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CANADIAN SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

NOVEMBER, 1873.

[No. 12.]

WILLIAM MAYNARD'S PRIZE.

(Concluded.)

This grammar school, of which Dr. Barton was principal, was the oldest school in Bridgeboro', and enjoyed certain rights and privileges beyond those of like establishments in the town. The majority of the scholars were the children of well-to-do parents; but occasionally there were poorer boys admitted under provisions of the foundation, which afforded to the sons of freemen certain advantages by way of nominal school fees not to be had elsewhere. It happened that William Maynard was the only boy then attending the school who ranked as a foundation boy; and at no time had the position of free scholarship in Bridgeboro' Grammar School been an enviable one. The Maynard family had for many generations occupied a good position in the town, but it had fallen to decay of late years, owing to the bankruptcy of William's father, who had embarked in speculations of a uniformly disastrous character, and had died after a tedious illness, which completely drained their small resources. With the help of some friends, Mrs. Maynard was enabled to let lodgings, and, being a woman of superior qualities, she found no difficulty in keeping her apartments full. She was very anxious that her son's education should not be neglected, and the advantages to be derived from the grammar school were too valuable to be overlooked; so that, in spite of the many drawbacks, and the natural stigma of poverty which

the lad would have to bear, they were both heartily glad to avail themselves of the advantages of the liberal education which he would receive there.

Kind and gentle as William Maynard was, he had not been at school long before he discovered, with regard to himself, the existence of two separate and opposite feelings amongst the boys. One was a feeling of contempt, exhibited principally by the rougher boys, and especially by Drewitt; the other was one of warm sympathy and affection, of which James Laurie was a worthy exponent. "If you *are* poor," the latter would sometimes say to Maynard, it isn't your fault; and, unless you get a decent education, you are likely to remain poor. I'd rather be a pauper than a coward!" But Maynard could in some measure understand the feelings that existed against the principle of poor boys mixing with their betters, and he endeavoured to conduct himself in such a manner as to disarm even his enemies, until this cruel, cowardly blow, struck by an unknown hand, showed how strong and active the feeling against him had become. The lad was carried home to his mother, and for many days remained in imminent danger of losing the sight of the injured eye. The pain which he endured was terrible; yet his thin white face betrayed a firm purpose, and a resolution of endurance, which bigger and stronger boys might not have been able to display. As soon as he could be spoken to, his mother sought to discover whether he knew who it was that struck him; but he seemed at first not to comprehend the question, and then complained that talking wearied him, until, finally, his mother wisely ceased to speak upon the subject.

Dr. Barton, who took a genuine interest in the lad, called every day to see him, and spoke very kindly to his mother about him, deploring the accident, as he called it now, especially as William was learning to join in the school games of his own free will. Many of the boys

called to inquire after him, and every one exhibited a friendliness that was very comforting to Mrs. Maynard.

It seemed that some thought troubled William Maynard as he lay, with bandaged eyes, upon his bed day after day; and his mother, who was alive to every expression of his face, as well as to every word he uttered, asked him what it was that troubled him.

"I'm thinking of that examination, mother," he said, in explanation. "I had set my heart upon going in for the Latin prize this half. They all said I'd win it; and it does seem hard to be prevented, from no fault of my own!"

"God wills it so, my son," replied Mrs. Maynard gently. "You may some day learn that what at first appears to be hard is, after all, but a hidden kindness. Of course this knowledge does not come to us in a day; but it will come, if we learn to trust in God for everything, and if we truly believe that His hand directs every event. I do not see more clearly than you, William, what special lessons God wishes to teach us by your accident; but I have no doubt He is teaching us something that will be made plain to us by-and-by." William was silenced by his mother's words, but not convinced.

The same afternoon James Laurie called, and as the sick lad was now able to talk a little, his schoolmate was permitted, as a great favor, to go up to the bedroom.

"We were all dreadfully sorry for you, Maynard," he said, in his bright, affectionate manner, as he took his friend's hand; "and it was a cowardly thing, whoever threw the ball. Perhaps he did not mean to strike you in the eye; but it was a cowardly thing all the same. I believe Drewitt did it, though he declared he did not."

A crimson flush covered the sick lad's face. "Will you grant me a favor, Laurie?" he asked.

"Certainly, Maynard. What is it?"

