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CANADIAN SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

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(For the CANADIAN SUNDAY MAGAZINE.)

THE DESERTER.

A TALE OF THE LATE SOUTHERN REBELLION.

ON a cloudy morning in the Fall of 186—, a young man might have been seen, valise in hand, making his way hurriedly into the station of the Grand Trunk, to catch the early train for Boston. He was in good time, as it happened, which is more than can be said of many travellers leaving the city either for business or pleasure. The young man had just procured his ticket, and was walking in the direction of the cars to select a favorable seat, when he was hailed from behind by a person that had just entered the station.

"Hallo, Ned! where are you bound for?"

Edward Cunningham—for that was his name—turned quickly round on hearing the voice.

"Why, Bob, what brings you here so early? I hadn't time to bid you good-by last night, for I decided quite suddenly on going."

"But you haven't told me, Ned, where you are going, nor why."

"Well, I've got a ticket for Boston, Bob. I'm going there first, to look for work."

"Why, what's up, Ned? You surely haven't left your place?"

"Yes; I had a bit of a row with my Boss, yesterday, and I left the shop in a heat."

"That's bad, Ned—very bad; for you were well off there, and would soon have your wages raised."

"I know all that, friend Bob; but I've left now, and it's too late to go back."

"Well, I'm sorry for you, Ned; because I believe you have taken a wrong step. There is a dreadful war going on in the States now, and you'll be sure to be caught up for a volunteer."

"Oh, trust me for that; it won't be so easy to catch me."

The train bell rung out sharply, and the two friends shook hands, bidding each other good-by. How many times friends wish one another good-by, and how often it proves to be the last! It proved to be so with one of the two in this case.

Edward Cunningham entered a car, and took a seat near the door, where he had a full view of the other occupants. Most of those on board were American tourists, on their return home, after visiting the natural beauties of Canada, and enjoying the bathing and cooling sea-breezes on the Lower St. Lawrence. They were, as usual, in the highest animal spirits, notwithstanding their early hour of embarkation; but Edward Cunningham sat still, wrapped up in his own thoughts, his face bearing none of the pleasure depicted on the countenances of his fellow travellers.

Let us inquire a little into Edward Cunningham's history, and why he was leaving home. Left an orphan when young, he was brought up by a stepmother, between whom and himself there never existed much love. Being of a restless, roving disposition, he enlisted into the Royal Artillery while only a lad; but feeling irksome at the forced restraint, he in some manner contracted a disease in the leg, which caused him to be declared unfit for duty, and to be finally discharged after only two years' service. Coming to Montreal soon after, Cun-

ningham joined the Volunteer Artillery, and became a favorite with both officers and men of that corps. He now went to learn a trade, and had nearly finished his apprenticeship, when, for some slight cause, angry words passed between him and the foreman of his shop, which caused him, according to his own account, to leave in a "heat."

And here let us say one word in denunciation of the domineering, unchristian spirit manifested by many employers and their foremen, but more especially by the latter, towards the men placed under them. The more a foreman drives his men, and the more oaths he uses while doing so, the higher is the estimation in which he is held by his employer. But that state of things, we are happy to say, is fast passing away, and the working man is being treated with that respect to which he is fairly entitled.

In this connection, it must be remembered that we do not wish to justify the sudden leaving-off work of the person of whom we are writing, or of any other person under similar circumstances; but we assert that many a good workman has often been driven from home and friends by the domineering conduct above mentioned.

We will now follow Edward Cunningham to his destination. Nothing unusual occurred during the trip; the usual places having been stopped at, and the usual amount of whistling and jolting having been indulged in. The train arrived at Boston at night, in due time; and our young traveller went to a hotel for supper and lodgings. After breakfast next morning, Edward went in search of a boarding-house, intending thereafter to seek for employment; the former was easily found, but the latter was more difficult to obtain. After repeated inquiries he was informed that on account of the war then raging, his branch of business was very slack; some workshops were closed up altogether, both masters

and men having gone off to the war. This intelligence had a very depressing effect upon Edward Cunningham, and thoughts of his rash conduct in leaving home did not help to lighten it. Living as he had been without God in the world, he did not think now of asking the divine guidance, which is a very present help in time of need.

But Edward Cunningham was soon to have friends, but of the wrong sort. A couple of "land-sharks," as the sailors call them, were watching him all through the day; and now they approached him, as he sat on a bench beside the pond in the Common, looking at a fairy-like boat that a couple of boys were paddling about.

