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# CANADIAN SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

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[No. 4.]

## PRINCIPLE BEFORE GOOD-NATURE.

### PART I.

"WHAT is the matter, Robert?" asked Henry Manvers, as he met his cousin walking slowly and thoughtfully along a shady lane leading towards the village.

"I've had bad news from home, Harry. Lucy writes that my mother is dangerously ill, and I wish to send them a little money, as the doctor has ordered many expensive things. Do you think you could let me have the five pounds I lent you last quarter? I've been trying to see you alone all day to ask."

"I'm sorry, Robert, I wish I had it to give you; but the truth is, I'm very hard up just now, and I didn't think you'd have wanted it so soon."

"Neither I would, but for mother's illness. Well, I was thinking if you couldn't pay, of asking an advance from your father; you know my quarter will be up in a week or so."

"I advise you to do no such thing. It's against the rules, and my father would never have a good opinion of you again for outrunning your pay: besides, you'd have to tell him that I had borrowed from you, which would get me into a fine scrape, for, now that he's ill, his temper is none of the best."

"That's all very true, but without troubling him. Mr. Bunker might let me have a few pounds till next week; he has the management of everything while your father is laid up."

"He might, certainly, if he would; but you forget he's no friend of yours, and would be only too glad of a handle against you, for he wishes to get his own son into your place; indeed he'd have had it from the first, but that I stuck up steadily for you!"

"I know that, Harry: you were always a good friend to me, and I'm sorry we're not as much together as we used."

"I'm sure I don't know why we're not, unless it's because you're such a quiet-going fellow, and won't come out with me to any fun: you don't seem to take to my companions."

"I wish you didn't take to them either, Harry. I don't think they're good company for you."

"Ah! you're going to lecture, and it would be better to consider how to get this money, for, bad as I am, I can't bear your mother and little Lucy to be at a loss from my extravagance. Now I can see nothing to hinder your helping yourself out of the till. Don't start! there's nothing wrong in it, you can slip in the money when you get it; and all will be right again, and no one the wiser. Bunker does not make up his accounts till the end of the month!"

"Oh, no, Harry, I could not do that."

"Even for your mother's sake?"

"She would not wish it."

"Why?"

"How can you talk so, Harry? Don't you know it's wrong to take what is not your own?"

"Yes, but you're going to return it."

"But I have no right to make use of it without leave. Say no more about that plan, please."

"Well, well, never mind; since you're so particular I'll try and borrow a few pounds from some of my friends. I'm just off to meet them now to arrange about that

boating-party next week. Change your mind, like a good fellow, and come with us."

"No, no, I couldn't leave the business while your father's ill. But you're so much in debt already, I fear no one will lend you again."

"My friends are more good-natured than you give them credit for; at all events, I'll see what I can do for you, so keep up your heart."

And thus the two youths parted, Robert to walk slowly towards his uncle's house, while Harry set off to keep an appointment with a set of companions wild and thoughtless as himself. The cousins had been much attached since their school-days, and it was owing to this friendship that Robert had obtained the situation of assistant in his uncle's establishment when the death of his father rendered it necessary for him to seek employment.

Harry was a warm-hearted, good-natured lad, but lacking the steady principle which a good mother's precept and example had early instilled into Robert's mind.

A week passed since the foregoing conversation. Harry was in high spirits about the boating-party which was to come off next day. He had just gone out to give the finishing touch to the arrangements, and Robert was engaged at his business, when Mr. Bunker put his head in at the door, requested him to step up-stairs and speak with old Mr. Manvers, who wished him to explain something in the accounts. Robert remarked, as he prepared to obey the summons, "I did not think my uncle was able to attend business yet."

"So it appears," replied the clerk drily; "however, it's well for him he has some one to look after his interests while he's ill;" and he glanced meaningly into the young man's face, who, puzzled by his words and manner, followed in silence to the door of his uncle's bedroom.

Mr. Bunker knocked softly, and being desired to enter,

motioned Robert forward, whilst he remained in the background, anxious to hear the result of the interview. In an old-fashioned arm-chair sat the invalid, supported by pillows. An account-book lay on his knee, and his face, usually stern, wore an expression of unusual severity. Beside him stood a table to which Robert advanced, and finding he was not addressed, said, after an awkward pause, "You sent for me, uncle?"

