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CANADIAN SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

JANUARY, 1873.

[No. 2.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The Old Year has passed, with its joys and its sorrows;
The New Year has come, with its hope and its fear;
And now, on the threshold of unknown to-morrows,
Dear friends, we would wish you A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

We ask not for honour, we look not for treasure:
These last but a moment—they soon disappear;
Though ours were silver and gold without measure,
Oh, *these* could not bring us A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

We know not what cares may e'en now be before us,
We know not what joy or what grief may be near;
We know not which voice may be missed from our chorus,
When next we shall wish you A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

But we know that the smile of our Father in heaven
Brings sunshine in sorrow, dispels every fear:
He will not withhold who a Saviour has given,
And oh, may *He* send you A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

(For the CANADIAN SUNDAY MAGAZINE.)

LOVE OF DRESS.

"WHAT a shame! sentenced to three years' imprisonment! I declare I never heard of such an unjust sentence!" indignantly exclaimed Mary Lee, as she threw down a newspaper from which she had been reading something that appeared to pain and excite her.

The facts of the case were these:—A young girl had just been sentenced to three years' imprisonment, for the liberty of wearing, for a few hours one day, a valuable

ring belonging to her mistress. She had no intention of stealing the ring, but, being missed in her absence, it was believed she had stolen it, and having been found on her finger when she returned, she was given up to the police, when after a short trial, she was pronounced guilty, and sentenced as above mentioned.

"It is a very hard case, indeed," replied her visitor, named Julia Stone, a young woman about her own age. "But, then, it was her own fault, and arose from her love of dress and ornaments."

"How can you be so cruel, Julia! You know that Nellie Johnston did not intend to steal the ring: if she did, she would not have brought it back on her finger. And as to it's being all owing to her love of dress and ornaments, I don't see that that had anything to do with it. Every girl loves dress and ornaments, and Nellie was not worse than others. In fact, Julia, I don't believe there's any harm in the love of dress or the wearing of ornaments."

"There's where you are wrong, Mary. I consider it great harm for a young woman to love dress and ornaments to such an extent as to drive better things from her mind. Such love is born of pride, begets unholy thoughts, and often leads to ruin."

"How you do preach!" exclaimed Mary. "Pray, Julia, should not a young woman be well dressed?"

"Yes, certainly; but there's such a thing as being over-dressed, you know, Mary. Such young women may be seen in the streets every day; and they are not thought much of, I assure you. Why, their heads alone are a wonderful sight in themselves, and must be very expensive, and cause them much time and labor to dress up."

"Well, I declare you talk very foolish, Julia," replied Mary, beginning to get a little angry, because she herself decked her head out very gaudily, and made it

appear nearly double its natural size. "I tell you people have a right to dress themselves in whatever way they please: it is no one's business but their own."

"Don't get angry, Mary; I didn't mean to say anything that would offend you. But I feel that I have only done my duty in speaking against the abuses of dress and ornaments, which are so prevalent just now. Besides, Mary, I cannot see how any Christian young women can conscientiously follow the fashions of the present day; more especially, the wearing of a bundle of false hair, in addition to what God has already given them."

"Now, Julia, I declare you are going too far. What are the fashions for? and how could a young woman dress herself if there were no new fashions out?"

"The fashions are got up, Mary, for the benefit of worldly people, who have plenty of money to spend, and who wish to make a show in the world. A young woman should dress plainly, but at the same time neatly; and this can be done without much expense. The plainer a woman dresses the better; no well-brought-up young woman will over-dress herself."

"Do you mean to say, Julia, that the Misses B.'s and the Misses A.'s, and a number of others to be seen at church every Sunday, are not well-brought-up, Christian ladies? They are dressed in the height of fashion; and can you say it is wrong for them to be thus dressed?"

"I wish to condemn no one in particular, Mary; I speak only in general terms of those who conform to that hollow thing—fashion. It seems to me that ministers of the Gospel are rather slow to condemn the indulgence in dress of their congregations. They speak of Temperance, of Charity, and of other Christian virtues; but they seldom directly attack this folly—this enemy of womankind—fashion."

"Julia, you speak of this matter of dress as if it were

really sinful. I have always been used to dress in fashion, as well as I was able, and I never considered it in the light that you do."

"And so I do consider it sinful, Mary."

"And what are your reasons for considering it sinful, Julia."

