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CANADIAN SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

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PRINCIPLE BEFORE GOOD NATURE.

PART II.—(Concluded.)

WE must go back to the time when Robert left his uncle's house in order to find why neither Harry nor his sister had written.

The following day was that appointed for the long-looked-for boating excursion, and Florence sat at the window until late in the evening watching for her brother's return. Just as it grew dusk there was a hum of voices in the street, and a crowd appeared approaching the house. The girl ran down to inquire what was the matter, and met the seemingly lifeless body of Harry, borne by several of his late companions; then she heard of an accident to the boat, and how Harry, being unable to swim far, was with difficulty saved as he sank exhausted for the last time. It was long before animation was restored, and then a severe illness ensued, in which for many days he continued in a state of feverish delirium, scarcely knowing one person from another. These were sad times for poor Florence. Harry so dangerously ill,—her invalid father constantly fretting about the business, to which he was unable to attend, and, moreover, impatient and difficult to please,—Robert, usually her assistant and comforter in every dilemma, gone, and under such painful circumstances. Frequently did she wish to let him know of Harry's accident, but her time was so fully occupied, that it was not until several days after his departure she was able to write explaining the

cause of delay. A few mornings passed, and Florence sat by her brother's bedside reading *Lucy's* answer, when she was startled by hearing him pronounce her name.

He seemed quite calm and sensible, having just wakened from a refreshing sleep, and observing a letter in her hand, said,—“ Well, Florry, who is that from?” Great was her joy at being recognized once more, but, fearful of any excitement in his weakened state, she answered quietly, “ From cousin Lucy; but you must not talk yet a little, Harry.”

He lay quite still for several minutes, evidently trying to collect his ideas; then a sudden thought seemed to strike him.

“ Why does not Robert come to see me? Go on.” him, like a good girl: I want to speak to him now.”

“ Dear Harry, he is not here at present.”

“ Where is he?”

“ I do not exactly know, but wait till you are better and we will find out all about it.”

“ No, Florry, I cannot wait; you must tell me now. I want particularly to hear.”

She hesitated, but seeing her brother's pale face flush with excitement, she told all she knew in as few words as possible.

“ O Florry, write this moment and tell him to come back; and have me carried to my father's room: I have something to say to him.”

“ No, Harry, you are too ill yet. Robert has gone abroad, and it would be useless to write to him; but when you are better, if it is in your power to clear up this matter, you ought to do it.”

“ Certainly, so I shall. I'm very sorry indeed about it all; I meant to do Robert a good turn, and instead of that I've only done him great harm.”

Florence at length succeeded in persuading her brother to compose himself to sleep, and the subject was

not renewed between them until some weeks after, when Harry's health was almost restored; then she ventured to inquire if he had yet spoken to his father about Robert's business.

"No," he replied, "and I can't see any need for it. Robert's gone abroad, you say, and we can't bring him back; so what's the use of getting myself into an ugly scrape for no purpose? If it would do him any good, of course I should bear it willingly." Florence did not approve of this reasoning, but her arguments and persuasions were of no avail. Her promise to Robert prevented her acting in the matter herself, so all she could do was to write kindly to Mrs. Manvers and Lucy, saying she knew Robert to be innocent. But nothing had power to comfort the poor mother since she had heard the tale of her son's departure in disgrace,—that son, who had been the pride of her heart from his earliest years. A relapse was the consequence of the excitement and grief, and for weeks her life trembled in the balance. During that period of trouble and anxiety, Lucy worked hard to support her mother, took in needlework, taught the village children, and by various means endeavoured to earn even a scanty pittance for their necessities. Months passed without bringing tidings of Robert; then years followed, full of suspense and sorrow, until his mother and sister almost lost hope of ever hearing from him, and feared he must have perished alone and friendless in that far-off land.

And what of Harry all this time? The secret of his own guilt and the consciousness of being the cause of all this distress weighed so heavily on his mind, that to drown thought he sought for constant excitement, and was led on by bad companions from one sin to another.

Florence indeed did her best to win him back to home life, but he avoided her company as much as possible, and so things went on from bad to worse. Harry never

could bring himself to refuse compliance with anything proposed by his so-called friends, until at length he became involved in serious money difficulties.

At last all his resources had failed, and nothing remained but the dreaded alternative of applying to his father for assistance. "Yes, there was one other way," the tempter whispered; "he had tried it before, why not again?" "But the sum required was too large this time." "Well, it might be done by degrees."