The old man fixed a keen gaze on his nephew's countenance, and pointing with his finger to a row of figures in the book before him, replied, "How do you account for this?"

Robert glanced at the place indicated. "What is it, sir?"

"Do you observe the date, and the amount of this sum? Mr. Bunker tells me the money in the till was five pounds short when he counted it next morning, and as he was out most of the day, while you were left in sole charge, of course it is natural to suppose you are the only one capable of explaining the matter. What have you to say?"

"Nothing, sir. I was out part of the evening after Mr. Bunker's return, so I do not consider myself wholly accountable."

"You admit it looks suspicious?"

"I think you have very slight grounds for suspicion, sir."

"Indeed! Do you deny having procured a post-office order for exactly the amount of the missing sum on the following day?"

"No, uncle, I do not wish to deny that. I enclosed the order to my sister, who wrote to me that my mother was ill, and in want of money to purchase comforts."

"It is scarcely likely that you had so much money in hand since last quarter."

Robert was silent.

"Pray had you any?"

"No, sir."

"Then how did you obtain this money?"

Robert hesitated; his hand, which rested on the table, moved nervously; he at length stammered out, "I would rather not answer that question, uncle."

"If you wish to clear yourself, it is necessary to do so; but your silence and evident confusion are answer enough to my mind. I brought you here and trusted you, and this is my reward. You have nothing to say in your own defence, therefore you can go home; I shall not make this matter public, as you are my brother's son."

Robert stood for a moment irresolute, then he turned and left the room in silence. At the foot of the stairs he met his cousin Florence, and was about to pass, when seizing his arm, she said, "Where are you going in such haste? I want you here for a few minutes. But, oh! Robert, what is the matter?"

"I am going home, Florry."

"Home, why?" And, drawing him gently into the sitting-room, she went on, "Now tell me all about it?"

Robert gave an account of the interview with his uncle.

"But surely," she exclaimed, "you did not take this money! I don't believe it, and I never shall!"

"I did not, Florry."

"Tell me, I will keep it secret if you wish."

"Well, you must promise faithfully to do so."

"I shall never mention it without your leave. Where did you get the money?"

"From Harry."

"Did you borrow it?"

"He owed it to me since last quarter, and I asked him to pay."

"Harry told me the other day he had not a farthing."

"He borrowed it from some of his friends—at least he said he would."

"Now, Robert, I understand your motive in not telling me all this. My father would blame Harry very much for being in debt, first to you, and then again to some one else, in order to pay. Still it would be better he should know than accuse you of so much a worse fault. Do let me go up and tell him."

"Oh, no! perhaps Harry himself may, but I never shall."

"He will not be back to-night, and is to be all to-morrow on this boating excursion."

"And I must start by the next train for home. Please don't say anything about it to him when he comes back. I am sure he will clear me if he can; you know how good-natured Harry is. Now good bye, Florry, and thanks for not thinking badly of me."

That evening Robert arrived at home; Lucy ran joyfully to welcome his return, but soon her pleasure was turned into pain when the story of his dismissal and its disgraceful cause were told.

Mrs. Manvers was too ill to bear the excitement of such tidings, and she thought that her son had come to see her for a short time, and they did not tell her otherwise. But things could not go on in this way. Robert must not remain a burden to those so little able to bear any addition to their cares; therefore, having no hope of obtaining a situation in the country without his uncle's recommendation, he resolved to try his fortune abroad. One week longer he lingered in expectation that Harry might speak to his father and the mystery be cleared up; but days went by and no letter arrived. Had Florry forgotten him? or was she forbidden to write? And Harry, good-natured Harry! had he allowed his friend to remain under such a charge without saying a word to clear his character? He knew Harry to be more kind-hearted than high-principled, still he clung to the hope that generosity would lead him to speak the

truth, and not allow his friend to bear the blame of his fault. However, the week passed away without bringing any tidings from either brother or sister; and the finances at home being at a very low ebb, Robert started for the nearest sea-port town, and having got a berth in a vessel bound for Australia, he determined to work his way out, and endeavour to find any occupation there which would enable him to support himself. It was hard to be obliged to leave home while his mother was in so precarious a state of health, but each day that he remained only served to lessen her small stock of comforts; so, mentioning the matter to his sister Lucy alone, he started, after telling her to break the sad news as gently as possible to his poor mother.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

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### WHAT I SAW.

