, you should dress in white !"

The columbine lifted its spires and cells,
The tulips were all a-flame,
And the delicate bloom of the apple-boughs
Fitfully went and came.
And after them came the king-cup, and phlox,
And asters, and London-pride :
Ye comfort the hearts that had sadly watched
While the others had faded and died.

And each had some charmed grace of its own—
Or leaflet, or soft perfume,
Or sweetness, or grace, or gorgeousness,
Or delicate-tinted bloom,
Save one, an awkward and homely flower,
In a niche of the rugged wall,
That had sprung from some chance-sown seed, and grown
Till it overtopped them all.

Its form was gaunt, and its broad, coarse leaves
Made a scant and uncouth gown ;
And its face that was set in pale gold hair,
Was tanned to dusky brown.
Yet, patent and steadfast, it worshipped alone
All day by the tangled hedge,

And looked in the eye of the sun till it stole
Its beautiful golden edge!

O emblem of faith ! with a steadfast eye,
That never falters or errs,
Would we follow *our* Sun as unblenchingly
As the sun-flower followeth hers ;
And e'en as she prisoneth in her face
The glow of the golden hours,
O, so may the sun and the dew of heaven
Transfigure and brighten ours !

THE FALSE FRIEND.

THERE was a wedding at a pretty, neat house in a flourishing country town. Such a charming bride was seldom seen in Lowchester. Her husband was a good-looking and clever young man. He was engaged in the engineering department of a great London establishment, in which his talents caused him to be much valued by the proprietors. As they stood in the church, with their friends around them, every one thought that Spencer Morton and Ellen White were as sure to be happy as any human beings could be.

It was strange that George Freeman, Spencer's great friend, had refused to be his "best man" on the happy occasion, saying that he wished to spend his holiday in the fields and woods. It seemed such a strange excuse; but it would have appeared still more strange if any one had seen the pale, lowering face, that looked out through the ivy upon the church wall, as the wedding party walked through the churchyard after the service, and had known that this face belonged to that very George Freeman.

The absence of his friend was the only drawback to the happiness of Spencer Morton on his wedding day. Soon afterwards he took his wife, and her neat little maid-servant, to a small house no great distance from the factory at which he worked. Every evening he returned

home, happy to meet his Ellen, and to tell her how pleased Mr. Bristow and all the partners seemed to be with his drawings and his work.

"Ellen," said he, one evening, "I was so surprised to-day, in passing through our workshops, to see George Freeman employed at the forges. I know he is a clever workman; but he had a clerk's situation at Brinckman's works, and it seems so odd that he—dear me, Ellen, what makes you blush so?"

"Dear George," said Ellen, "I'm sure it is best to be candid, and above all to have no secrets from one's husband, but you must promise to bear no malice against George."

"Against George!"

"Yes, dear, for I—indeed, I never gave him any encouragement, but he certainly would have been very glad to have married me himself."

"How is that? He never knew you till I introduced you to him."

"That is true," said Ellen. "It was very wrong of him. I should not have told you, but I am so sorry he is gone to Mr. Bristow's, and I thought it best to put you on your guard. He seemed so angry when I told him how truly I loved you, and he looked so revengeful. Oh, Spencer, dear, take care of yourself! I'm sure he will do you some harm if he can."

"So that was the reason he would not come to the wedding," said Spencer; "and he turned away his head to-day, as if he wished not to be seen."

Spencer looked and felt uncomfortable, but Ellen's cheerful, pleasant temper, soon put these thoughts out of his head. He did not, however, say anything more of George Freeman when he returned home in the evenings, nor did he ever invite him to his house.

Months passed away, but they left traces of disappointment on the life of Spencer Morton. Things had, some-

how, not gone well with him since his marriage. His experiments and inventions did not succeed as they used to do. The materials which were supplied him from the workshops were not so good as they formerly were. When he complained of this to Mr. Bristow, he said, in presence of several of the workmen—for it was in one of the forges that the conversation took place—"No, Morton; I'm afraid that your marriage draws your thoughts from your work. It is not right to throw the blame on the materials; or on those who prepare them; you are grown careless."

A sneering smile passed round the circle in the forge; and Spencer, with a burning cheek, and feelings so mortified that they were ready to break forth on the first occasion, left the room in silence. On that evening he, for the first time, quarrelled with the gentle and careful housewife who had borne with the gloom and silence that had now, for some time, made her home anything but a pleasant one. He spoke harshly and most unjustly to her; and among other things, he insisted on knowing when and in what place George Freeman had told her that he loved her. Ellen told him frankly, for she had no cause for concealment. But Spencer was still angry, and at last he went out, and spent, for the first time since their marriage, part of the evening away from home.