"You must promise me never to say that again."

"What! not say that Drewitt threw the ball?"

"Yes; you must promise never to say it again."

"Very well, Maynard; if you wish it, I'll promise; but I can't help my thoughts, you know."

"I do wish it particularly," answered Maynard, earnestly.

Laurie promised obedience, but added, "They all say he did it out of spite, lest you should take the first prize in Latin, Drewitt is such a dunce."

"When does the examination begin?" asked Maynard, almost piteously.

"On Monday next; and Drewitt has told some fellows that he's almost sure of the prize now."

"I suppose he is," responded Maynard, with a feeling of rebellion in his heart against his inevitable fate.

For some days the boy had been nursing a project in his brain, by which he hoped, or, at least, thought it not impossible that he might yet be enabled to compete for the prize; but when he made some slight allusion to it in the doctor's presence, he was told distinctly that it would cost him his life very likely if he attempted it.

It was, undoubtedly, hard for the boy to be thus laid aside, and it would have been contrary to even human laws of natural ambition had he quietly resigned all hope and interest in the contest without a struggle.

Dr. Barton called on the day following, and during his visit he paid his pupil the compliment of telling him that he was quite sure he would have gained a prize had he been permitted to compete. "But you must not lose heart," he added; "for, depend upon it, this enforced rest from your studies will have a good result. You were applying yourself too closely, I fear."

"Oh, sir, I did want to succeed!" said the invalid, and his pale face grew crimson as he spoke.

"You'll have your turn some day, my lad. Good character is more than praise, and knowledge itself of

more account than any prize," the master said, with a kind smile of sympathy that was very cheering to the young sufferer.

James Laurie was in and out constantly now, and he had promised to come round on the evening of the examination day with a full and true report of all the proceedings. Maynard, in the intervals of repose, tried hard to banish all thoughts of the contest from his mind; but, although he succeeded in conquering his rebellious spirit in some degree, there sometimes seemed a strange injustice in the circumstances of his accident that he could not understand.

Laurie came in, as arranged, on the evening of the examination day, and his face expressed no pleasure as he said, "Drewitt won the prize; but," he added, with considerable energy, "he didn't deserve it, Maynard; and all the fellows intend to hiss him when he goes up for it on Saturday."

An expression of great pain passed over the sick boy's face, and he exclaimed, "Oh no! pray, don't let them do that. Drewitt has won the prize; let him have it without hissing him. It would do no good to any one."

"Wouldn't it, though?" exclaimed James Laurie vehemently. "It would do *me* good, I can tell you."

"It would pain me very much if you were to do it, James."

"All right. Then I'll not do it," responded Laurie.

"And you'll promise me that the other fellows won't hiss him?"

"I'll tell them what you say, Maynard; and I'm sure they won't do it, as you have said you don't like it."

James Laurie went away soon afterwards; and Maynard lay perfectly still, with a peculiar expression upon his face, as if he was undergoing a struggle with his own spirit. At last he spoke, as if in prayer, and said, "No,

please God, I won't return evil for evil, though it does seem very hard."

The days passed, and the prizes were to be distributed on the Saturday; but when that day came, and no one called to say how the eventful distributions had been made, William Maynard felt both sad and lonely. It seemed so heartless of them all not to come to him with the news of the day, when they knew he was so anxious to obtain full information. It must have been quite late in the evening when he heard the bedroom door opened gently, and a voice, that he failed at first to recognize, asked softly, "May I come in?"

In obedience to his prompt invitation, the figure approached the bed and knelt down beside it, apparently in great distress. Maynard could not control his curiosity longer, and, drawing aside for a moment the bandage from his uninjured eye, he saw kneeling at his bedside no other than Drewitt himself.

"Oh, Maynard! I can hardly ask your forgiveness; but I could remain away from you no longer. I haven't had a moment's peace since that Saturday I struck you with the ball. I told lies then, and I've been telling them ever since, until I feel just as a fellow must who has committed a murder. Oh, do forgive me!—say you can forgive me, for my heart feels just as if it would burst!"

"I have tried to forgive you ever since you struck me, Drewitt," said his companion, very gently and very earnestly.

"And you saw me throw the ball, then, Maynard?"

"Yes," said he, "I did."

"And yet you never split on me, and you sent word to the other fellows not to hiss me to-day—one of them told me so; and I felt as if my heart was bursting when he said it."

