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CANADIAN SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

MAY, 1873.

[No. 6.

FLOWER VOICES.

HARK! the lilies whisper:
Tenderly and low,
In our quiet hollows,
See how fast we grow.
Thus the heavenly Father
Cares for all below.

Hark! the roses speaking,
Telling all abroad
Their sweet, wondrous story:
Of the love of God,
In the Rose of Sharon,
Jesus Christ the Lord.

Buttercups and daisies,
And the violets sweet—
Flowers of field and garden—
All their voices meet,
And their Maker's praises
To our souls repeat.

Let us then be trustful,
Doubting not, although
Much of toil and trouble
Be our lot below:
Look upon the lilies,
See how fair they grow.

THE DESERTER.

A TALE OF THE LATE SOUTHERN REBELLION.

(Continued from page 53.)

ON emerging from the common, the parties wended their way towards the City Hall, from which point Edward

Cunningham could the more readily find his way. Unfortunately for the latter, a stand was made at a corner, a short distance from his boarding house. On this corner was a saloon—the respectable name for tavern—and into which Cunningham's companions pressed him hard to enter. He yielded, and in the trio went.

It is wonderful with what pertinacity the agents of evil work for the accomplishment of their designs! They will follow their victims from place to place, attach themselves to them, and stick to them, until they make sure of their work; and the saloon was a most fitting place to complete it in.

When inside, the parties availed themselves of seats, which are generally plentiful in such places; the reason being, we suppose, that a sitting customer will stay longer than a standing one, and, of course, be much more profitable. Drink was ordered without delay, the two strangers vying with each other as to who should treat first. Edward Cunningham was no teetotaler, nor a hard drinker, but he did not altogether like the proffered freedom of these men, nor the quantity of liquor which they now with eagerness pressed him to drink. He had already treated them in return, but they seemed unsatisfied; and he began to suspect that he had really fallen into bad company, and began to think how he might escape. But, he found that he could not think now, except in a confused manner, as his mind had become muddled from the effects of the liquor. So he drank more, treated again, and made no effort to escape.

The time for action had come now. Cunningham was well dosed with drink; he had very little money left in his pocket, and had but a poor prospect of employment. Again, the subject of joining the army was broached, and its advantages, in the shape of a large bounty, etc., discussed at great length. The matter would soon have been settled but for one thing—Cunningham's consent:

he still held out against all their offers. He had already been offered several hundred dollars, but still refused; and his companions, without losing their temper, were desperate in their eagerness to win the prize for which they were playing. They represented the hardness of the times; the dullness of trade, especially that part in which he expected to obtain employment; that he could not subsist without money; that he could not with decency return home; and finally wound up with the offer of another hundred dollars. Edward paused before replying. He had yet sense enough to know there was truth in what had been advanced, but he had an aversion to joining the army; and yet, what should he do? He at last came to the conclusion to accept their offer if they added two hundred, instead of one hundred, to their last offer. The bargain was closed, and some money changed hands between them, the balance to be paid next day on the acceptance of the new recruit. It is needless almost to say that the two parties who had enlisted Cunningham made a handsome sum for themselves out of the transaction.

It may be mentioned here that there were such men to be found in every Northern city and town during the war; and they were not particular as to the means by which they obtained recruits, so long as they enriched themselves. They made it a business to procure substitutes for wealthy men, who did not care to go themselves to fight the enemy.

And what was this war all about, that so convulsed the nation? The Southern States had risen in rebellion against the Federal authority, because they feared that the institution of slavery would be done away with by the liberal Republican government which then existed. They formed themselves into a Confederacy, and raised a large army; and even sent armed cruisers to sea to prey upon Northern commerce. The South had able military

commanders, and were able to hold their own for several years against all the forces of the North. The struggle was a desperate one; both parties suffered severely, thousands of valuable lives having been sacrificed as victims to the base passions of those who precipitated the war. The trade and commerce of both North and South were almost paralysed; the ranks of the army were thinning; men were becoming scarce, and were procurable only at a premium. But the North, having the most resources, was able and determined to continue the war until the South was entirely subdued.

In the morning, Edward Cunningham was taken to the enlistment office, where he was sworn to serve in the United States army for a term of years. He was now once more a soldier, and had to put up with the many discomforts of a soldier's life, which, in time of war, are almost unbearable. But Cunningham was of an irritable disposition, and could not mildly submit as others could do. It was, therefore, little wonder that one morning he gave audible expression to his irritability, as follows:

"I'll not stand this treatment long. I've been entrapped into this business, and I'll quit the Yankees at the first chance."