In fact, for some time past, Spencer had received anonymous letters, in which the name of his wife was coupled with that of George Freeman; though it was merely hinted that they had known, and been attached to each other, before they met just before Ellen's marriage; and though Spencer laughed at, and tore up the letters, yet, when his temper became soured from other causes, these insinuations, which if true, showed that Ellen had grossly deceived him, returned again and again to his mind. Occupied with these thoughts, and

mortified to the last degree to find that all his efforts in the trade which he really liked seemed now to fail, he became more and more unkind and morose to Ellen, just at the time when her health required the greatest tenderness and care.

At last the measure of his ill-luck seemed to be filled up. He was called, by one of the partners in the firm, to their private room, and there he was shown a desk, which had been ingeniously opened, and from which certain bills had been abstracted. No one but Spencer had been in the outer room since Mr. Bristow had left this private department; and the worst of the matter was, that some of the notes had been traced to a shop where they had been changed by a person of the same height and size as Spencer, and wearing, as he generally did, a grey coat and a blue cloth cap. The partners said that as this was the first sum they had lost, and the robbery was of course a first offence, they therefore meant to overlook it, and take no measures to convict Spencer of the theft; but all his protestations failed to shake their conviction of his guilt, and he was told that he could not be allowed to return there the next day. In order not to throw suspicion on him, in the eyes of the workmen, he was allowed to remain at the factory till all the hands left it; and in consideration of his previous good character, and of his wife's delicate health, the Brothers Bristow gave Spencer, when they paid him his salary, something more than was his due.

In confusion of mind, and in a state of wretchedness not to be described, Spencer tottered, rather than walked towards his home. A quick step echoed behind him, and a hand was laid on his shoulder. He turned round fiercely, and saw the face of George Freeman, looking sorrowfully and kindly at him.

"Spencer!" said George, almost tenderly.

"George, why have you done all this to me?"

"I have done nothing!" replied George.

"How is it, then, that my iron and steel were always bad? that the screws and rivets that came up from your workshop were always faulty? Why was it that all the men about you, whether in forge or workshop, sneered at me when I passed? Why, if you have not done me any harm, have you avoided me all these long months?"

"Because," said George, boldly, "I could not bear to be with you, and see you deceived by an artful woman, who in vain tried to cajole me into marrying her, and then took up with you."

"It is false!" cried Spencer, angrily.

"Well, think it so; perhaps I have said too much. But one thing is true—I cannot bear to see you so sad. One look at your face brought back all our old times of friendship to my mind, and I could not help running to ask you what ails you?"

Spencer was not in a humour to be friendly with any one just now. George's persevering kindness, and desire to renew their friendship, met with nothing but stern and rude repulses; and at length George threw his arm round his old companion's shoulder, and, with a voice "full of tears," entreated him just to say one kind word at parting, and promised to plague him to be friends no more.

Spencer, really touched, walked on for some little way, without rudely throwing off the arm of George, but in silence. At last he put out his hand. "I forgive you, George," said he. "Even if you have not injured me, you have hurt me much by your coldness—but I forgive you."

With a renewed suspicion of his wife's truthfulness, Spencer reached his home, gloomy and sullen.

"Ellen," said he, "I am accused of theft. I am as innocent as the poor babe that will soon be born to want and misery. I have reason to think that you have deceived

me. You knew George before I introduced him to you; you were great friends."

"I did not, dear Spencer; I did not, indeed."

"I don't believe you," said Spencer, fiercely. "I will not, and cannot stand this wretched life. Here is what the Bristows gave me, when they accused me of being a thief. If it had not been for you, I would have flung it in their faces—take it," continued Spencer, putting his hand in his pocket for the notes his late employers had given him.

He looked aghast, felt in his pockets again and again—the notes were not there!

He rushed out of the room, and out of the house.

Will the unhappy Ellen ever see her husband again?

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

WHITEFIELD'S DESCRIPTIVE POWER.