Maynard's thoughts made him for a moment speechless;

but his hand wandered outside the bed-clothes, and it now rested in that of Drewitt's. "I'm better pleased," at last he said, "at our being friends, Drewitt, than if I had gained twenty prizes." And it was well for him that his face was shaded, for his tears were falling fast.

The two boys remained in conversation for more than half an hour; and when Drewitt got up to go away, he stooped down and whispered in his friend's ear, "God bless you, Maynard?" and a hot tear fell upon Maynard's face.

Mrs. Maynard, who had let Drewitt in, and who half-guessed the secret which he had come to tell, came in as soon as her son was alone again, and found him with a happy smile on his face, although there were traces of tears there also.

"Mother," said he, tenderly, "we were talking the other day about my accident, and I said I couldn't understand why God allowed me to be injured; but I know now. You said He was teaching me a lesson; but I didn't think so. Now I've learnt the lesson, and I've gained a prize worth twenty books."

And thereupon he told his mother the story.

THE CHILD MARTYR.

'Twas in the time of ancient strife,
'Neath religion's sacred name,
When bloody Mary held the sway
O'er England's fair domain.

Amidst those rocky, frowning hills,
Of northern Scotia's land,
High in the mountain fastnesses
There dwelt a Christian band.

Among the few who weekly met
To pray, 'mid rising fears,
Two lovely sisters always came,
Two girls of tender years.

The older maiden, Margaret,
 Was only twelve years old,
 She'd deep blue eyes, and golden hair,
 A spirit firm and bold.

The younger one was Alice call'd.
 She'd but ten summers seen :
 Her eyes were dark, her hair was brown,
 A little Highland queen.

They with their father lived alone,
 High on the mountain side ;
 Their mother died some years ago ;
 He was their only guide.

But ere that mother slept, she call'd
 The oldest to her bed,
 And gave her Bible, old and loved,
 To keep when she was dead.

" I have not long to stay, my child,
 It is my last request ;
 Oh, read and prize this precious book.
 When I have sunk to rest.

" Dark times are coming o'er the land—
 The scourge, the stake, the sword—
 And they who love the simple faith
 May suffer for their Lord.

" I see the clouds—I hear the roar
 Of bigotry's fierce flood :
 You, child, may suffer for your faith,
 And seal it with your blood.

" Should ever that dark trial come,
 Be firm for Christ that day !"
 So saying, with a faint, sweet smile,
 Her spirit pass'd away.

But in that tender heart those words
 Held long a mystic sway ;
 And how she kept that last request
 My story soon will say.

Dear friends, 'tis well for you and me,
 We worship undismay'd ;

In perfect liberty and light,
None maketh us afraid.

But not so then :—soon tidings came,
Of sainted men who bore
Both axe and flame, for Christ's dear name,
As in the days of yore.

And soon a stern command went forth,
From Crown, and Roman See,
'That all should go to mass, or bann'd
As heretics should be.

Ah, then ! that Bible-loving few
Refused, and held their way,
And met in caverns far remote,
To read, and praise, and pray.

But sad to tell, they were betrayed,
And creatures fierce and bold
Came down on that devoted band
Like wolves upon the fold.

And where a stern tribunal sat
In priestly pomp and pride,
'Mid mitred heads and shaven crowns,
They dragged them to be tried.

The two sweet sisters, hand-in-hand,
Amongst them might be seen ;
They both refused the Roman Church,
The Church of England's queen.

The Bishop said to Margaret,
"Bow to the Pontiff's will ;
Abjure thy faith." She meekly said,
"Please God, I never will.

The Pope is but a mortal man,
'Tis Christ who sets us free ;
I need no man, save Christ the Lord,
Between my God and me."

"Hold, for thy life," the Prelate cried ;
"Fanatic, do you know
What 'tis to die a lingering death
Of agony and woe ?"

She lifted up her calm blue eyes,
 And slowly, firmly said,
 " My Saviour gave his life for me,
 For *Him* my blood I'll shed."

" Enough," he cried, " your doom is seal'd ;
 For mercy vainly cry.
 Your weeping sister shall be spared,
 But you, rash girl, shall die."

They led her where the tide was out,
 And bound her to a stake
 With iron chains, as tho' they fear'd
 The frail thing could escape.