"My reasons are good. Following the fashions leads to extravagance and pride, which are the bane of many a female. These, with the consequent waste of money also, are the cause of bringing many a respectable family to the verge of ruin. God never intended that we should set our affections upon the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, for they estrange our hearts from Him, upon whom all our best affections should be fixed."

Mary remained silent, evidently feeling unable to make any suitable reply to the last forcible argument. Julia, seeing the impression she had made, continued:

"I am glad, Mary, that you appear to feel the truth of my remarks, and hope that you will profit by it.—But I have not yet told you what I came for. It is this. I want you to join the Dorcas Sewing Society in connection with our Church. We want all the assistance we can get to make up garments for the poor, who, in this inclement season, are sadly in want of clothing. Whole families of children are unable to attend the Sunday-school from this cause. And oh! Mary," continued Julia, "how easy it would be to clothe the poor, if ladies—aye, and I may say gentlemen too—would give a portion of the money they are so lavishly spending upon themselves for dress and luxuries. What say you, Mary? Will you come?"

"Well, Julia, I don't know. I have never been employed in that way, and I don't think I could be of much use."

"Mary, this is a labor of love. You cannot refuse. You will only get to do what you are able; and, besides,

it will keep you usefully employed, and help to drive away selfish thoughts, and fill up a little of your idle time."

The end of it was, that Mary consented to go to the ladies' meeting to work for the poor.

How many ladies are there who have time hanging heavy on their hands, and yet never set a stitch in an article of clothing for the poor! "God loveth a cheerful giver;" and He loves equally well a cheerful worker in the vineyard of His poor.

MY FIRST SHOT AT A TIGER.

It was in April, one of the hottest days of an unusually hot Indian season, some ten or twelve years ago, that I set out with my friend Pullman on a tiger hunting expedition for the Jugdispore. This vast jungle, or impenetrable forest, as it may be justly termed, was, at the time of which I write, the haunt of numerous wild beasts, and among these, many Bengal tigers, which were the terror of the neighborhood; and which, from their immense strength and ferocity, proved themselves, in several encounters, such dangerous antagonists that few Europeans cared to attack them.

From the first moment of my placing foot on Indian soil, however, I had greatly desired to make closer acquaintance with these formidable brutes, of which I had heard so much, and on the day in question I was in high spirits on setting out with my friend Pullman.

Pullman (or Clement, as I familiarly called him) was a thorough sportsman, and a splendid shot; and, although this was to be my first meeting with these "monarchs of the Indian forests," I had little doubt of our success.

Carrying each a trusty rifle, we left the small town of Jugdispore, where we had been staying, at an early hour in the morning, and in about two hours' time we arrived at the borders of the jungle of the same name.

Before starting, Clement had proposed that we should take our swords with us, so that at the conclusion of our sport we might indulge in a little sword-practice, of which he was passionately fond, and at which he was a great adept. To this I agreed, and accordingly we gave our swords to the care of two Indians that were to accompany us to beat the bush.

Arrived at the jungle, we lost no time in entering a small beaten path, our two Indians taking the lead. Wending our way through this for nearly an hour, we emerged on an open glade, in the centre of which stood two palm-trees. Towards these we tacitly directed our steps, and having sent our Indians to beat the surrounding jungle, we kept close under the shade of the trees, anxiously awaiting the result.

We could scarcely have been waiting more than ten minutes when a fierce growl suddenly startled us both, and almost at the same moment a full-grown leopard sprang from the jungle.

Clement and I fired almost simultaneously, and the large brute fell dead almost at our feet. Before firing I had taken care to aim for the shoulder, where I knew a wound would prove fatal, and as I had fired steady, I was pretty sure my bullet had told. It had struck me, however, that Clement, who was usually such a skilful marksman, had this time entirely failed, or that he had wounded where he had intended to kill. After the smoke of our rifles had cleared away I was the first to speak.

"You have not sustained your old *prestige* as a shot, Clement," I said, addressing my friend; "for you see you have only wounded where mine has killed."

"What do you mean?" he said.

"I mean that for the first time in your life you have not succeeded in your aim," I replied, pointing to the dead body of our late antagonist, "and the death of that leopard is due to me alone."

Clement looked up with such a look of astonishment in his face as I never saw before. Then he spoke calmly and deliberately: "If you had never fired, that leopard would have lain where he now lies."