I saw a little girl

With half-uncovered form,  
And wondered why she wandered thus,  
Amid the winter storm;

They said her mother drank  
What took her sense away,  
And so she let her children go  
Hungry and cold all day.

I saw them lead a man  
To prison for his crime,  
Where solitude, and punishment,  
And toil divide the time.

And as they forced him through its gate  
Unwillingly along,  
They told me 'twas the maddening drink  
That made him do the wrong.

I saw a woman weep  
As if her heart would break;  
They said her husband drank too much  
Of what he should not take.



I saw an unfrequented mound  
 Where weeds and brambles wave ;  
 They said no tear had fallen there :  
 It was a drunkard's grave.

They said these were not all  
 The risks that drunkards run,  
 For there was danger lest the soul  
 Be evermore undone.

Water is very pure and sweet  
 And beautiful to see,  
 And since it cannot do us harm  
 It is the drink for me.

### THE MINISTER AND THE ROBBER.

THE following story of courage and presence of mind, though the scene of it is laid in America, comes from a German source.

The Presbyterian pastor in a small town on the Hudson River was a clever and brave man, as the following story proves. It took place in the Autumn of 1860. It was Friday night; the good pastor was sitting in his study, preparing his sermon for Sunday, and so busy was he in his work that he did not perceive how late it was. Midnight passed away, and still he worked on. Resting for a moment, he looked up, and suddenly perceived the figure of a strongly-built man, who was gazing at the pastor as if he was awaiting a favourable moment to interrupt him.

The minister, although very much astonished, preserved his composure entirely, and asked the intruder to sit down, which he seemed to do mechanically.

"May I ask you to tell me what has brought you here at such a late hour?" said the minister.

"My intention is to rob. At the first movement you make to give an alarm, you are a dead man. You have plate in the house, and some money. I will borrow that, and take this opportunity to receive it," said the stranger.

"You are very open," answered the minister, "and I esteem your candour, although I greatly lament your calling."

"Robbery, sir, is not my business; but I am out of work, my family is starving; I am driven to this necessity. Before I see my children starve, I would take the lives of ten such as you are, if by so doing I could procure bread."

"I cannot see your face," said the pastor, "but I should take you for a man of good education, and with a humane heart."

"Well, well," said the man, impatiently, "you need not think to gain time by a conversation. You know my business," he continued, approaching the good man.

"I pledge you my word, as a Christian, that I will neither raise an alarm nor keep back anything from you which is in the house. Be so good as to sit down."

The robber sat down again.

"Now be candid," said the minister; "is this only an excuse, or is your family really on the point of starvation?"

"My family, sir, is in the state which I have described to you: my wife is ill, and my children drive me wild with their cries for bread."

The minister, convinced of the truth of the man's statement, said,—

"I have a hundred dollars, paid me yesterday, for my salary, as I suppose you have heard; I have also some silver-plated articles which were given to my wife for a wedding present. If you spare the plate, I will give you the hundred dollars, and twenty more which I have laid by to surprise my wife on the anniversary of our wedding-day."

"Well, do so, but be quick about it, for I must go."

"Just come here," said the pastor; "I must show you a picture."

The man followed, and the minister opened a door and stood still for a moment.

"In that room, further on, the mother of these children is slumbering," he said, as he pointed to a boy and girl who lay in a low bed in the room before them. "She doubtless feels quite safe, because the sacred calling of her husband should protect her and her children. The money that I shall give you was to supply this family with what you unfortunately so greatly need. Here it is," said the pastor, closing the door and taking a roll of notes out of his desk.

The other seized it and turned away; stood still, and then turned round again.

"Sir," he said, addressing the minister and taking off the half-mask which covered part of his face, "this money burns in my hands; I cannot keep it."

"Why not?" said the minister.

"I am thinking of those children," pointing to the door. "Such as those drove me to the deed which I have just carried out; but I fear that bread thus obtained might choke them."