Robed in pure white, serene she stood,
 And o'er her shoulders fair
 Her long hair fell in golden showers—
 Her hands were clasped in prayer.

A weeping crowd stood on the shore,
 For all had loved her well ;
 The very wind moan'd o'er the rocks,
 And seem'd to sigh her knell.

She sees the hungry waves draw nigh—
 She hears the breakers roar
 In answer to the rising wind,
 And roll upon the shore,

They reach her snowy feet ; then rides
 Into the stormy sea
 A man with pardon in his hand
 If she'll a Papist be.

" Now, say you will recant," he cried,
 " And we will set you free !"
 " I love my lord too well," she said ;
 " His love *is* liberty."

The man rides back—the waves rush on,
 As eager for a race ;
 Her waist they reach, the madden'd spray
 Now dashes in her face.

Again they ride—again they cry,
 " Revoke your words, and live !"

"Tempt me no more," the maid replied ;
 "My life I freely give."

Higher and higher rose the tide—
 Salt tears stood in her eyes ;
 They saw her hair, like bright sea-weed,
 On the billows fall and rise.

Once more they struggled through the sea ;
 "Give in—give up!" they cry ;
 "The tide is strong—five minutes more,
 And you must surely die!"

But in that last and bitter trial,
 Above the storm, and clear,
 Her mother's last and dying words
 Were ringing in her ear.

A radiant smile lit up her face—
 She wish'd, she long'd to go ;
 And rising her bright eyes to Heaven,
 She firmly answered, "No!"

Then bent her head beneath the flood—
 A struggle—all is done,
 And her pure spirit wing'd its flight
 To rest beyond the sun.

THE WOLF CHASE.

DURING the winter of 1844, being engaged in the northern part of Maine, I had much leisure to devote to the wild sports of a new country. To none of them was I more passionately addicted than to skating. The deep and sequestered lakes of this State, frozen by the intense cold of the northern winter, presents a wide field to the lover of this pastime. Often would I bind on my skates, and glide away on the glittering river, and wind each streamlet that flowed beneath its fetters on toward the parent ocean, forgetting all the while time and distance in the luxurious sense of the easy flight, but rather dreaming, as I looked through the transparent

ice at the long weeds and crosses that nodded in the current beneath, and seemed with the waves to let them go; or I would follow on the track of some otter, and run my skate along the mark he had left with his dragging tail, until the trail would enter the woods. Sometimes these excursions were made by moonlight, and it was on one of those occasions that I had a *rencontre* which, even now, with kind faces around me, I cannot recall without a nervous feeling.

I had left my friend's house one evening just before dusk, with the intention of skating a short distance up the noble Kennebec, which glides directly before the door. The night was beautifully clear. A peerless moon rode through an occasionally fleecy cloud, and stars twinkled from the sky and from every frost-covered tree in millions. You wonder at the light that came glittering from the ice, and snow-wreathed and encrusted branches, as the eyes followed for miles the broad gleam of the Kennebec, that like a jewelled zone swept between the mighty forests on its banks. And yet all was still. The cold seemed to have frozen trees, and air, and water, and every thing moved. Even the ringing of my skates on the ice echoed back from the Moccasin Hill with a startling clearness, and the crackle of the ice as I passed over it in my course seemed to follow the tide of the river with lightning speed.

I had gone up the river nearly two miles, when, coming to a little stream which empties into the larger, I turned to explore its course. Fir and hemlock of a century's growth met overhead and formed an archway radiant with frost-work. All was dark within, but I was young and fearless, and as I peered into an unbroken forest that reared itself on the borders of the stream, I laughed with very joyousness; my wild hurrah rang through the silent woods, and I stood listening to the echo that reverberated again and again until all was

hushed. I thought how often the Indian hunter had concealed himself behind these very trees—how often his arrow had pierced the deer by this very stream, and his wild halloo had here rung for his victory. And then, turning from fancy to reality, I watched a couple of white owls, that sat in their hooded state, with ruffled pantalets and long ear tabs, debating in silent conclave the affairs of their frozen realm, and wondering if they, "for all their feathers, were cold," when suddenly a sound arose: it seemed to come from beneath the ice; it sounded low and tremulous at first, until it ended in one wild yell. I was appalled. Never before had such a noise met my ears. I thought it mortal—so fierce, and amid such an unbroken solitude, it seemed as if a fiend had blown a blast from an infernal trumpet.

