

first time I ever stole anything; and I have felt very bad about it. I don't know how it is. I didn't think once I should ever come to what I am. But I took to quarrelling, and then to drinking. Since I began to go downhill, everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man that has offered me a helping hand. My wife is feeble and my children starving. You have sent them many a meal. God bless you! and yet I stole the hides from you, meaning to sell them the first chance I could get. But I tell you the truth, Mr Green it is the first time I ever deserved the name of thief.

Let it be the last, my friend,' said Simeon pressing his hand kindly. 'The secret shall remain between ourselves. You are young and can make up for lost time. Come now, give me a promise that you will not drink one drop of intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ you to-morrow at good wages. Mary will go and see your family early in the morning, and perhaps we may find some employment for them also. The little boy can at least pick up stones. But eat a bit now, and drink some hot coffee. It will keep you from waiting to drink anything stronger to-night. You will find it hard to abstain at first, Joseph, but keep up a brave heart for the sake of your wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When you feel the need of coffee, tell my Mary and she will always give it to you.

Joe tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. He was nervous and excited. After an ineffectual effort to compose himself, he laid his head on the table and wept like a child.

After a while, Simeon persuaded him to bathe his head in cold water, and he ate and drank with good appetite. When he went away, the kind-hearted host said to him—'Try to do well, Joseph, and you shall always find a friend in me.'

The poor fellow pressed his hand, and replied, 'I understand now how it is you kill bad neighbours.'

He entered in Mr Green's service the next day, and remained in it many years, an honest and faithful man.

From Hogg's Instructor.

ADVENTURE AT THE DEER RIVER FALLS.

DEER RIVER, situated in the northern part of the state of New York, is thus described by Mr W. O. Bourne, an American writer to whom we are indebted for the following thrilling adventure. The river flows over a rocky bed of denuded strata, and pitches in one unbroken leap over a lofty precipice about two hundred feet in height. As the beholder stands on the overhanging verge, and looks into the water at its feet, a sense of the lofty and the grand inevitability holds him motionless till he has fully realised the view before him. It is not to be compared with Niagara, for it is only about fifty feet wide; and we know of nothing so much like it as the Falls of Montmorenci, opposite Quebec, of which it is nearly a counterpart. We have seen the Montmorenci in both summer and winter—we have crept under its trickling threads, by the slippery crags, and have mounted the lofty hill at its side to get a better view of its imposing front. In winter we have climbed its icy cone, and sported on the icy floor almost at its feet. Deer River Falls are something like the Montmorenci, except that they pitch into a deep gorge, having a lofty mural precipice on either side which is inaccessible, and obliges the visitor to go some distance before he can descend into the rocky ravine.

The 4th of July, 18—, opened with as bright a morning, and broke out with as glorious a sun, as ever shone upon this round world since it was swung forward in its aerial path, when it commenced turning its large green eyes up to its golden censor to catch the ray and welcome it, with its piercing effulgence, to its breast, that it might quicken its pulses and send the vivifying element into every artery and vein, to make it luxuriant and fruitful. The peal of the sonorous bell kept up its merry tone in harmony with the vocal outpourings of patriotic gratitude; while the blooming flowers and the melodious symphonies of the grove served to unite in formation a scene of which a nation might well be proud. It was the birthday of a nation's freedom—the anniversary of a splendid era in the history of the world. The sun might well shine and the earth be glad on such a day.

Among the inhabitants of our town of Copenhagen, was a light hearted and genuine son of the Emerald Isle, as true a sprig of shamrock as ever was out of it. This hero entered fully into the joyousness of the occasion, and having heard that an Indian once scaled the precipice, determined not to be outdone by any of the copper coloured tribe, and resolved to signalise himself as well as the day by a like adventure. With a sufficient inspiriting from a doubtful aid, he left at last prepared to commence his undertaking. But it is easier to resolve than to accomplish the scaling of a cliff two hundred feet in height. Had our hero been blessed with such pedal virtues as are the flies, which have no difficulty of walking and 'tirling on the window pane,' he would have had no difficulty in his task. In the absence of such adhesive powers, however, he knew it must be more dependant on the prehension of his digits and the phalanges of his toes.

