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CANADIAN SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

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THE FALSE FRIEND.

(CONCLUDED.)

Ellen was an orphan. The pretty house from which she had been married belonged to a distant cousin, who thought she had conferred a great favour upon her in allowing the wedding party to assemble under her roof. Reverses of fortune had befallen her since that time, and a little relief, now and then, was all that poor Ellen received from her. Needlework, when she could get it, was her only other resource.

Her baby saw the light in the midst of the extremest poverty; but she rallied, and was able soon to resume her work.

Many months passed away. Ellen's child was well fed, and as tenderly cared for as could be by the busy mother, who often fasted a whole day in order to give food to her child. But she, herself, grew weaker daily. She was obliged, of course, to leave her house; her furniture was sold to pay the rent. From one wretched lodging to another still more so, did the poor mother take her baby. Who can describe the wretchedness of the last she was compelled to shelter it in?

In the dead of a winter's night, a wretch, who was about to complete a career of fraud and crime by committing a burglary in a house in the neighborhood of London, came to a poor lodging-house, in which one of his confederates lived, in order to rouse him to take "an active share in the plot." He borrowed a light from a

woman on the ground-floor, and ascended the stair. He opened a door which he thought led into the room in which his accomplice slept. But he beheld a scene very different from that which he expected to see.

A baby, clean and healthy-looking, slept in a little cradle; but on a wretched pallet on the farther side of the room lay a woman, so thin, pale, and worn, that it was scarcely possible to believe her living. Her features were still lovely, though pale as death.

With what horror did George Freeman—for he was the person who had entered the room stealthily—look upon the wreck of the once happy Ellen White! He, he alone, had done all this; he had caused all this misery! He had deliberately wrought the destruction of the little family; he had, by secret calumnies, estranged Morton's love from his excellent wife; he had ruined his professional character, by placing faulty materials in his hands; he had contrived to throw the blame of the robbery, at the establishment of the Bristows, upon Spencer, whose coat and cap he had put on while Morton was at work upstairs, and the foremen were absent at dinner. He had thus made it appear that Morton, not he, had changed the missing notes. Finally he had, in pretended friendship, robbed Spencer Morton of the money paid him by Mr. Bristow.

While George Freeman had thus deliberately planned the ruin of Spencer's fortunes, as well as of his domestic happiness, he well knew that the result of his conduct must be something like the scene which he now beheld. But the dreadful realization of his schemes, the sight of the wreck which his evil passions had produced, in the scarcely-living woman whom he had thought so beautiful, and who he falsely believed that he loved, roused an agony of remorse in his heart. A thick veil seemed to be torn from all he had done; he saw himself in all his

wickedness, and knew the depths of sin into which one wrong thought, freely indulged, had led him.

He left the room silently. Ellen still slept, and he went up to the room in which his intended accomplice awaited him.

"I have given up the job," said he.

"Given it up!" returned the man. "Why it was you who made the plan, and persuaded me to do the thing with you."

"It is true. But to tell you the truth, Jem, I have seen something to-night that has sickened me of these things. I think I shall leave them off."

"Well, certainly, it's dangerous, and not over profitable. At any rate, I won't do this job without you give me the false keys."

"That I shall not do, and I advise you to go abroad and get work. It is not pleasant to be in fear of one's life all day and all night."

When Ellen rose up from the sleep of utter weariness, she found, to her astonishment, a sovereign on the floor. Certain that it had not been there when she went to bed, she knew it must have been placed there by some one for her use. But the idea that her room was entered at night, was frightful to her; she lost no time in changing her lodging. But even now her benefactor did not forsake her. A letter soon reached her, containing a five-pound note, with the words, "From Ellen's husband," written inside the cover. She thought the handwriting something, but not quite like that of Spencer, but he might have been hurried when he wrote; at any rate, the gift was for her.

Before long she was able to take a neat room for herself and baby, and with her earnings for needlework, and the frequent gifts which, though only a few short words containing the address, accompanied them, she hoped came from Spencer, she found herself able to dress her-

self and her child respectably, and to provide the necessary comforts for both.