"You seem tired, stranger. Been walking much to-day?" said one, sitting beside him, and knowing well that he had walked for some hours.

"Well, yes, a good deal," replied Cunningham, turning and looking at him.

"This is a nice sort of place to rest in when one's tired," said the first speaker again. "Anything like it to home—I mean at the place you came from."

The latter part was added, on seeing the young man's hesitation to answer, not knowing exactly what "to home" meant.

"Oh, yes, there's something like it down at Montreal; only smaller, and handsomer. But at home—if you mean there—I have seen the Phoenix Park in Dublin, and Hyde Park in London, and they are magnificent places. This garden of yours would fit in a corner of either of them."

The two "sharks" looked at each other, on hearing this, and seemed not a bit too well pleased.

"Well," said the one at the far end of the bench, "them's in the old country, and this un's in a new. We haven't had time to fix up things here so well as there; but we can whip them in almost everything else."

Edward Cunningham made no reply to the last speaker.

He did not know much about the Yankees or the United States; and, besides, he did not wish to get into a discussion with two strangers.

The first speaker turned the subject by asking Cunningham some simple question, which was quickly followed by others, until he gradually drew from him the story of the cause of his leaving home, and his coming to Boston in search of work, and also his being unable to find any. This was just what they desired to know, as by its means they thought they might the more easily secure their victim.

"How would you like to join the army, young man? Men are very scarce just now, and if you care to go, I'd guarantee you'd get a good bounty."

"No, thank you," replied Cunningham; "I had enough of the army already, and don't want any more."

The two strangers here gave a knowing look at each other, on discovering that their game was above the common run, and would be a valuable prize if secured. Deserters from the British army, and men from the militia corps of Canada, were highly prized during the war, and received the highest bounties. Being well drilled, they were prepared at once to take their place in the ranks at the front; while the raw recruit would take some weeks to make him understand a few simple manœuvres.

It was now late in the afternoon, and Edward Cunningham stood up, remarking, "It is time to be moving," and was about to say "good day" to his companions, when the latter rose up too, saying they might be going the same road, and the three left the Common together.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GOOD CAPITAL.

THE best capital that a young man can start with in life is industry, with good sense, courage, and the fear of God. They are better than cash, credit, or friends.

AN OLD FUR HUNTER'S ADVENTURE IN THE NORTH-WEST.

WHEN you see gipsies sleep all the year round on the bare ground, under black ragged tents, or sitting before their fires, in sunshine or rain, in the open air, you think they must lead a pretty hard life; but it is nothing compared to the hardships I had to go through when, in my youthful folly, I took to trapping wild animals for the sake of their fur, far away in the north-west territory of America. Often for months together I never saw a white face. Sometimes I was alone for weeks and weeks without meeting with a fellow-creature, and was right glad to fall in with a band of red Indians, heathens and savages as they were.

I was trapping along the banks of the great Saskatchewan river, which runs into Lake Winnepeg, some three or four hundred miles away from the British settlements. After passing three weeks by myself, and having collected a good pack of furs, I began to think that I would turn my face homewards. Just as I had come to this resolution, I fell in with a party of Crees. We camped on the bank of the river, close to a thick wood, which kept the wind off us; for it was autumn, and the nights were getting cold, though the sun was still hot enough in the daytime to blister the skin off a man's face not accustomed to it. I soon learned from the talk of my companions that they had had a quarrel with a tribe of Blackfeet, born enemies to the Crees. They live by hunting the buffalo, and delight in killing and scalping their enemies. The Crees were boasting of having killed two or three of them, and swore before long to have the scalps of as many more. They wanted me to join them; but I said that, although they were no friends of mine, I could not see that I had any business to go and kill my fellow-creatures.

We were all seated round a big fire, which was blazing

up cheerily. I was nearest the wood, with my gun and pack by my side. On a sudden, the most fearful shrieks and shouts I ever heard rent the air, and some fifty warriors, in their war-paint and feathers, with their axes gleaming in the fire-light, sprang out of the wood, not a dozen paces from me, and before the Crees could rise to defend themselves, were among them, dealing death on every side. As I could not help my companions, seizing my pack and rifle, with one spring I threw myself into the thick underwood, and made my way, not turning to see if any one was following, down to the river. Creeping under a bank, I lay hid. The shouts of the Blackfeet, and the shrieks of the dying Crees, reached my ears. I every moment expected to hear some one coming to look for me. At length I could distinguish only the shouts of the victors as they triumphed over their slaughtered foes. Morning came, and creeping out of my place of concealment, I found that the Blackfeet were gone. A dreadful scene met my eyes at the Cree Camp. The killed had been scalped, the rest had been carried off prisoners. On searching for the trail of the Blackfeet, I found that they had gone the very road I should have to take to the settlements.