After scrutinizing the bold front of the mural precipice before him, he at last selected what appeared to be a favourable spot for the ascent. Carefully examining the steps he

would be obliged to take, he grasped a projecting angle, and raising first one foot and then the other to their resting places, he had fairly commenced this enterprise. He is not alone in such feats as this; thousands are always undertaking and failing in experiments which achieve no more at best, when accomplished than this promised in the outset.

For a time the ascent was performed with some ease, and his progress was marked with much interest by a few who watched the whole effort, as well as the stragglers above who occasionally stopped to look at the toiling aspirant after fame. Gradually the moving object receded from view, until to those beneath him, he looked like some tiny insect idly basking in the sunlight, or slowly crawling the dizzy height. Perseverance will accomplish much, but the hope of fame will dare more; and thus with our adventurer; he persevered while his pride and hope held over the verge above him a guided bauble for which he determined to risk his life.

Slowly on his upward track kept our climber, until at last the muscles began to get over-tired of their labor. Fifty feet—sixty feet,—at least one hundred feet had been travelled over, when the now excited spectators began to doubt the performance of the task if they had not before, and to tremble for the result. Escape was impossible—or seemed so—and to attempt descent was as far beyond the thought of the hero as hazardous in the attempt. Still more slowly toiled he until he had reached the height of one hundred and twenty feet, a little more than half way, when he stopped and raised a cry that made the ravine reverberate with its dull echoes, until every one was drawn to the spot. His cries for help became piteous with intensity; and while some were transfixed to the spot, others shouted 'ropes, ropes,' and ran off on their own commission, to make an effort to save the helpless adventurer.

The excitement had increased until a breathless anxiety had stilled every spectator into a speechless statue. There hung, on two or three projecting angles of a perpendicular precipice, a fellow-being for whom there seemed to be no chance of rescue. Every moment appeared to be his last—his cries became more painful, the echoes seemed to be the hollow replies of the dull waves of the shoreless sea, while the inevitable result of relaxing his hold an instant would be to dash him an undefined mass on the rocks below. No wonder, then, that all the sympathies of the crowd of spectators were concentrated upon that one object, and were raised to an intensity of interest.

The only article of the kind to be had was the common line used for domestic purposes, but a number of them were procured and spliced together. A slip-knot was tied on one end, and, after several trials, was let down to the trembling suppliant. But here a new difficulty arose—he had reached a spot in the cliff where the brink overhung the base about twenty feet! After repeated effort, however, the rope was thrown within his reach, when he put it over him, and letting go his hold, swung out to the middle of the yawning void. It had nearly caused the feeble thread to part, but it was true to its trust and kept its burden safe. Owing to its length and the sudden addition of a stone of flesh, it commenced unravelling, and here, oscillating and circumgyrating in this abyss, swung a human being, whose life depended on the little cord by which he was suspended.

Conscious of the uncertain and now less reliable nature of their cord from its unravelling, the company overhead commenced drawing up their burden with cautious and slow but certain action. The difficulty was greatly increased by the separation of the strands, for, being now loosened, the sharp cutting edge of the rock threatened every moment to perform its fatal office, and dash all hope, along with the victim, in the tide below. The crowd had now begun to breathe, and when they saw their townsman so far safe, their pent-up feelings burst out in one loud peal of exulting cheers, which rang from cliff to cliff until it died away far down the ravine. Slowly and tediously ascended the hapless climber until within a few feet of the topmost crag, and a few moments more would save him. A shudder seemed to pass over several of the anxious spectators as they watched the yielding cord. One of the stands had parted! With caution more vigilant and watchful than before, the trustees of that human life laboured for its preservation. Two strong men stretched themselves on the brink, and leaning over, waited for the moment when they could grasp and save their fellow-being. When the last strand had almost given way, they seized him and raised his lifeless body to the green and merry summit of the beetling precipice. The birds were singing as merrily as before—the sun shone as brightly as morn—and the breeze played with the locks around his pale forehead, as though it were tossing the corals of some beautiful flower. He was soon restored to animation, and, for the rest of the day, the adventure and rescue of the living became a more absorbing topic than the heroic achievements of the illustrious dead.

