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CANADIAN SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

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THE UNJEWELLED CROWN.

BY ALEX. B. GROSART.

Methought I had, in vision of the night,
A glimpse prophetic of the Land of Light;
That, as the Seers did in far-days olden,
I entered now Jerusalem the Golden.

I saw myself as from myself departing,
My body chill'd and wan, my spirit upstarting;
And angels folded me with pinions burning,
Which shone as dove's neck in its lustrous turning.

Upward and onward, higher still and higher
They bore me, to the City of Glory nigher;
At last I caught the ringing of Heaven's bells
And rapturous shout that my arrival tells.

Methought I pass'd along a shining street,
All resonant with tread of sainted feet;
These look'd and those, and, turning one to other,
With joyous accents said, "Behold, a brother!"

I bow'd me down—'twas in my dream of night—
Before the great White Throne of sculptured light,
And He who sat on it His right hand held forth
And kiss'd me: His words, "Redeem'd from Earth!"

And then again and yet again there rose
Melodious thunders, as when a tempest-plows;
And there I found me in snow-vesture stol'd
In my hands a palm, on brow a crown of gold.

A crown of gold, blood-bought, yet I did tremble;
For ah! it did not other crowns resemble,

Which flash'd and glisten'd in that Lamb supernal,
Transfigured e'en as from the Throne eternal.

There bounded past me, then, a fair, sweet child;
I gazed upon him, when, with look meek and mild,
One said, "See twin-stars spill their drops of light"
Glob'd o'er his crown, in golden hair as bright:

"That 'little one,' even in life's earliest years,
Gave his young heart to Jesus, and with tears
Sought oft and oft to win to Him his father,
And ceas'd not till he won him, and his mother.

"And so he died—ascending here in whiteness,
And now he lives 'mid heaven's grandest brightness:
His glory, by his wee hand to have led
Father and mother unto Him who bled."

My crown had no jewels; tho' I with awe
Socket on socket for gem-setting saw:
I sought the meaning, and, with heart-struck feeling,
I found 'twas my own empty life revealing.

For, saved myself, alas! I had to own
That I had never brought so much as one
To Him my Lord; that I had never plied
Love's wistful words to win souls wandering wide.

Therefore no jewels in my crown did glow,
And vacant sockets darken'd o'er my brow.
Alas, and 'twas too late!—Nay, 'twas a dream,
And I awoke beneath Morn's rosy beam.

Thanks, O my Saviour, for this vision given!
Now will I seek, by grace, to lead to heaven
At least one other—nay, a jewell'd crown
To lay before Thy feet, besides my own.

WILLIAM MAYNARD'S PRIZE.

"I SAY, what a row there'll be!" exclaimed James Laurie, with a scared face, coming up to a group of school-fellows, who were standing in the play-ground of Bridgeboro' Grammar School talking earnestly together. What-

ever had occurred to stop the boisterous mirth of the lads, they were completely subdued, and carried on their conversation in eager undertones. Laurie did not lower his voice as he spoke, and he commanded the attention of the boys for a moment or so. "Maynard was such a good fellow, too," he went on, throwing back his hair from his forehead, and wiping his hot face, for he had evidently been in the midst of an active game when the untoward interruption came. "If I thought any fellow did it out of spite to Maynard, I'd be the first to report him to Dr. Barton!"

"What business is it of yours?" asked a tall, heavy-looking lad, coming out towards where James Laurie stood, and looking at him angrily. "Why should you say he was struck out of spite?"

"I didn't say so; but if I know he was struck intentionally, I'd like to see the fellow that did it expelled from the school, and I would be the first to report him."

"You'd better shut up, Laurie," said Drewitt, as he gave the speaker a parting look of anger, and walked away gloomily.

James Laurie at once became the centre of the excited group of boys, and it was easy to see by his gestures that he felt very strongly on the subject under discussion. "I believe I could tell who struck him," he continued, looking after Drewitt's retreating figure.

Laurie was comparatively a small boy; but he was broad and stout, and very strong; so that he was able to hold his own in the school against boys much older and bigger than himself.

William Maynard was one of the younger boys. He was naturally and constitutionally timid, and had always been a delicate, studious lad, who had mixed very little with boys of his own age. There was something, too, in the peculiar circumstances of his entering the school

that contributed to make him still more reserved and timid, for he had come there as a free scholar.