In about a year, a letter, unmistakably in Spencer's handwriting, reached her. It came from Queensland, and contained a cheque for a considerable sum. There was no allusion in this letter to any previous remittances. It was written in the most affectionate terms, and Spencer urged his wife to lose no time in joining him at Brisbane. He was now rich, he said, and had every prospect of becoming much more so. He had heard where she was from an old friend, who was deeply penitent for the great injuries he had done them; and he had striven, by every means in his power to repair them as far as he could before he had left England for America.

This man was George Freeman. He it was who had given Ellen the money which had been such an incalculable help to her. It was never known how, after some time, he had found out whither Spencer Morton had gone. He had written to him as soon as he had made the discovery, confessing the falsehood of all he had said respecting Ellen, and acknowledging, with deep remorse, all the injuries he had done him.

As soon as he arrived in New York, George Freeman informed Mr. Bristow that he had been the evil genius of Spencer Morton, and the robber, instead of whom Spencer had been punished by dismissal from his employment.

A part of the money which George had stolen from the firm he now returned, with a promise that, if he lived, the whole sum should be repaid.

Mr. Bristow came to see Ellen, and interested himself most kindly in her and her child, securing their passage, for which he paid. This, and more, he considered that the firm owed to her husband, for the unjust suspicions which had cost him so dear.

Ellen and Spencer were happily reunited. Spencer

blamed himself severely for having allowed himself to believe the inventions and insinuations of George Freeman. But from Ellen's lips no word of reproach ever fell. She performed, to perfection, all the duties of a colonist's wife, and both have forgiven the author of so much misery.

Thus, by the indulgence of his jealous and revengeful feelings, had George Freeman made two innocent people miserable. He had robbed Spencer of that which is most precious to all honest men—his character. He had divided the husband and wife, and reduced Ellen and her babe to the verge of starvation.

To few of those who allow the passion of revenge to take possession of their hearts, can it happen that their intended victims eventually escape, as Spencer and Ellen did. Even here, no repentance on George's part could undo the misery that he had caused. It is necessary to watch and to subdue the first feelings of envy. If indulged, they will become our tyrants; and who shall say to what deeds of iniquity they may impel us, or how deep may be the sufferings which they may cause.

THE DANGEROUS PET.

An English gentleman had a tame young lion, which seemed to have become a lamb in gentleness, and was a favorite pet in moments of leisure.

One day falling asleep, his hand hung over the side of his couch. The lion came to his side, and commenced licking his hand. Soon the fire-like surface of the animal's tongue wore off the article and brought blood to the surface. The sleeper was disturbed and moved his hand, when the savage growl startled him from his dreaming half-consciousness, to realize the terrible fact that the pet was a lion after all! With great self-possession,

with the other hand he drew carefully from a pillow a revolver, and shot his pet through the head. It was no trivial sacrifice to his feelings, but a moment's delay might have cost him his life.

A striking illustration of the folly and madness of men in their moral experience. A vice which they call harmless, in the face of conscience, reason and history, is caressed until it gains the mastery. The pet sin at length eats its way so deeply into the soul that its wages of pain begin to be felt. The victim starts up, resolves to escape; but how seldom has he the will-power left—the moral courage to slay the disguised destroyer of his immortality. He pauses, again falls asleep and awakes in hell, the home of sin and the sinner when his work is finished.

THE SOLITARY HUNTER.

AN INCIDENT OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF CANADA.

THE misrule of the haughty De la Barre, followed by the blundering incompetency of Denonville, entailed upon the colonists of Canada one of the most cruel and wretched wars of which we have any record.

Denonville, for some reason which it is impossible to comprehend, used the influence of the missionaries who dwelt among the Iroquois, to induce the chieftains of those powerful tribes to meet him at a grand council on the shores of Lake Ontario. The unsuspecting warriors came to the place appointed; but no sooner had the treacherous governor got them in his power than he seized them, and, binding them in irons, sent them as slaves to toil in the galleys of his king.