This determination was, of course, decidedly wrong. When a man takes an oath to fight for a country, in a good cause, he should never think of desertion. It is only the untruthful, the unreliable, and the coward who would do that! A true, brave, Christian man would never desert the flag he had sworn to defend!

In a short time, Cunningham, along with a number of other recruits, was despatched by train for the seat of war, which was in Petersburg, Virginia, where the two armies were confronting each other. Here during a few weeks some severe and dangerous picket duty was performed, Cunningham sustaining his part with credit, and to the satisfaction of his officers.

It was here that Cunningham thought he saw chances of deserting to the enemy's lines, especially as several men had already deserted from his own regiment. The idea being firmly fixed in his mind made him watch eagerly for the opportunity to carry it into effect. The opportunity soon came.

One night the pickets were set, as usual, facing the enemy, Cunningham being one of those told off for that particular duty. The greatest vigilance was to be observed by this night-guard of the army, not only in preventing a night surprise by the enemy, but also in preventing men from deserting. The orders to this effect were very strict, any breach of duty being punished severely.

"I think now is my chance," soliloquised Cunningham, as he paced slowly over the space allotted to him on the outer picket line. "The night is dark, and I could reach the Confederate lines without ever being observed. Here I am to be for a couple of hours yet, and already I feel cold and miserable. *I wish I had never left home!* But I'll throw down my gun and go;" and, suiting the action to the word, he walked off, as he supposed, towards the enemy's lines.

"I wish I had never left home!" Remember this, you young men, who are in a hurry to leave the paternal roof, or the society of warm friends, for the cold friendship of strangers! "I wish I had never left home!" so said Edward Cunningham, when, dejected in spirit, he deserted his post; and so say thousands of young men, who, like the Prodigal Son, desire to go abroad to make their fortunes, as well as to give full license to their evil passions. But the fact has been proved, "there's no place like home." The Prodigal Son returned, after enduring great hardships; and many wanderers from home would gladly return if they had the means. And how joyful is the meeting when a prodigal son returns!—when he

says: "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." Verily, "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

We left Edward Cunningham walking toward the enemy's lines, as he supposed; but it was not so in reality. The picket line, unknown to him, was formed in the shape of a half circle; or, both wings were extended outwards as near as possible to the enemy's lines. In the hurry of his excitement, Cunningham, instead of walking forward in a straight line from the place he started, diverged gradually to the right, which brought him into the picket line of his own army. He was brought to a stand by the cry of—

"Who comes there?"

"A friend," quickly answered Cunningham, thinking all was right.

"Come forward, then, and give the password," continued the sentinel.

"Is this not the Confederate line?" eagerly asked the deserter, fearing now that he had made a fatal mistake.

"This is the United States army line," replied the sentinel; "and you are my prisoner," added he, as he recognized the uniform of the deserter.

Immediately the deserter was led away between a guard of two soldiers, and delivered up to the Provost-Marshal, who placed him in a tent under a strong guard.

Sad, indeed, were the reflections of poor Cunningham that night. Here he was, a prisoner, for one of the gravest crimes that a soldier can be guilty of—deserting his post in front of the enemy. The penalty for this offence, he knew, was death; but he hoped that, on account of his past good conduct, he might yet escape with a milder punishment.

Hope is said to be the strongest feeling in the human breast. Every criminal has hopes of reprieve; every

sinner has hopes of forgiveness. Without hope, the world would be dwelling in a night of gloom and misery, which not even the midday sun could brighten. And hope buoyed up the prisoner on this occasion.

The prisoner, however, knew that his case was a most serious one, and determined on writing to his friends in Montreal, asking them to help him, if possible. He had already sent letters to them, containing money, some of which only had been received. His friends received this letter with much distress, and enlisted the sympathies of Lieut.-Col. —, of the Garrison Artillery, a member of which he had been formerly. This officer wrote to the Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. army, a letter containing a number of names of officers and men of the above corps, who testified to Cunningham's good character as a volunteer while in Montreal. But this letter either had no weight, or it arrived too late, to be of any service.

In due time a court-martial was held, for the purpose of considering the charge against the prisoner. The court was unanimously of the opinion that the prisoner was guilty, and sentence of death was accordingly pronounced against him; the sentence to be carried out in eight days from that time.