It seemed that from the day he entered the school Drewitt took a dislike to him. The natural refinement and gentility of the orphan lad irritated and excited the bigger Drewitt, whose antecedents and natural disposition were by no means refined; and he seldom lost an opportunity of letting Maynard understand by his allusions to "pauper boys" that he considered the lad had no claim to rank with the sons of better people.

Maynard bore with quiet patience the taunts and jeers of his coarser schoolmates, who were glad enough to have a scapegoat; but those allusions to his poverty and his gentility were very, very hard to bear—so hard that he often cried himself to sleep at night, when no one could witness his pain and humiliation, and when those words so lightly uttered by the boys, came back upon his memory with the dull, aching pain of cruel speech. Perhaps if he could be more like one of themselves they would take less notice of him; but he could not make himself like the rough play of the school-ground, no matter how he strove to overcome the feeling.

The quiet, studious lad had been gradually and without any apparent effort distancing every one in the school; and it had been said by Dr. Barton himself that, if Drewitt did not mind, Maynard would take the first Latin prize in the forthcoming examination. The doctor had spoken very kindly to William Maynard, and had even hinted to him that it would be better, perhaps, both for his health and popularity, that he should join more in the sports of the other scholars. "I don't want to dictate to you, my lad," said the master, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder, "but I fear you are working too hard at your books, and your schoolmates would feel all the happier perhaps if you joined in their games sometimes.

"Thank you, sir," Maynard replied, cheerfully. "I'll not forget what you tell me."

The result of that conversation was that the lad did violence to his inclinations, and joined frequently in all school games with an apparent relish that surprised most of his companions. With the boys of his own age he could even have enjoyed such recreation; but there was invariably a rough element introduced into the play whenever the Drewitt set were present; and, unfortunately for Maynard's peace of mind, that was very frequently the case.

At last, on the day our story opens, in the midst of a game in which Maynard was taking a part, he was struck in the eye by a cricket ball, and fell senseless to the ground. When they raised him up he was still unconscious, and his eye was bleeding. They carried him to the doctor's room, and medical aid was at once sent for; but it was a long time before the lad regained consciousness, and when he did he almost fainted again from the pain in his eye. The physician said that he had sustained very serious injury.

It was only natural, then, that, as the boys congregated in the play-ground, all traces of their boisterous mirth should have disappeared; and that they should have gathered into groups, as we found them, when James Laurie broke in upon their deliberations.

"Dr. Barton has given orders that we are all to assemble in the school-room in half an hour," continued Laurie. "He wants to find out who threw the ball."

"He won't find that an easy matter," said one of the big boys.

"Did any of you fellows see it thrown?" demanded Laurie; and although there was a perfect Babel of sound in answer to the inquiry, no one could throw the least light upon the origin of the accident. Most of the boys

had seen Maynard fall, and some of them had even seen the ball strike him.

"It was from the side," explained one, "and Maynard dropped as if he had been shot.

"There goes the doctor's bell!" cried Laurie. "Come along, boys, the sooner this is over the better;" and they sped away in answer to the well-known summons.

When they had all taken their places in the school-room, and Dr. Barton rose from his desk, there was such complete silence as testified to the interest and excitement which was felt throughout the school. There had been many conjectures as to how the master would take this matter up; but his calm face betrayed no emotion by which the least clue could be obtained as to the state of his feelings. He said, "Young Maynard has been seriously injured by a blow from a ball in the eye, and, so far as I know at present, he may lose the sight of it. I hope, boys, for the credit of the school, that he was not struck maliciously; but if he was, I hope that every one of you will aid me in bringing the offender to justice. Now, if any boy here present can tell me how this unfortunate matter occurred, I wish him to come forward at once."

For some seconds the silence was unbroken, and then James Laurie rose from his seat and said, "Drewitt was on the ground, sir, and I think he could tell you something about it."

"Where is Drewitt?" asked the doctor.

"I saw him in the play-ground as we came in, sir."

Dr. Barton stepped down from his desk, and went out to seek Drewitt. The moment the door had closed upon him the hum of many voices rose in the school-room.

"Drewitt will pitch into you for mentioning his name!" exclaimed one big boy, looking across at James Laurie

"Drewitt had better mind his own business; he'll

have enough to do," retorted Laurie, defiantly; for he was roused to anger by the tone of his schoolmate's remark, and knew well that Drewitt would never venture to try his strength upon him.