Presently I heard the twigs on shore snap, as if from the tread of some animal, and the blood rushed back to my forehead with a bound that made my skin burn, and I felt relieved that I had to contend with things earthly, and not of a spiritual nature; my energies returned, and I looked around me for some means of escape. The moon shone through the opening of the mouth of the creek by which I had entered the forest, and considering this the best means of escape, I darted towards it like an arrow. 'Twas hardly a hundred yards distant, and the swallow could scarcely excel my desperate flight; yet, as I turned my head to the shore, I could see two dark objects dashing through the underbrush at a pace nearly double speed to my own. By their great speed, and the short yells which they occasionally gave, I knew at once these were the much dreaded gray wolf.

I had never met with these animals, but from the description given of them I had but little pleasure in making their acquaintance. Their untamable fierceness, and the untiring strength, which seems part of their na-

ture, rendered them objects of dread to every bonighted traveller.

"With their long gallop, which can tire
The deer-hound's hate and the hunter's fire,"

they pursue their prey—never stray from the track of their victim—and as the wearied hunter thinks he has at last outstripped them, he finds that they have waited for the evening to seize their prey, and falls a prize to the tireless animals.

The bushes that skirted the shore flew past with the velocity of lightning as I dashed on in my flight to pass the narrow opening. The outlet was nearly gained; one second more and I would be comparatively safe, when my pursuers appeared on the bank directly above me, which here rose to the height of ten feet. There was no time for thought, so I bent my head and dashed madly forward. The wolves sprang, but, miscalculating my speed, sprang behind, while their intended prey glided out upon the river.

Nature turned me toward home. The light flakes of snow spun from the iron of my skates, and I was some distance from my pursuers, when their fierce howl told me I was their fugitive. I did not feel afraid, or sorry, or glád; one thought of home, of the bright faces awaiting my return, of their tears if they should never see me; and then every energy of body and mind was exerted for escape. I was perfectly at home on the ice. Many were the days that I spent on my good skates, never thinking that at one time they would be my only means of safety. Every half minute an alternate yelp from my fierce attendants made me too certain that they were in close pursuit. Nearer and nearer they came; I heard their feet pattering on the ice nearer still, until I could feel their breath and hear their snuffing scent. Every nerve and muscle in my frame was stretched to the utmost tension.

The trees along the shore seemed to dance in the uncertain light, and my brain turned with my own breathless speed, yet still they seemed to hiss forth their breath with a sound truly horrible, when an involuntary motion on my part turned me out of my course. The wolves close behind, unable to stop, and as unable to turn on the smooth ice, slipped and fell, still going on far ahead; their tongues were lolling out, their white tusks glaring from their bloody mouths; their dark, shaggy breasts were fleeced with foam, and as they passed me their eyes glared, and they howled with fury. The thought rushed on my mind that by this means I could avoid them, viz: by turning aside whenever they came too near; for they, by the formation of their feet, are unable to run on the ice except in a straight line.

I immediately acted upon this plan. The wolves, having regained their feet, sprang directly towards me. The race was renewed for twenty yards up the stream: they were already close to my back, when I glided round and dashed directly past my pursuers. A fierce yell greeted my evolutions, and the wolves, slipping upon their haunches, sailed onward, presenting a perfect picture of helpless and baffled rage. Thus I gained nearly a hundred yards at each turning. This was repeated two or three times, every moment the animals getting more excited and baffled.

At one time, by delaying my turning too long, my fierce antagonists came so near, that they threw the white foam over my dress, as they sprang to seize me, and their teeth clashed together like the spring of a fox trap. Had my skates failed for one instant; had I tripped on a stick, or caught my foot in a fissure in the ice, the story I am now telling would never have been told. I thought all the chances over; I knew where they would first take hold of me if I fell; I thought how long it would be before I died, and when there would be search

for the body that would already have its tomb; for, oh! how fast man's mind traces out all the dread colours of death's picture, only those who have been near the grim original can tell. But, thanks be to God, I arrived within call of my own door, where, help being at hand, the wolves were dispersed, and I was saved.

SONG OF THE TYPES.