It was too bad to be thus contradicted when I was convinced of the truth of what I had stated. At first I grew irritated—then angry; but while my words waxed warm, Clement retained complete command over his temper, and his replies were calm and decided.

It was, perhaps, this very exercise of control over his temper that so exasperated me, and made me lose mine; completely forgetting myself, and giving vent to my ungovernable rage, I called Clement a liar, accusing him at the same time of striving to take away the honour which was justly my due.

When I had said that word, I bitterly repented it. Such a change as came over Clement I never saw before, and hope never to see again. A rush of blood suffused his face, and his whole frame literally shook with nervous agitation, while his fingers grasped convulsively the stock of his rifle.

With an almost superhuman effort, which was painful to me to see, he regained his self-possession; and though his face was ashy pale, and his eyes fixed and glassy, his tones when he spoke were calm and deliberate.

"You have called me a liar," he said. "You shall first prove your words, and then you shall account to me for them," and he beckoned me to follow him. I obeyed mechanically. Arrived at the dead body of the leopard, Clement addressed me.

"Where did you say your bullet entered?" he asked.

"Near the shoulder," I answered.

"Then perhaps you can find it yourself," he said, bitterly.

I stooped down and carefully examined the body of the leopard. There was no wound to show that a bullet

had entered near the shoulder-blade, but there were evident signs of a bullet having glanced from the shoulder-blade. I looked up, but did not speak. It was evident that Clement saw in my face what he knew already.

"And now you will see that my bullet pierced his heart," said Clement.

Looking down again, I saw, close to the region of the heart, a wound where a bullet had entered, that must have caused death so suddenly and instantaneously that it had scarcely drawn any blood. There was no longer any doubt on my mind, and I felt thoroughly convinced.

"And now," continued Clement, addressing me, "now that you have not been able to prove your words, you shall either retract them, or you shall account to me for them."

"I acknowledge that I am wrong, Clement," said I, bitterly, for his arbitrary manner irritated me; but you must learn that I am not to be intimidated into retracting my words."

"Then you shall not leave this place alive!" As he spoke these words, he raised his rifle slowly to his shoulder, and pointed it at me. I saw by his determined look that he meant what he said, yet I was not afraid. Leaning my rifle against the stem of a tree, I folded my arms and confronted him.

"If you wish to commit murder," I said, "you may do so. I shall not protect myself."

Clement lowered his rifle, and then said, in an icy tone that froze my blood, "No; I do not wish to murder you, but you shall give me satisfaction in fair fight for the insult you have put upon me."

"As you please," I said.

"You will be good enough," he continued, "to take up your position with your rifle behind the palm-tree near which you stand, while I place myself behind the one near me; but stay," he continued, "should our

rifles fail, which I do not think probable, we have our two swords," and taking his from the Indian, buckled it to his side.

I did the same.

"And now," continued Clement, taking up his position, while I followed his example, "when the sun's shadow touches that sapling (pointing to one which grew almost equidistant from our two trees, but slightly nearer the jungle), you will step out and fire."

"Agreed," I said, sullenly; "I will be ready;" and glancing toward the sapling, I saw that the shadow of the sun was creeping slowly nearer and nearer, that in about ten minutes it would touch it. During the whole of the foregoing scene, which I have endeavoured to depict as truthfully as possible, and which took place in less time than I take to relate it, our two Indians had remained as immovable, and almost as impassable, as statues, doubtless well pleased, or caring little whether one or both of their enemies, the Feringhees (as they designated Europeans), should be killed.

Up to this time I had acted up to the impulse of the moment, and almost without thought; but now that the excitement of the time was over, I could realize the intensity of my position. Clement, I knew, was a good marksman, and I also knew that he would have little mercy. Already, then, I had given myself up for lost. But even in this moment of dread, and almost certain death, I would not have retracted my words; I would not have apologized for the world. No, my pride forbade it. Yet angered and incensed against Clement, as I still was, I had not lost all those feelings of friendship which I had entertained for him before our quarrel, and I felt that if he should fall by my hand, I should never forgive myself—that I should be miserable for the rest of my life. Thus I had determined that I would fire low—that I would only wound him, if possible. But if

I should be killed,—strenuously as I strove to banish it, this thought kept recurring to my mind again and again.

I was so young to die, but if die I must, I felt that I would sooner die by Clement's hand than a stranger's; but without a word of adieu to my relatives!—the thought was maddening.