Accordingly, driven to desperation, he abstracted on the first opportunity as much as would serve for a while to quiet his most clamorous creditors. The money was at once missed by the watchful Mr. Bunker, who duly reported the matter to old Mr. Manvers, now so far recovered as to resume the oversight of his own affairs; but though both were extremely anxious to find the delinquent, Harry remained unsuspected. However, Mr. Bunker was now on the alert, fearing his own son (who had obtained Robert's former post) might become involved in the accusation, and on the next occasion he marked exactly the hour during which the robbery must have taken place, and thus it was distinctly traced to his master's son.

As soon as Harry became aware that all was discovered he resolved to fly from the country, and without waiting for the dreaded interview with his father he started from home in the middle of the night, only leaving a farewell letter to his sister Florence, in which he confessed everything, and begged her to assure his father of Robert's entire innocence on the former occasion.

A year passed away; old Mr. Manvers was again an invalid, having never recovered the shock of his only son's disgrace and flight. Florence devoted herself to him, yet now and again found time for a visit to a cottage situated in that shady lane where Harry and Robert held their last conversation, for there Mrs. Manvers and

her daughter now lived. Lucy had obtained a few pupils in the neighbourhood, and was necessarily much out; so Florence tried to cheer some of her aunt's solitary hours, and Robert was their never-failing theme. Now that his character was clear, how they longed for his return! and hoped and feared, until they were drawn closely together by this strong mutual bond of interest. Harry, too, had not written since his departure, and many were the anxious thoughts turned in that cottage to fervent prayers for the absent ones.

Summer came again, the hedges were gay with flowers, and the birds sang as Florence passed down the lane on her way to visit her aunt. Her step was more elastic than usual, and her heart was more hopeful. It may have been the brightness of the morning that cheered her spirits, but on nearing the cottage it also appeared to wear a more cheerful air. The lattice-windows stood open, and the fresh breeze played amongst the flowers, and wafted their breath into the room where sat Mrs. Manvers with a smiling face, from which all the care and anxiety that had marked it of late were banished.

Florence, surprised at the change, threw herself on her knees, and taking her hand said, "How much better you look to-day, dear aunt! But such a lovely morning, who could be sad? The birds and flowers have made me feel quite bright too."

"There is more than that to make me happy to-day, Florry. I have had good news."

"News, aunt! Oh! not—" and her voice faltered,—
"of Robert, or," she added, "of poor Harry?"

"Yes, of both. Robert is well and on his way home. He wrote several letters which we have never received, and is uneasy at our silence."

"And, aunt, what of Harry?"

"Alas! dear, no good news of him—he is in a bad state of health." Then, seeing the joyous expression

fade from the girl's face, she added, "But perhaps he may revive in his native air; it is a comfort that he is returning with Robert. Harry arrived one night at Robert's lodgings, in a state of great misery and destitution. A long illness followed, in which he was carefully tended by Robert, who procured for him all the comforts he could manage. When Harry was better, he confessed the wrong he had done to my poor boy. And now the two boys whom we have talked of, and prayed for, so often, are returning together."

Florence did not realize how ill her brother was from this account, and joy at the prospect of seeing him and her cousin Robert again prevented her thoughts from dwelling on the sad side of the picture: and yet, Harry was only coming home to die. Broken down in mind and body, he desired to obtain his father's pardon and end his life in quietness amongst those he had known and loved in childhood.

In due time the wanderers arrived, and both proceeded to the cottage of Mrs. Manvers, whose heart was filled with gratitude at receiving her son back in health and safety.

Florence broke the news of their arrival to her father, now fast failing in health. After the first excitement was over, he consented to an interview with his son, whose pale cheeks and languid step gained for him in his father's heart a pity and indulgence which he might not otherwise have obtained from the stern old man; and the father and son were reconciled, at which Florence and Robert sincerely rejoiced.

Another year has passed away, and the shady lane and pretty cottage with lattice-windows are still there; the birds sing as sweetly, and the flowers are as gay and fragrant as on that happy morning which brought the news of the wanderer's return. Mrs. Manvers still lives there; a pleasant, gentle old lady, full of love and grati-

tude for all the blessings with which she is surrounded; and not alone either, for Lucy and her husband—the village schoolmaster—live in the same cottage. The establishment of Manvers is also to be seen in the chief street, more prosperous than ever. But the old man and his son have long since been laid in the quiet churchyard side by side; and Robert, with Florence for his wife, is now, by his uncle's desire, the proprietor of the long-established concern.