CURIOSITIES OF ARITHMETIC.

An Eastern Prince who was so much delighted with the game of chess, which was devised for his amusement, that he desired the inventor to name his own reward. The philosopher however was too modest to seize the opportunity of enriching himself, he merely begged of his royal master, a grain of corn for each square on the chess table, doubling the number in proceeding from the first to the sixty-fourth square. The King honoring his moderation, made no scruple of consenting

to his demand; but on his treasurer making the necessary calculation, he was somewhat surprised to find that he had engaged to give away the impossible quantity of 8,707,420,546,692,756 grains of corn, or near two hundred millions of bushels.

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE VACANT SEAT.

Ye gather round the dear old hearth, this pleasant Christmas eve,
Awhile, as e'er in times gone by, earth's worldiness to leave,
That once again in love and truth united ye might stand,
A group of kindred spirits and a happy household band

Ye enter one by one and take each old accustomed place,
And now once more I look upon each loved familiar face—
But why thus downcast in each eye, and measured too each tread,
And sad and faltering your tones! Meet ye in grief or dread?

Mother, kind mother, you are here; I welcome that fond gaze;
Father, and brothers, side by side, as in the olden days:
Sisters, sweet sisters, gladly now your graceful steps I greet—
But stay—ah! can it be? *It is—there is a vacant seat!*

A vacant seat! I miss a voice—an eye so blue and meek—
I miss a youthful, fairy form—I miss a glowing cheek;
And she—the gayest of you all—ye surely must be lone!

Sweet sisters speak, and tell me whether that bright one gone?

'Her place is vacant,' said and low now came that answering strain,
'Her place is vacant, list we e'er for those sweet tones in vain,
And vainly watch we for the sound of those light tripping feet,
And for the glance of that soft eye our own was wont to meet.

'Death has been here—his summons came to her, the dearest, best,
That she should flee far, far away, and be for aye at rest:
We saw her blooming cheek grow pale, and paler day by day,
Till in her early loveliness, from earth she pass'd away.

'We deck'd for her the grave, and then, for her, the loved of years,
We softly sang a requiem and wept a mourner's tears,
Then gently laid her deep within a quiet moss-grown bed,
Where she calmly; sweetly slumbers with the still, the silent dead,

'So gather we, a mournful group, around the hearth to-night,
Sadness in hearts, that e'er upon this eve thrill'd with delight;
Yet, though a star has fallen from out our heaven of love,
An angel bright awaits us in the glorious land above.'

CITY OF MEXICO.

Murray's Encyclopedia of Geography contains the following description of the city. It will be read with more interest than usual at this time, while it is the rendezvous of the main army of the United States.

The state of Mexico comprises the valley of Mexico, a fine and splendid region, variegated by extensive lakes, and surrounded by some of the loftiest volcanic peaks in the world. Its circumference is about two hundred miles, and it forms the very centre of the great table land of Anahuac, elevated from six thousand to eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. In the centre of this valley stands the city of Mexico; the ancient Mexico or Tenochtitla, having been built in the middle of the lake, and connected with the continent by extensive causeways or dykes. To new Mexico is three miles from the lake of Tezouco, and nearly six from that of Chalco; yet Humboldt considers it certain, from the remains of the ancient *teocalli*, or temples, that it occupies the identical position of the former city, and that a great part of the waters of the valley have been dried up. Mexico was long considered the largest city of America; but it is now surpassed by New York, perhaps even by Rio Janeiro. Some estimates have raised its population to two hundred thousand, but it may, on good grounds, be fixed at 120,000 to 140,000. It is beyond dispute the most splendid.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

By M. M. Noah.