A STRIKING feature in Whitefield's preaching was his singular power of description. The Arabians have a proverb which says "He is the best orator who can turn man's ears into eyes." Whitefield seems to have had a peculiar faculty of doing this. He used to draw such vivid pictures of the things he was handling that his hearers could believe they actually saw and heard them. One of his biographers says, that on one occasion Lord Chesterfield was among his hearers. The great preacher, in describing the miserable condition of an unconverted sinner, illustrated the subject by describing a blind beggar. The night was dark and the road dangerous. The poor mendicant was deserted by his dog near the edge of a precipice, and had nothing to aid him in groping his way but his staff. Whitefield so warmed with his subject, and forced it with such graphic power, that the whole auditory was kept in breathless silence, as if it saw the movements of the poor old man; and at length, when the beggar was about to take the fatal step which would have hurled him down the precipice to certain

destruction, Lord Chesterfield actually made a rush forward to save him, exclaiming aloud, "He is gone! he is gone!" The noble Lord had been so entirely carried away by the preacher that he forgot the whole was a picture.

THE CHURCH AT EPHESUS.

THE ancient city of Ephesus was built on a hill rising from a marshy plain, and once contained a Christian church; one of the seven of the Apocalypse. It was founded by the Apostle Paul, and was one of the earliest scenes of his ministry in Asia Minor. At the time St. John wrote his epistle to the church there, false doctrines had already made their appearance, causing of necessity much disunion. The church also was inclined to be indolent, and hence the necessity for reproof. The angel or bishop of the Ephesian church at that time was Paul's own son, Timothy, who was supposed to have been succeeded by St. John himself. The sins reprov'd, however, are not to be looked on as Timothy's, but those of certain members of his congregation whom he may have neglected to censure. Nor is the present desolate aspect of Ephesus to be regarded as a divine judgment, which might reasonably be inferred with regard to all the other cities of Asia Minor, as it is the church that is reprov'd and not the city; though the present aspect is very significant, and the city may have suffered for the sins of the church. St. Paul laboured in Ephesus for three years, carrying on his trade as tent maker, and preaching on the Sabbath, till the riot raised by Demetrius hastened his departure from that city (which he had contemplated some little time before) to Macedonia. The sin of the Ephesian church, when John wrote his epistle, was, that it had left its first love, and was exhorted to return to it.

Ephesus to all appearance had a bright future before

it of usefulness and prosperity, and, had she only heeded the warning, might have been in existence to-day; but the warning was lost upon her, and the candlestick of God's favour was removed, thus fulfilling the prophecy.

Twelve hundred years have passed since then, and at the present time there is no Christian church in Ephesus. It was taken by the Turks, in 1306, who have ever since kept possession of it. The doctrines of the Nicolaitanes, which the church of Ephesus refused to receive, and for which it was commended, were promulgated in the beginning of the first century, and to which an unsafe tradition has stigmatized the name of Nicolas, one of the seven deacons, as the founder of this sect.

There were two churches planted by Ephesus at Arles and Nismes, in France, somewhere about the second century, but which have suffered the fate of their mother church, as there are no Christian congregations in those places now; though in earlier times they, as well as Ephesus, furnished martyrs to the truth.

Such is the account of the first of the seven churches of Asia, the most active of all at one time, and it is only a type of some churches at the present day; hardworking and active, but doing their work as a disagreeable duty, without any warmth of feeling, and consequently finding it unprofitable.

A. K. M.

THE DUTCH BOOR AND HIS HORSE.

WHEN I was a small boy and went to school, too young to read, I heard a thing read of a horse that made both my cheeks wet with hot tears. The man who owned the horse lived at the Cape of Good Hope, and was called a Dutch boor, or a poor man of Dutch blood, who was born on the soil of that hot land; and tilled it with the plow and hoe. He was a kind man at heart, though rough in look and speech. He loved his mare and she loved him, and was with him by day and near him by

night. She was proud to have him on her back, and would dash through swamps, ponds, and fire, too, if he wished it.

But one day came that was to prove the faith and love of her stout heart and the soul of the man. A great storm came down on the sea. The waves roared and rose as high as the hills. Their white tops foamed with rage at the winds, and smote them with all their might. The clouds flapped them with black wings. Night drew near, and it was a scene to make one quake with fear. Right in the midst of all this rage and roar of wind and sea, a great ship, with sails rent and helm gone, came in sight. It rode on the high, white waves, straight on a reef of rocks, too far from the shore to reach it with a rope. The ship was full of young and old, whose cries for help could be heard, loud as was the voice of the storm. Their boats were gone like the shells of eggs. There was no wood nor time to build a raft. The waves leaped on the ship like great white wolves bent on their prey. How could one soul of them all be saved?