While these thoughts were passing through my mind during the short intervals of time which would elapse before the sun's shadow should touch the sapling, an after-thought struck me, and I called to Clement.

“If one of us should be killed,” I said, “who will know that he was not murdered?”

“Our Indians are witnesses,” he replied.

“Black testimony will not suffice in a court of law,” I answered.

“True,” he said, “I had not thought of that. I will write,” and tearing a leaf from his pocket-book, he took a pencil from his pocket, and wrote the following words:—

“The undersigned have engaged this day in mortal combat. That everything was conducted in a spirit of equity, our two Indians, Mohul and Visram Beg, can testify. He who falls falls in fair fight.”

Underneath he signed his name, then passing the document to me, he requested me to sign. I did so, and returning it to him, Clement hung it on the bough of the sapling, and then resumed his position.

And, now that the work of death was complete, I glanced towards the sapling. The shadow of the sun was now very close to it; I saw that in a few minutes it must touch.

Banishing with an indescribable effort the thoughts which came crowding fast and thick upon me, I kept my eye fixed on the sapling, calmly awaiting the dread moment. And now it had come! The shadow which had been stealing nearer and nearer had now touched the stem of the sapling, and at the precise moment,

almost simultaneously, Clement and I stepped from our posts and fired!

I felt Clement's bullet, with a whiz and a dull, booming sound, pass close to my cheek,—so close, indeed, that I almost thought I was wounded. When the smoke of our rifles had cleared away, I saw Clement standing erect. There was no doubt I had missed him—that in attempting to fire low I had entirely failed. But there was no time to think; for, drawing his sword, and uttering almost an imprecation at the failure of his shot, Clement had sprung forward to the attack.

I attempted to draw my sword, but it would not come. The more I tugged, the firmer it remained; the more violence I used, the faster it stuck. I verily believe in that moment I cursed that sword.

Relinquishing, then, my hopeless efforts, I folded my arms on my breast, and confronted Clement, calmly awaiting his onset, and the sword which I knew would be plunged into my heart. But it never was to come. Just as he had upraised his sword in his right hand ready to plunge it into me, and I thought that moment would be my last, it was hurled violently from his hand to some distance, and he himself was thrown with force to the ground.

I looked for my deliverer and his assailant. I had not to look long. At a short distance from me Clement lay on the ground, and on the top of him, and growling fiercely, was an enormous Bengal tiger! There was no doubt in my mind that the huge brute had seen Clement rush across the glade, and had sprung upon him from the jungle.

I cannot say at that moment what thoughts passed through my mind. Clement, I knew, was unarmed; his rifle he had fired at me, and his sword had been hurled violently from his hand.

When I say unarmed, I own that I knew Clement

carried about with him a small clasp-knife, but what was that against such an antagonist? Yet Clement I knew was brave, and even in this perilous moment he did not lose his self-possession, but drawing his clasp-knife from his belt, he struck well-directed blows on the head and throat of his assailant; but they had little effect, save to enrage even more the huge brute, who had now raised his victim from the ground, and was preparing to carry him off to the jungle.

And now I must confess that evil thoughts passed through my brain. Here was the man who but a minute before had been thirsting for my blood, in the power of a merciless assailant; and I, whose life he had striven to take, was the only one who could save him. Should I leave him to his fate?

Heaven be praised that the thought had not long dominion over me—that good thoughts chased it away. At that moment I forgot my quarrel with Clement, and determined to save his life even at the peril of my own.

Loading my rifle hastily, I raised it to my shoulder; bending one knee on the ground, to insure a steadier aim.

And now the cries of the Indians had become terrific, and almost unnerved me. Motioning to them to be quiet, I waited till the tiger should expose a vital part at which I might aim.

In this moment of intense anxiety, I felt my heart audibly beating, for I felt that, should I fail in my aim, no earthly power could save Clement; that the tiger would bear him to the jungle, and that I should never see him again; and I knew also that, in this moment of extreme danger, Clement would rather have died than to have called to me for succour.

And now the decisive moment had arrived, for the tiger, irritated no doubt by the cries of the Indians, turned his head round toward me, growling fiercely. I did not wait

a moment, but, taking aim for the temple, I fired. My ball pierced its brain, and the huge brute fell dead.