The chaplain was deputed to convey the verdict of the court-martial to the prisoner, and to offer the needful religious consolation. The prisoner bore the news at first with fortitude; but before the chaplain left him, he shed tears freely.

All hopes of escape had now faded from the prisoner's mind, and he gave way to the bitterest grief. He had brought this trouble upon himself, through ill temper and self-will. He had not a friend near to console him, except that great Friend, whom as yet he did not know.

It is in the time of the deepest trouble that Jesus can give that true consolation which no earthly friend can give. Some try to bear their troubles alone; but happy

are they that remember, and act upon, those blessed words: "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The time for the execution was speeding on. The chaplain visited the prisoner, and prayed with him, twice every day; and had strong hopes that he would find salvation in Christ. The prisoner meanwhile had written another letter to his friends, in which was contained, in addition to the news of the sentence of the court-martial, the melancholy intelligence that he could "hear the band practising the "Dead March!"

At length the fatal day arrived. The prisoner, with the chaplain on one side and the provost-marshal on the other, and accompanied by several officers, walked at a slow pace to the place appointed for the execution, the band preceding the whole, and playing the "Dead March." It was nine in the morning, and many thousands of troops were drawn up in line to witness this solemn act of military law. Arrived upon the ground, and in sight of an open grave and coffin, the prisoner engaged in earnest prayer with the minister for a short time; after which, and while still on his knees, his eyes were bandaged, and the minister and others withdrew. The firing party then, at a command, discharged their pieces, and poor Edward Cunningham fell dead, pierced with many bullets.

Thus ended the career of a promising young man, who but for his irritable temper, and his love of change, might have been useful in life. Going among strangers, and being led into a saloon, were steps in his downfall. This should be remembered by young men, who may be similarly inclined, and who are fond of visiting saloons and other questionable places of resort. Let them be ever on their guard, at home or abroad; and never cease to pray, "Lead us not into temptation."

THE FATAL GIFT.

SEVERAL years ago, long before I had heard tell of total abstinence, I had occasion to take a voyage in a sailing vessel from an English port to the coast of France. I was accompanied by my two daughters. In the expectation that they would be troubled by sea-sickness, and in conformity with the general opinion, we had provided ourselves with a bottle of brandy, to be used as a *quieting* medicine in the event of illness. Of course, I see now the absurdity of believing that a strong stimulant like ardent spirits is fit to be used when sickness has already over-excited the stomach. Our voyage was prolonged on account of the wind, or other circumstances, so much, that night came on soon after we sailed; and we made preparations for retiring to our berths, with a view of passing, if possible, several hours in the enjoyment of repose. Prior to our retirement for the night, we each took a small glassful of brandy; and as the captain of the vessel—a Frenchman—happened to be below just then, he was asked to have a little of our brandy. He tossed off a draught of the liquor with evident relish, smacked his lips after drinking, and, bidding us ‘*adieu*’ for the night, went on deck.

We had not rested more than a few hours ere we were awakened by the trampling of feet, and a confused noise of voices. I hastened on deck. The night was cloudy; the seamen were shouting to each other, and hurrying to and fro. “What is the matter?” I inquired. “Where is the captain?”

Judge of my horror and regret, when I learned that he had been set on to drink by the brandy which I had given, had got intoxicated, and in that shocking state had fallen overboard! The boat was put out, and the men rowed about in the darkness, for a considerable time; but alas! all was in vain; the poor man was gone to be seen no more until “the sea shall give up its dead.”

As may be expected, sleep forsook our eyelids for the rest of the night, and the captainless ship neared the French shore just as the sun began to show its face of fire in the glowing east. When we drew near our desired haven, I took the ship's glass and began to scan the harbour and its neighbourhood. I noticed, in particular, one neat-looking house, near the landing-place, at an upper window of which I saw a female, who seemed to be alternately straining her eyes and waving a handkerchief in the direction of our vessel. I said to one of the crew, "Some female at that house, with a white front, near the harbour, seems looking out for the ship."

The rough French sailor drew the back of his hand across his glistening eyes, all wet with tears, and said in a tone tremulous with emotion, "Ah! God help her! that's the poor Captain's wife, monsieur!"

My grief was indeed deep and trying; but until light broke upon my mind, I never saw so clearly as I have done since, that my "giving and offering" strong drink to a fellow-creature was the moving cause of this most real and distressing tragedy.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S DREAM.

BY W. G. WELBURN, MONTREAL.