My best chance of escaping them would be to keep on the other side of the river. I set to work, therefore, to build a raft to cross the stream. I soon cut down a number of young trees, choosing those of the lightest description, and bound them together with withes I found near. I came also upon several dry logs. These, from being light, were very valuable. I partly built my raft in the water, so as to have less difficulty in launching it. I then cut a long pole, with which to shove it along. Scarcely had I got on, when I found it whirled along by the current at a rate I had not expected. I tried to reach the bottom with my pole, but in vain. Down went the raft, whirling every moment more quickly.

I was making my journey in a more expeditious way than I had expected. I only hoped that the Indians would not be on the look-out for me. I had gone on for some way, when the water began to bubble and foam, and I saw ahead a cloud of spray rising in the air. The fearful thought forced itself upon me, that I was approaching a waterfall, down which I should be whirled hopelessly, and dashed to pieces. The raft began to tumble and pitch. I found it impossible to reach the shore. Black rocks appeared ahead, rising out of the mass of foam which surrounded them. There seemed scarcely room for the raft to pass between them. It was drifting directly on a rock. It swerved a little. I shoved my pole against the rock, and it glanced clear. Others appeared; I was whirled by them, the foam, as it dashed against their sides, flying over me. I felt a dreadful blow. The raft quivered. Just then I heard loud shouts and shrieks, and caught sight of a party of Blackfeet on the bank above me. The raft went faster and faster, pitching and whirling round and round. Several shots whistled by me. I thought my last moment had come. I was soon in another rapid. Away I was whirled as before, but what I thought would cause my destruction, saved me. Before the Blackfeet could intercept me, I was out of their reach.

On I went, floating down the rapid current for miles and miles, all day and all night. At length I got into an eddy, and landed safely. I had left no trail behind me by which the savages could follow my steps. I had a supply of pemmican with me, so crawling up the bank, I ate a hearty meal and went to sleep. The next day I continued my voyage, but I had still many dangerous rapids to pass down before I could reach the broad expanse of Lake Winnepeg. My raft, too, was not a craft well calculated to encounter a storm, should one arise on those oft-troubled waters. I had now some time for re-

flection. I began to consider whether I should not be wiser to employ myself in some steady occupation in the settlements, than to continue running the risk of being scalped by redskins; drowned in a rapid, or starved to death in the wilds. Often I could not help casting an uneasy glance over my shoulder; half expecting to see my former foes, or some fresh body of hostile Indians following me along the banks.

Adventures such as I have described are amusing enough to read about, and satisfactory in some respects to look back upon and talk about, but let me tell you that they are all the time frightfully disagreeable to encounter. I am afraid, too, that few of us who have gone through such—for I speak for myself as well as for others—are sufficiently grateful to the good God who has mercifully preserved us from the dangers into which we have run. Well, I continued my voyage. Again I heard the roar of rapids, and was soon amid their foaming, hissing waves, whirled helplessly about. All I could do was to cling to my frail raft, and to shove it off from the huge boulders against which it was ever and anon dashed. Blinded by the spray, and confused by the loud noise of the tumultuous waters in my ears, I could not see where I was going. Onward I was carried. The waves leaped higher than ever, the foam covered me. I clung to the raft, holding the pole with my elbow. Every moment I expected that the raft would be torn asunder, and that I should be left struggling without support in the midst of the torrent. I felt myself rushing down a watery hill, as I supposed into a cauldron, in which I must be overwhelmed. At the moment that I thought my doom sealed, the raft seemed to stop; then I felt it gliding slowly on. I looked around me; the cataract was passed. I was entering the broad expanse of Lake Winnipeg. I managed to guide the raft to the shore. Here I cut two poles, one to serve as a mast, the other as a spar.