"Well, come," said the pastor, "I think we can arrange this matter. Here are twenty-five dollars, which I will lend you; they will support your little family for the present. The trust you have put in me by uncovering your face shall not injure you. Take this money, and come to me to-morrow: I am sure that I can procure you work."

The man burst into tears, and seizing the preacher's hand, he said,—

"You have saved me, sir. Had I succeeded in the deed which I attempted to-night, robbery might have become my occupation, and my children the children of a murderer!"

He instinctively followed the minister, who knelt down to thank God that He had preserved an unfortunate

man from sin; and that midnight scene in the minister's study led to the robber becoming a useful citizen and a God-fearing man.

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### THE INFIDEL AND THE BIBLE.

A VIRGINIA banker, who was chairman of a noted infidel club, was once travelling through Kentucky, having bank-bills to the amount of about \$25,000. When he came to a lonely forest where murders and robberies were said to be frequent, he was soon lost through taking the wrong road. The darkness of the night came quickly over him, and how to escape from the threatened danger he knew not. In his alarm he suddenly espied in the distance a dim light, and urging his horse onward, he at length came to a wretched cabin. He knocked, and the door was opened by a woman who said her husband was out hunting, but would soon return. The gentleman put up his horse and entered the cabin, but with feelings that can be better imagined than described. Here he was with a large sum of money, and perhaps in the house of one of the robbers whose name was a terror to the country.

In a short time the man of the house returned. He had on a deer-skin shirt, a bear-skin cap, seemed fatigued, and in no talkative mood. All this boded the infidel no good. He felt for his pistols in his pockets, and placed them so as to be ready for instant use. The man asked the stranger to retire to bed, but he declined, saying he would sit by the fire all night. The man urged, but the more he urged the more the infidel was alarmed. He felt assured that this was his last night upon earth, but he determined to sell his life as dearly as he could. His infidel principles gave him no comfort. His fears grew into perfect agony. What was to be done?

At length the backwoodsman arose; reaching to the wooden shelf he took down an old book, and said:

"Well, stranger, if you wont go to bed, I will; but it is my habit to read a chapter of the Holy Scriptures before I go to bed."

What a change did these words produce! Alarm was at once removed from the sceptic's mind. Though calling himself an infidel, he after all believed in the Bible! He felt safe. He felt that a man who kept an old Bible in his house, and read it, and bent his knee in prayer, was no robber or murderer. He listened to the simple prayer of the good man, at once dismissed all his fears, and lay down in that rude cabin, and slept as calmly as he did under his father's roof.

From that time he ceased to revile the good old Bible. He became a sincere Christian, and often related the story of his eventful journey, to prove the folly of infidelity.

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### THE THREE CHERRY-STONES.

MORE than fifty years ago—when I was a school-boy—I remember to have read a story which may have been a fiction, but which made a deep impression upon me then. I will endeavour to draw it forth from the locker of my memory, and relate it as nearly as I can recollect.

Three young gentlemen, who had finished the substantial part of their dinner, were lingering over their fruit and wine, at a tavern in London, when a man of middle age and middle stature entered the public room where they were sitting, seated himself at one end of a small unoccupied table, and calling the waiter, he ordered a simple mutton-chop and a glass of ale. His appearance, at first view, was not likely to arrest the attention of any one. His hair was beginning to be thin and grey; the expression of his countenance was sedate, with a slight touch, perhaps, of melancholy; and he wore a grey surtout with a standing collar, which manifestly had

seen service, if the wearer had not—just such a thing as an officer would bestow upon his serving-man.

He continued to munch his chop and sip his ale in silence, without lifting his eyes from the table, until a cherry-stone, sportively snapped from the thumb and finger of one of the gentlemen at the opposite table, struck him upon his right ear. His eye was instantly upon the aggressor, and he gathered from the ill-suppressed merriment of the party that this petty impertinence was intentional. The stranger stooped and picked up the cherry-stone, and a scarcely perceptible smile passed over his features as he carefully wrapped it in a piece of paper and placed it in his pocket. This singular procedure, somewhat excited as the young gentlemen were by the wine they had taken, upset their gravity entirely, and they burst into a loud fit of laughter. Unmoved by this rudeness, the stranger continued to finish his frugal repast in quiet, until another cherry-stone, from the same hand, struck him upon the right elbow. This also, to the increased amusement of the other party, he picked from the floor, and carefully deposited with the first.