In a dismal garret and dingy town,
 Where the Rhine's blue waves are flowing,
 Old Guttenberg conjured my spirit down,
 And set my footsteps going.

But I burst on the world like the morning's sun,
 And I lighted its midnight hoary;
 And though my long journey has just begun,
 I have flooded the globe with glory!

I have torn down the castles of crime and sin,
 I have opened the dungeons of sorrow,
 I have let the glad radiance of freedom in,
 And scattered the legions of horror.

I have broken the fetters that shackled the mind,
 Restored it its strength and beauty;
 And taught the proud princes that rule mankind
 The lessons that power is duty!

I have rescued from prison the human soul,
 And opened its inner portal,
 Till it spurns indignant all human control,
 And soars in its flight immortal!

In the realm of science I scatter light;
 To the poor man hope in his hovel;
 For never again shall the world in night,
 In darkness, and slavery grovel.

Let no scholar despair, no warrior quail,
 Oblivion's scythe is rotten;
 For no more shall the words of wisdom fail,
 Nor the hero's deeds be forgotten.

The minstrel's strings shall not break again,
 And love shall be ever vernal,

For the maiden's vow and the poet's strain
Shall sound through the aisles eternal!
The old world shakes 'neath my giant tread,
And in vain tried to bind my pinions,
For my voice speaks doom, and my arm bears dread
To crumbling thrones and dominions.
Four hundred years their wails I've heard,
And the cause of their dire alarm is,
That the pen is mightier than the sword,
And the types than a thousand armies!

THE BRAVE PEASANT.

In the lovely land of Italy, on the banks of the river Adige, stands the city of Verona. Over the river stood, for many years, a beautiful bridge, on the central arch of which stood a small house, the residence of a man who was in the habit of taking toll from passengers who crossed the bridge, either on foot or on horseback.

During an unusually severe winter the river Adige was completely frozen over, and a rigid thaw succeeding the frost, the snow upon the mountains melted and swelled the river, so that long before it had been anticipated its covering of ice broke. Large blocks of the broken ice were carried up and down stream, and some of them swam up to the bridge and broke its central arch before the toll-collector and his family were able to effect their escape. The ice was driven more and more violently up against the bridge, so that gradually its feeble walls gave way, and at last nothing was left of the massive structure but the single pillar on which the toll-taker's house was built. The unfortunate man, who saw his own death and that of his wife and children staring him in the face, could only wring his hands and implore help. But although so many persons were assembled on both sides of the river, and though plenty of boats were at hand, no one had courage sufficient to venture in one,

through rolling masses of ice, to the rescue of the toll-collector and his family. A rich nobleman now sprang forward, holding a bag of gold in his hand, and exclaiming: "This is for any one who ventures over the river to the rescue of the unfortunate family on the bridge."

The assembled crowds heard distinctly the words of the generous count, but no one was seen to come forward and respond to it; for, attractive as sounded the proffered reward, no one had sufficient courage to attempt to win it. The unhappy family had given up all hope, when a plainly attired peasant made his way through the crowd to the shore, unloosened a boat, and, with his strong arm and resolute courage, forced a passage through the crashing ice and rushing waves. With anxious hearts the spectators watched him from the shore, but with hearts far more anxious the toll-collector awaited his deliverer. Safe and uninjured the rescuer arrived at the cottage, but, unfortunately, his boat was too small to contain the whole family, and three times the heroic peasant performed his short but perilous voyage backwards and forwards to the pillar, not resting until the noble deed was completed.

It need scarcely be said that those whom he had rescued overwhelmed him with expressions of gratitude, and that the count immediately placed the purse in his hand. But he refused it, saying, "I did not put my life in jeopardy for money. Give it rather, sir, to the poor toll-collector and his family, for they have lost all their goods in this flood."

Without waiting for an answer, the brave, good man made his way between the shouting multitudes and returned quietly to his home. His name is not known, but we may be sure God knows it, and has richly rewarded the good action of the noble peasant. Does He not reward even the gift of a cup of cold water?

THE QUAKER'S HOUSE.

A MOST remarkable case of providential preservation occurred at the siege of Copenhagen under Lord Nelson. An officer in the fleet says: "I was particularly impressed with an object I saw three or four days after the terrific bombardment of that place. For several nights before the surrender, the darkness was ushered in with a tremendous roar of guns and mortars, accompanied by the whizzing of those destructive and burning engines of warfare—Congreve's rockets.