Springing forward to Clement, I found him lying on the ground insensible, and taking some water from some chatties or earthenware vessels that we had brought with us, I bathed his face with it; then, producing a flask from my pocket, I poured some brandy down his throat. The strong liquid effectually revived him, and in a few minutes Clement was able to regain his feet.

Seeing that he was still too weak to return home on foot, I despatched our two Indians for a palanquin, while I remained with Clement till their return.

After they had departed, Clement remained silent for some time; then, addressing me, he spoke:

"Who fired that shot?" he said. "To whom am I indebted for my life?"

"I did," I replied.

"This is a just retribution!" he exclaimed, "that the man whose life I was bent on taking away should have saved my life. Forgive me, Harry," he continued, coming forward, and calling me by my name. "We have both been very foolish, but we have learnt a lesson that I trust we shall never forget."

He held out his hand. I grasped it eagerly. My joy knew no bounds. What I thought impossible had now come to pass. Clement and I were reconciled.

During the half hour which elapsed before our Indians returned, neither of us spoke. I believe our hearts were too full. When the palanquin arrived, I assisted Clement into it, and in a short time we arrived safely at home.

Clement soon recovered of his wounds; and, though years have since passed, yet I still vividly remember the scenes as on the day they happened. Clement and I have been better friends ever since. The tiger's skin I keep as a trophy, and I shall never forget my first shot at a tiger in the Jugdispore jungle.

KING ALFRED AND THE ORPHAN.

KING Alfred sat in his palace hall,
 And thanes of high degree
 Were crowding round, to proffer him
 Service on bended knee.

"Where's the brave Earl Holderness?"

The good King Alfred cried.

"King, know'st thou not last Martinmas

He and his lady died?"

Said Wulph, the strong arm, "Therefore grant

To me his towers and land;

Thou know'st me well for warrior bold,

"Unmatched my lance and brand."

"Nay, King, remember when I went

Across the seas for thee;

My wisdom, more than strongest arm,

Was felt; so grant them me."

Thurstan, the wise, thus spake; when lo!

Swift through the gathering throng,

A worn; pale woman pressed, who led

A little child along.

A little child of five years old,

A little child most fair;—

"Justice, King Alfred," thus she cried,

"Behold that good Earl's heir!

"No sire hath he by word or sword

To win his birthright lands;

Friendless and motherless, to thee

He lifts his little hands.

"Oh, heed his claim—the orphan's claim."

"His claim," right scornfully

Cried the warlike thanes; "our King needs men,

Not babes on their nurse's knee.

"Bold hearts, stout arms—what could that child,

If the lands to him were given?"

The child looked up with his soft blue eyes—

"I would pray to God in heaven."

King Alfred gazed upon the boy
Full long and earnestly,
And then upon his angry thanes,
Who watched him eagerly ;
At length the good King rose, and thus,
With solemn voice spake he :—

“ All praise unto the statesman wise,
Praise to the warrior too ;
Right gladly to each faithful thane
Will the king yield guerdon due ;

“ But to this child—this little child—
Must his birthright lands be given ;
For the orphan's claim is the weightiest,—
His father is God in heaven !”

SWIFT JUSTICE.

THE following incident of Russian justice illustrates, in a most striking way, the providential discovery and just retribution of guilt.

A merchant left Petersburg to travel across Europe. In the course of his journey he arrived at Warsaw. Being furnished with a letter of introduction, he repaired to the house of one of the chief citizens there, and was most courteously received. He stayed at Warsaw for a week, and his host spared no pains to make the visit agreeable, and to show him everything worth seeing in the town. Indeed, the visitor was quite overwhelmed by an amount of kindness rarely shown to any but a friend of long standing.

At length the pleasant visit drew to its close, and after breakfast the guest expressed his wish to see some poor parts of the town, of which he had heard. “ But,” said he, “ I have with me a small box of great value that I do not like to risk in such places. If it were my own I should not be so particular ; but it was entrusted to me by a friend, who requested me to deliver it to a person in another town. It contains diamonds and other

valuables. Would you do me the great favour of taking charge of it for the day?" The host, with his usual urbanity, willingly agreed to this proposal, and the merchant departed with a light heart on his tour of inspection, I forget the name, but let us say in the "Seven Dials," or "Five Points," of Warsaw.