Amidst shouts of laughter a third cherry-stone was soon after discharged, which hit him upon the left breast. This also he deliberately took from the floor, and deposited with the other two. As he rose, and was engaged in paying for his repast, the gaiety of these sporting gentlemen became slightly subdued. It was not easy to account for this; they did not detect the slightest evidence of irritation or resentment on the features of the stranger. He seemed a little taller, to be sure; and the carriage of his head might have appeared to them rather more erect. He walked to the table at which they were sitting, and with that air of dignified calmness which is a thousand times more terrible than wrath, drew a card from his pocket, and presented it with perfect civility to

the offender; who could do no less than offer his own in return.

While the stranger unclosed his surtout to take the card from his pocket, they had a glance at the undress coat of a military man. The card disclosed his rank, and a brief inquiry at the bar was enough for the rest.

He was a captain whom ill-health and long service had entitled to half-pay. In earlier life he had been engaged in several duels and was said to be "a dead shot." The next morning a note arrived at the aggressor's residence, containing a challenge, in form, and one of the cherry-stones. The truth then flashed before the challenged party; it was the challenger's intention to make three bites at this cherry—three separate affairs out of this unwarrantable frolic. The challenge was accepted; and the challenged party, in deference to the challenger's reputed skill with the pistol, had half decided upon the small-sword: but his friends, who were on the alert, soon discovered that the captain, who had risen by his merit, had, in the earlier days of his necessity, gained his bread as an accomplished instructor in the use of that weapon.

They met, and fired alternately, by lot. The young man had selected this mode, thinking he might win the first fire. He did—fired, and missed his opponent. The captain levelled his pistol and fired—the ball passed through the flap of the right ear, and grazed the bone; and as the wounded man involuntarily put his hand to the place, he remembered that it was on the right ear of his antagonist that the cherry-stone had fallen.

Here ended the first lesson. A month had passed. His friends cherished the hope that he would hear nothing more from the captain; when another note—a challenge, of course—and another of those ominous cherry-stones arrived, with the captain's apology, on the score of ill-health, for not sending it before. Again they

met—fired simultaneously, and the captain, who was unhurt, shattered the right elbow of his antagonist—the very point upon which he had been struck with the cherry-stone. And here ended the second lesson.

There was something terribly impressive in the captain's manner, and his exquisite skill. The third cherry-stone was still in his possession, and the aggressor had not forgotten that it had struck the unoffending gentleman upon the left breast. A month had passed—another—and another—of terrible suspense; but nothing was heard from the captain. Intelligence had been received that he was confined to his lodgings by illness.

At length the gentleman who had been his second in the former duels presented himself, and tendered another note, which, as the recipient perceived on taking it, contained the last of the cherry-stones. The note was superscribed in the captain's well-known hand, but it was the writing evidently of one who wrote feebly. There was an unusual solemnity, also, in the manner of him who delivered it. The seal was broken, and there was the cherry-stone in a blank envelope.

"And what, sir; am I to understand by this?" inquired the aggressor.

"You will understand, sir, that my friend forgives you—he is dead!"

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## STORIES OF DOGS.

### THE DOG DETECTIVE.

So many anecdotes are told of the faithfulness and sagacity of dogs that further proof seems to be scarcely needful; yet our readers will like to hear the substance of an account which appeared in a German paper:

Kruntz was a wealthy tanner, residing near Kinz, in Austria. He was in the habit of making long journeys on matters connected with his business several times a-year, and he always took with him a large, strong dog,



which, while travelling, was fastened under the carriage which he drove.

He started as usual one morning in October, and the same night the horse returned with the cabriolet, and on it was the lifeless body of his master, who had evidently been murdered. Inquiries were made, but no clue to the murderer could be found, and after a while the subject was allowed to drop. The son took the conduct of the business, and travelled in the same way, with the difference, however, that he let his dog loose while on the road, thinking that it would be a greater protection to him so than if it were fastened up.