At this time there dwelt near the shores of Ontario a solitary Frenchman, who, for some unknown reason, had left his native country, and, disdaining to live in the half formed settlements, built himself a hut in the dark re-

cesses of the forest, where the voice of the white man never disturbed his solitude. Civilization, with its wealth, joys, and ambitions he had left behind him; and, by the contentment with which he pursued the life he had adopted, seemed to cast no "longing, lingering look behind." It was whispered at the time of his arrival in the colony, that he had suffered a great affliction, which was not the death but the desertion of one whom he dearly loved. However this may be—and the story is likely enough—he played the *role* of "Timon" to an audience of owls and wolves, to his own infinite misanthropical satisfaction; but it happened that he was not permitted to conclude the drama in the way he fondly hoped. One day, as he lay by the door of his lodge, an Indian hunter came to him ill and weary, and begged the hospitality of his white brother. The hermit took him in, tended him kindly, and when the Indian was well and about to depart, he told his entertainer of the war which was raging between their people, and offered, as some return for the attention he had received, to conduct the Frenchman to the Fort of Catarqui, where he would be under the protection of his own nation. This offer the misanthrope refused, saying, "Your people are great warriors, O chief! and will not injure a lonely hunter, who has nothing but his life, which is worthless." Touched by the bravery and determination of this speech, the Indian took from his medicine bag his *okki*—the head of an ermine rudely carved in wood—and presenting it to his preserver, said: "If my people come to burn thy lodge and slay thee, show them this and say thou art the friend of Kondikosh, whose life you saved; and you will find, O my brother, that an Indian chief never forgets one who has been kind to him."

The red man departed to join his people, and his white brother, drawing down the matted door of his wigwam, said:

"'Tis well—very well—to-morrow he will come and take my scalp!"

In due time Kondikosh arrived among his people, to whom he related his adventure with the solitary white man. He found them exasperated by repeated acts of treachery, urging a terrible and successful war. They swept all before them, and at length made a sudden dash at Montreal, marking their advent with flame and blood. They seized about two hundred prisoners, and victoriously retired unmolested to their native fastnesses. On their way, however, they came upon the cabin of the solitary Frenchman, whom they treated to a grand serenade, tom-toming and yelling in a manner more calculated to startle than assure. They then paraded their prisoners before him. A sad spectacle they were, bound, bleeding and foot-sore, in the utter abjectness of terror and misery, whose only hope was a speedy award of death.

The Indian, magnanimous in many ways, had no sympathy or mercy for a prisoner. There are, certainly, a few examples of their having liberated a conquered enemy, but they are few, and only show more effectually the horrible cruelties they practised.

An incident of this kind, which occurred about that time, is worthy of mention. A missionary who dwelt among the Iroquois, and had induced the chiefs to attend the council of the treacherous Denonville, but who was innocent of any participation of the crime of his fellow countrymen, was seized by the offended tribe, who, after considering the matter, came to a determination which was nobly expressed to him by an ancient warrior before the assembled tribe:

"Thou hast been a brother and our friend, but now thou art our enemy, thou and thy people. We have held council, and resolved not to have thee tortured, and we believe that you will disapprove of this wicked thing

among your people as much as ourselves. We believe it is not just. Depart from among our people, as our young men sing the war songs, and I may not be able to protect thee."

And the missionary sadly departed from the lodges of his magnanimous enemies.

The misanthropical hermit, although he had separated from his people, could not look upon this sad array without feeling keenly their dreadful condition; he implored Kondikosh to spare their lives with all the eloquence he could command, but in vain; and as their provisions were getting short, they determined upon completing the sacrifice ere many days, by murdering their prisoners according to their custom. The only boon they allowed him was the lives of two, whom he might choose,—a squaw, as Kondikosh expressed it, to cook his food, and a man to bear tidings of the fate of the others to Montreal. He sadly surveyed the double hecatomb of human victims, none of whom he recognized, till his eye lit upon a woman, a heap of rags and misery, crouching upon the earth. Then his heart grew faint, while memory recalled another and far different scene, laid in a distant land, when that form, arrayed in all the graces of youth and beauty, came to his bosom, a glad and beautiful bride. He approached and undid her bonds, saying, as he bent over her, only the words, "Where is he?" Knowing the tone of that voice, she started and looked upon him—the man she had betrayed and deserted. Mechanically she answered his question, divining by instinct whom he meant, "He is here." Again he surveyed the unhappy assemblage, and at last found the enemy who had inflicted upon him the deadliest of injuries. As he had done with her he did with him, and, having cut his bonds, he led them before the chief, and said :

"Give to your white brother, O Chief! the lives of these two."