On these I spread my jacket as a sail. By lashing several pieces of bark to the end of my pole, I formed a rudder. I ate a little more pemmican to recruit my strength, and again shoved off from the shore. The wind was favourable, and not too strong. I glided more rapidly than I could have expected over the calm surface of the lake, steering from point to point. When I found that darkness was approaching, I landed at the next point I reached, making my raft secure to the stump of a tree. Regardless of rattlesnakes or bears, the only foes likely to molest me, I threw myself down on the ground, and worn out with fatigue and anxiety, was in a minute fast asleep. If I awoke for a moment, it was only to hear the water rippling against the bank, and the wind sighing amid the trees, and I was speedily again wrapped in slumber.

At length I opened my eyes. The sun was rising out of the lake, a sheet of golden hue. I started to my feet, then knelt down, thanked heaven for my deliverance, took a little food, and drinking a morning draught from the pure water on which I floated, continued my voyage. At last the mouth of the Red River was reached. I poled up it some little way, when the current becoming too strong, I landed, drawing up the raft, to which I bade farewell after I had strapped the package of furs—hitherto secured to it—on my own shoulders, and continued my journey on foot. The settlement was reached; no one thought much of my adventure, for most of the inhabitants had gone through many of an equally hazardous description; but I received a hospitable welcome. I had had enough of such a life to satisfy me. I sold my furs for a good price, and with the proceeds commenced business; which, though small at first, went on increasing, till, having taken a partner, I was enabled once more to revisit old England.—*William H. G. Kingston, in Kind Words.*

WILL YOU BUY?

Will you buy, will you buy?
 Here is good variety:
 Come and see what things there are
 In life's wonderful bazaar.

Honour, riches, health and fame,
 Various, your attention claim;
 All before you tempting lie,—
 Will you buy, will you buy?

Vigour would you take away?
 Temperance is the price to pay;
 Shun all greedy low excess,
 And take the healthful happiness.

Knowledge would you rather choose?
 Do not then the price refuse:
 Persevere, think, study hard,
 And knowledge shall be your reward.

Honour?—No, you turn aside,
 Wisely the vain thing deride:
 'Tis but a breath, though much pursued;
 Spurn it, seek the smile of God.

Does glittering gold your heart allure?
 The price is great, though mean and poor;
 The worthless, dear-bought dross despise,
 Let better bargains fix your eyes.

Does piety delight your breast?
 Your choice is wisest, noblest, best:
 Then learn to strive, and watch and pray,
 And take the costly prize away.

The real worth of things thus learn,
 The good pursue, the worthless spurn;
 For these let others strive and sigh,
 Those, whatsoe'er they cost you, buy.

 THE YANKEE AND THE PIRATE.

THERE lived many years ago, on the eastern shore of Mount Desert, a large island off the coast of Maine, an

old fisherman by the name of Jedediah Spinnet, who owned a schooner of some hundred tons burden, in which he, together with four stout sons, was wont to go about once a year to the Grand Bank for the purpose of catching cod-fish. The old man had five things about which he loved to boast—his schooner, "Betsy Jenkins," and his four sons.

The four sons were all that their father represented them to be, and no one ever doubted his word when he said that their like was not to be found for fifty miles around. The oldest was twenty-two, while the youngest had reached his sixteenth year; and they answered to the names of Seth, Andrew, John, and Samuel.

One morning a stranger called upon Jedediah, to engage him to take to Havana some iron machinery belonging to steam engines for sugar plantations. The terms were soon agreed upon, and the old man and his sons immediately set about putting the machinery on board. That accomplished, they set sail for Havana, with a fair wind, and for several days proceeded on their course without an adventure of any kind. One morning, however, a vessel was descried off the starboard quarter which, with some hesitation, the old man pronounced to be a pirate. There was not much time allowed them for doubting, for the vessel soon saluted them with not a very agreeable whizzing of an eighteen pound shot just under their stern.

"That means for us to heave to," remarked the old man.

"Then I guess we had better do it, hadn't we?" said Seth.

"Of course."

Accordingly the Betsy Jenkins was brought up into the wind, and her main boom hauled over to windward.

"Now boys," said the old man, as soon as the schooner came to a stand, "all we can do is to be as cool as pos-

sible, and trust to God. There is no way to escape that I can see now, but perhaps if we are civil, they will take such stuff as they want, and then let us go. At any rate, there is no use crying about it, for it can't be helped. Now get your pistols, and see that they are surely loaded, and have your knives ready, but be sure to hide them, so that the pirates shall see no signs of resistance." In a few moments all the arms which the schooner afforded, with the exception of one or two old muskets, were secured about the persons of our Down Easters, and they quietly awaited the coming of the schooner.