THE DYING BOY TO HIS MOTHER.

Mother, mother, let me kiss thee
 Once again before I die;
 Let me clasp my arms around thee,
 On thy bosom let me lie.
 Earth is fleeting, fast decaying
 From my weary, weary sight—
 Dearest mother, let me kiss thee
 Ere I bid a long good night!"

Ah! how sorely it doth grieve me,
 Gentle mother, thus to know
 That I may not live to see thee
 When thou art oppressed with woe.
 Thus to leave thee, and for ever
 From my home and friends to part;
 Every tie of love to sever,
 That hath bound my hopeful heart.

Oh! 'tis painful, very painful;
 Thus to meet the silent tomb;
 Torn from all that's bright and lovely,
 To endure a fearful gloom;
 Forced from all the little pleasures
 That have joy'd my youthful mind—
 Innocence, and love, and friendship,
 Every cherish'd thing resign'd.

Hark! the little birds are singing,
 Sweetly now their evening lay,
 See! the glorious sun is setting,
 Oh! how beautiful his ray!
 Farewell, all ye lovely visions,
 Beauteous nature, fare thee well;
 Longer I may not behold ye,
 Native earth, farewell, farewell!

Mother, mother, I am going
 To a land of peace and rest,
 Where the bitter tears of anguish
 Never dews the aching breast;
 Where the soul, escaped for ever
 From its tenement of clay,
 Beams irradiate with the splendour
 Of a bright eternal day.

Mother, mother, I must leave thee;
 See, the clammy death frost now,
 Herald of the King of Terror,
 Standeth fearful on my brow.
 Ah! the beauteous peaceful haven
 Of that blessed Lord's in sight—
 Mother, mother, Jesus calls me,
 I must go—Good-night! Good night!

HOW I LOST MY ARM.

I HAD been in India about ten years, and during that period had escaped fevers and wounds of any kind.

It was when I was in the 53rd regiment, almost eleven years ago, and I was a good deal younger, and rushed into all sorts of scrapes—though I believe, under the same circumstances as happened that day, I should do the same thing over again. I was a lieutenant in those days, and that morning I was sent out in command of half-a-dozen men in pursuit of a deserter, who was reported to be hiding in the vicinity of a place called Martin's gully. The sun glared down with unvarying,

cloudless heat; a gentle wind blew over the earth like the breath of an oven ten times heated; it struck against me as I rode, and I shuddered as I felt it, for it seemed the breath of some fire-monster that would devour this luckless land. I am more used to that breeze now, but it used to make me the most homesick of anything.

We rode as fast as we dared in the heat, and by noon had reached the wretched village where we were ordered to search for the deserter. I did not much like the job, and rather hoped we should not find him; but we did, and while we were safely securing the miserable wretch a party of natives came up in great excitement, and begged us to go down to the gully with them, saying that that morning a young girl, the pet of the village, had gone down on some kind of an errand, and that they were afraid she had fallen a victim to a tiger, as one of them had been seen lurking about after the girl had started.

The men in my command were weary and disinclined to go, and some of them had rather disagreeable experiences in such expeditions. But I thought of the girl, and I hoped the tiger had missed her; and in anticipation I felt the triumph of killing him before she had fallen into his power. So I told the natives I would go with them, and I left my men in the village, with the strong suspicion that they would all be drunk when I came back.

With my gun over my arm—I had both arms then—I stole softly along over the baked earth with my dusky companions, who did not seem to mind the heat at all, but went on with skins glistening in the sun, with eyes that looked stealthily on every side as they advanced. It was the first time I ever hunted a tiger, and from the moment that we started, I felt a strange excitement, more painful than exhilarating.

In an hour's time we reached the gully—the deep bed

of a dry river—a place where at some seasons rushes a torrent of water. The place was not so dry but in some parts of it grew a wild luxuriance of vegetation, a gorgeous blossoming of deep-colored flowers, and the air was sickening and heavy with the perfume of them. As we came close to the ruins, I thought the natives with me gave signs of an inclination to shirk out of too near an approach to the lair of the beast. I did not know much about those fellows then; but I have learned to think since, that, on the whole, they are about as brave as the average of us human beings.