The men on the shore could but look on the sad sight. They could give no help. They had no boat nor raft; and their hearts were sick in them. Then the Dutch boor was seen to draw near at full speed on his horse. Down he came to the beach, nor did he stop there one breath of time. He spoke a word to her which she knew, and with no touch of whip or spur, she dashed in and swam the sea to the ship's side with a rope tied to her tail. She wheeled and stamped her way on the white surge with a row of men to the shore. There she staid but for a breath. At the soft word and touch she knew so well, she turned and once more plowed through the surge to the ship, and brought back a load of young and old. Once more she stood on the beach, amidst tears of joy that fell from all eyes. She stood there weak, as wet with sweat as with the sea.

The night fell down fast on the ship; there were still a few more left on it, and their cries for help came on the wind to the shore. The thoughts that tugged at the brave man's heart will not be known in this world. The cries from the ship pierced it through and through: He could not bear to hear them. He spoke a low, soft word to his horse. He put his hand to her neck, and seemed to ask her if she could do it. She turned her head to him with a look that meant, "If you wish it, I will try." He did wish it, and she tried, to the last pulse of her heart. She walked straight out in the wild sea.

All on shore held their breath at the sight. She was weak, but brave. Now and then the white surge buried her head; then she rose and shook the brine out of her eyes. Foot by foot she neared the ship. Now the last man had caught the rope. Once more she turned her head to the beach. Shouts and prayers came from it to keep up her strength. The tug was for a life she loved more than her own. She broke her veins for it half way 'tween ship and shore. She could lift her feet no more. Her mane lay like black seaweed on the waves while she tried to catch one more breath. Then, with a groan, she went down with all the load she bore, and a wail went out from the land for the loss of a life that had saved from death near a ship's crew of men.

Thus dared and died in the sea the brave Dutch boor and his horse. They were, as friends, one in life, one in death; and both might well have place and rank with the best lives and deaths we read of in books for young or old.—*Elihu Burritt.*

DISOBEYING THE WARNING.

A LADY who found it difficult to awake as early as she wished in the morning, purchased an alarm watch. These watches are so contrived as to strike with a very loud whirring noise, at any hour the owner pleases to

set them. The lady placed her watch at the head of the bed, and found herself effectually roused by the long, rattling sound.

As she went early to rest, and so had slept long enough, she immediately obeyed the summons, and felt better all day for her early rising. This continued for several weeks. The alarm-watch faithfully performed its office, and was distinctly *heard* so long as it was *obeyed*.

But, after a time, the lady grew tired of early rising; and, when she was wakened by the noisy monitor, she merely turned herself and slept again. In a few days the watch ceased to arouse her from her slumber. It spoke just as loudly as ever, but she did not *hear* it, because she had acquired the habit of *disobeying* it. Finding that she might just as well be without an alarm watch, she formed the wise resolution, that if she ever heard the sound again, she would jump up instantly, and that she never more would allow herself to disobey the friendly warning.

Just so it is with conscience. If we obey its dictates, even to the most trifling particulars, we always hear its voice, clear and strong; but, if we allow ourselves to do what we have some fears may not be quite right, we shall grow more and more sleepy, until the voice of conscience has no longer any power to awaken us.

ABOUT TIGERS.

THE MAN-EATING TIGER.

In many parts of India, where there are even now no railways, letters are carried from one place to another by relays of men, who run a stage of eight or ten miles each. What I am now going to tell you happened a good many years ago. One of these runners was going along through a jungle one evening, carrying the letters in a bag swung on a pole on one shoulder, and in the other hand he carried a rattle to scare away any wild

beasts, especially a tiger who was known to frequent that place, and was believed to have carried off several persons. He was running along as fast as he could, when by-and-by he saw a large tigress walking slowly alongside of him, not paying the slightest heed to the rattle, which, in his terror, he used most vigorously.

She passed on, and crossed the road a few yards in front of him, and then disappeared. This was repeated three times, without the animal appearing to run, and always in the same slow majestic manner, as if she were trying to make herself well acquainted with the traveller's appearance.

You may be sure he ran now faster than ever, and can imagine how glad he was at last when he saw the lights from the fires where his friends were, and where his beat was to end. They were all squatting round, smoking their "hubble-bubbles" or hookahs, when he rushed into the midst of them, and fell senseless to the ground.