"One word more, boys," said the old man, just as the pirate came round under the stern. "Now watch every motion I make, and be ready to jump the moment I speak."

As Captain Spinnet ceased speaking, the pirate luffed up under the fisherman's lee-quarter, and in a moment more the latter's deck was graced by the presence of a dozen as savage-looking mortals as eyes ever looked upon.

"Are you captain of this vessel?" asked the leader of the boarders as he approached the old man.

"Yes, sir."

"What is your cargo?"

"Machinery for steam engines."

"Nothing else?" asked the pirate, with a searching look.

At this moment Captain Spinnet's eye caught what looked like a sail off to the south'rd and east'rd, but not a sign betrayed the discovery, and while a brilliant idea shot through his mind, he hesitatingly replied—

"Well, there is a little something else."

"Ha, and what is it?"

"Why, sir, p'raps I hadn't ought to tell," said Captain Spinnet, counterfeiting the most extreme perturbation.

"You see it was given to me as a sort of trust, an' it

wouldn't be right for me to give it up. You can take anything else you please, for I can't help myself."

"You are an honest codger, at any rate," said the pirate; "but if you would live ten minutes longer, just tell me what you've got on board, and exactly the place where it lays."

The sight of a cocked pistol brought the old man to his senses, and in a deprecating tone he muttered—

"Don't kill me, sir, don't; I'll tell you all. We've got forty thousand silver dollars nailed up in boxes just for'ard o' the cabin bulkhead; but Mr. Defoe didn't suspect that anybody would have thought of looking for it there."

"Perhaps so," chuckled the pirate, while his eyes sparkled with delight. And then turning to his own vessel, he ordered all but three of his men to jump on board the Yankee. In a few minutes the pirates had taken off the hatches, and in their haste to get at the "silver dollars," they forgot all else; but not so with Spinnet. He had his wits at work, and no sooner had the last of the villains disappeared below the hatchway, than he turned to his boys.

"Now, boys, for your lives. Seth, you clap your knife across the fore throat and peak halyards; and you, John, cut the main. Be quick, now, an' the moment you have done it jump aboard the pirate. Andrew and Sam, you cast off the pirate's grappling, and then you jump—then we'll walk into them three chaps aboard the clipper. *Now for it.*"

No sooner were the last words out of the old man's mouth, than his sons did exactly as they were directed. The fore and main halyards were cut, and the two grapplings cast off at the same instant, and as the heavy gaffs came rattling down, our heroes leaped on board the pirate. The moment the clipper felt at liberty, her head swung off, and before the astonished buccaneers could

gain the deck of the fisherman, their own vessel was near half a cable's length to the leeward, sweeping gracefully away before the wind, while the three men who had been left in charge were easily secured.

"Halloo, there!" shouted Captain Spinnet, as the luckless pirates crowded around the lee-gangway of their prize. "When you get them 'ere silver dollars, just let us know, will you?"

Half a dozen pistol shots was all the answer the old man got, but they did him no harm; and crowding on all sail, he made for the vessel he had discovered, which lay dead to leeward of him, and which he now made out to be a large ship. The clipper cut through the water like a dolphin, and in a short space of time Spinnet luffed up under the ship's stern, and explained all that had happened. The ship proved to be an East Indiaman, bound for Charleston, having thirty men on board, a portion of whom at once jumped on board the clipper and offered their services in helping to take the pirates.

Before dark Captain Spinnet was once more within hailing distance of his own vessel, and raising a trumpet to his mouth, he shouted—

"Schooner, ahoy! Will you quietly surrender yourselves prisoners if we come on board?"

"Come and try it!" returned the pirate captain, as he brandished his cutlass above his head in a very threatening manner, which seemed to indicate that he would fight to the last.

But this was his last moment; for Seth crouched below the bulwarks, taking deliberate aim along the barrel of a heavy rifle, and as the bloody villain was in the act of turning to his men, the sharp crack of Seth Spinnet's weapon rang his death-peal, and the next moment the pirate captain fell back into the arms of his mate, with a brace of bullets through his heart.

"Now," said the old man, as he levelled the long pivot

gun, and seized a lighted match, "I'll give you just five minutes to make up your minds in; and if you don't surrender, I'll blow every one of you into the other world."