The prayer was granted, and the Iroquois departed. Then, turning to the wretched pair whose lives he had saved, he said:

"Go, return whence you came, and may God, who has given me my revenge to-day, forgive and turn you from your sin! Go! I may not look upon you and live! The shadows are growing long, and the night cometh!"

Some time after, a party went in search of this strange man, but they found his hut in ashes; nor was there any trace of where he had gone, or what had become of him; and nothing was ever more heard of the solitary hunter.

PRAYER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The harp at nature's advent strung,
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung,
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far;
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the sand,
As kneels the human knee;
Their white locks bowing to the strand,
The priesthood of the sea.

They pour their glittering treasures forth;
Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the glistening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept earth and air;

The music of the stary march,
The chorus of a prayer.

So nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

THE FAITHLESS CAPTAIN.

THE ship "St. Thomas," Captain Robert Williams, was bound from New York to Liverpool, in the month of June. Favoured by a fresh westerly wind, she soon cleared the land, and on the first Sunday out, was going along finely with all drawing sail set. The chief mate, Mr. William Briggs, after the crew had breakfasted, and the watch had been set, asked the captain if he had any objections to calling the men aft to prayers.

"No objection whatever, Mr. Briggs, provided you do the preaching and praying yourself; for you know well enough that I have but little faith in such exercises.

Captain Williams was between forty and fifty years of age, a plain, blunt seaman, who was more ambitious of being considered an enterprising shipmaster than a Christian. His mate was not quite thirty, and was indebted to him for his promotion from before the mast to second mate, and then chief mate; they had sailed together for many years, and each had confidence in the other. Appreciating the motives of his mate, he always permitted him to have prayers on board when the state of the weather was favourable, although he took no interest in religious matters himself.

Mr. Briggs ordered the watch to arrange some seats on the quarter-deck, while he went forward himself and invited the watch below to come aft, and listen to the reading of the Scriptures, and such other religious exercises as the occasion might suggest, remarking at

the same time that it was not his desire to force any man against his will. Without a murmur the watch below, as well as that on deck, repaired to the quarter-deck, and were soon seated around the capstan. The captain took charge of the deck himself; that is, looked out for the proper steerage of the ship, and relieved the second mate, whose watch it was, to join the men at prayers. These arrangements completed, the chief mate placed a Bible on the capstan, read a chapter from the New Testament, made some remarks upon it, and then prayed; after which he read a sermon, and closed with prayer. The whole exercise occupied about an hour, and seemed to produce a good effect upon the men, who, during the rest of the day, in their intercourse with one another, talked about religion.

That afternoon, when it was the mate's watch on deck, Capt. Williams entered into conversation with him as follows:

"I say, Briggs, what does all your preaching and praying amount to in the long run? I have managed to get along very well thus far without either; and if I were to die to-day, I could safely say that I never injured any man knowingly, and have always endeavoured to do my duty to my owners and my family. What more can a man do, even if he had all the religion in the world?"

"Captain Williams," replied the mate, "this world, sir, is not our home; we are only here for a few short years, and then we go to our place."

"Place!" interrupted the captain, "place—what do you or I or any one else know about any other place than this world? Place, indeed! you do not suppose that I am silly enough to believe the Bible, with its strange fish stories, and unaccountable yarns about miracles?"

"Yet," replied the mate, "you believe Bowditch's *Navigator*, and rely upon its statements."

"Of course I do, because I have tested their correctness by actual experience."

"And for the same reason I believe the Bible: and so will you, sir, when you come to Christ, and learn of Him the truth."

"Come to Christ?"

"If you retire to your state-room alone, sir, and throw yourself upon your knees, and implore Him with your whole soul to enlighten and receive you, I will be answerable that you will not pray long in vain."

"But you must first convince me, Briggs, that the Bible is true, before I make a fool of myself in any state-room."

"My dear captain," replied the mate, "I cannot convince you; that is the work of the Holy Spirit: but I can, and often do pray for you. Yet let us recur to Bowditch's *Navigator*. Both of us believe the *Navigator*; and though neither of us know thoroughly the principles by which all its numerous tables have been calculated, we use them every day without question. If we make a bad landfall, or, at the end of a day discover that we have made a wrong course, we do not attribute the errors to Bowditch, but to our own miscalculation. The Bible is my *Navigator*; I believe it the fountain of living truth, endeavour to shape the course of my life by it; and when I err, I look for the error in myself, not in the Bible?"