Next morning after breakfast he cordially thanked his kind entertainers for their zealous hospitality, and added, that as he was about to depart, he would now resume his charge of the box, which had never before quitted his person since he had received it from its owner. The host and hostess stared at him in well-acted amazement. "What box?" asked the host. "I remember no box—do you, my dear?" turning to his wife. "No," she said, "I have no recollection of any box whatever." "What was it like?" asked the host; "perhaps you left it in your room." But on the merchant persisting that it was with the host himself it had been left, on his turning to his hostess and trying to make her recollect the circumstance, both (after appealing to each other several times, and fortifying each other in their denial) became cold and distant, and began hinting that something must have happened to the merchant, to induce him to persist in so strange a delusion. As the host touched his forehead with a significant glance, the poor man remembered that he was in a strange city; danger to himself loomed in the distance, and he hastened from the house in alarm. Straight to the police he went, and stated his case. The official listened imperturbably to the whole story, and then asked,

"You gave up this valuable box to an acquaintance of a week's standing without any witness or any written acknowledgment?"

"He had been so very kind; a man in his position—"

"Bah! you a man of business! But have you no proof that the box belongs to you?"

"None whatever—except the key. It is locked, and I have the key—here it is;" and he produced a small key from an inner pocket.

The official seemed lost in thought for some time, and then he said, "Well, I will do the only thing I can for you. The Archduke Constantine (the governor of Poland) is a stern, harsh man, but he is known for his rigorous justice, and if he believes your story he will do his best for you. I will take you to him at once."

No time was lost, and the merchant soon found himself in the archduke's presence, and was desired to relate his story. When it was concluded, the archduke, after a few moments' reflection, rang a bell. An official appeared. "Send for M—," naming the treacherous host. It was quickly done, and the archduke, without preamble or question, said to the guilty man, "Sit down at that writing-table, and write as I shall dictate to you." The man took his seat and took up the pen; the archduke began dictating.

"MY DEAR WIFE,

"All is found out——"

"No," said the man, springing from his seat, "I won't write that."

"Then you are guilty," was the prompt answer.

Puzzled and foiled, he resumed his seat and wrote as he was desired.

"MY DEAR WIFE,

"All is found out. Send the box by the bearer."

Then he signed it with his own name, by the archduke's order, and a messenger was despatched with it. The messenger found the lady at her toilet; when she read the missive she turned ashy pale, trembling violently. Then leaning forward, she drew the box from a recess in her toilet-table, and handed it to the bearer, who, swiftly returning, placed it in the hands of the archduke.

He immediately handed it to the merchant, desiring him to unlock it; that being done, he asked whether the diamonds were all there. Yes, the box had not been opened; they were exactly as the merchant had left them.

Again the archduke rang his bell, and to the attendant who entered he said, designating the guilty man, "Take him to Siberia; he is not to go to his house again."

INCIDENT OF CHARLES WESLEY.

THE Rev. Charles Wesley was once travelling on a stage-coach, which in those times travelled slowly, and stopped a considerable time for the passengers to dine. The gentlemen, by way of amusement, agreed each to sing a song. One of the party, a young military man, sang a song of a loose character, to a very pleasant tune. Wesley, in his turn, was requested to sing. He excused himself for the present; but, as they were about to stop to dine, he would sing after dinner. In the interim he composed the following verses, which he sung to the same air as the song of the young officer. The latter was so much impressed thereby, that he formed an acquaintance with Mr. Wesley, which led to his conversion.

"Listed into the cause of sin,
 Why should a good be evil?
 Music, alas, too long has been
 Pressed to obey the devil.
 Light, and loose, and lewd the lay
 Flows to the soul's undoing.
 Widens and strews with flowers the way
 Down to eternal ruin.

Come, let us try if Jesus's name
 Will not as well inspire us;
 This is 'in heaven the angels' theme,
 This upon earth should fire us.

Say, if our hearts are tuned to sing,
Is there a subject greater?
Harmony all its strains may bring ;
Jesus's name is sweeter.

Jesus the source of music is,
His is the noblest passion ;
Jesus's name is life and peace,
Happiness and salvation.
Jesus's name the dead can raise,
Show us our sins forgiven,
Fill us with all the light of grace,
Carry us up to heaven."

PEARL FISHING.

THE beautiful pearl, where does it come from? Down, down, beneath the waters. It is born in the bosom of an oyster; a dark and obscure home; but worth often has such homes: and worth, like pearls, is sought for, and comes to light, and finds its proper value by-and-by.