Dr. Barton came back, followed by Drewitt, who walked with an air of studied carelessness after the master; and, instead of taking his place amongst the other scholars, went boldly up to the doctor's desk, and stood there.

"Were you present when Maynard was struck?" asked the master.

"I was on the ground, sir, but I did not see him struck," replied Drewitt, promptly.

"Now, permit me to ask you an unusual question, Drewitt," continued Dr. Barton. "I want to arrive at the truth of this matter, and I intend putting to each boy in the school the question I now put to you, namely, on your word of honour as a gentleman, do you know who it was that threw the ball?"

There was a momentary pause, and it seemed as if the boys held their breath in suspense; then the curt, defiant answer came, "I do not."

"That will do," said the master; and Drewitt walked out of the school-room again. As each boy came up and was questioned, there were varieties of statements, but no positive information. The evidence of some pointed apparently to Drewitt; but, in the absence of any proof, Dr. Barton dismissed the suspicions as unworthy in the face of Drewitt's own unqualified denial. The younger boys especially seemed to have made their minds up to believing that Drewitt alone was capable of doing such an act; but, however strong their convictions, they were of no value in promoting the discovery of the offender. Not until James Laurie came up to give his evidence did the master receive any additional information.

"The ball was not used in the game, sir, and who

ever threw it must have gone purposely to seek for it," Laurie said.

"You think, then, that it was thrown intentionally?"

"I do, sir. I didn't feel quite sure about it at first, but now I'm convinced of it."

After the whole of the evidence had been duly sifted and weighed, only two facts of any importance remained: one was that, as James Laurie had stated, whoever threw the ball must have gone out of his way to obtain it; and the other was, that the force of the blow would seem to indicate considerable strength upon the part of the person throwing the ball. Beyond this, however, the matter was hidden in mystery.

The boys were dismissed for the day, and enjoined to go home at once as quietly as possible. The school-room was locked, and Dr. Barton went back to his study to ponder over the events of the afternoon.

(To be concluded in our next.)

HOW A PRIEST FOUND PEACE.

As I sat in the front part of a room, a young Roman priest slowly paced to and fro at the other end of it. He was nobly born—son of one of high rank in the army. From a pious mother he had received deep convictions about his soul. "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" followed him through all his studies and travels. Tormented by this, he at length entered the church, not to satisfy ambition, but if possible to find peace of soul. His lank form, his long face, pale and thin—his entire being—indicated suffering, and, without knowing why, I felt myself drawn to him. I remembered, as if it were but yesterday, the agony of my own heart before knowing eternal redemption; and thinking that, perhaps, he suffered from the same cause, I at once asked him: "Have you peace with God, my dear friend?"

"Peace with God," said he. "What do you mean by peace with God?"

"It is the effect," said I to him, "of the forgiveness of sins. It is like the consciousness that would exist in the agonised spirit of an unfortunate criminal condemned to be guillotined, to whom a messenger comes suddenly, bringing this dispatch from the Emperor: 'All your crimes are forgiven you; go forth in peace!'"

"Then," replied he, "I have not peace with God, for I have never yet received such a message from God. For nearly three years I have been imprisoned between four walls, exercising the greatest severities against myself. I have fasted, prayed, ill-treated my body until I am reduced to what you see, but I have not yet received this message from God."

"You are a sincere man," I said to him; "you are not one of those religionists who affect a heavenly air and within have nothing but lust and wickedness."

"How should I not be sincere, sir, when I know that it is with God himself I have to do. Appearance, you know, is only for this world. Reality is for eternity. A thousand times a fool is he who sees no farther than this world. For my part it is eternity that occupies me."

"God has shown you, my dear friend, the curse against every breach of His law; and as you are not a hypocrite, but knowing well that you are violating this law constantly, even in spite of yourself, you at once apply the curse to yourself, well knowing in your conscience that you merit it."

"That is it exactly! You have just laid bare my heart; that is my state precisely. I see the just wrath of God against me, and I much desire to be able to appease or escape it." I took out my Bible, and pointing to Gal. iii. 13, he read, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us; for it is written,

Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." Suddenly his languid eyes lit up. The message of peace had come to him through the Word.