"Avast, Briggs!" interrupted the captain, "your comparison is not pat; the truth of Bowditch has been tested by thousands in all parts of the ocean, and never found faulty; but it is not so with your religion. Look at the numerous sects into which it is cut up, most of them quarrelling with one another, and all contending

that they are right; there is no such difference of opinion among seamen about the truth of Bowditch."

"Nor is there any difference of opinion among sinners when they are bound to Christ," replied the mate.

"They all steer the same course; they all come to Him by prayer and supplication; and when they have found Him precious to their souls, they give expression to their gratitude by associating with one another. For my part, I enjoy myself with pious people of every name who love our Lord Jesus. I know that I am a sinner; I believe that Christ is a Saviour, and that the Bible is the Word of God, because its glorious truths have been tested by multitudes, many of whom have laid down their lives rather than renounce them."

"Still, Briggs," said the captain, "I don't believe the Bible. The fact is, I have never looked into it since I was a boy."

"The greater your loss, captain. But no doubt if you will take the trouble to visit Jim Wood's gin-palace, when we reach shore, and enter into conversation with the people there about the Bible, they will tell you it is a humbug. But if you will seek the *good*, like your own mother, you will find they loved the Bible."

"What you have said about my mother, Briggs, is true; and if there is a heaven she is surely there."

"And, of course, captain, you would like to join her there, when you have run down your reckoning here. You have either to join her, or such fellows as those who frequent Jim Wood's. Which like you the best? This is the question which you must decide for yourself."

Here the ship's duty interrupted the conversation. But that night Capt. Williams thought much; and the more he thought, the more uneasy he became. He felt that he was a sinner in the sight of God, and finally he was led to exclaim, "What shall I do to be saved?"

HUMOUR OF JOHN WESLEY.

WESLEY'S humour, enhanced the blandness of his piety, and enabled him sometimes to convey reproof in a manner which could hardly be resented with ill-temper. "Michael Fenwick," he says, "was often hindered from settling in business, because God had other work for him to do. He is just made to travel with me, being an excellent groom, valet-de-chambre, nurse, and upon occasion a tolerable preacher." This good man, one day, was vain enough to complain to him that, though constantly travelling with him, his own name was never inserted in Wesley's published journals. In the next number of the journals he found his egotism effectually rebuked. "I left Epworth," wrote Wesley, "with great satisfaction, and, about one, preached at Clayworth. I think none were unmoved but Michael Fenwick, who fell fast asleep under an adjoining hayrick" He could be noble in his reproofs as in all things else. Joseph Bradford was for many years his travelling companion, and considered no assistance to him as too servile, but was subject to changes of temper. Wesley directed him to carry a package of letters to the post; Bradford wished to hear his sermon first; Wesley was urgent, and insisted; Bradford refused. "Then," said Wesley, "you and I must part." "Very good, sir," replied Bradford. They slept over it. On rising the next morning Wesley accosted his old friend, and asked if he had considered what he had said, that "they must part." "Yes, sir," replied Bradford. "And must we part?" inquired Wesley. "Please yourself, sir," was the reply. "Will you ask my pardon?" rejoined Wesley. "No, sir." "You won't?" "No, sir." "Then I will ask yours," replied the great man. Bradford melted under the example, and wept like a child. The aptness of Wesley's replies sometimes took the form of severe repartee, but only when it was deserved. "Sir," said a blustering, low-lived

man, who attempted to push against him and throw him down—"sir, I never make way for a fool." "I always do," replied Wesley, stepping aside and calmly passing on.

THE YOUNG HERO.

THE young hero was a thin, pale faced boy, whom a worthless father-in-law had smuggled on board a Liverpool steamer, and who was discovered three days after stowed away among the cargo. The mate disbelieved the boy's story, suspecting that some one of the crew was in the secret, and that the lad lied in order to screen him. Here is the test to which the poor boy was subjected, as related by the second engineer of the ship:

"Now, my lad," says the mate, in a hard square kind of voice, that made every word seem like fittin' a stone into a wall; "you see that here rope? Well, I'll give you ten minutes to confess;" (he took out his watch and held it in his hand); "and if you don't tell the truth before the time is up, I'll hang ye like a dog!"