The Island of Ceylon is famous for its pearl fisheries. Let us visit one. There we find boats of from ten to fifteen tons burden, rigged with only one mast and sail, and with a crew of thirteen men and ten divers. Each boat has five diving stones, weighing from fifteen to twenty-five pounds. A kind of scaffolding is formed of oars and other pieces of wood, on each side of the boat, from which the diving tackle is hung; three stones on one side, and two on the other. The diver strips off his clothes, jumps into the water, takes hold of the rope which supports a stone, and puts one foot into a loop or stirrup on the top of the stone. After getting his balance, a basket, hanging from a rope is thrown to him, and in this he puts his other foot. Feeling himself ready, he grasps the rope in one hand and his nose with the other, to prevent the water from rushing in, and the ropes are left off. Down, down he sinks to the dark oyster-bed below. On touching the bottom, he takes his foot from

the stone, which is drawn up for the next diver. Then throwing himself as much as possible on his face, he scrambles up the oysters; and if it is a rich bed, and he is expert, he can gather a hundred and fifty in about a minute and a half, which is as long as he can stay under water. He jerks the rope, and he and his basket are hauled up. There are two divers to each stone, and they go down one after the other, one resting while the other is plunging; and so they work on for six hours together.

On the return of the boats to the shore at night, the oysters are thrown into paved pens, where they stay ten days to dry and rot. The shells are then broken, and those which have pearls cleaving to them are handed to the clippers, who wrench the pearls off with pincers. After the shells are thrown away, the slimy part of the oysters remains, mixed with sand and pieces of the shell. This is put into a sack, like a jelly-bag, water is poured in, and it is shaken until the sand and the pearls sink to the bottom. When dry, the sand is sifted, and the large pearls are easily gathered; but the smaller ones, called "seed pearls," it takes some time to get out and collect together. Once collected, they are washed and sorted into classes, and strung on strings, when they are ready for the market.

Pearls have always been favourite ornaments; and some have been of enormous value. We read that Queen Cleopatra had pearl earrings worth many thousands of pounds.

Such facts throw light on the words of our Lord: "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls: who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it;" showing that the salvation of the soul, which is found in the gospel of Christ, and which may well be called the "pearl of great price," is of more value than

everything else, and worth the cost of *all* we have in order to get possession of it.

AN INCIDENT IN A CORNISH MINE.

DEEP down in the shaft of a Cornish mine, two miners were engaged putting in a shot for blasting. They had completed their work, and were about to give the signal for being hoisted up. One at a time was as mued as the man at the windlass could manage; and the second was to kindle the match, and then mount with all speed.

Whilst they were both still below, one of them thought the match too long; so he took a couple of stones, one flat and the other sharp, to cut it shorter. He did cut it off the right length; but at the same moment it kindled, its flames reaching the combustibles which joined the train of gunpowder. And the two men were still below!

Both shouted vehemently to the man above at the windlass. Both sprang at the basket. But the windlass-man could not move the double weight.

Sudden and terrible death hung over them both; when one of them generously resigned himself. "Go aloft, Jack," said he, and sat down quietly. "In one minute I shall be in heaven."

The basket bounded upwards. The explosion followed instantly. Jack's face was blackened as he looked down. He was safe above the ground: but what of the man who had saved him?

At length all was still. One by one they eagerly descended, dreading to find only the shattered remains of poor Will. But that God who sent His angel to stop the lions' mouths, that they should not hurt His servant Daniel in their den,—that God who walked with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the burning furnace, bringing the breath of life and refreshing with His presence, till they breathed in elemental fire as if it were the bracing air of heaven, and not a hair of their head

was singed,—that God was with the miner in his living tomb, and, by His hand of Providence, He caused the rocks to form an arch over him, so that he was found alive, and scarcely injured.

NAUGHTY WORDS.

"I DON'T want to hear naughty words," said one little boy to another who had just uttered words unfit to come from any little boy's mouth. "Never mind him," said a third; "it's no matter what he says. It goes in one ear and out the other." "No, no," rejoined the first little fellow; "the worst of it is, when naughty words get in, *they stick*. I'll do all I can to keep them out."

That's right; *keep them out*; for it is sometimes hard work to turn them out when they once get in.

DON'T BE ASHAMED.