I had reached the thickest part of the tall shrubbery, and saw ahead the gleam of an open space—a part of the empty bed of the stream. With my gun cocked, I carefully pushed aside the leaves, feeling as if some dreadful sight was to meet my eye. And true enough!—in an open space, but under the shade of a broad-leaved tree, sat a huge tiger upon his haunches, like a cat—panting, but apparently enjoying his rest and his anticipated feast. Lying in front of him, so near that his paws touched her, was the insensible body of a girl, sixteen or seventeen, her long black hair streaming to the ground, her face upturned and quite colorless.

I could not tell at first whether she was dead or alive. In the first horrible, fascinated moment I did not move; I forgot that I had a gun. The tiger looked down at her, and touched her a little with his paw, just as I had a hundred times seen a cat do with a mouse. His motion dispelled immobility. I raised my gun and took careful aim and fired. The beast looked up wildly, bounded forward over the girl, then fell down and lay still, the blood oozing from his breast. I dashed through the branches and ran towards the girl, hearing the natives push their way behind. One of them must have been in advance of the rest, for before I had reached the girl's side I heard a shrill cry of warning and horror from the

rear, and in the same instant I saw the tiger struggle to its feet again; I caught the green and yellow glitter of his eyes, and the snowy sheen of his fangs. All that I saw in the instant—the next he had sprang upon me. I felt, in the second the greatest physical horror I can imagine, his teeth crushing through my flesh—then I felt him leaping away with me; then mercifully the blackness of unconsciousness came to me.

When I awakened, the blazing sun had long since passed the meridian; long horizontal rays of yellow light came in narrow bars between the bores of the trees of a grove a few rods away. I was lying on an open plain, in a place I did not know, though I could not believe it to be far from the gully. But I could not feel, much less think, at first. By degrees a sense of pain began to grow over me, I was bruised all over my body; I ached everywhere. Only my left arm was free from pain, and I looked down in wonder at it, glad that something had escaped.

I cannot tell you the sensation that came over me as I saw, not my arm, but a mass of flesh, and the linen of my sleeve—a mangled object without shape.

Just above my elbow my arm regained its form; it was not apparently injured there. There was no sensation in it; it was for the time being incapable of suffering. At the first moment I did not remember the cause; then I looked about for the tiger, for it must have been he who brought me here. I found him; he was lying close to my head, utterly motionless; I could see his eyes, and I knew by them that he was dead; it was my shot that had killed him at last, though he lived to taste a partial revenge.

I began to suffer acutely. And, besides all my real pain, I thought of the dreadful death that awaited me. I could not live long in that situation, except, perhaps, if found and cared for; but that I did not expect. I was

young and hopeful. I had friends whom I loved in that far off and pleasant England. My heart bled as I thought of them, and I tried to banish such ideas from my mind, but I could not. Again and again they would return, and I lived over all my happy life at the old manor-house, which is my home. At last, when the sun had finally gone down, and a full, red moon had swung itself up the horizon, staring wildly at me, I fell into a heavy sleep. Thus I spent the night, alternately waking and falling off into a sort of trance. I thought it likely that I should fall a prey to some wandering beast. But I was not troubled by the thought. Heaven had decreed that they should find some other food that night.

In the earliest light of morning, before the sun was up, I became conscious that some one was kneeling by my side, and laid a cool hand wet in water on my head, and was holding drink to my lips. I started wide awake at this and looked vaguely at the girl, for it was a girl, the one whom I had seen lying at the feet of the tiger in the gully.

With her, and looking down at me with mute horror in their faces, were the half-dozen men of my command. They lifted me up on a stretcher, and put an awning above it; they then travelled slowly on to the village where I had left them.

The girl had not been materially injured by the tiger, but was in a swoon when I first saw her. She had roused up to life in time to see the tiger gallop off down the gully with me in his mouth, and she had hurried back as well as she could, with the natives who had come out with me, and told my men. They had tracked me there not expecting to find me alive.

I never saw a human being so grateful to any one as that girl was to me. Through all my long illness at her village, she tended me with entire devotion, and it is just as true that she saved my life as that I saved hers.

I know I should not have survived that day's work if it had not been for her. As it was, it was almost a year before I could enter again upon active duty.

THE SHIP THAT BRAVED THE STORM.

