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CANADIAN SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

SEPTEMBER, 1873.

[No. 10.]

BEFORE THE LEAVES FALL.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

I wonder if oak and maple,
Willow and elm and all,
Are stirred at heart by the coming
Of the day their leaves must fall.
Do they think of the yellow whirlwind,
Or know of the crimson spray
That shall be when chill November
Bears all their leaves away?

Perhaps, beside the water,
The willow bends serene
As when her young leaves glistened
In a mist of golden green.
But the brave old oak is flushing
To a wine-red dark and deep,
And maple and elm are blushing
The blush of a child asleep.

"If die we must," the leaflets
Seem one by one to say,
"We will wear the colors of gladness
Until we pass away.
No eyes shall see us falter;
And before we lay it down,
We'll wear, in the sight of all the earth,
The year's most kingly crown."

So, trees of the stately forest
And trees by the trodden way,
You are kindling into glory
This soft autumnal day,

And we who gaze remember
That more than all they lost,
To hearts and trees together,
May come through the ripening frost.

THIRTEEN AT TABLE.

"Do you know, dear, I believe that we shall be thirteen at table at dinner to-night? I have been counting over all that I know are coming, and I really think it must be so."

"Well, and what then?"

"What then? Why that I, for one, won't sit down to dinner under those circumstances. I wouldn't do it; no, not for a hundred pounds."

"My dear, you cannot be so extremely silly. It is impossible that you can seriously contemplate making such an exhibition of yourself. Do not forfeit your claim to be counted a reasonable being."

"Well, I only know that nothing—nothing—would persuade me to sit down with thirteen at table."

"But why?"

"Why? Only that I don't want to die just yet."

"But, my dear Laura, you must be a Pagan."

Here, happily—since it was growing warm, and wrath never wrought conviction—the conversation was broken off by the warning, delivered by the lady's maid, that dinner was just about to be commenced. So the two friends hurried down stairs, and sailed, all muslin, into the drawing-room, about which, in twos and threes, the guests were trying to keep up a feeble effort at conversation.

Hardly had they entered before dinner was announced, and this and that couple were following the indication of the host, and filing in order out of the room. The hostess, waiting to follow them, smiled graciously at a young man who was unpaired with a partner, and said, "You must excuse our letting you go in to dinner alone. You

see, Evelyn could not come; and I hope you have no superstition about being the thirteenth at table."

No, certainly, he had no such scruple; and the hostess turned, still smiling, to close up the rear, when a sudden confusion arose in the ranks before her.

"Indeed it is of no consequence at all. No, I am not unwell—I am very well indeed. But I had rather not go in to dinner."

"Why, Laura," cried the hostess, pressing forward, what is the matter? You must be feeling unwell."

"Oh no! not at all, thanks; but I dined at luncheon; and I'd rather, much rather, wait in the drawing-room and have some tea."

"But why? This is very strange. You were going in to dinner with us all just now. Do tell us what is the reason for this sudden change of plan."

"Well, then—I know you'll laugh at me, but I can't help it—only I wouldn't, for all the world, sit down thirteen at table."

Arguing, partly banter, but passing into impatience, supervened. The young lady, however, continued obdurate. The soup stood untasted, the turbot grew cold; the lady of the house fought against irritability; the young lady was as obstinate as a mule. She was pressing back into the drawing-room. The gentleman who had been about to follow the procession here stepped forward, exclaiming, "I fear I am the unhappy cause of all the trouble, from my having come with no notice. The interloper being removed, the harmony of the party will be restored." And, with a courteous "good-night" to the hostess, before a word could be said he had taken his hat and coat, and pressed out into the inhospitable night, dinnerless.

The hostess, who, as it happened, would rather have spared any other of her guests than this one, to whom, for many reasons, she wished to show particular attention;

found it impossible wholly to restrain her vexation. "Perhaps you are satisfied now, Miss Smith," she said with some little bitter inflection in her voice; "and, if the dinner be still worth eating, we may, I hope, be permitted to sit down to it."

We do not say the speech was ladylike: it was not; but, certainly, the circumstances were very irritating. Miss Smith bridled herself up, and entered the room with the others; but, on reaching her allotted seat, bowed to her escort and to the hostess, and retired from the room.