It was about the thirty-fifth year of the reign of King Nebuchadnezzar, that the Almighty God had deemed it right once more to send to the heathen monarch a warning, in a dream, of events that were yet to come; and the result was, so deep an impression was made on the King, that a strange dread came over his mind; in the midst of his splendours he was troubled, for he believed the vision to be a solemn revelation from above. He had previously acknowledged a greater God than the one he now worshipped. He had seen how Daniel and his three friends who believed in that God had been so miraculously preserved. He had seen the power and wisdom given to the former in interpreting his former dream, and the remarkable preservation of the three latter out of the burning fiery furnace. He had acknowledged the greatness of the God of the Jews. He had seen signs and wonders performed, proving the

agency of an exalted God. He, the most powerful monarch then on earth, had seen that his throne had no stability; he had seen that God had power at his will to bring him down from his lofty seat and to transfer his authority to other hands, and he was naturally led to reflect, that the throne of God was the only one that was stable and permanent. He could not but be convinced that God reigned over all, and that His Kingdom was not subject to the vicissitudes which occur in the Kingdoms of this world.

The King was now at rest in his palace; a state of tranquility and security reigned all around. His kingdom was enjoying peace; his wars were over. He had built a magnificent capital; he had gathered around him wealth and the luxuries of the world, and he was now in a condition to pass away the remainder of his life in ease and comfort. All around him was peaceful, and from no source had he any cause of disquiet.

It was during this time that God saw fit to startle him by a second dream, to awaken him once more to a sense of God's omnipotence, for the King had entirely forgotten Him, and had sunk low in voluptuousness and dissipation. This dream, we are told, caused him much anxiety, and great fear arose up within him, evidently from the apprehension that it was designed to disclose some important and solemn event; and we read further, that this dream so troubled him that he could not rest, but immediately makes a decree, or, in other words, issues a royal order, to summons once more into his presence all who could be supposed qualified to explain the dream. Thus all the magicians, soothsayers, and other wise men, had to appear before the King, to interpret the dream. These men were presumed to be gifted with preternatural knowledge. This supernatural gift of the wise men was firmly believed in by all the nations and people then existing. This shows us what a state of ignorance then prevailed amongst all classes. Indeed, at the present time this class of men are to be found, and are undoubtedly great deceivers of mankind; and it is entirely owing to our superior education, and to the spread of God's Holy Word, that the utter fallacy of their pretended powers are made manifest. To explain remarkable occurrences, and to declare the will of heaven from portents and wonders, is impossible for any man; yet, these wise men of the East who assembled before the King, had the audacity to pretend to be able to penetrate the hidden mysteries of the future world.

This time Nebuchadnezzar's memory did not fail him; he repeated to the Chaldeans and soothsayers the dream which disturbed his

spirit; the image of what he had seen was distinct in his mind. Of course, we can easily understand, it was an utter impossibility for these men to interpret the dream; and if any one of them, perchance, had a glimpse of the meaning of the dream, no tongue was bold enough to utter what it might offend the King to hear; nor did any Chaldean dare to give a false interpretation. All drooping and abashed, they were forced to confess that the mystery could not be solved by them. Daniel was called into his presence, and when told the dream by the King, he seems at once to have understood its import; and he was much distressed, and his thoughts troubled him, and for a whole hour he remained in silence. There was an inward struggle in his breast. In that splendid tree he saw a picture of Nebuchadnezzar in all his pride of dominion; in the stump, left with its roots in the earth, bound with iron and brass, he saw an emblem of the same King, mad, miserable and degraded, driven to herd with the beasts. It was a dream of awful meaning, and we can therefore little marvel if Daniel shrank at first from revealing to the King the terrible calamity which was to befall him. Daniel had a plain though painful duty to perform. If self-denial, wisdom and faith dwell in the hearts and illumine the minds of the children of light, truth must breathe in their words. No fear of man must make the servant of God stoop even to an evasion; and so with Daniel. Nebuchadnezzar, having read perplexity and distress in his face, said to him, as if to encourage him, "Let not the dream nor the interpretation trouble thee." Daniel then spoke out boldly, and said: "My Lord, the dream be to them that hate thee, and the interpretation to thine enemies," and then with mingled courage and delicacy of feeling, the prophet delivered his terrible message. The heathen King had been Daniel's friend and patron: he had shown him great kindness; and it is not unnatural, therefore, to imagine what tenderness and pity, what painful emotions must have marked Daniel's countenance as he unfolded the dream to the King. It is important here to mark the pious faithfulness of Daniel: he acted the part of a true friend to the King of Babylon. Having given him the interpretation of the dream, he addressed him in words of earnest counsel and faithful warning: "O King, let my counsel be acceptable to thee, and break off thy sins by righteousness, and thine iniquities by showing mercy to the poor: if it may be a lengthening of thy tranquility." Only think of a Jewish exile speaking thus to the mightiest monarch of the world! but he did it for the good and safety of the King. We are not told whether the King believed the awful warning; whether pride, anger, wonder, alarm, wrestled in his