"The dreadful effects were soon visible in the brilliant lights through the city. The blazing houses of the rich, and the burning cottages of the poor, illuminated the heavens; and the wide-spreading flames, reflecting on the water, showed a forest of ships assembled round the city for its destruction.

"This work of conflagration went on for several nights, but the Danes at length surrendered. On walking some days after among the ruins of the cottages of the poor, houses of the rich, manufactories, lofty steeples, and humble meeting-houses, I descried, amid this barren field of desolation, a solitary house unharmed. All around was a burnt mass, this alone untouched by the fire,—a monument of mercy. 'Whose house is that?' I asked. 'That,' said the interpreter, 'belongs to a Quaker. He would neither fight, nor leave his house, but remained in prayer with his family during the whole bombardment.' Surely, thought I, it is well with the righteous. God has been a shield to thee in battle, a wall of fire round about thee, a very present help in time of need."

THE BOY'S DREAM.

ONE Summer evening a little boy was sitting on the threshold of a neat little cottage in a country village, and as the shades of night descended upon him he fell

asleep and dreamed. In his dream he was an old man with grey hairs on his head; and upon thinking over his past life, he said to himself, "I have lived these years and not known God, the great Father. I have never thought anything about religion. O that I had my time to live over again! I would learn to live for some good purpose. I would strive to make myself useful in the world, and to know the Great Being of whom the Bible speaks."

"The sun had sunk to rest, and darkness covered the face of the earth when this little boy awoke and found himself once more a child on the threshold of his father's cottage. He did not forget his dream; but earnestly sought Him who said, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me." Nor did he seek in vain.

HAVE COURAGE TO SAY "NO."

You're starting to-day on life's journey,
 Along on the highway of life;
 You'll meet with a thousand temptations,
 Each city with evil is rife.

This world is a stage of excitement,
 There's danger wherever you go;
 But if you are tempted in weakness,
 Have courage, my boy, to say no.

The siren's sweet song may allure you;
 Beware of her cunning and art;
 Whenever you see her approaching,
 Be guarded, and haste to depart.

The billiard saloons are inviting,
 Decked out in their tinsel and show;
 You may be invited to enter;
 Have courage, my boy, to say no.

The bright ruby wine may be offer'd:
 No matter how tempting it be,
 From poison that stings like an adder,
 My boy, have the courage to flee.

The gambling halls are before you,
Their lights, how they dance to and fro!
If you should be tempted to enter,
Think twice, even thrice, ere you go.

In courage alone lies your safety,
When you the long journey begin,
And trust in a heavenly Father
Will keep you unspotted from sin.
Temptations will go on increasing,
As streams from a rivulet flow,
But if you are true to your manhood,
Take courage, my boy, and say no.

GIVING OUR HEARTS TO GOD.

ONE day a lady was teaching a class of little girls. She was talking to them about giving our heart to God. "My dear children," she said, "how soon may we give our hearts to God, and become true Christians?" They did not answer at first. Then she spoke to them one by one. Turning to the oldest scholar in the class, she asked, "What do you say, Mary?"

"When we are thirteen."

"What do you say, Jane?"

"When we are ten."

"What do you say, Susan?"

"When we are six."

At last she came to little Lillie, the youngest scholar in the class.

"Well, Lillie," she said, "how soon do you think we may give our hearts to God?"

"Just as soon as we feel that we are sinners, and know who God is," said Lillie.

How beautiful an answer that was, and how true! Yes, "as soon as you feel that you are a sinner, and know who God is," you may give him your heart, and become a Christian.

SELF-RELIANCE.

Don't rely upon friends. Don't rely upon the good name of your ancestor. Thousands have spent the prime of life in vain hopes of aid from those whom they call friends; and thousands have starved because they had a rich father. Rely upon the good name which is made by your own exertions, and know that the best friend you can have is an unconquerable determination, united with decision of character.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

COLD IN THE HEAD OR CHEST.—A light or spoon diet should be adopted, and animal food and fermented and spirituous liquors avoided. The bowels should be opened with some mild aperient; and if the symptoms be severe, or fever or headache be present, small diaphoretic doses of antimonials, accompanied by copious draughts of diluents, as barley water, weak tea, or gruel, should be taken.