I stood and watched my ships go out
Each one by one, unmooring free,
What time the quiet harbour filled
With flood-tide from the sea.

The first that sailed, her name was Joy:
She spread a smooth, white, ample sail,
And Eastward drove with bending spars
Before the singing gale.

Another sailed, her name was Hope:
No cargo in her hold she bore;
Thinking to find in Western lands
Of merchandize a store.

The next that sailed, her name was Love:
She showed a red flag at the mast—
A flag as red as blood she showed,
And she sped South right fast.

The last that sailed, her name was Faith:
Slowly she took her passage forth;
Tacked and lay-to; at last she steered
A straight course for the North.

My gallant ships they sailed away,
Over the shimmering summer sea:
I stood at watch for many a day;—
But *one* came back to me.

For Joy was caught by Pirate Pain—
Hope ran upon a hidden reef—
And Love took fire and foundered fast
In whelming seas of grief.

Faith came at last, storm-beat and torn,
She recompensed me all my loss;
For as a cargo safe she brought
A Crown linked to a Cross.

ARTIFICIAL MANNERS.

ARTIFICIAL manners, and such as spring from good taste and refinement, can never be mistaken, and differ as widely as gold and tinsel. How captivating is gentleness of manner derived from true humility, and how faint is every imitation: the one resembles a glorious rainbow, spanning a dark cloud—the other, its pale attendant, the water-gall. That suavity of manner which renders a real gentlewoman courteous to all, and careful to avoid giving offence, is often copied by those who merely subject themselves to certain rules of etiquette; but very awkward is the copy! Warm professions of regard are bestowed on those who do not expect them, and the esteem which is due to merit appears to be lavished on every one alike. And as true humility, blended with a right appreciation of self-respect, gives a pleasing cast to the countenance, so from a sincere and open disposition springs that artlessness of manner which disarms all prejudice. Feeling, on the contrary, is ridiculous when affected, and, even, when real, should not be too openly manifested. Let the manners arise from the mind, and let there be no disguise for the generous emotions of the heart.

MORAVIAN MARRIAGES.

THE Moravians have very singular notions as respects forming matrimonial connections. It is deemed disreputable for young men and women to associate together on any occasion, or to cultivate any acquaintance. The more effectually to keep them apart, the two sexes have separate habitations, where they live and carry on their respective vocations. And not only this, but in the church there is a partition, high as the roof, running from the pulpit the whole length of the house,—males occupying the one part, females the other.

But now for the story that put me on writing this

article. The venerable old man who related it to me, nearly half a century ago, was one of the most spiritually-minded men I ever saw. I never think of him without being reminded of the Apostle's description of the Christian whose "conversation is in Heaven."

For many years he told me he had been steward of the young men's house at Grace Hill, and had not the least thought of changing his situation, or of taking unto himself a wife, till an event occurred that required him to do both. A colony was about leaving the home-establishment to form the nucleus of another congregation in a very promising location at a considerable distance. This good steward was chosen as pastor, and, according to the constitution of the Moravian church, he must enter on his duties as a married man. Taking the call of providence as the rule of duty; he accepted the appointment, and agreed to have a wife elected for him. He was apprised on a certain morning that the Lord's will was indicated in the choice of a companion. His anxiety to see his bride was intense. But the rules forbade their seeing each other that day. The matron of the female house, however, with whom he had business to transact, agreed to let him see his future spouse at a distance. Exactly at twelve o'clock she was to send her across the court-yard with a basket of cucumbers to the pastor's house.

Well, he placed himself on the post of observation; and, oh, horror! to his unspeakable amazement, an old, decrepit female, with a staff in one hand, and a basket of cucumbers dangling from the other, came out of the female house. "Good Lord!" he exclaimed, "what hast thou done to me now!" Till then he had always acquiesced in what appeared to him to be the decisions of unerring wisdom; but then, as he told me, his heart rose in rebellion against the divine procedure, and he formed the resolution that come what would, he never could be

united to that ugly female. His mental anguish for several hours was indescribable. But towards evening an explanation was made which completely relieved him. At the time agreed upon by the matron, she went into the kitchen with the basket, and asked the head cook, who happened to be the chosen woman, to have the goodness to step over to the pastor's house with these cucumbers as a present from her, as they were the first of the season, which she promised to do, and the elderly lady withdrew.