An agreeable dinner party; of course an uncomfortable feeling—a damp over all—a relief when the spoilt evening was over, and the carriages rolled away. And all for what reason? For any adequate cause? Nay, for an idle superstition.

Let us examine a little into the thing.

It simply comes to this. Either that there is another god, called *Luck*, whom it is "unlucky" to vex, and to whom He who orders the fall of a sparrow—He who keeps account not only of the number of stars, but also of the very hairs of our head—has committed the ordering of matters which affect the closest welfare, even the life and the death, of his children; or that this God in whom we believe is absolutely influenced in his decrees for the ordering of the welfare of the life and death of the creature by such things as the number we invite to dinner, the crossing of a knife and fork at table, the spilling of salt, the passing under a ladder, the bringing a snowdrop into the house in January, the setting sail on a Friday, the being married in May, and a hundred other such trivialities, and, let us say, blasphemous insults to the Deity.

Imagine—it seems profane to do so, but why not bring the thing to the test?—imagine God, such as we imagine Him to be—changing his decrees upon such ground as our having one more than twelve, and one less than

fourteen, to dinner; or upon any other of the harm'ess conditions which we have enumerated! Now, conceive a person who was not, in the Divine ordering, intended to die at that time, dying in a certain year, because one expected guest failed the hostess at a dinner party! Then, follow such a thought home, and acknowledge that it degrades our idea of God and the dignity of man; and well justifies the saying that "Superstition is the religion of weak minds."

Of course we all know the origin of the superstition in the case especially now before us. There was thirteen at the last supper; and Judas rose first, and certainly died, and died a horrible death, within the year. But why, unless a guest had the mind and heart of Judas—why the Righteous Judge should visit what is often a matter of mere accidental detention of one member upon a dinner party of thirteen—seems to us a question to which any honest heart would give simply an indignant answer. The least sin—aye, even idle words of careless conversation—we can understand the God who charges even his angels with folly taking strict account of these. But that He should govern his decrees by the number at a dinner party—well, the thing won't bear thinking of or calmly talking about.

In fine, all superstition, all belief in luck, in lucky signs or acts, is simply and purely a sin—an insult to the God of Providence—to the Father of his children who wait on Him. No one, we should say, upon his knees, could seriously represent such apprehensions and fears to the Almighty. Try asking God not to kill you for dining thirteen at table, not to spite you for being married in May, and see whether such folly would abide the solemn truth and reality of that searching Presence. And that danger which you would be ashamed to take to God, dare not to talk of, partly idly, partly in foolish

earnest, to your fellow men. To dishonour is also to anger the Great Being.

THE TRUTHFUL INDIAN.

ONE of the first settlers in Western New York was Judge White, who established himself at Whitestown, about four miles from Utica. He brought his family with him, among whom was a widowed daughter with an only child—a fine boy, about four years old. The country around was an unbroken forest, and was the domain of savage tribes.

Judge White saw the necessity of keeping on good terms with the Indians, for, as he was nearly alone, he was completely at their mercy. Accordingly he took every opportunity to assure them of his kindly feelings, and to secure their good will in return. Several of the chiefs came to see him, and seemed pacific. But there was one thing that troubled him:—an aged chief of the Oneida tribe, and one of great influence, who resided at a distance of a dozen miles, had not yet been to see him, nor could he ascertain the views and feeling of the sachem in respect to his settlement in that region. At last he sent him a message, and the answer was that the chief would visit him on the morrow.

True to his appointment, the sachem came. Judge White received him with marks of respect, and introduced his wife, his daughter, and her little boy. The interview that followed was interesting. Upon its result the Judge was convinced his security might depend, and therefore he was exceedingly anxious to make a favorable impression upon the distinguished chief. He expressed his desire to settle in the country, to live on terms of amity and good-fellowship with the Indians, and to be useful to them, by introducing among them the arts of civilization.

The chief heard him out, and then said: "Brother,

you asked much, and you promise much. What pledge can you give of your faith? The white man's words may be good to the white man, yet it is wind when spoken to the Indian."

"I have put my life in your hands," said the Judge; "is it not an evidence of my good intention? I have placed confidence in the Indian, and will not believe he will abuse or betray the trust that is thus reposed."