"Do you understand now," said I, "why Jesus upon the Cross must needs cry out, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?'"

"It is clear, quite clear," replied he. "If Christ has been made a curse for me, in order to redeem me from the curse of the law, it follows that He Himself sustained that curse. He thus becomes a substitute for me."

"Exactly! a substitute. You cannot find a better word. 'He made him who knew no sin to be sin for us, that we might become the righteousness of God in him' (2 Cor. v. 21). 'For Christ also hath once suffered for sin, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God' (1 Peter iii. 18)."

The heart of the young priest was evidently quite overcome. A pardon so sudden, a salvation so sure and so free, almost frightened him; he could scarcely believe himself in his proper senses. He appeared afraid to wake himself up lest he should find his anguish had been calmed only by a cruel dream—cruel because of its very sweetness.

It was not a dream. It was the truth which had set him at liberty, according to John viii. 32: "and you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." After this he gave himself much to the Scriptures, his peace became more settled, and his expression of suffering gave place to one of profound rest.

Reader, perhaps, like this young priest, you are troubled; seeking rest, but finding none. Well, then, turn away from yourself, and every other object, to Christ, and find in Him eternal rest. That gracious promise of our blessed Redeemer ever holds good: "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

JENNY THE CRIPPLE.

The little cripple passed along
The quiet village street—
The clothes she wore were patched and old,
Yet very clean and neat.
Though she was sickly and deformed,
Her face was sweet and fair ;
And the glossy curls around her brow
Proclaimed a mother's care.
Ere long she passed the village school,
As from the open door
A train of boys came shouting forth,
Glad that their tasks were o'er.
A few, more boisterous than the rest,
Themselves erect and strong,
Began to mock the humpbacked girl,
Who quietly walked along.

Once Jenny uttered sharp retorts,
When jests like theirs she heard ;
But now that grace had changed her heart
She answered not a word :
Only the blush that dyed her cheek,
And the tear that down it stole,
Showed that the coarse, unfeeling taunts
Had sunk into her soul.

Arrived at home, poor Jenny sought
Her chamber small and bare—
Methinks those thoughtless lads had wept
If they had seen her there.
Beside her lowly bed she knelt,
And sent this prayer to heaven—
" O Father, help me to forgive
As I have been forgiven ! "

Dear children, 'tis from God above
Health, strength, and beauty come,
And He in wisdom has withheld
These precious gifts from some :
Be kind to such, and learn to keep.

The golden rule in view,
Nor ever let a cripple hear
A cruel taunt from you.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

SOME years ago I resided for a short time in the island of St. Domingo, in the West Indies. The weather was so hot while I was there that bathing was a great luxury, but as sharks made it dangerous to bathe in the sea, I inquired of the landlord of the hotel if there were not a river near the town.

"There is a very fine river," said he, "just over that range of lofty hills; but it is a good distance by the road, and you will find the walk very hot and dusty."

"But what hinders my going over the hills and making a short cut?"

"Why, they are so steep on the side facing the river that you could not get down without breaking your neck, sir," he replied, rather bluntly.

"O, nonsense!" I said; "I should like to see the hill, —I couldn't roll down, at any rate." And away I bounded, and soon reached the top of the nearest hill, from which I spied the beautiful river, broad and deep, dancing along, and glittering in the beams of the rising sun. The sight of the cool stream created in me such a thirst to be swimming in it, that I began to descend without being at all particular to pick my steps. I had not got down more than twenty yards from the brow of the hill, and that with much difficulty, when I found it impossible to proceed another step, for the precipice below me was almost as flat and steep as the side of a house, and some two or three hundred feet in depth. I had gone so heedlessly into danger that the narrow ledge upon which I rested was not broad enough to admit of my two feet abreast, and I was obliged to place one foot behind the other, and lean my body against the side of

the hill. This painful position rendered it impossible for me to lift one leg to endeavour to gain a footing above me, for I felt if I attempted to do so the other foot would slip off the ledge, and I must inevitably fall to the bottom.

The road at the foot of the hill, which ran along the bank of the river; was thronged with negroes going to market with fruit and wood from the mountains, and so soon as they observed my danger, they gathered together in great numbers, and began to shout to me. I could not understand what they said, but the sight of a host of black people all shouting in great excitement had such an effect upon me, as I gazed upon them from my ledge, that my knees began to tremble, my eyes became confused, and I felt that it would be a relief to plunge off right into the midst of them. I cannot describe this irresistible impulse, and as it grew stronger and more urgent upon me, I cast my eyes upward and felt some relief.