breast; but whatever misgivings, or gloomy forebodings he may have had at the time, they appear before long to have quite passed away.

Days, weeks passed on, and then months, and Nebuchadnezzar saw no sign that his dreadful dream would ever come true, and probably tried by business and by pleasure to drive it entirely from his thoughts. But the time came. Twelve months after the warning, full of pride as ever, as he walked upon his palace, whose high flat roof would command a glorious view of the city; as he beheld its countless houses in their setting of verdant groves; its hanging gardens; its lofty tower that seemed to lift itself to the clouds; as he beheld all that earth could offer of grandeur, pomp, and vanity, and that it was himself who was Lord of all on which his proud eye rested,—he exclaimed in a burst of self-complacency and pride: "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honour of my majesty?" While these words were still on his lips, a voice fell from heaven and sounded forth the terrible doom. "O King Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken: thy kingdom is departed from thee," and before an hour had elapsed the fearful judgment descended. Who is that wild, howling maniac who rushes through the palace which he so lately trod with pride? Who is he, whom the lowest animal drives from him as he would a fierce beast, broken loose? No roof covers the head which was encircled with a crown; in wild, shaggy masses, the hair hangs round it, half concealing the restless gaze of the frenzied eyes beneath. In the very hour that Nebuchadnezzar thought himself a god, he became a maniac, and went forth from his palace to live as a beast of the field. No doubt he was constantly watched, and his safety cared for during the period of his insanity; while Merodach, his son, assumed the regency in his father's stead.

There are some critics who think this affliction of the King a highly improbable one; but instances of madness have not been uncommon, in which the sufferer retains his consciousness in other respects, but imagines himself to be changed into some animal, and acts up to a certain point in conformity with that persuasion. When the King became mad, there came over him at that time a roving disposition, a disposition which would make him hate being under the roof of a house, and consequently would lead him rather to wander in fields and groves, than to dwell in the abodes of men; it is said, "that he was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen." From this it may be inferred that Nebuchadnezzar, when mad, had the propensity within him to do this; and that he was driven, not

by men, but by the propensity to leave his palace and to take up his residence in parks or groves, anywhere rather than in human habitations. This has not been an uncommon propensity with maniacs, and there is no improbability in supposing that this was permitted by those who had the care of him, as far as was consistent with his safety; and, it is no unusual thing to suppose, that, by long neglect and inattention, his hair would grow long, resembling something like eagle's feathers, and his nails long, like bird's claws; and as this continued on for a period of seven years, he would probably at that time have something of the appearance of a beast about him.

It is not to be supposed that the King was at any time during the period of his insanity left unwatched; his friends would keep an eye upon him, and be constantly watching his movements, no matter where he was. We read that "he was driven from men." This seems a very ambiguous phrase; we have no authority for believing, in the least, that he was shunned and driven away by every human being, but, on the contrary, that he was carefully watched over day and night by his friends. This, "driven from men," has a different meaning from what is ordinarily understood from such a sentence, and would imply that the King himself shunned the presence of human beings, and that it was in his nature, during his madness, always to seek to be alone,—that he drove himself away, not that he was "driven by men." We are told that the King was mad for a period of seven years, and at the end of that time he recovered his reason; and he, himself, relates the facts in a proclamation published on his recovery. The King, it is to be presumed, must have known that he had been a maniac, because, on "lifting up his eyes" (probably the first thing indicating returning reason), he said,—"and my understanding returned unto me;" and finding himself in the deplorable condition with regard to personal appearance, would confirm his convictions. The reflections of the King of Babylon on his restoration were good and just; he lifted his eyes and his heart in praise to the living God; acknowledging his universal dominion and supremacy; but, there is no evidence that he abandoned the gods of Babylon. His belief in a supreme God in no way interfered with the acknowledgment of inferior gods. The admonitions and instructions of Daniel had an influence in leading him to a certain knowledge and confession of the God of Israel; but, when he knew God, he glorified him not as God. The King, Nebuchadnezzar, died about a year after his recovery from his madness; and as at the beginning of his life, so it was at the end—he was still an idolater.