"So much is well," replied the chief: "the Indian will repay confidence with confidence: if you will trust, he will trust you. Let this boy go with me to my wigwam—I will bring him back in three days with my answer!"

If an arrow had pierced the bosom of the mother she could not have felt a deeper pang than went to her heart as the Indian made this proposal. She sprang forward, and running to the boy who stood at the side of the sachem, looking into his face with pleased wonder and admiration, she encircled him in her arms, and pressing him to her bosom was about to fly from the room. A gloomy and ominous frown came over the sachem's brow, but he did not speak.

But not so with Judge White. He knew that the success of their enterprise—the lives of his family—depended on the decision of a moment.

"Stay—stay, my daughter," he said: "bring back the boy, I beseech you. He is not more to you than to me: I would not risk a hair of his head. But, my child, he must go with the chief. God will watch over him! He will be as safe in the sachem's wigwam as beneath our own roof."

The agonized mother hesitated a moment; she then slowly returned, placing the boy on the knee of the chief, and kneeling at his feet burst into a flood of tears. The gloom passed away from the sachem's brow, but he said not a word. He arose and departed.

I shall not attempt to describe the agony of the mother for the ensuing three days. She was agitated by contending hopes and fears. In the night she awoke from sleep, seeming to hear the screams of the child calling on its mother for help. But the time wore slowly away, and the third day came. How slowly did the hours pass! The morning waned away, noon arrived, yet the sachem came not. There was a gloom over the whole household. The mother was pale and silent. Judge White walked the floor to and fro, going every few minutes to the door, and looking through the opening in the forest towards the sachem's abode.

As the last rays of the setting sun were thrown upon the tops of the trees around, the eagle feathers of the chief were seen dancing above the bushes in the distance. He advanced rapidly, and the little boy was at his side. He was gaily attired as a young chief, his feet being dressed in moccasins, a beaver skin was on his shoulders, and eagle's feathers were stuck in his hair. He was in excellent spirits, and so proud was he of his honours that he seemed two inches taller than he was before. He was soon in his mother's arms; and in that brief minute she seemed to pass from death to life. It was a happy meeting—too happy for me to describe.

"The white man has conquered," said the sachem; "hereafter let us be friends. You have trusted an Indian—he will repay you with confidence and friendship."

He was as good as his word; and Judge White lived for many years in peace with the Indian tribes, and succeeded in laying the foundation of a flourishing and prosperous community.

POWER OF THE WORD OF GOD.

A VISITOR was one morning going the round of a military hospital in India. One of the patients had shortly before been brought in with an injured or diseased leg. He

was young and of a repulsive appearance, sullen and impudent in expression. Upon the visitor coming up to his bed, he exclaimed that he wanted no preaching, for he was not going to die; and further, to deter any Christian effort, spoke and swore violently. God's messengers, however, dare not be easily affrighted from their allotted ministry; the value of each soul is too highly appreciated by them to admit of personal considerations hindering efforts after it. This one, therefore, sitting down, talked to the sufferer of his secular concerns, his friends and circumstances, in order to pave the way for higher and holier themes by gaining his confidence. An hour or more had thus passed, during which the soldier had unbended and chatted away, when the visitor rose, saying other engagements were then pressing; but would he not allow her, after such a long talk according to his fancy, to say the few words she wished? With reluctance, he consented; on which she said she had no worthy words of her own, and therefore choose for the time to read some of God's words; but that, if he liked, he might choose which particular portion of them he would prefer hearing. After thinking a minute, he replied, "Some part of the Proverbs that has only moral saying in it—no heart-work." The visitor, as she turned the pages of her Bible, very fervently prayed to know what passage she would choose, and was guided to the first chapter, which she read through. Truly was this word then proved faithful: "The word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

The look of contemptuous derision and indifference changed, after the tenth verse, to one of awe; after the twenty-second, to one of interest and excitement; and before the close of the chapter the soldier was crying

and trembling, exclaiming that he was one of the refusers and despisers at whom God would laugh, and that it was too late for him to be saved, he having mocked and spurned the truth too much and too long for pardon ever to be given him! The Spirit led him to Jesus, and the scorner became a loving disciple, giving evidence of the sincerity of the professed change.