One day, as he was passing a public house where the landlord stood smoking at the door, the dog, which had hitherto trotted along very quietly by the side of the vehicle, directly he saw him he began to bark in a furious manner, and made a rush at the man, who retreated into the house and closed the door, outside of which the dog stood barking violently.

His young master, without showing any signs of suspicion, led him back to the carriage, fastened him up there, and rapidly drove off to the nearest town, where he gave information to the authorities of what had happened. Without loss of time the public house was visited by police-officers, who found in it proofs of the man's guilt, in the empty money-bag, the watch, and pocket-book of the murdered tanner. The man and his wife were arrested, tried for the crime, and found guilty. And thus by a dog-detective a dreadful crime was discovered and punished.

#### THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

A SHEPHERD, subject to periodical attacks of illness, was in the habit of going to a neighbouring sea-port town for a remedy which he procured at a chemist's. The chemist hearing on one occasion that the shepherd was confined to his bed, walked to his residence in the country.

The poor man looked very ill, and, at his feet, on the bed, lay his dog, having the appearance of being ill too, and was also very thin. The chemist said to the shepherd's wife,—

“Why do you starve your dog?”

“Not I,” replied the woman, “but he will not eat when his master is ill. As soon as his master gets the turn for the better, the dog begins to eat; indeed he sometimes knows before we do, that his master is getting better, and makes little signs which cannot be mistaken.”

#### THE CLERGYMAN'S DOGS.

A clergyman had two small terrier dogs, of which he was very fond, as the dogs were of him. The clergyman died, and the dogs appeared greatly distressed at not seeing their master. They were constantly seen in the carpenter's shop where the coffin was being made, having it was supposed watched the carpenter who had been in the room of the deceased. On the day of the funeral the dogs were shut up, as it was feared they would be troublesome. The next morning they were seen from a window of the Parsonage, at the grave, both on their hind-legs, holding up the fore-paws in the attitude of begging, as they had been in the habit of doing when they wanted their master to do anything for them.

#### DIVING FOR SPONGES.

THE eastern coast of the Island of Crete is celebrated for its excellent sponges. These are brought to light from the bottom of the sea with very great labour, for the sponge generally grows at a depth of about forty fathoms below the surface of the sea. The diver can only reach the bottom if he is heavily weighted, and when there the mass of water pressing on his body almost takes away his breath.

The diver sets to work as follows:—He first undresses

in the boat and ties a heavy block of marble, which weighs about 25lbs., with a cord round his body. He then draws a long deep breath, in order to fill his lungs with as much air as possible. No one dares to speak to him and to disturb him. He then utters a short prayer, throws his marble block into the sea, jumps after it, and as he reaches the bottom places the stone under his arm, in order to keep himself down in the water; then he goes to his business. He loosens the sponges from the rocks and packs them hastily into a net which he has hanging round his neck. He communicates with his comrades above by means of a rope fastened round his body: at the first sign which he gives with this, they pull him up as quickly as possible with his load, for his life hangs on only a few seconds. At last the poor fellow, completely exhausted, reaches the open air and breathes anew. The tone of the human voice is said to revive him wonderfully when, destitute of all human warmth, he returns from the bosom of the sea. Often, indeed, he never comes back again; for, in spite of all the caution used, he is not unfrequently seized by a shark and devoured.

The eastern coast of Crete reckons some 80 to 100 fishing-boats, wholly employed in getting sponges, each of which is manned with from seven to eight divers. These poor men lead a hard and miserable life, whilst their masters often make large fortunes out of them. They sometimes increase their gains in a most dishonest manner; for they pour sand into the sponges, which adds to their weight, and, as they are sold by weight, the dealers get a higher price for them than they are worth.

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### “RIGHT FROM HEAVEN.”

IN a miserable cottage at the bottom of a hill, two children were crouching over a smouldering fire. A

tempest raged without, a fearful tempest, against which man and beast were alike powerless.

A poor old miser, much poorer than these shivering children, though he had heaps of money at home, drew his ragged cloak around him, as he stood in the doorway of the miserable hut. He dared not enter, for fear they would ask him to pay for shelter, and he could not move for the storm.

"I am hungry, Nettie.

"So am I. I have hunted for a potatoe-paring, and can't find any."

"What an awful storm!"