They gave him food, and did their best to restore him; and at last he recovered so far as to be able to tell them his terrible adventure, adding that he felt sure that it was his fate, and that during the night the tiger would come and carry him off. They tried to cheer and comfort him, and formed a circle round him, and all lay down and soon were asleep. They were roused by a frightful yell, and starting up saw the poor man being carried off by the tigress. She had come so stealthily, while they all slept, and, springing lightly over the others, seized her victim, which she had determined on doing beforehand. The other men threw their pots and everything they could find after her, but she never quit- ted her hold, and the poor man's worst fears were realised. He had fallen a victim to the man-eater.

TIGER FIGHTS.

In India, tiger fights are by no means unfrequent. A square of fifty feet is fenced off with lattice work, several

feet high, in order to prevent the animal from leaping among the people, which has sometimes taken place. The tiger is placed in a cage on one side of the square, and an immense crowd of spectators usually assemble outside the fence, impatiently waiting for the fight. Upon a given signal, the tiger is driven into the area by fire-works. In a combat of this sort, described by a recent traveller, a buffalo was first let in against the tiger; both animals appeared equally reluctant to engage, and watched each other most attentively. The tiger was compelled to move by the fire-works, and the buffalo advanced two or three steps, on which the tiger crouched. A dog was next thrown in, but the tiger seemed unwilling to attack even him. An elephant was next sent into the square, when the tiger retreating, uttered a cry of terror, and in despair he attempted to leap over the fence, but failed. The elephant, approaching by direction of his rider, attempted to throw himself on his knees upon the tiger, but he avoided this danger. The elephant in his turn became alarmed, and no exertion of his rider could induce him to repeat the attack; but advancing to the gate, he soon made a passage through it, to the terror of the spectators. The poor tiger, however, lay panting on the ground, without attempting to profit by the opportunity to escape. A second elephant was now turned in, but he proved as unsuccessful as the former one. The tiger at length facing his adversary, sprung upon his forehead, where he hung for some seconds, till the elephant, collecting all his might, with one violent jerk dashed him to the ground, where he lay unable to rise. The conqueror was satisfied with his victory, and turning quickly round, rushed towards the fence with his tusks lifted up, and raised the whole framework, together with some persons who had climbed upon it. A scene of terror and confusion now followed, not to be described; the elephant, however, made his way through

without injuring any person, and the tiger was too much exhausted to follow him.

AN EVENING SONG.

BY ELIZA COOK.

FATHER above ! I pray to Thee,
Before I take my rest ;
I seek Thee on my bended knee,
With warm and grateful breast.

First let me thank Thee for my share
Of sweet and blessed health ;
It is a boon I would not spare
For worlds of shining wealth.

And next I thank Thy bounteous hand
That gives my "daily bread,"
That flings the corn upon the land,
And keeps our table spread.

I thank Thee for each peaceful night
That brings me soft repose ;
I thank Thee for the morning's light,
That bids my eyes unclose.

I own Thy mercy when I move
With limbs all sound and free,
That gayly bear me when I rove,
Beside the moth and bee.

I thank Thee for my many friends,
So loving and so kind,
Who tell me all that knowledge lends
To aid my heart and mind.

Ah ! let me value as I ought
The lessons good men teach ;
To bear no malice in my thoughts,
No anger in my speech.

Father above, oh ! hear my prayer,
And let me ever be
Worthy my earthly parents' care,
And true in serving Thee.

THE ANT TRIBE.

THE habits of this busy little insect are worth studying. Like the bee, it provides for future wants, and never permits the provender to run out. It lives in underground cells, or in mounds of earth, having numerous avenues or outlets, each guarded by sentinels who, at the approach of any danger, give instant alarm, when a strong force, or it may be the whole colony, will rush forth to repel intruders. In summer time ants have a fancy to live in thick bushes or shrubs, and, if not expelled therefrom, greatly damage the growth of the tree.

The ants build houses with galleries and rooms and sleeping apartments and a grand hall. The queen has her life-guard of winged favorites. There are workmen and soldiers and a commander. The diligent ants bring home a slain spider or a bit of cake for their pantry. When their hill is damaged by a heavy barrow or otherwise, it is repaired with great zeal in a few hours by all the assembled forces. The winged life-guard are by and by degraded, when the queen is a mother, and plucked of their wings.