“The book of morals” was evermore a specially dear portion of the Bible to him, as that which had brought him to know the Lord and himself. The sinner turned at the reproof, and the reprover forgave him the debt.

OLD AND BLIND.

I am old and blind!

Men point to me as smitten by God's frown,

Afflicted and deserted of my kind,

Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;

I murmur not that I no longer see;

Poor, old and helpless, I the more belong,

Father Supreme, to Thee!

O merciful One!

When men are farthest then Thou art most near;

When friends pass by—my weakness shun—

Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face

Is leaning toward me, and its holy light

Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,

And there is no more night.

On my bended knee

I recognise Thy purpose clearly shown;

My vision Thou hast dimmed that Thou may'st see

Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear!

This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;

Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless land
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go ;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng ;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre ;
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine ;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

FEEDING THE REPTILES.

THE reptile-house in the gardens at Regent's Park is apt somewhat to disappoint the ordinary observer. Its occupants in many instances are stowed away comfortably beneath the blankets with which they are generally provided ; and those which are visible are lying motionless on the gravel, or reposing in the branches of a tree. Very little motion is to be seen, unless it be among the lizards, which are more active than the serpents, but of whom the larger kinds are in the habit of standing in apparently the most uneasy attitudes for a considerable time. In this, and many other respects, they

resemble the serpents; and there are, indeed, species which seem to form connecting links between the two orders.

The *Ophidia* are, however, seen to much greater advantage at their feeding-time, which occurs once a week; not that they are all fed so often, for many will take sufficient food at a meal for several weeks, and some (in particular the pythons) have been known to fast for months together. Having been present lately on the occasion of these creatures receiving their usual allowance, we purpose to give a short account, from careful observation, of the manner in which they seized and killed their prey.

The constricting serpents, as we may term them, are kept in large cases, the entrance to which is either by a glass door in front, which opens by a sliding up, or by a similar contrivance at the back, in the wooden partition. The colubrine snakes are in some of these cases generally, and indeed are so harmless that little precaution is needed. The venomous serpents have no opening but a small one on the lid of the case, about two or three inches square. Through this their food is introduced; and all necessary operations for the cleanliness and order of the interior are performed with a rod of stout wire, to the evident disgust of the occupants, who, if newcomers, strike at it vigorously with their fangs. The first to be fed were the yellow snakes, and other species in the same case. The keeper, having unceremoniously removed the blanket, beneath which most of the occupants of the compartment were huddled together, as usual, quickly introduced under the glass door about a dozen sparrows and one or two guinea-pigs. The former immediately retired to the darkest corners, seeming, however, to be quite unconcerned as to the presence of the snakes, as in some cases they stood on the latter, which for the most part remained motionless. The guinea-pigs were more restless, moving slowly about as if in search

of food. They seemed to be preferred by the snakes to the sparrows, and presently one of the reptiles, waiting his opportunity, seized a guinea-pig by the neck, and, jerking it nearer, threw two or three folds round it, killing it in a few seconds.

The other snakes rapidly dispatched the sparrows in the same way when seized; but they were apparently in no hurry, as there was a number of the birds in one corner for more than an hour, which had not been touched during that time. It may be well to remark that there is nothing revolting in the spectacle of a serpent taking its food. Its victim suffers neither the mental nor bodily torture ordinarily supposed. When seized it is killed without delay, especially if it struggles to escape; and before its seizure it is never conscious of danger. Not only is this well known to those in charge of the creatures, but we can verify it from actual and careful observation. A rabbit will approach a snake out of mere curiosity, and, after sniffing at its head, and even being touched by its tongue, will start to another part of the enclosure, and resume its composure, returning again in the course of its explorations to the same snake without the least uneasiness, except what arises from a want of cabbage-leaves, and the indigestibility of the gravel flooring. Guinea-pigs show even less concern, and are not so easily startled by any moving objects. We are induced to make these remarks because a well meaning but injudicious individual wrote to the papers some time since upon what he considered the cruelty of giving living animals to be tortured slowly to death. It was, however, shown during the discussion which ensued, that facts were in direct opposition to the suggestions of sentimental imagination upon the subject.