The cook, not knowing that anything particular depended on her carrying the basket, asked a transient woman who had come into the kitchen to beg a meal of vituals, o do the errand. In the course of the day, the matron was apprised of the mistake, and to relieve completely the anxiety of the pastor elect, he was introduced to the bride elect. The introduction threw him into an excess of rapture. "At first sight," he said, "I loved the dear woman with my whole heart; and now we have lived together twelve years; and are blessed with one dearly beloved daughter, eleven years of age. And I don't believe that a happier family lives on the face of the earth."

DEER IN ENGLAND.

WE have in England two varieties of the Fallow Deer; which are said to be of foreign origin. The beautiful spotted kind, supposed to have been brought from Bengal; and the deep-brown sort, which King James I. introduced from Norway. He went thither to visit his intended bride, and noticed how well these deer bore the cold of that severe climate: he brought some to Scotland, and from thence transported them to the chases of Enfield and Epping. Since that time they have multiplied and spread over the whole of England.

Fallow deer are usually seen in parks, where they are

a pleasing addition to the landscape, as they repose under the trees, or chase one another in graceful play. They associate in herds, which sometimes divide into two parties, and have obstinate battles for the possession of some favourite part of the park. Each herd has its leader, and they attack in regular order of battle. They retire and rally, and seldom give up after one defeat, but maintain the combat for days together.

They are generally tame, and will suffer people to come close to them, and become so familiar with those who treat them kindly that they will eat from their hands. At Magdalen College, Oxford, it used to be a common practice to let down a crust of bread by a string from one of the windows that overlooked the park, when the deer would speedily approach, and it was singular to see how they would take a large crust in their little mouths, and keep nibbling it until they contrived to eat the whole of it without once letting it drop.

The affection felt by deer one to another is borne out by many anecdotes, such as the following:—

A gamekeeper shot at a deer, which he hit, but did not kill. It fled into the forest, where the gamekeeper lost sight of him. Since he knew that the deer must, sooner or later, fall, he followed his track, but made a long march into the forest before he saw anything of the wounded animal. At length he heard a groaning in a thicket, and quickening his pace he saw the deer at some distance stretched on the ground. He was just going to fire a second time when two other deer ran up to the wounded one. His curiosity was excited, and he stopped to observe them without being himself seen. As soon as the wounded deer saw his friends, he moaned in a louder and more impressive note. The two others began to lick his wounds, and as long as they licked the deer was silent, for it seemed to give him relief. The gamekeeper watched this instance of kindly instinct for a while, and

then put the wounded deer out of his pain by shooting him through the heart, but he allowed the Good Samaritans to bound away unscathed.

THE PREACHER AND THE HIGHWAYMEN.

ONCE there lived a good man whose name was John Kane, who lived in Poland, where he taught and preached. It was his rule always to suffer wrong rather than do wrong to others. One night as he was riding through a dark wood he all at once found himself at the mercy of a band of robbers. He got down from his horse, and said to the gang that he would give up to them all he had about him. He then gave them a purse filled with silver coins, a gold chain from his neck, a ring from his finger, and from his pocket a book of prayer, with silver clasps.

"Have you given us all?" cried the robber chief in a stern voice: "have you no more money?"

The old man in his confusion said he had given them all the money he had; and, when he had said this, they let him go. Glad to get off so well, he went quickly on, and was soon out of sight. But all at once the thought came to him that he had some gold pieces stitched into the hem of his robe. These he had quite forgotten when the robbers had asked him if he had any more money.

"This is lucky," thought John Kane; for he saw that the money would bear him home to his friends, and that he would not have to beg his way, or suffer for want of food and shelter. But John's conscience was a tender one, and he stopped to listen to its voice. It seemed to cry to him in earnest tones, "Tell not a lie! Tell not a lie!" These words would not let him rest.

Some men would say that such a promise, made to thieves, need not be kept; and few men would have been troubled after such an escape. But John did not stop to reason. He went back to the place where the robbers

stood, and walking up to them, said meekly, "I have told you what is not true. I did not mean to do so, but fear confused me; so pardon me."

With these words he held forth the pieces of gold; but to his surprise not one of the robbers would take them. A strange feeling was at work in their hearts. These men, bad as they were, could not laugh at the pious old man. "Thou shalt not steal," said a voice within them. All were deeply moved. Then, as if touched by a common feeling, one of the robbers brought and gave back the old man's purse; another, his gold chain; another, his ring; another, his book of prayer; and still another led up his horse and helped the old man to remount.