Don't be ashamed, my lad, if you have a patch on your elbow. It is no mark of disgrace. It speaks well for your industrious mother. We would rather see a dozen patches on your clothes than to have you do a bad or mean action or to hear a profane or vulgar word proceed from your lips. No good boy will shun you or think less of you because you do not dress as well as he does. And if any one laughs at your appearance, never mind it. Go right on doing your duty. Fear God rather than man; love him early and serve him faithfully; and there shall be laid up for you in heaven treasures that fade not away.

GENTLE WORDS.

A GENTLE word hath healing power
The broken heart to bind;
And comfort in the darkest hour
In gentle words we find,
True temperance is a work of love,
And kindness shall prevail,
The drunkard's error to remove,
When words of anger fail.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

DOMESTIC YEAST.—Ladies who are in the habit (and a most laudable and comfortable habit it is) of making domestic bread, cake, &c., are informed that they can easily manufacture their own yeast by attending to the following directions:—Boil one pound of good flour, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a little salt, in two gallons of water, for one hour. When milk-warm, bottle it, and cork it close. It will be fit for use in twenty-four hours. One pint of this yeast will make 18 lbs. of bread.

CHEAP FUEL.—One bushel of small coal or sawdust, or both mixed together, two bushels of sand, one bushel and a half of clay. Let these be mixed together with common water, like ordinary mortar; the more they are stirred and mixed together the better; then make them into balls, or with a small mould make them in the form of bricks, pile them in a dry place, and when they are hard and sufficiently dry they may be used. A fire cannot be lighted with them but when the fire is quite lighted, put them on behind, with a coal or two in front, and they will be found to keep up a stronger fire than any fuel of the common kind.

UTILITY OF SINGING.—It is asserted, and we believe with some truth, that singing is a corrective of the too common tendency to pulmonic complaints. Dr. Rush, an eminent physician, observes on this subject:—"The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption; and this, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them in vocal music, for this constitutes an essential branch of their education. The music master of an academy has furnished me with a remark still more in favour of this opinion. He informed me that he had known several instances of persons who were strongly disposed to consumption, who were restored to health by the exercise of their lungs in singing."

SORE THROAT.—I have been subject to sore throat, and have invariably found the following preparation (simple and cheap) highly efficacious when used in the early stage: Pour a pint of boiling water upon twenty-five or thirty leaves of common sage; let the infusion stand for half an hour. Add vinegar sufficient to make it moderately acid, and honey according to the taste. This combination of the astringent and the emollient principle seldom fails to produce the desired effect. The infusion must be used as a gargle several times a day. It has this advantage over many gargles—it is pleasant to the taste, and may be swallowed occasionally, not only without danger, but with advantage.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. III.

1. A Queen of Persia, by whose hand
Escaped unharmed the Jewish band.
2. A woman, foundress of her race,
Whose name doth signify "Princess."
3. The worst of Israel's wicked kings,
Whose doom to him the prophet brings.
4. Now name the woman by whose faith,
Her household saved from cruel death.
5. A word, though free from actual deeds,
Breathes crime on unsuspecting heads.
6. The Christian's covering, wrought of God,
The path to heaven that must be trod.
7. The name reserved by Jews of old,
For those whom they would not behold.
8. A woman, round whom widows wept,
Who made the garments they had kept.
9. The prophet, who is very brief,
One single chapter tells his life.
10. The tenth of patriarch Jacob's sons.
So let him read this as he runs.

The initials will give the name of a King of Assyria.

NO. IV.

I AM a word of four letters.

My first is the last of the place where Joseph found his wife.

My second is the first of a tree mentioned in Scripture.

My third is the fifth of a prophet of Israel.

My fourth is the second of a Hebrew measure.

My whole is one of the patriarchs.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

- | | |
|--------------------|------------|
| 1. Nebuchadnezzar. | 2. Jordan. |
|--------------------|------------|

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

- No. 1.—Who was the founder of Nineveh?
- No. 2.—Who cursed the restorer of Jericho?
- No. 3.—What remarkable men never died?
- No. 4.—What patriarch lived as many years as there are days in the year?
- No. 5.—What animals were used to execute God's punishments?

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Jubal. Gen. iv. 21. | 4. 2 Kings vi. 8. |
| 2. Tubal-Cain. Gen. iv. 22. | 5. Neh. viii. 4. |
| 3. Nimrod. Gen. x. 8. | |

ANSWER TO GEOGRAPHICAL RIDDLE.

1. Stockholm.