The snakes which had seized the sparrows, &c., waited till their prey was quite dead before they uncoiled and began to prepare slowly for swallowing it. The pythons,

which occupy an adjoining case; and are the largest serpents in the collection, were next supplied with two or three ducks. The largest python instantly seized one, and threw one fold round it. He then remained perfectly motionless, appearing to be satisfied with having secured the bird, and did not at once kill it. The duck did not seem at first much concerned at such unusual treatment, but soon became restless, on which the python tightened the fold, and in about a minute had quite destroyed it. Having waited for some minutes, as if to make sure that life was extinct, he slowly unwound his coil from the body, and touched it with his muzzle, moving it about till he had found the head. The idea of lubrication with saliva, now quite exploded, evidently arose from this habit of feeling over the body with the mouth. Having taken the head into his mouth, he began to swallow the carcass, his jaws stretching to an immense extent to allow of its passage. When he found any difficulty he used the part of his body which lay nearest to it to push it gently, and considering the apparent difficulty was not long in completing the meal. The supply of food is never stinted, and we believe that it is not uncommon for a python to devour six or eight ducks and rabbits on one day.

The colubrine snakes might with propriety be termed legless lizards, as, with the exception of the want of limbs, they are in most respects similar in structure to the saurians. A fine lively specimen of the Bengal ratsnake was fed with half a dozen frogs, which he pursued with great speed round the enclosure; and, driving them one by one into a corner, seized and swallowed them in spite of their struggles.

We will now turn to the venomous serpents, and in particular the rattlesnakes. The keeper having put two young guinea-pigs into the case, one of the snakes instantly struck at that nearest to him. The guinea-pig almost immediately showed signs of giddiness, but

its body did not appear to swell; it seemed to be thrown into violent convulsions, and in about a minute fell helplessly on its side, and died. A larger animal would not have been so soon killed; but as the snakes, being confined, have not often occasion to use their venom, it is probably more powerful than when they are in a wild state. There are a large number of puff-adders in one case; and a guinea-pig being introduced began sniffing about as usual; but though he was touching one of the reptiles, it did not seem disposed to strike, when suddenly another puff-adder darted at full length from an opposite corner, and striking the creature, remained with its fangs apparently buried in its flesh, contrary, we believe, to the usual habit of the reptile. His intention was perhaps to prevent any of the others from devouring it. There are specimens of the two species of cobras, the Indian and Egyptian; perhaps the most interesting of all serpents; but, on account of their excitable nature, it has been found necessary to hide them partially from view by filling the lower half of the case-front with groundglass, so that it is not easy to observe them.

The appearance of the cobra when about to give the fatal stroke is graceful, and yet terrible to see. The inflated hood, the waving motion of the head, and the peculiar expression of the eye, combine to impress the observer of its consciousness of the deadly power which it possesses, and with which it threatens any living creature that dares approach it. Venomous serpents can generally be distinguished by the broad head and stumpy tail which they possess; but this rule does not always hold good, some of them—for example, the cobras—having a structure closely resembling that of the colubrines, with the exception of the fangs and organs pertaining to them. There are in this house some young alligators, which are kept with the water-tortoises. They seem to pass their time generally in

sleep, but when feeding time comes are extremely alert. On some mice being thrown into the water the alligators pursued them, swimming with the mouth raised out of the water. Having seized the unfortunate mice, they held them under the surface till drowned, and then tossing them into the gullet, bolted them whole. The tortoises are not fed with live animals, but with raw meat, which they tear in mouthfuls under the water.

THE TOMB OF MAHOMET.

A LETTER from a traveller, now in the East, contains some very interesting information. He says:

"Yesterday, New Year's Day (January 1st, 1873), I went with three friends from Suez, to a place called 'Ayim-Mousa' or the 'Wells of Moses,' which is thought to be the place called in Exodus by the name of 'Elim.' We started early in the morning, and walked straight across the desert to the place. We could see it from the shore, as we sunk ankle deep into the mud at every step, and in one or two places we had to cross the beds of dried-up water-courses. The place itself had a small collection of Arab huts, built of palm branches, and the crevices plastered with mud. The wells are mostly covered over to keep the sun out. The water, which is very brackish, bubbles up from the ground like a fountain, and is led in little streams all round the gardens, which are well cultivated. We had our dinner under the shade of a palm tree which is supposed to be 3,000 years old. Perhaps it is one of the very trees that sheltered the Israelites on their journey. However, I supposed the place is considerably altered since Moses wrote of its 'Twelve wells of water and threescore palm trees.' We came back by the beaten road, made by the different caravans that go to Sinai; this being the first point on the pilgrimage. Both ways we came upon the skeletons

of several camels which had been left to die where they had dropped down.