Then all the robbers, as if quite ashamed of having thought of harming so good a man, went up and asked his blessing. John Kane gave it with devout feeling, and then rode on his way, thanking God for so strange an escape, and wondering at the mixture of good and evil in the human heart.

HOW A STREET WAS NAMED.

IN the Italian city of Bologna is a street named "Love-your-Enemy Street." It received the name from the following incident. About 200 years ago a boy was playing in this street: a young man passed by in a hurry, and, by accident, pushed the lad so that he fell to the ground. The boy, angry and excited, arose, uttering insolent words, and throwing stones at the man. He, roused thereby to fury, turned round upon the boy, drew his sword, and, in angry excitement, slew him. When the young man saw with horror the terrible deed he had done, he fled away in fright and anguish, and took refuge in the house of an elderly woman. With bitter sorrow and fear he implored her to receive him and to hide him in some secret place. The woman took pity on him, and granted his request.

However, he had been seen entering the house, and in a short time the officers of justice appeared to ask the woman if any one had taken refuge in her house. But so well had she concealed the young man, that, after the most careful search, he could nowhere be found.

As they were leaving the house, one of the men remarked, "The good woman certainly does not know that this man has murdered her child."

The woman heard these words, and terror seemed to freeze the blood in her veins. She nearly fainted. Nevertheless she kept her promise, and did not betray the murderer of her son.

Overwhelmed by the sight of her dead child, she was near despair. She was a widow, and this was her only child, the only joy she possessed in the world. Her heart rose up against the murderer.

Then she threw herself upon her knees beside the body of her child, and prayed with great wrestlings of soul. She offered up her child to God; she recommended the murderer to God's grace, and implored from the depth of her heart that the Lord would give her strength to pardon him who had deprived her of her dearest treasure, her only child.

And God heard her prayer. Filled with the grace of God, she informed the murderer that she pardoned him from her whole heart for the terrible sorrow he had caused her. Yes, she did even more for him. She appealed for him to the court of justice. Out of respect to her request, and out of reverence for the grief of the now childless mother, the murderer was pardoned. But the sorrowing widow, in order to carry out completely the Saviour's teaching, adopted the murderer of her child as her son.

Overcome by the consciousness of the horror of the deed he had committed, completely melted by the Christian conduct and unexampled self-denial of the mother,

he looked back with penitent heart on his former dissolute life, and from this moment he walked in the ways of the Lord and became a faithful, zealous, virtuous Christian.

Thus the love to her enemy of a deeply afflicted mother had won a soul to the Saviour, which otherwise would have been lost.

In honour of the woman and her good deed, the street in which the widow's house still stands to the present day, and is pointed out to travellers, is called the Street of Love your Enemy.

BAD BARGAINS.

ONCE a Sabbath-school teacher remarked that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain, and inquired if any scholar recollected an instance in Scripture of a bad bargain.

"I do," replied a boy; "Esau made a bad bargain, when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage."

A second said, "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver."

A third boy observed, "Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul."

INTEMPERANCE.

IF all the wealth now sunk in the bottomless pit of intemperance were appropriated to the purchase of libraries, philosophic apparatus, or cabinets of natural history; if all the time, that element of priceless value, which is now worse than lost in the various haunts of dissipation, were devoted to the reading of well-selected books, to lyceum exercises, to music or other social and refined arts, it would give to society a new moral and political sensorium. How can any man witness without pain this great deformity, where there should be beauty and divine grandeur.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CHEAP VENTILATOR.—A sheet of finely-perforated zinc, substituted for a pane of glass in one of the upper squares of a chamber window, is the cheapest and best form of ventilator: there should not be a bed-room without it.

TO REMOVE FRECKLES.—Take one ounce of lemon juice, a quarter of a drachm of powdered borax, and half a drachm of sugar; mix them, and let them stand a few days in a glass bottle till the liquor is fit for use; then rub it on the hands and face occasionally.

MOTHS.—A very pleasant perfume, and also a preventative against moths, may be made of the following ingredients:—Take of cloves, caraway seeds, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon, and Tonquin beans, of each one ounce; then add as much Florentine orris-root as will equal the other ingredients put together. Grind the whole well to powder, and then put it in little bags, among your clothes, &c.