The crew all stared at one another as if they couldn't believe their ears (I didn't believe mine, I can tell ye), and then a growl went among 'em, like a wild beast lawakin' out of a nap.

"Silence there!" shouts the mate, in a voice like the roar of a nor'easter. "Stand by to run for'ard!" and with his own hands he puts the noose round the boy's neck. The little feller never flinched a bit; but there were some among the sailors (big strong chaps as could ha' felled a ox) as shook like leaves in the wind. As for me, I bethought myself of *my* little curly-haired lad at home, and how it 'ud be if any one was to go for to hang *him*; and at the very thought on't I tingled all over, and my fingers clutched themselves as if they was a-grippin' somebody's throat. I clutched hold of a handspike, and held it behind my back, all ready.

"Tom, whispers the chief engineer to me, "d'ye think he really means to do it?"

"I don't know," says I through my teeth; but if he does, he shall go first, if I swings for it!

I've been in many an ugly scrape in my time, but I never felt any so bad as I did then. Every minute seemed as long as a dozen, and the tick of the mate's watch regular pricked my ears like a pin. The men were very quiet, but there was a precious ugly look on some of their faces, and I noticed that three or four on 'em kept edging for'ard to where the mate was standing, in a way that meant mischief. As for me, I'd made up my mind that if he did go for to hang that poor little chap, I'd kill him on the spot and take my chance.

"Eight minutes!" says the mate, his great, deep voice breakin' in upon the silence like the toll' o' a funeral bell.

"If you've got anything to confess, my lad, you'd best out with it, for yer time's nearly up."

"I've told you the truth," answers the boy, very pale, but as firm as ever. "May I say my prayers, please?"

The mate nodded; and down goes the little chap on his knees (with that infernal rope about his neck all the time), and puts up his poor little hands to pray. I couldn't make out what he said (fact my head was in such a whirl that I'd hardly ha' knowed my own name), but I'll be bound God heard it, every word. Then he ups on his feet again, and puts his hands behind him, and says to the mate, quite quietly, "I'm ready!"

And then, sir, the mate's hard, grim face broke up all at once, like I've seed the ice in the Baltic. He snatched up the boy in his arms, and kissed him, and burst out a-cryin' like a child; and I think there warn't one of us that didn't do the same. I know I did, for one.

He is a hero and as strong as a lion who speaks the truth at all times and in all places.

THE PRINCE AND THE PRISONERS.

THERE was once a prince who now and then paid a visit to the chief prison in the land over which he ruled. One day he saw in the prison-yard five prisoners with chains on their wrists, going to their work. He made them halt before him, and then asked them, one by one, how they came to be in prison.

The first man said that he had done no wrong, but that the chief witness against him had told a lie.

The second said that the judge who had put him in prison had had a spite against him.

The third said that he had been found guilty through a mistake.

The fourth said that he had been taken for another man.

For these reasons they all begged the prince to pardon them.

But he turned to the fifth man, and said, "And why are you here?"

"Alas!" he replied, "I stole a purse, and dare not ask your pardon."

"Then," said the prince, "you are not fit to live with such honest men as these, who say that they have done no wrong!"

Turning to the jailer, he said, "Take off this man's chains, and send him away. He has not added to his crime the sin of telling a lie!"

THE FRUIT OF CARE.

It is related that a poor girl in California picked up the cutting of a grape-vine, thrown into the road, in order to drive her mule with. She carried it home, and, though it was withered and worn, and appeared good for nothing, she stuck it into the ground. "It has a little life left," she said; "I will try and save it." So

she watered it, and watched it, and trained it, and took as much care of it as if it were the most promising shoot in the world.

Well, how did it reward her? In one year, after it was six years old, it bore five thousand bunches of grapes, and each bunch weighed one pound; these, on being sold, brought her a thousand pounds.

Now this reminds us that it is not so much having large means to do with, as in doing the best we can with small means.

AFRAID OF GOD.

SOME years ago a band of missionaries in the Fiji Islands found their home surrounded by a troop of savages armed for battle. Being both unable and unwilling to fight, they shut their door and began to pray.