"A day or two after, I went to visit a caravan of pilgrims proceeding to Mecca to see the tomb of Mahomet. The caravan was encamped just outside of Suez. There were nearly 300 Arabs and Greeks composing it. They had a great number of camels loaded with water and provisions. The men were all armed with guns, sabres, and pistols, even more than a regular soldier would be; the passage across the Great Desert being at this time very dangerous in consequence of the Bedouins. The object of the caravan was to take a splendid silk carpet to cover the coffin of the prophet. We were allowed to see the carpet on the production of a slight baksheesh, in the shape of a florin, and it is a marvellous piece of workmanship. It was to be taken to its destination on four white horses, and these will be slain after the journey is completed, so that they may never be used again for any less holy purpose."

SWEDISH LAWS.

SWEDEN was once the most drunken nation in Europe. Now it is one of the most temperate. A simple law prohibiting publicans from making profit by the sale of spirits, and encouraging them to sell tea, coffee, &c., has produced a most wonderful change. Happy homes are now daily increasing in number in Sweden.

There is another good Swedish law that severely punishes people for cruelty to animals.

A dog which had been run over by a carriage crawled to the door of a Swedish tanner. The man's son, a boy about fifteen years of age, first stoned and then poured a vessel of boiling water upon the poor animal. This act of diabolical cruelty was witnessed by one of the magistrates, who thought that such barbarity deserved to be publicly noticed. He therefore informed the

other magistrates, who agreed to punish the boy in the following manner:—

He was imprisoned till the next market day; then in the presence of all the people he was conducted to an elevated place by an officer of justice, who read to him his sentence:

“Inhuman young man, because you did not assist an animal which implored your aid by its cries, and which derived its being from the same God who gave you life—because you added to the torture of the agonizing creature and murdered it, the council of this city have sentenced you to wear on your breast the name you deserve, and to receive fifty stripes.” He then hung a black board round his neck, with this inscription—“A savage and inhuman young man;” and after inflicting upon him twenty-five stripes, he proceeded:

“Inhuman young man, you have now felt a very small degree of the pain with which you tortured a helpless animal in its hour of death. As you wish for mercy from that God who created all that live, learn humanity for the future.” Having said this he executed the remainder of the sentence.

TRUTH IS HONOURABLE.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

LITTLE Charley Foster was playing with his ball in the school-yard one morning before school began. Presently the ball slipped out of his hand, sooner than he intended, and went through the window with a crash. The window was splintered to pieces, and the ball rolled away into a corner of the school-room. Charley was frightened. He was a timid boy, and the teacher, Mr. Trumbull, seemed to him very big and very stern. But Charley had been taught to love the truth, and stick to it at all times. He did not think for a moment of trying to hide what he had done. So, blushing and trembling, with his

heart in his mouth, he set off and ran as fast as he could, down the road along which the teacher usually came to school, to tell him all about it. Before long he met the teacher, walking rapidly towards the school, and so busy in thinking about something, that he did not seem to see the little boy, who was trying to get his attention.

"Mr. Trumbull! Mr. Trumbull! stop a moment, please," said he.

"Oh! Charley. Good morning. Why what's the matter now, my little man?"

"I broke your window sir, but I didn't mean to. I'm very sorry for it. I did it with my ball, and the ball is in the school-room now."

"Poor child," said the teacher, who saw his eyes filled with tears, and a look of great distress upon his face, "so you ran all the way to tell me, did you? You've began right, Charley, my boy; whatever mischief you do, never be afraid or ashamed to tell of it."