And here it may be well to remark, in passing; that in all positions of danger from being on a "giddy height;" the danger is greatly increased whilst the eyes are turned downwards on the objects beneath us, and relief is gained by looking up to the sky.

In thus looking up, I saw, at about three feet above my head, the stump of an old tree, or probably a large shrub; it was sticking out about two feet from the bank, and was jagged at its extremity, as if it had been broken off. In my desperation, I resolved to make a spring at it; if I caught it with my right hand, and it was not too rotten to bear my weight, I knew I could draw my body up to it, and get my knee upon it; for if a sailor can get a "hand hold" he troubles himself little about his body; it may swing over an abyss miles in depth, and it gives him no concern, because, with his hands secure, he does as he pleases with his whole person. Then I rea-

soned, if I missed it I could but fall, and every moment convinced me I could not remain where I was much longer; consequently, gathering myself up, I made a spring, and caught it, and as I drew my body up and lodged my knee upon it, a cheer arose from the multitude below "like the noise of many waters." In a few minutes more I gained the brow of the hill, and turning round, I waved my hat, and returned the cheer of the sable crowd.

STORIES ABOUT DOGS.

THE BUTCHER'S DOG.

SOME dogs are endowed with much sagacity, and make themselves very useful to their owners. A butcher of Islington, London; it is said, has a clever little dog who waits at the shop door, on week-day mornings, for the newsboy, from whom he receives a copy of the newspaper. Immediately the little dog carries the paper to his master in the parlor; but declines to give up possession of the paper until a piece of bread and butter is presented in payment of his services.

THE CAPTAIN'S DOG.

During a severe storm, many years ago, a ship belonging to Newcastle was wrecked on the banks near Yarmouth, and every human being on board perished. The only living thing which escaped was a large dog of the Newfoundland breed, the property of the captain, which swam ashore, bringing in his mouth his master's pocket-book. He landed on the beach, whither he was driven by the heavy surges, amongst a number of spectators, several of whom endeavoured to take the pocket-book from him, but in vain. The sagacious animal, as if sensible of the importance of his charge, which had in all human probability been delivered to him by his master in the hour of death and when he saw all hope was

gone, at length, after surveying the countenances of those assembled on the beach, leaped fawningly upon the breast of a man who had attracted his notice among the crowd, and delivered the pocket-book to him. The dog, immediately after depositing the rescued treasure into what he considered safe keeping, returned to the place where he had landed, and watched with great attention for everything that was drifted shorewards by the billows from the wrecked vessel, seizing it and endeavouring to bring it to land.

THE DOG THAT SAVED HIS MASTER.

A singular case is given of a person who was travelling in Holland, and accompanied by a Newfoundland dog. Not taking proper heed to his steps in an evening walk along a high bank by the side of one of those canals common in the country, his foot slipped, letting him into the deep with a plunge; and, being unable to swim, the fish's clement soon deprived him of his senses. In the meantime the sagacious animal had no sooner discovered the danger to which his master was exposed, than he was in the water, and engaged in a struggle to rescue him from his peril. A party at a distance saw the faithful servant at one moment pushing, and at another dragging, the body towards a small creek, when, at length, he succeeded in landing his charge and placing it as far from the water as possible. This being done, the dog first shook himself, and then licked the hands and face of his apparently dead lord. The body being conveyed to a neighboring house, the efforts to restore the lost senses were successful."

THE NEWFOUNDLAND AND THE MASTIFF.

A fine Newfoundland dog and a mastiff had a quarrel over a bone, or some other trifling matter. They were fighting on a bridge, and being blind with rage, as is often the case, over they went into the water. The

banks were so high that they were forced to swim some distance before they came to a landing-place. It was very easy for the Newfoundland dog; he was as much at home in the water as a seal; but not so with poor "Bruce." He struggled and tried his best to swim, but made little headway.

Old "Bravo," the Newfoundland, had reached the land, and turned to look at his old enemy. He saw plainly that his strength was fast failing, and that he was likely to drown. So, what should he do but plunge in, seize him gently by the collar, and keeping his nose above water, tow him safely into port.