The death of their captain brought the pirates to their senses, and they threw down their weapons and agreed to give themselves up.

In two days from that time Captain Spinnet delivered his cargo safely at Havana, gave the pirates into the hands of the civil authorities, and delivered the clipper up to the government; in return for which he received a sum of money sufficient for independence for the remainder of his life, as well as a very handsome medal from the governor.

DR. CHALMERS AND THE BEGGAR.

DR. CHALMERS placed the highest estimate on the value of every fleeting hour; and being very busily engaged one forenoon, in his study, a man entered, who at once propitiated him under the provocation of an unexpected interruption by telling him that he called under great distress of mind.

"Sit down, sir; be good enough to be seated," said the Doctor, turning eagerly and full of interest from his writing-table.

The visitor explained to him that he was troubled with doubts about the divine origin of the Christian religion; and being kindly questioned as to what these were, he gave, among others, what is said in the Bible about Melchisedec being without father and without mother, &c. Patiently and anxiously Dr. Chalmers sought to clear away each successive difficulty, as it was stated. Expressing himself as if greatly relieved in mind, imagining that he had gained his end,

"Doctor," said the visitor, "I am in great want

of a little money at present, and perhaps you could help me in that way."

At once the object of his visitor was seen. A perfect tornado of indignation burst upon the deceiver, driving him, in very quick retreat, from the study to the street door, these words escaping, among others:

"Not a penny, sir; not a penny. It's too bad; it's too bad! And to haul in your hypocrisy upon the shoulders of Melchisedec!"—*Life of Chalmers.*

THE STONE-MARTEN.

MARTENS are now rarely seen in the more cultivated counties of England, but in some of the wooded districts they are still tolerably numerous, and are sometimes hunted like foxes.

The marten is a tree-loving animal, climbing the branches with wonderful activity. It is a sad robber of nests, and by its rapid and silent movements is sometimes able to seize the parent bird while on the nest. The damage which a pair of martens and their young will cause in a poultry-yard is almost beyond belief. If they can only gain an entrance into the fowl-house, they will spare but very few of the inhabitants. They will carry off an entire brood of young chickens, eat the eggs, and destroy the parents. A pair of martens, which had taken up their abode in Tullymore Park, in Ireland, killed a number of lambs, sucking the blood of their victims, but not eating any of the flesh:—they were seen in the morning going home from their destructive work.

If taken while young the marten can be easily tamed, but when arrived at maturity is apt to exhibit its natural fondness for poultry. A marten, in order to escape the dogs that were chasing it in hot pursuit, leaped over a precipice, and fell from a height of forty or fifty feet. It lay on the ground as if dead, but on being picked up, began scratching and biting so fiercely that its captor

was glad to put him in a bag. In soon became tame, and being kept in a stable, made friends with a horse, who seemed quite pleased with his little friend, and allowed it to sit between his ears, run along his neck, and play all kinds of similar antics. Unfortunately this strange friendship did not last long, for the poor man's colt tried to get into a trap, and was found the next morning quite dead.

The marten is said to make up his abode in the moss of mushrooms, roots, and other things: it sometimes makes the habitation of a squirrel. In winter it makes a warm nest with dry leaves or grass, in a hollow tree or a cleft in the rocks. It is a good swimmer, as well as an excellent climber, and has often been seen to swim across a tolerably wide river when hard pressed in the chase. The marten is from twelve to eighteen inches in length, exclusive of the tail, which measures ten inches.

A FATHER'S (GREAT) STRIKE A PRODUCE

"When William comes home this morning, I shall give him a good scolding. I mean to have called in his master, and given it to him in the week, but I had no time."

This was said over the breakfast-table by the father of a family, who had reason to be displeas'd with his eldest son, who was an apprentice to a tinner, at a little distance. There was a pause after the father spoke. It was plain that the mother and the children—in whom there were four—were sorry for William. At last the youngest child, a little girl, who sat next to her father, laid down her spoon, and, looking up in his face, said, coaxingly—

"Father dear, I want to see you something."

"Well, my love, see away."

"Doesn't say, in the Bible, 'Six days shall labour be done, and he all that time rest to do?'"

"Yes, my child, we must do our week's work in the week, and then we have the blessing of the Sabbath to rest in, and to praise God."

"Oh, then, father, you mustn't scold poor William. I on said that ought to have been done in the week."