Then with a light heart Charley ran back to the school. None of the boys knew that Charley had told the teacher about it. They had collected together and were talking about the broken window, and what the teacher would say, as boys like to do under such circumstances. After a while a little fellow, named John Thompson found the ball, with C. F.,—the initials of Charley Foster's name marked on it. He guessed at once who had done the mischief. He was not himself in the habit of confessing when he had done wrong, and judging of Charley by himself, he supposed the teacher knew nothing about who was to blame for the accident, so he held up his hand to show that he wished to speak. "Well, Johnny, what have you to say?" asked Mr. Trumbull.

"Please sir, I've found out who broke that ere window," said Johnny in a way which showed that he had not got on very well with his grammar yet.

"So have I," said Mr. Trumbull, "and a very honourable person broke it."

"A very honourable person!" That made Charley feel very comfortable. And then the teacher told all the boys how Charley had come himself to tell about it. He spoke in high terms of him as a boy to be trusted, and of the honour he had gained in this way. Then he showed how different it would have been, if he had denied it and told a lie to hide it. He would have been found out sooner or later, then he would have been covered with shame and disgrace.

"Deliver my soul, O Lord, from lying lips." We should use this prayer, in the first place, because of the disgrace which attends lying; and in the second place, because of the sinful stain it leaves upon the soul.

THE ELDER'S DREAM.

It is related that an old Scotch elder had once a serious dispute with his minister at an elders' meeting. He said some hard things, and almost broke the minister's heart. Afterwards he went home, and the minister went home too. The next morning the elder came down, and his wife said to him:

"Ye look sad, John; what is the matter with ye?"

"Ah!" he replied, you would look sad too if you had such a dream as I have. I dreamed I had been at the elders' meeting, and had said some hard things, and grieved the minister; and when he went home I thought he died, and went to heaven; and I thought afterwards I died too, and went to heaven; and when I got to the gates of heaven, out came the minister, and put out his hand to take me, saying, 'Come along, John, there's nae strife up here—I'm happy to see ye.'"

The elder went to his minister directly to beg his pardon, and found he was dead. The elder was so stricken with the blow, that two weeks after he also departed.

"And I should not wonder," said he who related the incident, "if he meet the minister at heaven's gate, and hear him say, 'Come along, John, there's nae strife up here.'"

HALF OF THE WIDOW'S MITE.

A GENTLEMAN called upon a rich friend for some charity.

"Yes, I must give you my mite," said the rich man.

"Do you mean the widow's mite?" asked the solicitor.

"Certainly," was the answer.

"I shall be satisfied with half as much as she gave," said his friend. "How much are you worth?"

"Twenty thousand pounds."

"Give me then your cheque for say ten thousand; that will be half as much as the widow gave; for she, you know, gave *all*."

The rich man was baffled. Covetous people often try to shelter themselves behind the widow's mite, and under the cover of her contributions give meanly to the Redeemer's cause. Her example, indeed, rightly interpreted, would pluck selfishness out of the soul, and fill to overflowing the channels of true benevolence.

CRUEL BOYS MAKE CRUEL MEN.

WHENEVER we see a boy cruelly beating a poor horse or cow, or throwing stones at a dog or cat, we say to ourselves, "That boy is likely to grow up a *bad man*." When Nero, the wicked emperor, was a little boy, he was cruel to dogs, and pulled off the wings of flies, and tormented them in many sad ways. Did he grow up to be a *kind man*? Oh no! sad to tell, he murdered his mother, and burnt many good people to death.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

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AMMONIA.—Ammonia is, on account of its great solubility in water, incapable of remaining in the atmosphere; and, after every shower of rain, it is condensed and conveyed to the earth. It is more abundant in summer than in winter or spring, as the rain falls then more frequent. After a thunder-storm the rain should contain the greatest quantity of ammonia, especially after a protracted drought.

EATING.—A person should always take time to eat and masticate his food well. Eating fast is attended with great evils, as we cannot properly masticate what we take into our mouth, but by eating slowly we are enabled to study the indications of appetite. The moment the relish for food slackens it is time to stop eating. There should, if possible, be a variety in food, as none of the alimentary substances by themselves are capable of supplying the wants of our bodies. Not sugar alone, nor salts alone, can repair the consequences of the changes that occur in our bodies.