"Yes, the old tree has blown down. God took care that it did not fall on the house. If it had it would have killed us."

"If he could do that, couldn't he send us bread?"

"Let's pray 'Our Father,' and when we come to that part, stop till we get some bread."

So they began, and the miser, crouching and shivering, listened. When they paused, expecting in their childish faith to see some bread come to them, a human feeling stole into his heart; God sent some angel to soften it. He had bought a loaf at the village, thinking it would last him several days; but the silence of the two little children spoke louder to him than the voice of many waters. He opened the door softly, threw in the loaf, and listened to the eager cry of delight that came from the half-famished little ones.

"It dropped right from heaven, didn't it?" asked the younger,

"Yes; I mean to love God always for giving us bread when we ask Him."

"We'll ask him every day, wont we? Why, I never thought God was so good! Did you?"

"Yes, I always thought so, but I never knew it before."

"Let's ask Him to give father work to do all the time,

so we never need be hungry again. He'll do it, I am sure."

The storm passed on; the miser went home. A little flower had sprung up in his heart; it was no longer barren. In a few weeks he died, but not before he had given a cottage to the poor labouring man. And the little children always had a solemn and yet happy feeling when at their morning prayers they came to those beautiful words, "Give us this day our daily bread."

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### THE CONTENTED FARMER.

ONCE upon a time, Frederick, king of Prussia, when taking a ride, noticed an old farmer ploughing his acre by the wayside, and cheerfully singing at his work.

"You must be well off, old man," said the king. "Does this acre belong to you?"

"No, sir," replied the farmer, who knew not it was the king. "I am not so rich as that; I plough for wages."

"How much do you get a day?" asked the king.

"Eight groschen" (about a shilling), said the farmer.

"That is not much," replied the king. "Can you get along with it?"

"Get along, and have something left."

"How is that?"

The farmer smiled and said,—

"Well, if I must tell you—two groschen are for myself and wife; with two I pay my old debts; two I lend out; and two I give away for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery which I cannot solve," said the king.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the farmer. "I have two old parents at home who kept me when I was weak and needed help, and now that they are weak and need help, I keep them. This is my debt toward which I pay two groschen a-day. The third pair of groschen

which I lend out I spend for my children, that they may receive Christian instruction. They will pay it back in the comfort they will be to me and my wife when we get old. With the last two groschen I maintain two sisters, whom I could not be compelled to keep. This is what I give for the Lord's sake."

The king, well pleased with the answer, said, "Bravely spoken, old man. Now I will also give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"

"Never," said the farmer.

"In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses."

"This is a mystery which I cannot unravel," said the farmer.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the king. Thrusting his hand into his pocket, and counting fifty brand-new gold pieces into his hand, stamped with his royal likeness, he said to the astonished farmer, who knew not what was coming, "The coin is genuine, for it also comes from our Lord God, and I am His paymaster. I bid you adieu."

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### PLEDGE FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

This little band do with our hand  
The Pledge now sign, to drink no wine;  
Nor brandy red, to turn our head;  
Nor whiskey hot, that makes the sot;  
Nor will we sin through drinking gin;  
Hard cider, too, will never do;  
Nor brewer's beer, so dear and queer;  
Nor fiery rum, to turn our home  
Into a hell where none can dwell—  
Where peace would fly, where hope would die,  
And love expire 'mid such a fire.  
So here we pledge perpetual hate  
To all that can intoxicate.

### "WHAT NEXT?"

A GENTLEMAN riding near the city, overtook a well-dressed young man, and invited him into his carriage.

"What," said the gentleman to the young stranger, "are your plans for the future?"

"I am a clerk," replied the young man, "and my hope is to succeed, and get into business for myself."

"And what next?" said the gentleman.

"Why, I intend to marry, and set up an establishment of my own," said the youth.

"And what next?"

"Why, to continue in business, and accumulate wealth."

"And what next?"

"It is the lot of all to die, and I of course cannot escape," replied the young man.

"And what next?" once more asked the gentleman: but the young man had no answer to make; he had no purposes that reached beyond the present life. How many young men are in precisely the same condition. What pertains to the world to come has no place in all their plans.

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### "TAKE ANOTHER."