Presently the howling of the savages ceased. Then one of the missionaries went out, and found only one savage there. Said the missionary, "Where are your chiefs?"

"They are gone. They heard you praying to your God: and they know your God is a strong God; and they are gone."

The savages were right at last. God is a strong God; strong to help those who love Him; strong to push His enemies. This strong God is the friend of loving little children. What good news this is for the weak and helpless!

THE BEST SAVINGS-BANK.

THE best savings-bank for a young man's *money* is a total abstinence pledge. The best savings-bank for his *time* is honest industry and a good book. The best savings-bank for his *affections* is a true woman's heart. The best savings-bank for his *soul* is faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

A GENTLEMAN.

"You see I am a gentleman!" said Will Thompson; "I will not take an insult." And the little fellow strutted up and down in a rage. He had been throwing stones at Peter Jones, and he thought that his anger proved him a gentleman.

"If you want to be a gentleman, I should think you would be a gentle boy first," said his teacher. "Gentlemen do not throw stones at their neighbors. Peter Jones did not throw stones at you, and I think he is much more likely to prove a gentleman."

"But he's got patches on his knees," said Will.

"Bad pantaloons don't keep a boy from being a gentleman," said the teacher, "but a bad temper does. Now William, if you want to be a gentleman, you must be a gentle boy."

A little further on the teacher met little Peter Jones. Some stones had hit him, and he was hurt by them.

"Well, Peter, what's the matter between you and Will this morning?" asked the teacher.

"I was throwing a ball at one of the boys in play, sir, and it missed him and hit Will Thompson's dog."

"Why did you not throw back?"

"Because, sir, my mother says that to be a gentleman I must be a gentle boy, and I thought it was best to keep out of his way till he cooled off a little."

The teacher walked on, after praising Peter's conduct, but kept the boys in his mind; and he lived to see Will Thompson a rowdy, and Peter Jones a gentleman, loved and respected by all.

Remember, a gentle boy makes a gentleman.

BAD WORDS.

Hush, hush, my lad! Pray don't repeat

The bad words spoken in the street.

Wrong, and unfit for you:
 Perchance the lad those words who said,
 'Mid crime and darkness born and bred,
 Their meaning little knew:
 But you, so much more highly blessed,
 Of Christian home and friends possessed,
 And Christian knowledge too,
 To take God's holy name in vain,
 Or utter any words profane,
 Is surely guilt in you.

Then, oh, my boy, let every word
 In future from your lip that's heard
 Some worthy thought express;
 Then, as to Heaven those sounds ascend,
 God, the great Father, Judge, and Friend,
 Will hear, approve, and bless!

THE LAST MEANS.

An old teacher at Osnabrück, long since dead, had once in his school a very wicked boy, with whom all kinds of punishment, entreaties, admonitions, threats, keeping after school-time, caning, and so on, however often they had been inflicted upon him, had proved utterly useless.

One day he committed another offence, his fellow-pupils were in great expectation of the new punishment the teacher would assign to him. Then the venerable man spoke: "My children, you know that I have tried every possible means to bring this offender into a better way; and you see that all my endeavours are in vain. Only one means is left; let us kneel down, and unite in fervent prayer for your poor fellow-pupil."

This all the children did. The wicked boy was moved by the earnest prayer which the teacher offered, and mended his manners from that hour.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

DISINFECTANTS IN DISEASE.—Recent investigations have developed the fact, that cholera may be prevented from spreading by disinfecting, without delay, everything that may be discharged by the patient. Sulphate of copperas, chloride of lime, or some other cheap disinfectant, should be kept in the house for general disinfecting purposes.

SOAP.—A young lady who makes all the family soap, gives the following recipe for a good cheap article: "Add to ten quarts of water six pounds of quick lime (shell lime is best) and six pounds of common washing soda. Put all together, and boil for half an hour, and let it stand all night to clear. Draw off the lye, and add to it one pound of common resin, and seven pounds of fat (any fat will do). Boil this for half an hour, then let it stand till cool, and cut into bars."