BOTTLED LEMONADE.—Dissolve half a pound of loaf sugar in one quart of water, and boil it over a slow fire; two drachms of acetic acid; four ounces tartaric acid; when cold, add two pennyworth of essence of lemon. Put one-sixth of the above into each bottle filled with water, and thirty grains of carbonate of soda; cork it immediately, and it will be fit for use.

THE BODY.—Not only are there hinges and joints in the bones, but there are also valves in the veins, a force-pump in the heart, and curiosities in other parts of the body equally striking. One of the muscles of the eye forms an actual pulley. The bones which support the body are made precisely in that form which has been calculated by mathematicians to be the strongest for pillars and supporting columns—that of hollow cylinders.

COFFEE FOR THE TABLE.—The roasted berries should not be ground until a few minutes before you wish to make the liquid coffee. The coffee-pot should be heated previously to putting in the coffee, which may be done by means of boiling water. The common custom of boiling coffee is unnecessary, as all the flavor is extracted by boiling

hot water. Should it, however, be placed upon the fire, it should be only just a minute. To clarify the coffee, add a shred of isinglass, a small piece of sole or eel-skin, or a spoonful of the white of an egg.

LIGHT.—The reason why bodies have different colours, some being black, some red, &c., is this :—The rays of light are divided into seven primitive colours ; namely, orange, violet, red, blue, green, yellow, and indigo. When light strikes on a body, if the body be of a nature to reflect the whole of the rays without decomposing them, it will appear white ; for white is an assemblage of all the colours. If it reflect the red ray, and absorb all the others, it will be red ; if it absorb all the rays without exception, it will be black, for black arises from an absence of light.

STRENGTHENING BLANCMANGE.—Dissolve in a pint of new milk, half an ounce of isinglass, strain it through a muslin sieve, put it again on the fire, with the rind of half a small lemon, pared very thin, and two ounces of sugar, broken small ; let it simmer gently until well flavoured, then take out the lemon-peel, and stir the milk to the beaten yolks of three fresh eggs ; pour the mixture back into the saucpan, and hold it over the fire, keeping it stirred until it begins to thicken ; put it into a deep basin, and keep it moved with a spoon, until it is nearly cold ; then pour it into moulds which have been laid in water, and set it in a cool place till firm. This blancmange we can recommend for invalids as well as for the table generally.

EXPANDING THE LUNGS.—Step out into pure air ; stand perfectly erect, with the head and shoulders back, and then fixing the lips as though you were going to whistle, draw the air through the nostrils into the lungs. When the chest is about full, raise the arms, keeping them extended, with the palms of the hands down, as you suck in the air, so as to bring them over the head just as the lungs are quite full. Then drop the thumbs inward, and after gently forcing the arms backward and the chest open, reverse the process by which you draw your breath till the lungs are entirely empty. This process should be repeated three or four times a day. It is impossible to describe to one who has never tried it the glorious sense of vigour which follows the exercise. We know a gentleman, the measure of whose chest has been increased some three inches during as many months.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XXIII.

The writer of one of the epistles.

A servant of the early church.

A place threatened with a curse.

One of whom it was said that he loved the world.

One of the seven churches whose candlestick was removed.

The initials will give the subject of a verse in the book of Proverbs.

NO. XXIV.

My first is in air, and also in sea.

My second in rapture, but not in glee.

My third is in early, but not in soon.

My fourth in morning, and also in noon.

My fifth is in portion, but not in share.

My sixth in carry, and also in bear.

My seventh is in gush, but not in flow.

My eighth in usher, but not in go.

My ninth is in sewer, and also in sew.

My whole is the name of a court at which Paul was arraigned.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XXI.

Siloam.

NO. XXII.

Gethsemane.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

No. 56.—In one word give the substance of John the Baptist's preaching?

No. 57.—There is an incident mentioned in Psalm 78 that is not recorded in Exodus vii. 12. Give it?

No. 58.—Our Lord's enemies applied a title to him which he never used himself. Name it?

No. 59.—Where is the first mention of a hymn?

No. 60.—Where was the first synod held?

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

No. 51.—In case the power of God should be called in question.

No. 52.—Two: Nadab and Abihu.

No. 53.—Satan.

No. 54.—Sons of Thunder.

No. 55.—John the Baptist.