At the battle of Meanee, an officer who had been doing good service came up to the commanding general, Sir Charles Napier, and said, "Sir Charles, we have taken a standard." The general looked at him, but made no reply, and turning round, began to speak to some one else; upon which the officer repeated, "Sir Charles, we have taken a standard." The general turned sharp round upon him, and said, "*Then take another.*" The spirit which this great commander would impress upon his subordinate should be possessed by every soldier of Christ. The conflict must be persistently kept up so long as there is any unsubdued sin in ourselves, or any soul living in enmity to God. -

## USEFUL INFORMATION.

**ASTHMA.**—The following is recommended as a relief:—Two ounces of the best honey, and one ounce of castor oil mixed. A teaspoonful to be taken night and morning.

**CRAMP.**—Stretch the heel of the leg as far as possible, at the same time drawing up the toes as far as possible. This will often stop a fit of the cramp in the leg after it has commenced. Tying a bandage round the thigh, a little above the knee, it is said, gives immediate relief.

**REMEDY FOR BURNS.**—For a burn by vitriol or by any similar cause, apply the white of eggs, mixed with powdered chalk, and lay it over the burnt parts with a feather, and it will afford immediate relief. This has been tried most successfully on a child who had accidentally taken some vitriol into its mouth.

**REMEDY FOR SPRAINS.**—Put the white of an egg into a saucer, keep stirring it with a piece of alum about the size of a walnut until it becomes a thick jelly; apply a portion of it on a piece of lint or tow; large enough to cover the sprain, changing it for a fresh one as often as it feels warm or dry; the limb is to be kept in an horizontal position by placing it on a chair.

**QUANTITY OF WATER IN THE SEA.**—If we would have an idea of the enormous quantity of water which the sea contains, let us suppose a common and general depth of the ocean; by computing it only at 200 fathoms, or the tenth part of a mile, we shall see that there is sufficient water to cover the whole globe to the height of 503 feet of water: and if we were to reduce this water into a mass, we should find that it forms a globe of more than sixty miles in diameter.

**CLOUDS.**—Against much rain, the clouds grow bigger, and increase very fast, especially before thunder. When the clouds are formed like fleeces, but dense in the middle and bright towards the edges, with the sky bright, they are signs of frost, with hail, snow, or rain. If clouds form high in air, in thin white trains like locks of wool, they portend wind, and probably rain. When a general cloudiness covers the sky, and small black fragments of clouds fly underneath, they are a sure sign of rain, and probably it will be lasting. Two currents of clouds always portend rain, and, in summer, thunder.



## SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. VII.

1. A son of Jonathan.
2. A daughter-in-law of Elimelech.
3. One of the seven deacons.
4. A river mentioned in Scripture.
5. The Hebrew name for owl.

The initials will form that which, loved too well, becomes a besetting sin.

NO. VIII.

I am a word of twelve letters.

My first is the last of a city in Judea.

My second is the first of a judge of Israel.

My third is the third of a city in Ephesus.

My fourth is the fifth of a word meaning to foretell.

My fifth is the first of a sin which the Israelites were guilty of.

My sixth is the third of a sister of Laban.

My seventh is the second of a king of Judah.

My eighth is the last of a body of men who lived in the time of Christ.

My ninth is the second of one of the Evangelists.

My tenth is the last of a Roman governor.

My eleventh is the eighth of the chief ruler of the synagogue in Corinth.

My twelfth is the last of a word meaning strife.

My whole is a relation of Saul's.

## ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. V.

1. Vashti. 2. Anna. 3. Nain. 4. Iconium. 5. Theophilus. 6. (H)ysop.—Vanity.

NO. VI.

1. Jephthah. 2. Eve. 3. Philip. 4. Hannaniah. 5. Tabret. 6. Hebron. 7. Agag. 8. Haman.

## SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

No. 16.—What king of Judah killed himself?

No. 17.—What king of Israel had the largest number of wives?

No. 18.—What relation was Manasseh to Ahab?

No. 19.—Who was nearly killed for eating honey?

No. 20.—What Hebrew king reigned longest?

## ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

11. Pharaoh. 12. Deborah. 13. In the reign of Rehoboam.  
14. Noah. 15. Japheth.