WHOLESOMENESS OF APPLES.—Raw mellow apples are digested in an hour and a half, while boiled cabbage requires five hours. The most healthful dessert that can be placed upon the table is a baked apple. If eaten frequently at breakfast, with coarse bread and butter, without meat or flesh of any kind, it has an admirable effect on the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidities, and cooling off febrile conditions more effectually than the most approved medicines. Liebig says they prevent debility, strengthen digestion, correct the putrefactive tendencies of nitrogeous food, avert scurvy, and strengthen the power of productive labor.

REST BEFORE EATING.—Everybody knows that a season of rest after dinner pays well, but it is not more important than the rest before eating if one is very weary. This rule is of the utmost importance to the business man or the person engaged in brain labor, and its violation is one of the chief causes of our national dyspepsia—this and the rapid eating that is customary. People of strong and unimpaired constitution (if any such can be found) may not feel how impossible it is for the body to carry on the business of digestion when greatly fatigued, or while it is being put to hard labor in some direction; but such is the case, and the health of our citizens is all the time being destroyed for lack of knowledge on this point. The

stomach must have some vitality or nerve force to do its work with, and if the body has been using this vigorously, with the muscles or with the brain, a little time should be allowed for gathering up its energies for the task of digestion.

BEEFSTEAK COOKING.—A person describes as follows how a gentleman, learned in the culinary art, cooked a beefsteak for breakfast :—“He took the thin, long-handled fryingpan from its nail, and putting it on the stove heated it quite hot. In this he put the pieces of steak, previously pounded, but to my surprise did not put a particle of butter in the frying-pan, and did not salt his steak. He allowed the steak to merely glaze over, and then turned it quickly to the other side—turning it several times in this manner until it was done. Four minutes were not employed on the operation, but I think I never ate a juicier piece of steak. It was when done laid on the platter, previously warmed, and was buttered and salted and set a moment in the hot oven. Allowing the steak to heat but a moment on each side helped it to retain all its sweet juices, and putting on the salt the last moment after it was on the platter drew out its juices.

SLEEP ENOUGH.—A writer on this subject says :—“If Benjamin Franklin ever originated the maxim, ‘Six hours of sleep for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool,’ he ought uniformly to have practised by the rule of the last number. Young man, if you are a student, or engaged in any severe mental occupation, sleep just as long as you can sleep soundly. Lying in bed from laziness is another thing entirely. Sleep is a thing that bells have no more business to interfere with than with prayers and sermons. God is re-creating us. We arois unconscious as we were before we were born ; and while He holds us there, feeding anew the springs of life, and infusing fresh fire into our brains, and preparing us for the work of another day, the pillow is as sacred as a sanctuary. If any fanatic has made you believe that it is good for you to be violently wakened from your sleep at an early hour, and to go out into the damp, raw air, morning after morning, with your fast unbroken and your body unfortified by the stimulus of food, forget him and his counsels, and take the full measure of your rest. When you get your breakfast down, take your exercise if you have time, or wait until a later hour of the day. Just as much labor can be accomplished in ten hours as in fourteen, with more efficiency and less fatigue, when rest and bodily exercise are properly taken.”

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XIX.

- A Gentile city ;
 An idol ;
 A heathen nation ;
 A prophetess ;
 A kinsman of Paul ;
 The mother of a prophet ;
 One of the judges ;
 A son of consolation.

Eight of the letters will form the name of a high priest who lived in the reign of Tiberius.

NO. XX.

- My first is in croak, but not in whine ;
 My second in stroke, but not in line.
 My third is in rage, but not in fear ;
 My fourth in bottle, but not in beer.
 My fifth is in air, but not in sea ;
 My sixth in hornet, but not in bee.
 My whole is the name for a " gift."

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XVII.

Melchizedek.

NO. XVIII.

Rome.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

- No. 46.—When was the altar that Jeroboam built destroyed ?
 No. 47.—What name is given to Christ by the last major prophet ?
 No. 48.—What future event is spoken of in the books of Ezekiel and Revelation ?
 No. 49.—What relation was Joab to David ?
 No. 50.—Where is the first mention of a ship ?

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

- No. 41.—Earnestness in prayer.
 No. 42.—Laughter.
 No. 43.—1 Cor. i. 11.
 No. 44.—Isaiah.
 No. 45.—They were thus made two-fold more the child of hell,