We may draw two important lessons from this narrative: First, it teaches us the utter insufficiency of all earthly greatness as a portion or stay for the soul of man. The wealth, grandeur, beauty of Babylon, so much of which was due to the energy of Nebuchadnezzar himself, only intoxicated him with vanity, so that he became insane. Such an issue as this, marking the influence of ambition, and of the world's possession of the soul, has not been unfrequent upon men. Have we not heard of the man who has eagerly devoted himself to money-making, and amassed millions, afterwards losing his mental balance, and spending the last years of his life in utter misery—a maniac, haunted with the idea of being a pauper? Wealth and greatness cannot satisfy the soul.

Secondly, we have here also the evil and dangers of neglected warning, and despising admonition. If the King of Babylon had acted on the counsels of Daniel, his faithful friend, how very different might have been the latter part of his life to what it actually was. But he neglected holy and earnest admonition, and darkness fell upon him. There must ever be righteous retributions for neglected opportunity and despised warning.

Let us always bear in mind these two impressive lessons; and let us strive all the time of our life here on earth, not to allow ourselves to be carried away from our strict duty to God, by the wealth and riches of the world. They do not bring happiness in their train, but instead bring worries, cares, and anxieties. "Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith."

THE POWER OF TRUTH.

In one of the high courts of America, a few years ago, a little girl, nine years of age, was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for a felony committed in her father's house.

"Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your honour," said the counsel, addressing the court, "Is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be

rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let me see," said the judge. "Come here, my daughter."

Assured by the kind manner and tone of the judge, the child stepped forward to him, looking confidently up in his face with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank, that it went straight to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge.

The little child stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck as she answered:

"No, sir."

She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.

"I do not mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake; "I mean, were you ever a witness?"

"No, sir; I was never in court before," was the answer.

He handed her the Bible open.

"Do you know that Book, my daughter?"

She looked at it and answered, "Yes, sir; it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge.

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say;" and he repeated slowly the oath usually administered to witnesses.

"Now, said the judge, "you have sworn as a witness; will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in the State prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the judge.

"I shall never go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the judge again.

The child took the Bible, and, turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour." "I learned that before I could read."

"Has any one talked to you about your being a witness in court against this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied; "my mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room and asked me to tell her the Ten Commandments; and then we kneeled down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbour, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before Him. And when I came up here with mother she kissed me and told me to remember the Ninth Commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lip quivered with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of its truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child," said the judge, "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued—"Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charges against me, I would pray God for such witnesses as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to the heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first statement nothing. The truth as spoken by that little child was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded

her testimony. The prisoner had entrenched himself in lies, till he deemed himself impregnable. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favour, and villany had manufactured for him a sham defence. But before her testimony falsehood was scattered like chaff. The little child for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning device of matured villany to pieces like the potter's vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her, and the sublime and terrible simplicity—terrible I mean to the prisoner and his associates—with which she spoke, was like a revelation from God Himself.

ABOUT BELLS.

IF there is any one sound which we hear oftener than any other, it must be the ringing of bells. They are used as signals to convey all sorts of information. Perhaps you are a railway conductor, and wish to stop your train; or you are a servant, and must summon the family to dinner; or the pilot of a steamer, and desire to reverse the wheels to avoid a collision; or a miner at the bottom of a shaft, and want the car sent down to bring you up; or you are a visitor, waiting admission at a friend's door—in each case you use a bell, and its sound conveys your meaning quite as intelligibly as would words. A bell awakes us in the morning, and, in old times, gave the signal for extinguishing fires at night. It summons the school-boy to his recitation, the worshipper to service, the operative to his work. Bells warn us of the swift approach of a flying sleigh, ring peals of joy at bridals, toll mournfully the public grief when great men die, scream out wild cries of alarm when conflagration bursts forth.