An ant usually finds its way back to its home from a long distance, guided by a thread of its own issuing. If the thread be broken, it must use its wits. The little one will roam over blistering sands and through forests until it finds its companions, and joins them in their ordinary labors, one of which may be that of building a bridge of ants over a garden stream, that they may reach their home with their treasure of provisions.

Ants frequently invade the dwellings of man, when they become regular pests. They find their way into bureaus and cabinets, and greedily devour all papers and parchments therein; "a shelf of books will be tunneled into a gallery, if it happen to be in their line of march."

But though the exercise of their instinct brings these

little insects into collision with man, and so far they act as his enemies, abundantly making up in pertinacity and co-operation what they lack in individual force,—we shall greatly misunderstand their mission if we look at it only in this aspect. As an example of mean agents performing great deeds, we must see them far from the haunts of man, engaged as the scavengers of the forest-wilds of the tropics; the removers of fallen trees, of huge giants of the woods, commissioned to get rid of those enormous bulks of timber, which, having stood in stately grandeur and rich life for a thousand years, have at length yielded to death. Not long does the vast mass lie cumbering the soil beneath: the termites attack it, enter its substance from the ground, and in the course of a few weeks succeed in so emptying it, as to leave it a mere deceptive shell, on which if you step, to use the comparison of another, “you might as well tread upon a cloud.”

A traveller in Brazil, speaking of these insects, says that a number of tall, prostrate trees were lying about, upon which large columns of ants, of all kinds, moved busily to and fro. In penetrating into the depths of the primeval forest, one sees evidence at every step that these minute creatures are the destroyers of the colossal trees, whose strength braves all the attacks of storm and wind. A striking instance is this of how small are often the means which the Creator employs to produce the mightiest results; for what greater disproportion can be imagined than between an ant and one of these giants of the forest? No sooner is a tree attacked by them than it is doomed; its size and strength are of no avail; and frequently these little insects will destroy it in such a manner that the bark alone remains, and all the woody fibres crumble away, until the tall tree falls at length to the ground with a tremendous crash, a prey to the united and persevering attacks of millions and

millions of the ants. Besides these proofs of the destructive power of these insects, the forests along the Estrada exhibit evidence of their skill in the pyramidal ant-hills similar to those he had seen on the coast of the province of Rio de Janeiro. He also observed large trunks of trees pierced with deep holes, having the appearance of filigree on a grand scale. This, too, was probably the work of these destructive insects.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

THE following story gives a striking example of the truth that a kind action is never thrown away. The date was that of the civil war between the parliament and King Charles I. The two parties had taken up arms and were vigorously carrying on the conflict. The King's army had been defeated several times, and those of his adherents taken with arms in their hands were led before the judges appointed by Cromwell in every town, to be condemned as rebels.

Sir Nicholas Newcastle was one of those judges. He was a man of austere manner, but without fanaticism; his devotion to the new government was well known, and Cromwell had a special esteem for him. His weakly constitution did not allow him to serve in arms for the cause, which he thought the just one, but he was looked upon as the most active and able, as well as the most rigorously just magistrate in his county.

One evening Sir Nicholas was at supper with his family and a few of his friends, when a band of soldiers arrived with a royalist prisoner, whom they had just succeeded in capturing. It was an officer who, after the rout of Charles's army, had been vainly trying to reach the coast, and there find means of escaping to France. Sir Nicholas ordered his hands to be unbound, and another table to be placed near the fireplace.

"It is my birthday," said he, "and I wish to finish

merrily the supper which I have begun. Give refreshment to this cavalier and his guards. At present I would only be his host; in an hour I will act as his judge."

The soldiers thanked him, and sat down at the table near their prisoner, who did not appear to be very much affected by his position; and fell on the provisions set before him with as good an appetite as any of them.

Sir Nicholas returned to his place at the head of the large table, and resumed the conversation that had been interrupted by the arrival of the soldiers.

"Well, I was telling you," he continued, "that at the age of fifteen I was still so weak and puny, that every one scorned my feebleness and took advantage of it to ill-use me. First I had to endure the bad treatment of a stepmother, then that of my school-fellows. Courage in boys is only the consciousness of strength. My weakness made me a coward, and, far from hardening me, the roughness and harshness to which I was exposed made me only more shrinking and more sensitive to pain. I lived in a continual state of fear, but above all I feared the master's cane. Twice I had suffered this cruel punishment, and I had preserved such an acute remembrance of the pain, that the very thought of a third infliction made me tremble all over.