HAIR WASH.—Take one ounce of borax, half an ounce of camphor; powder these ingredients fine, and dissolve them in one quart of boiling water; when cool, the solution will be ready for use: damp the hair frequently. This wash effectually cleanses, beautifies, and strengthens the hair, preserves the colour, and prevents early baldness. The camphor will form into lumps after being dissolved, but the water will be sufficiently impregnated.

BALDNESS.—The decoction of boxwood, successful in cases of baldness, is thus made:—Take of the common box, which grows in garden borders, stems and leaves four large handfuls: boil in three pints of water, in a closely-covered vessel, for a quarter of an hour, and let it stand in a covered earthenware jar for ten hours or more; strain, and add an ounce and a half of Eau de Cologne, or lavender water, to make it keep. The head should be well washed with this solution every morning.

HOT WATER.—A lady says, that the patient application of hot water to any distressed part of the body, will, at least for the time being, give ease and comfort. It relieves ear-ache, cramps, tumors (especially ovarian), &c. The cloth wrung out of hot water must be applied without letting the cold air strike the flesh, and must be immediately covered with a large piece of warm, dry flannel, that the heat may be kept in and the clothing kept dry. Another soft cloth must be ready to apply as soon as the first loses its heat.

Draw one out from under the flannel, and slip the hot one under, laying it smoothly and gently in its place. Whatever you do for a sick person, let it be done quietly, soothingly, but not indifferently, lazily or nervously.

ONIONS IN CROUP.—It is said that nine children out of ten who die with the croup, might be saved by the timely application of roast onions, mashed, laid upon a folded napkin, and goose oil, hen oil, skunk oil, sweet oil (or even lard, if you have neither of the others) poured on, and applied as warm as can be borne comfortably, to the throat and upper part of the chest, and to the feet and hands. Give also a teaspoonful of syrup of ipecac every twenty minutes, until vomiting is produced. In bronchitis, too, relief has been given by the same treatment, when suffocation seemed almost inevitable.

LIFE BELTS.—An excellent and cheap life belt, for persons proceeding to sea, bathing in dangerous places, or learning to swim, may be thus made:—Take a yard and three-quarters of strong jean, double and divide it into nine compartments. Let there be a space of two inches after each third compartment. Fill the compartments with very fine cuttings of cork, which may be made by cutting up old corks, or (still better) purchased at the cork-cutters. Work eyelet holes at the bottom of each compartment to let the water drain out. Attach a neck-band and waist strings of stout boot-web, and sew them on strongly.

ORIGIN OF PLANTS.—Madder came from the East. Celery originated in Germany. The chesnut came from Italy. The onion originated in Egypt. Tobacco is a native of Virginia. The nettle is a native of Europe. The citron is a native of Greece. The pine is a native of America. Oats originated in North Africa. The poppy originated in the East. Rye came, originally, from Siberia. Parsley was first known in Sardinia. The pear and apple are from Europe. Spinach was first cultivated in Arabia. The sunflower was brought from Peru. The mulberry tree originated in Persia. The gourd is probably an Eastern plant. The walnut and peach came from Persia. The horse-chesnut is a native of Thibet. The cucumber came from the East Indies. The quince came from the Island of Crete. The radish is a native of China and Japan. Peas are supposed to be of Egyptian origin. The garden cress is from Egypt and the East. Horse-radish is from the South of Europe. The Zealand flax shows its origin by its name.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. IX.

I am a word of seven letters.

My first is the last of a word meaning father.

My second is the first of a place visited by St. Paul.

My third is the seventh of a son of David.

My fourth is the third of an Apostle.

My fifth is the sixth of a king of Assyria.

My sixth is the fifth of a brother of Joseph.

My seventh is the last of a book of the Bible.

My whole is the Hebrew name for a destroyer.

NO. X.

1. A drug.

2. A proper name.

3. A relative of Abraham.

4. A fellow prisoner of St. Paul.

5. A city of Galilee.

6. A mountain mentioned in Scripture.

The initials will form the name of a heathen god.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. VII.

Money.

NO. VIII.

Mephibosheth.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

No. 21.—What deacon saw the glory of God?

No. 22.—What reward is offered to the faithful?

No. 23.—What animal reproved a prophet?

No. 24.—Whose servant was punished for receiving a present?

No. 25.—There is an evil under the sun. What is it?

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

16. Saul. 17. Solomon. 18. Grandson. 19. Jonathan. 20. Manassah.