The father looked at his little monitor with a smile, and said, after a moment's pause, "You are right, darling. If I forgot or neglected, this hard work of scolding in the week, it shall not be done to-day, for this is the day of love, given to us by God's love, and consecrated by a Saviour's love."

Just then William came in, and as the kisses went round him welcomed him home, the others said, "You're not to be scolded, William; you're begged off because it is Sunday." William, who knew very well what he had done that was wrong, coloured up, and his father said,—

"Kiss your little sister, Willie, and try for the future to avoid doing anything that will cause you on any day to be scolded. To-day we will all bless God and be happy."

Oh, blessed home where the love of God calls up sweet, holy family love—where parents and children try to think of, and to do, God's will! The Sabbaths in such a home are foretastes of that heavenly Sabbath, where there are joys unexpressed, and pleasures for evermore.

THE GOOD WE KNOW DO.

We all wish to good
 When we hear do ill
 There is always the way,
 If we have the will
 Though it is hard work
Never ached or missed
 It may cost us some time
 It gives peace to our heart.

We all might do good
 In a thousand small ways—
 In forbearing to flatter,
 Yet yielding due praise—
 In spurning ill humour,
 Reproving wrong done,
 And treating but kindly
 Each heart we have won.

We all might do good,
 Whether lowly or great,
 For the deed is not gauged
 By the purse or estate :
 If it be but a cup
 Of cold water that's given,
 Like "the widow's two mites,"
 It is something for heaven.

PROPRIETY OF SPEECH.

1. You should be quite as anxious to *talk* with propriety as you are to think, work, sing, paint, or write according to the most correct rules.

2. Always select words calculated to convey an exact impression of your meaning.

3. Let your articulation be easy, clear, correct in accent, and suited in tone and emphasis to your discourse.

4. Avoid a muttering, mouthing, stuttering, droning, guttural, nasal, or lisping pronunciation.

5. Let your speech be neither too loud nor too low, but adjusted to the ear of your companion. Try to prevent the necessity of any person crying, "What?" "What?"

6. Avoid a loquacious propensity; you should never occupy more than your share of the time, or more than is agreeable to others.

7. Beware of such needless interpolations as "You know," "You see," "I'll tell you what."

8. Pay a strict regard to the rules of grammar even in private conversation. If you do not understand these rules, learn them, whatever be your age or station.

9. Though you should always speak pleasantly, do not mix your conversation with loud bursts of laughter.

10. Do not indulge in uncommon words, or in Latin and French phrases, but choose the best understood terms to express your meaning.

11. Let your conversation be intellectual, graceful, chaste, discreet, edifying, and profitable.

THE LAW OF GOD.

SOME white men from a Christian land were travelling in New Zealand, and they hired some of the natives to carry their luggage. The Sabbath overtook them on the road. The men wished to go on, but the natives, who had been taught by the Missionaries, said, "No, no; it is the Sabbath; we must rest." The travellers went on and left the natives behind, who in good time arrived safely with the goods. But the men refused to pay them because they would not travel on the Sabbath. "What are we to do with the Sabbath?" asked the natives. "What have *we* to do with the law of God? What is that to us?" said the men, angrily. "You have much to do with that law," said one of the natives, firmly. "Were it not for the law of God, we should have robbed you, taken all you have, and perhaps we might have murdered you. You have that much to do with the law of God."

LITTLE ACTIONS.

As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so *little things* will illustrate a person's character. Indeed, character consists in little acts, honourably performed; daily life being the quarry from which we build it up, and rough-hew the habits that form it.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

IN ESCAPING from a fire, creep or crawl along the room with your face close to the ground. Children should be early taught how to press out a spark when it happens to reach any part of their dress, and also that running into the air will cause it to blaze immediately.

BED CLOTHES.—The perfection of dress, for day or night, where warmth is the purpose, is that which confines around the body sufficient of its own warmth, while it allows escape to the exhalations of the skin. Where the body is allowed to bathe protractedly in its own vapours, we must expect an unhealthy effect upon the skin. Where there is too little ventilating escape, insensible perspiration is checked, and something analogous to fever supervenes; foul tongue, ill taste, and lack of morning appetite betray the evil.