"I was at Westminster school, as I have already told you. The forms were taught in a large room together, and were separated one from another by a curtain, which we were expressly forbidden to touch. One summer day drowsiness had overcome me for a moment in the middle of a Greek lesson; then a slight noise starting me out of my nap, I only saved myself from falling off my seat by catching at the curtain, which was close beside me. It gave way at my grasp; and, to my horror, I saw that I had made in it a tear big enough to see the next class through. The two masters turned round at the noise,

and at once perceived the damage that had been done. The blame appeared to lie between me and the boy next the curtain on the other side; but my confusion soon pointed me out as the culprit, and my master angrily ordered me to come and have a dozen blows of the cane. I got up, staggering like a drunken man; I tried to speak to ask pardon, but fear had glued my tongue to my mouth; my knees trembled under me; a cold perspiration broke out on my face. The instrument of punishment was already raised over me, when I heard some one say—

“Do not punish him. It was my fault!”

“It was the boy on the other side of the curtain. He was at once called forward and received the dozen blows. My first impulse was to prevent this unjust punishment by confessing the truth; but I could not summon up courage, and when the first blow had been given I was ashamed to speak.

“When the flogging was over the boy passed near me with bleeding hands, and whispered to me with a smile that I shall never forget all my life—

“Do not meddle with the curtain again, youngster. The cane hurts.”

“I sank down in a fit of sobbing, and they had to send me out of the room.

“Since that day I have been disgusted with my cowardice, and have done all I can to overcome it. I hope I have not been altogether unsuccessful.”

“And do you know this generous fellow?” asked one of his guests. “Have you ever seen him again?”

“Never, unfortunately. He was not in my form, and left the school soon afterwards. Ah! God knows that I have often wished to meet with the gallant fellow who suffered so much for me, and that I would give years of my life to be able to shake hands with him at my table.”

At that moment a glass was held out towards Sir

Nicholas, who lifted his eyes with astonishment. It was the royalist prisoner, who laughingly proposed a toast.

"To the memory of the torn curtain at Westminster! But upon my word, Sir Nicholas," he said, "your recollection is not so accurate as mine. It was not twelve blows that I received, but twice twelve; for having exposed another to punishment, and not at once declaring myself to blame."

"You are right, now I remember!" exclaimed the judge.

"And your worthy master, if I am not mistaken, made you write a Latin essay on self-accusation."

"I remember, I remember," repeated Sir Nicholas; "but is it possible that it could be you? Yes, I recognize your features; it is he, it is indeed he. But in what a situation! in what a service!"

"In the service of my king, Sir Nicholas. I was not going to be the first of my family who had played the traitor. My father has already died in arms, and I expect no better fate. Never mind, I only ask one thing, God save the king!"

With these words the royalist returned to his place among the soldiers, and continued his repast.

Sir Nicholas was silent and thoughtful. That very night, after having given orders that the prisoner was to be well treated, he left home without saying where he was going, and was absent for three days. On the fourth day he arrived, and ordered the royalist officer to be brought before him.

"Are you going to settle my affair at length?" asked he, coolly. "It is time to do so, were it only for humanity's sake. They treat me so well at your house, Sir Nicholas, that before long I shall come to wish to retain my life."

"My friend," said the judge, with a grave face, but in a voice trembling with emotion, "twenty years ago you

said to me, 'Do not meddle with the curtain, youngster, for the cane hurts!' Here is your pardon, signed by the Lord Protector; but in my turn I say to you, 'Do not take up arms against the Parliament, for Cromwell is not easy to deal with.'"

USEFUL INFORMATION.

GREASE IN PAPER.—Take either whiting or bath-brick, and mix with water about the consistency of cream. Spread this upon either rag or blotting-paper, one or both sides. When dry, place upon the grease spot, and upon that a warm flat iron; repeat until removed. Finish by rubbing down with the crumb of a rather stale penny roll.

HOW TO SOFTEN WATER.—Distillation is not necessary to softening water rendered hard by lime or magnesia dissolved in it by excess of carbonic acid, for it may be softened by simply adding to it as much lime as will combine with the excess of carbonic acid. By adding a pint of lime water to about fourteen pints of spring water, most of the lime in it is converted into nearly insoluble chalk, and the water very much softened; the remainder of the lime, which is chiefly sulphate, may be removed by adding a little oxalate of soda.