THE BEST MEDICINE.—Dr. Hall says the best medicines in the world, more efficient in the cure of disease than all the potencies of the materia medica, are warmth, rest, cleanliness, and pure air. Some persons make it a virtue to brave disease, "to keep up" so long as they can move a foot, or crook a finger, and it sometimes succeeds; but in others, the powers of life are thereby so completely exhausted that the system has lost ability to recuperate, and typhoid fever sets in and carries the patient to a premature grave. Whenever walking or work is an effort, a warm bed and a cool room are the very first indispensables to a sure and speedy recovery. Instinct leads all beasts and birds to quietude and rest the very moment disease or wounds assail the system.

FLORAL ORNAMENT.—In the *Gardener's Magazine* is related a pretty story of a lady gardener who gathered a handful of the world-renowned flowers of forget-me-not (*Myosotis Palustris*), and, to preserve them as long a period as possible, they were put in a large soup-plate, filled with rain water. The flowers were placed near the window, so as to enjoy the advantages resulting from an abundance of light and air, and the water was replenished when needful. In a surprisingly short space of time (three weeks, I believe) white thread-like roots were emitted from the portion of the

flower-stalks in the water, and they ultimately formed a thick network over the plate. The flowers remained quite fresh, excepting a few of the most advanced when gathered, and as soon as the roots began to run in the water the buds began to expand, to take the place of those which faded, and up to the middle of November the bouquet—if it may be so called—was a dense mass of flowers and a more beautiful or chaste ornament for the indoor apartment cannot be imagined.

BATHING OF THE BODY.—The prophet Mohammed, a fanatic of cleanliness, regarded friction with sand as compensatory for washing; and if any one suppose that the limbs and trunk of the body cannot be kept as perfectly clean by dry rubbing as by any amount of washing, I say he has something to learn. Undoubtedly, in a hot climate, or hot weather, there is nothing so pleasant and so rapidly effectual as bathing, if the temperature of the water be not too low, as it is apt to be with us, even in our hottest weather. I have always enjoyed swimming; but reluctantly give it up, because the cold makes my hands dead, which cannot be healthful. I once brought on a severe attack of illness by using a sitz bath. All the hardy barbarians of the north have, at all times, been reproached by southern people for their neglect in washing. The old Romans did not—as a notion—betake themselves to baths till the era of effeminacy set in. Tacitus says of the Germans: "In the midst of this dirt they grow up into those limbs which we admire." The Scythians, of Herodotus, were reported not to wash; but in cold weather, at distant intervals, to cover their bodies with a hot, spicy paste. It dried on them, and dropped off when cold, leaving the flesh clean. Northern races know that cold water takes strength out of them, and they do not volunteer to touch it. Their practice has more weight with me than recent theories. No doubt where hot baths, warm dressing-room, and luxurious towels can be commanded, warm bathing tends to human beauty. Perhaps it makes a more delicate animal, more susceptible to cold. I think it does. A hot-air bath is a very different thing, and more akin to the Scythian practice. But, granting that wealth may advantageously avail itself of warm water, with a cold shower bath after it, that does not justify a universal command to men and women, rich and poor, to wash their whole bodies every day in cold water, as many of our sanitarians do.—*T. W. Newman, in Herald of Health.*

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XV.

- A judge of Israel;
 An ancestor of Moses;
 An apostle;
 A city of refuge;
 One for whom Paul pleaded;
 A costly perfume.

The initials will form the name of one killed through the treachery of his wife.

NO. XVI.

- The scene of a martyrdom;
 The birth-place of Abraham;
 A mountain;
 A noted city;
 A tribe of Israel;
 A governor of Judea;
 A place St. Paul visited;
 A province of Asia Minor;
 A place where Philip preached;
 A musical instrument;
 A son of Saul;
 A city of Egypt.

The initials of the first eleven, and two letters of the twelfth, will form the result of faith.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XIII.

Ashtaroth.

NO. XIV.

Ulai.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

- No. 36.—How many chapters are contained in the whole Bible?
 No. 37.—Who was the term vipers applied to, and by whom?
 No. 38.—Who were the Herodians?
 No. 39.—What prophet foretold the destruction of Babylon?
 No. 40.—Name an instance in which conviction has stopped short of conversion.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

No. 31.—Four hundred years.

No. 32.—They were stoned to death.

No. 33.—Six:—Kedesh, Shechem, Kirzath-arba, Ramoth, Bezer, Golan.

No. 34.—Daniel.

No. 35.—One hundred and forty-four thousand.