It was curious to see the two dogs look at each other, as soon as they had shaken their wet coats. Their glances said plainly as words, "We will never quarrel any more."

THE QUEEN'S PEDLAR.

A HIGHLANDER, a great drunkard, was led to attend a temperance lecture and to take the pledge of total abstinence. It cost him great and fierce struggles to keep it, but he kept it manfully; and not long after, the love of God sprang up in his reformed heart, and he became a sincere Christian. Not having any settled occupation, and wishing to support himself, he managed by the help of some friends to get a little stock of trinkets and set himself up as a pedlar. Happening to travel near Balmoral while the Queen was staying there, he thought he would try to get the Queen's patronage; and by the help of his honest face, and the good will of the late kind-hearted Earl of Carlisle, he succeeded. The Queen purchased some of his wares, and gave him permission to wear the Royal Arms, as the Queen's pedlar. He left her presence with a happy heart and a heavy purse; but before being dismissed from the house, the Earl of Carlisle offered him a glass of wine with which he was to drink the

Queen's health. It was a great temptation; but Donald uttered a silent prayer, and then bravely said: "I cannot drink the Queen's health in wine, but I will drink it in water."

This called forth an explanation; the Earl commended his reasons; and Donald left, thanking God for grace to enable him to "drink" "to the glory of God."

THE WELL-SPENT SOVEREIGN.

"HERE, boys, is a sovereign for each of you," said Mr. Mitchell to his sons Clarence and Edward, on a bright winter's morning, as they were working in the garden. "I hear that you are at the head of your classes, and this is to express my satisfaction in your progress."

Some days afterwards, as the two boys were in the library, he said to them, "You have not told me how you have each spent your sovereign."

"I have not spent mine yet," said Edward.

"And yours, Clarence?"

"It has all gone, father."

"Indeed! And what have you got to show for it?"

"Nothing, papa."

Clarence bent his head modestly, but without shame; the manliness in his tone convinced his father that all was right.

And now, although Clarence supposed his secret to be safe from all but the eye of his Father in heaven, we, who have watched him through all, will relate it in confidence to our readers.

The day on which he received the gift was clear and frosty. It was December, and though the sun shone it had no power upon the icicles which fell from the trees in showers. The air was healthful and exhilarating to the well-clad, but to the poor and unprotected child of want it came too keenly. Clarence hurried on, with

skates flung over his shoulder, to join a skating party. His hands were thrust into his coat pockets as he pressed on, when he felt his arm seized from behind.

"Quick, quick! Come quick!" said a little bare-footed boy, half frantic with grief. "I believe my mother is dying."

Clarence obeyed impulsively, while the boy, clinging to his coat, dragged him on.

The home, if such it could be called, was not far distant, and the scene which presented itself on his entrance was awful indeed. A woman, surrounded by three or four children screaming with terror, was lying on a bed, with her clenched hands, fixed in an immovable clasp.

"I will go for the doctor," said Clarence, and remembering that he had seen a physician's house on his way, he ran with all speed to summon him. The doctor followed him directly, and at once administered to the poor sufferer. The poor mother had toiled until over-exertion and starvation brought her to her present state. The children were thin, and only half clad. There was no fire on the hearth.

"Are you hungry?" said Clarence.

"Yes, very hungry."

"And cold, too," the boy said, and with a heart bleeding at the sight of such destitution, Clarence hurried to a cook-shop close by. His gold piece was now in requisition. Bread and hot coffee in abundance soon drew the little famished creatures to a corner of the hovel, where they satisfied their hunger and hushed their cries. For a full hour the agonies of the poor mother lasted; then she lay motionless from utter exhaustion, and fell into a profound slumber. A portion of the gold piece still remained, and Clarence tendered the doctor the usual fee. A smile stole over the face of the physician, but there was a tear in his eye, and he looked at him earnestly.

"God bless you, my noble fellow," and he laid his hand upon his head. "Keep your money for other good deeds. I never saw you before, but I think we shall meet again." He shook him warmly by the hand, and disappeared.

Clarence went also, but returned in an hour, bringing with him a pair of new shoes for the eldest boy. This exhausted the money he had with him. While deliberating on what further he could do, the doctor's carriage appeared at the door, and the doctor himself springing out hastily, took from it packages of clothing, provisions, &c., amply sufficient for their present wants.