COUGH SYRUPS.—We give two excellent recipes: 1. Take one tea-cupful of flaxseed and soak it all night. In the morning put into a kettle two quarts of water, a handful of liquorice root split up, and a quarter of a pound of raisins broken in half. Let them boil until the strength is thoroughly exhausted, then add the flaxseed which has been previously soaked. Let all boil half an hour or more, watching and stirring, that the mixture may not burn. Then strain, and add lemon-juice and sugar. 2. Boil one ounce of flaxseed in a quart of water for half an hour; strain, and add to the liquid the juice of two lemons and half a pound of rock candy. If the cough is accompanied by weakness and loss of appetite, add half an ounce of powdered gum-arabic. Set this to simmer for half an hour, stirring it occasionally. Take a wineglassful when the cough is troublesome.

SOIL FOR FLORICULTURE.—Most flowers, if not all, succeed best in

sandy loam, made rich by the addition of well-rotted manure, which should be thoroughly mixed with the soil. Such a soil, thus prepared, will not become hard or baked, but will become loose and porous. It will not only afford the small and tender plants a chance for existence, but it will also enable them to perfect themselves with vigor and beauty. If your garden is composed of a stiff, heavy soil, a good dressing of sand and manure will assist it wonderfully in the way of plant development; and some of the most delicate plants that would not succeed at all in such soil, in its unimproved condition, will, after such preparation, flourish in the most satisfactory manner. A heavy soil is greatly benefited by being roughly spaded up in the fall, and remaining in that condition through the winter. In all cases, before sowing the seed, it is of the utmost importance that the soil should be thoroughly pulverized. This important particular should never be overlooked.

VIRTUES OF AMMONIA.—Ammonia, or as it is more generally called spirits of hartshorn, is a powerful alkali, and dissolves grease and dirt with great ease. It has lately been recommended very highly for many domestic purposes. For washing paint, put a table-spoonful in a quart of moderately hot water, dip in a flannel cloth, and with this simply wipe off the wood work; no scrubbing will be necessary. For taking grease spots from any fabric, use the ammonia nearly pure, then lay white blotting-paper over the spot, and iron it lightly. In washing laces, put about twelve drops in a pint of warm suds. To clean silver, mix two teaspoonfuls of ammonia in a quart of hot soap suds. Put in your silverware and wash it, using an old nail brush or tooth brush for the purpose. For cleaning hair brushes, etc., simply shake the brushes up and down in a mixture of one teaspoonful of ammonia to one pint of hot water; when they are cleansed, rinse them in cold water, and stand them in the wind or in a hot place, to dry. For washing finger marks from looking-glasses and windows, put a few drops of ammonia on a moist rag, and make quick work of it. If you wish your house plants to flourish, put a few drops of the spirits in every pint of water used in watering. A teaspoonful will add much to the refreshing effects of a bath. Nothing is better than ammonia water for cleansing the hair. In every case rinse off the ammonia with clear water. To which we would only add, that, for removing grease spots, a mixture of equal parts of ammonia and alcohol is better than alcohol alone; and for taking out the red stains produced by strong acids in blue and black cloths, there is nothing better than ammonia.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XIII.

The first of a city where dwelt a heathen god ;
 The third of one whose tribe was fourth in rank ;
 The last of three, a present to our Lord ;
 The fifth of those who 'neath the waves all sank ;
 Then, second of a prophet raised to fame ;
 The first of one, had perished but for faith ;
 The second of a mount a sepulchre became ;
 Second and fifth of one who prayed with dying breath.
 The letters will form the name under which the moon was worshipped

NO. XIV.

A word of four letters present me to view :
 My first is in youthful and also in you ;
 My second in locust, but not in the ant ;
 My third is in air and also in chant ;
 My fourth in variety, but not in scant.
 My whole is a river mentioned in Scripture.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XI.

Jerusalem ; Arimathea.

NO. XII.

Vainglory.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

- No. 31.—What interval of time elapsed between the death of the last prophet and the birth of Christ ?
 No. 32.—What was the law against witchcraft ?
 No. 33.—How many cities of refuge were there, and what were their names ?
 No. 34.—Who first refused personal distinction and afterwards accepted it ?
 No. 35.—What was the number of the twelve tribes ?

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

26. Great grandson. 27. To commemorate the deliverance of the Jews from the designs of Haman. 28. Haman. 29. He was hung on a tree with five others. 30. 2 Kings iii. 21.