LYING WITH THE HEAD HIGH.—It is often a question amongst people who are unacquainted with the anatomy and physiology of man, whether lying with his head exalted or even with the body is most wholesome. Most, consulting their own case on this point, argue in favour of that which they prefer. Now, although many delight in bolstering up their heads at night and sleep soundly without injury, yet we declare it to be a dangerous habit. The vessels through which blood passes from the heart to the head, are always lessened in the cavities when the head is resting in bed higher than the body. Therefore, in all diseases attended with fever, the head should be pretty near on a level with the body; and people ought to accustom themselves to sleep thus to avoid danger.

RULES OF CONDUCT.—We cannot do better than quote the valuable injunctions of that excellent woman, Mrs. Fry, who combined in her character and conduct all that is truly excellent in woman:—1. I never lose any time; I do not think that lost which is spent in amusement or recreation some time every day; but always be in the habit of being employed. 2. Never err the least in truth. 3. Never say any ill thing of a person when thou canst say a good thing of him; not only speak charitably, but feel so. 4. Never be irritable or unkind to anybody. 5. Never indulge thyself in luxuries that are not necessary. 6. Do all things with consideration; and, when thy path to act aright is most difficult, feel confidence in that Power alone which is able to assist thee, and exert thy own powers as far as they go.

Words.—Soft words soften the soul. Angry words are fuel to the

flame of wrath, and make it blaze more freely. Kind words make other people good-natured—cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They smooth, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, and morose, and unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.—Have you ever observed what a dislike servants have to anything cheap? They hate saving their masters' money. I tried this experiment with great success the other day. Finding we consumed a vast deal of soap, I sat down in my thinking chair, and took the soap question into consideration, and found reason to suspect we were using a very expensive article, where a much cheaper one would serve the purpose better. I ordered half a dozen pounds of both sorts, but took the precaution of changing the papers on which the prices were marked before giving them into the hands of Betty. "Well, Betty, which soap do you find washes best?" "Oh, please sir, the dearest, in the blue paper; it makes a lather as well again as the other." "Well, Betty, you shall always have it then;" and thus the unsuspecting Betty saved me some pounds a year, and washed the clothes better.—*Rev. Sidney Smith.*

CHEMICAL BAROMETER.—Take a long narrow bottle, such as an old-fashioned Eau-de-Cologne bottle, and put into it two and a half drachms of camphor, and eleven drachms of spirits of wine; when the camphor is dissolved, which it will readily do by slight agitation, add the following mixture:—Take water, nine drachms: nitrate of potash (saltpetre), thirty-eight grains; and muriate of ammonia (sal ammoniac), thirty-eight grains. Dissolve these salts in the water prior to mixing with the camphorated spirit; then shake the whole well together. Cork the bottle well, and wax the top, but afterwards make a very small aperture in the cork with a red-hot needle. The bottle may then be hung up, or placed in any stationary position. By observing the different appearances which the materials assume, as the weather changes, it becomes an excellent prognosticator of a coming storm or of a sunny sky.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. V.

1. The wife of Ahasuerus.
2. A prophetess of New Testament notoriety.
3. The city where a dead man was restored to life.
4. A city of Asia Minor.
5. The person to whom St. Luke inscribed his gospel.
6. One of the things used for the curing of leprosy.

The initials will form the burden of the book of Ecclesiastes.

NO. VI.

1. A daughter, doomed to horrid death,
A father's vow to keep;
2. A woman, by whose mortal sin,
Mankind the fruit doth reap.
3. One of the twelve apostles name,
In doubt required a sign;
4. A prophet, by whose false report,
God's judgments made design.
5. An instrument of music used,
By Israelites of old;
6. A city once the rendezvous,
Of rebels brave and bold.
7. A king of Amalek, who through
Saul's disobedience, slain;
8. A servant of a Persian king,
In deeds another Cain.

The initials will give the name of a Judge of Israel.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. III.

1. Esther. 2. Sarah. 3. Ahab. 4. Rahab. 5. Hatred. 6. Armour
7. Dogs. 8. Dorcas. 9. Obadiah. 10. Napthali.

No. IV.—Noah.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

- No. 11.—What heathen king's daughter was Solomon's first wife?
No. 12.—What woman accompanied an Israelitish general to battle?
No. 13.—When did the twelve tribes revolt?
No. 14.—Who was the grandfather of Canaan?
No. 15.—Which of Noah's sons was cursed?

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

6. Nimrod. 7. Joshua, 8. Enoch; Elijah; 9. Enoch. 10. Bears
and Lions.