"Here," said he to the eldest girl, a child of ten years, "dress your brothers and sisters, and see if your little hands can make the room comfortable."

The child's eyes brightened, for food had strengthened and his cheerful tone encouraged her. She was at once busily employed. He smiled cordially as he discovered Clarence, and said, "I told you we should meet again."

The doctor visited the family daily, until the poor and grateful widow was restored and able to take care of her little ones; then his wife provided employment for her, and she required no further assistance.

Four weeks had passed when Clarence's father encountered Dr. G—. "Mr. Mitchell, what a noble specimen of humanity you have in that young son of yours! I congratulate you on being his father. Has he told you of his recent encounter with me?"

"Not a word."

"Is it possible? He is a noble fellow."

Then he related to Mr. Mitchell every circumstance of that day connected with Clarence, delicately withholding his own part in the proceedings, which did not, however remain long a secret. With a full heart overflowing with thankfulness to God, for such a son, Mr. Mitchell returned to his home and related all to his wife. As soon as Clarence came in he took him by the hand.

"My son, I know the history of the sovereign."

Clarence looked up in wonder.

"Dr. G— is an old friend, though we do not often meet. He would not rest until he had traced you out; and now, my boy, receive your father's blessing, for I believe our Saviour will say of this act, 'He hath done what he could.'"

JEWISH PILGRIMS TO JERUSALEM.

ON coming within sight of the holy city Jewish pilgrims rend their garments and recite passages from the Lamentations of Jeremiah and other writings on the desolation of the sanctuary. The number of Jewish pilgrims is increasing annually, for the Jews know they may now live in comparative security, though in poverty, in the holy city. But still there is everything to sadden the heart of the Israelite when he first comes in view of the scene of the former glories of his nation.

The uncultivated land through which he has been travelling; the miles and miles of his fathers' fair and fruitful vintage now lying waste; the mountains with their terraced sides bearing evidence to the industry and skill of former generations of his own people, yet now untilled and destitute of vine or olive; the ruined sites of former villages and strongholds; the rude inhabitants, too few and too barbarous to restore the fertility or the beauty of the land,—all these things have been forced upon the attention of the sorrowful pilgrim long ere he comes in view of the grey walls of Jerusalem; and when his eyes at last rest upon the battlements, the Ottoman flag upon the ramparts, the cannon on the walls, the Turkish sentinels at the gates, bring home to his soul the sense of foreign domination. On the Temple Mount he finds a Mosque which he may not enter if he would. Churches, minarets, and nunneries of religions which he regards as an abomination, rise up before him as he ap-

proaches the city. The church bells, which are to a superstitious Jew almost a terror, sound in his ears. He cannot derive comfort from the thought that soothes the mind of a Christian pilgrim, that though yonder are great minarets whence the false teaching of Mahomet is proclaimed, yet those very domes are silent witnesses to the all-consoling truth—that Christ the Saviour has offered His one great sacrifice upon the very spot of earth now before his gaze; that in that “church of the resurrection” is preached, even amid much error, the blessed fact that the Saviour not only died but rose again that He might give remission of sins unto His people. Neither can the poor Israelite look forward as those may and do look forward with hope, who behold the Mount of Olives, as it stands gravely in the background before him, and who believe that as Jesus the Messiah went to heaven from that mountain, so will He ere long return in like manner thither as King of Israel.

To the Jewish pilgrim all is sad and dreary. He comes that he may die and be buried in holy ground; all else is uncertain before him. A stranger in his own promised inheritance, the utmost that he can hope is to be allowed to end his days in Jerusalem, and trust that in a future life, to which he looks forward with quenchless faith, the promises will be fulfilled to Israel.

MORAL POWER OF A BOY.

A LITTLE boy in Connecticut, of remarkably serious mind and habits, was ordinarily employed about a mechanic's shop, where nearly all the hands were addicted to the common use of intoxicating liquors. The lad had imbibed temperance principles, and though often invited could never be induced to partake with any of the shop's crew. Three or four of the harder drinkers in the shop resolved to force a dram of rum down his throat by some means. Seizing an opportunity when he was left alone in the shop

with themselves, they invited him to drink. He refused. They then told him they would compel him. He remained calm and unmoved. They threatened him with violence. Still he neither seemed nor attempted to escape, nor evinced the least disposition to yield; but insisted that it was wicked, and he could not do it. They then laid hold of him, a man at each arm, while the third held the bottle ready to force it into his mouth. Still their victim remained meek and firm, declaring that he had never injured *them*, nor never should, but that God would be his friend and protector, however they might abuse him.