The manufacture of bells has become a vast interest, employing countless workmen and vast amounts of capi-

tal. But it would seem that, with all our modern improvements, we do not now make *large* bells,—at least, at all comparable with those cast by our ancestors. It is very certain that no bells cast within the last century compare in tone with those cast before. During a long period, most (if not all) of the church bells cast in England were the work of itinerent handicraftsmen, who, if they were not gipsies, as was commonly supposed, led a sort of gipsy life; and it is scarcely a century since this race of wandering bell-founders became extinct. These nomadic workmen would travel in parties, with their families, the country round in search of work; and after having made a bargain for a peal of bells, would scour the neighborhood for miles in search of old copper and pewter, mostly in the shape of worn-out domestic utensils, and when sufficient metal was obtained would return and erect an *adobe* furnace and commence their operations. Many peals in England, made in this apparently rude way, are beyond all comparison superior in their tone and tune to those cast in the best bell-foundries now in existence.

The largest bells are generally stationary, used only for clocks to strike upon, or, at the most, are occasionally swung frame high, or upon the horizontal position. The largest bells known are of Russian manufacture. That of the Kremlin, in Moscow, weighs 433,772 pounds; but it was cracked in the casting, and was never raised. The bell of St. Ivan's, in the same city, weighs 127,836 pounds. A bell at the cathedral of Olmutz, in Bohemia, weighs over 40,000 pounds; but the great bell at St. Peters, at Rome, weighs only 18,607 pounds. What was until recently the largest bell in England called "Great Tom," at Oxford, weighed only about 17,000 pounds; but the clock bell at the new palace of Westminster, called "Big Ben," weighs 30,352 pounds. The largest bell on this side of the Atlantic is in the Roman Catholic

Cathedral in Montreal, weighing 28,560 pounds; and was cast in England in 1847.

The tone of a bell depends conjointly on the diameter, the height and thickness, the smaller bell yielding the higher note, other things being equal. A set of bells of any shape or any metal, so long as they are of uniform shape and composition, and with all their dimensions (thickness included) varying according to the following numbers:—60, 54, 48, 45, 40, 36, 32, 30, will sound the eight notes of the common diatonic scale, and will be a peal in perfect tune with each other, no matter in what key, and no matter whether they are good or bad bells.

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S WIFE.

WHEN Sir Robert Peel, then a youth, began business as a cotton-printer, near Bury, he lodged with his partner, Wm. Yates, paying eight shillings a week for board and lodging. "William Yates' eldest child," says our author, "was a girl named Ellen, and she very soon became an especial favorite with the young lodger. On returning home from his hard days' work at "The Ground," he would take the little girl upon his knee, and say to her—'Nelly, thou bonnie little dear, wilt thou be my wife?' to which the child would answer, 'Yes,' as any child would do. 'Then I'll wait thee, Nelly; I'll wed thee, and none else.' And Robert Peel did wait. As the girl grew in beauty towards womanhood, his determination to wait for her was strengthened, and after the lapse of ten years—years of close application to business and increasing prosperity—Robert Peel married Ellen Yates when she had completed her seventeenth year; and the pretty child, whom her mother's lodger and father's partner had nursed upon his knee, became Mrs. Peel, and eventually Lady Peel, the mother of the Prime Minister of England. Lady Peel was a noble and beautiful woman, fitted to grace any station in life. She

possessed rare powers of mind, and was, on every emergency, the high toned and faithful counsellor of her husband. For many years after their marriage, she acted as his amanuensis, conducting the principal part of his business correspondence, for Sir Robert Peel himself was an indifferent and almost unintelligible writer. She died in 1803, only three years after the baronetcy had been conferred upon her husband. It is said that London fashionable life—so unlike what she had been accustomed to—proved injurious to her health. Old Wm. Yates was accustomed to say: 'If Robert hadn't made our Nelly a lady,' she might ha' been living yet.'—*Self Help.*

"DON'T GIVE UP."

A GENTLEMAN travelling in the northern part of Ireland heard the voice of children, and paused to listen.

Finding that the sound came from a small building used as a school-house, he drew near; as the door was open, he entered, and listened to the words the boys were spelling.

One little fellow stood apart, looking sad.

"Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman.

"Oh, he is good for nothing!" replied the teacher. "There is nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in the school."

The gentleman was surprised at this answer. He saw that the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid boys were nearly crushed. He said a few words to them, and then placing his hands on the brow of the little fellow who stood there, he said:—

"One of these days you may be a fine scholar. Don't give up, but try, my boy—try."

The boy's soul was aroused. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he became studious and ambitious to excel. And he did become a fine scholar, and

the author of a well-known Commentary on the Bible, a great and good man, beloved and honoured. His name was Dr. Adam Clarke.

The secret of his success is worth knowing:—"Don't give up, but try."

FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

IF you ever watched an icicle as it formed you would have noticed how it froze one drop at a time, until it was a foot long or more. If the water was clean, the icicle remained clear, and sparkled bright in the sun; but if the water was slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are formed. One little thought or feeling at a time adds to its influence. If every thought be pure and right, the soul will be bright and lovely, and will sparkle with happiness; but if there be many thoughts impure and wrong, the mind will be soiled, the character depraved and darkened, and there will be final deformity and wretchedness. How important, then, that we should be on our guard against every evil impulse and desire.

BREAKING THE SABBATH.

MANY anecdotes are related illustrative of the veneration with which the Sabbath is regarded in Scotland, one of which narrates that a geologist, while in the country, and having his pocket-hammer with him, took it out and began chipping the rock on the way side for examination. His proceedings did not escape the quick eye and ready tongue of an old Scotch woman.

"What are you doing there, man?"

"Don't you see? I'm breaking a stone."

"Y'are doing more than tha: y'are breaking the Sabbath."

USEFUL INFORMATION.

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USE OF BARKS.—Elm bark is very generally used in Norway for making leather: it is said the fine Norway gloves are prepared from the elm bark, and, that the softness and beauty are attributable to this bark. The white willow is used in Denmark for the leather used in the manufacture of gloves. Russia also uses this bark in the manufacture of fancy leather, the finished leather being impregnated with the oil of birch bark, which gives it a peculiar, agreeable smell. It is a noteworthy fact that the Norway tanners use birch and willow instead of oak bark.

TO RESTORE FADED WRITING.—Sometimes the ink of very old writing is so much faded by time as to be illegible, in consequence of the decay of the tanning matter and gallic acid contained in the ink, and a yellow or brown oxide of iron, therefore, alone remains on the paper. The original colour of the written characters may be restored, or, rather, a new body of colour may be given to the writing by pencilling it over carefully, first with a solution of prussiate of potass, and then with diluted muriatic acid.

If the pencilling be done neatly, and blotting paper be laid over the letters as fast as they become visible, their form will be retained distinctly. Pencilling over the letters with an infusion of gall nuts, or tincture of galls, also restores the blackness to a certain degree, but not so completely or so speedy as potass.

THE TEETH.—Wheat contains all the elements necessary for the perfect development of the teeth. But how is it used? Whether in bread, pies, puddings, crackers or what not, only the *fine flour* is used, and that which is *rejected* contains the elements for the nutrition and growth of the teeth in abundance. What folly! If you will not use coarse bread, at least make your bran and shorts into griddle cakes. All of these destructive causes are nothing, however, compared with the injury caused by food decomposing between the teeth. The mouth is a warm place, and particles of meat lodged between the teeth decompose, and gums and teeth suffer; but a *clean* tooth never decays. Mercury may loosen, discolour and injure the enamel, but will not of itself cause decay; yet great care should be used in taking some medicines to drink through a quill, straw or tube, thoroughly rinsing the mouth after. Use a quill pick, and rinse the mouth after eating; brush with castile soap every morning, and with clear water on retiring.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XI.

A Jewish leader, one of fame ;
 The stone of help, such was its name ;
 A title given those skilled in law ;
 The will of God revealed in awe ;
 The place a rival temple stood ;
 The ninth stone of the high priesthood ;
 A city of Old Testament fame,
 Belonged to Judah but in name ;
 A woman mentioned with respect ;
 The place at which St. Paul was wrecked.

The *initials* and *finals* will give the names of two cities mentioned in Scripture.

NO. XII.

I am a word of nine letters.
 My first is in vain, but not in proud ;
 My second in mass, but not in crowd ;
 My third is in animal, but not in beast ;
 My fourth in dinner, but not in feast ;
 My fifth is in sling, but not in stone ;
 My sixth in lonely, and also in lone ;
 My seventh is in owe, but not in debt ;
 My eighth in rise, but not in set ;
 My ninth is in year, and also in yet.

The *letters* will give that which the Apostle warns us against.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. IX.

Abaddon.

NO. X.

Moloch.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

- No. 26.—What relation was Rehoboam to Jesse ?
 No. 27.—Why was the feast of Purim instituted ?
 No. 28.—Who fell into a trap that he had prepared for another ?
 No. 29.—What punishment was inflicted on Adonizedec ?
 No. 30.—Where is a mirage mentioned in Scripture ?

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

21. Stephen. 22. A Crown of Life. 23. An ass. 24. Elisha's.
 25. Riches.