The man who held the fatal bottle, up to that moment resolute in his evil purpose, was so struck by the non-resisting dignity and innocence of the lad, that, as he afterward confessed almost with tears, he actually felt unable to raise his hand. Twice he essayed to lift the bottle, as he placed the nose of it in the child's mouth, but his arm refused to serve him.

Not the least resistance was made in this stage of the proceeding otherwise than by a meek, protesting look; yet the ringleader himself was overcome in his feelings, and gave over the attempt, declaring that he could not, would not, injure such an innocent, conscientious, good hearted boy.

Such is moral power. Such is the strength by which evil may, sometimes at least, be overcome with good.

DRINK—SMOKE—SNUFF.

Oh! would you be all health, all lightness,
 All pureness, goodness, gladness, brightness,—
 Seeing through everything
 With minds just like the crystal spring,—
 Oh! would you be just right enough,
 Then don't *drink*, don't *smoke*, don't *snuff*.
 Throw off every yoke and fetter,
 And you'll be every way the better.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

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GROWTH OF THE HAIR.—The following lotion is said to be excellent for promoting the growth of the hair:—Eau de Cologne, two ounces; tincture of cantharides, two drachms; oil of rosemary and oil of lavender; of each, ten drops.

THE NAILS.—To whiten the nails, take of diluted sulphuric acid, two drachms; tincture of myrrh, one drachm; spring water, four ounces. Mix. First cleanse with white soap, and then dip the fingers into the wash.

THE EARS.—Deafness from secretion of wax in the ears may be healed by the following simple preparation: Take oil of turpentine, half a drachm; olive oil, two drachms. Mix. Two drops to be introduced into the ear at bed-time.

THE BRAIN.—The brain is composed of two substances, namely, of a grey colored pulp, and of a white fibrous texture, from which proceed the finest conducting tubes. These tubes, intertwining and uniting within the brain, constitute for the most part the central and under portions of it. This organ is divided by a firm membrane which lies between the great and the small brain, the former occupying the front and upper part of the skull, and the latter lying underneath at the back of the skull. Two roots from each brain uniting with each other form the spinal cord, and nerves pass from the brain and spinal cord to every organ of the body.

PRESERVING FLOWERS.—For the benefit of our lady readers, and others interested, we give the following receipt for preserving the beauty of gathered flowers: Procure a flat dish of porcelain, into which pour water; place upon a vase of flowers, and over the vase a bell glass, with its rim in the water. The air that surrounds the flowers, being confined beneath the bell glass, is constantly moist with water, that rises into it in the form of vapor. As fast as the water becomes condensed it runs down the side of the bell glass into the dish; and if means be taken to enclose the water on the outside of the bell glass, so as to prevent it evaporating into the air of the sitting room, the atmosphere around the flowers is continually damp. The experiment may be tried on a small scale by inverting a tumbler over a rose-bud in a saucer of water.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XXI.

My first is in scream, but not in moan;
 My second in injure, but not in groan;
 My third is in level, but not in plain;
 My fourth in profit, but not in gain;
 My fifth is in acre, but not in rood;
 My sixth in immaculate, but not in good.
 My whole is a Hebrew word meaning "sent."

NO. XXII.

A son of Jacob;
 A person remarkable for one peculiarity;
 A lake;
 A mountain;
 One of the seven deacons;
 A fellow-labourer of Paul's;
 One that Jesus loved;
 A high priest;
 A sect in the early Christian church;
 A priestly garment.

The initials will give the name of a place in Judea.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XIX.

Caiaphas.

NO. XX.

Corban.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

- No. 51.—Why did Moses refuse personal distinction?
 No. 52.—How many sons had Aaron?
 No. 53.—Who told the first lie?
 No. 54.—What name did Christ give to two of his disciples?
 No. 55.—Where is the first case of decapitation on record?

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

- No. 46.—In the reign of Josiah.
 No. 47.—"Ancient of days."
 No. 48.—The battle of Armageddon.
 No. 49.—Nephew.
 No. 50.—Gen. vi. 14.