At a musical soiree last winter, at the splendid mansion of a thriving Merchant, and withal a man of taste and liberality, we were struck with the magnificence which met our eye in every direction. The highly polished mahogany doors, the ponderous and beautiful Egyptian marble mantle pieces, the rich Wilton and royal carpets, highly polished chairs and divans, elaborately carved, and gilt ornaments, pier glasses, suspending girandoles, satin curtains—all after the fashion of Henry IV. The drawing rooms were filled with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen, and the supper and refreshments presented a scene of luxury only to be looked for from persons of overgrown fortunes.

How long can this last? we said to ourselves together with reflections which pressed upon us as to the rapid manner we gain and get rid of fortunes in this city—New York. How like a rocket we ascend and descend.

One day last week we took a ride in a light rockaway over one of the delightful roads on Long Island, to catch a little air and appetite for dinner, and stopped to look at an Italian cottage with green Venetian Pietettes, and Porticos in neat taste, surrounded by a white Paling, and filled with shrubbery—a cheap, light homestead, with some fields of corn and potatoes, and a patch of wheat in the distance. While gazing on the simplicity, cheerfulness and comfort of the premises. We were roused by hearing some one call out—

'Hallo, stranger,' and on looking discovered it to be our worthy host of ——— Place. He wore a tweed jacket and Minilla hat.

'Come, alight and see my improvements,' said he

'I must go to town to dinner—it will be late'

'No you don't. My dinner is just ready, and you shall dine with me. Here, Toney, take the gentleman's horse'

Having enjoyed his hospitality while living in splendour, I could not refuse his bread and salt under adverse circumstances; so I alighted and walked into the parlour. What a change! A plainly furnished cottage, cane bottomed chairs, wooden mantle pieces and plated candlesticks, mahogany framed looking glass, an eight day clock in the corner, and a nap or two on the walls. Then the dinner table—thow plain! White delf plates, black handles knives and forks, tumblers and wine glasses blown at the New Jersey glass works, and salt cellars dear at six pence. The dinner was plain but good—the vegetables fresh—the bread home baked—and we were waited upon by a strapping girl with a significant equant. The hostess of the late princely mansion looked fresh and ruddy in a cross-barred muslin dress and bobbinet cap. She was cheerful and happy. Over a glass of Madeira the remnant of better days—we talked of numerous subjects, philosophized with all delicacy upon the admirable manner in which they bore the change in their condition. The hostess started, and the host rolling out a volume of smoke from a principe cigar, exclaimed with surprise—

'Why, my dear fellow, did you suppose I was broke—smashed—gone over the dam—eh? O, no, no! This change you see is not owing to any reverse of fortune—my business is as prosperous as ever. I did not wait till bankruptcy overtook me; but considering our children, our future prosperity, and the obligations due to society and good example, we agreed to spend \$1500 per annum in the contented manner you see us, instead of \$15,000 in the giddy mazes of fashion. I ride into town to attend to my business, work in my garden, have plain and substantial cheer, bake my own bread, make my own butter, lay my own eggs, and have a glass of wine for an old friend'

Here was not only a change, but an improvement—a cheap augmentation of happiness, a true and sensible economy; promising rich results and worthy of imitation.

BODILY EXERCISE IN EARLY LIFE.

To fetter the active motions of children, as soon as they have acquired the use of their limbs, is barbarous opposition to nature; and to do so under a pretence of improving their minds and manners, is an insult to common sense. It may, indeed, be the way to train up elevated puppets for short-lived prodigies of learning; but never to form healthy, well informed, and accomplished men and women. Every feeling individual must behold, with much heartfelt concern, poor little puny creatures of eight or ten, or twelve years of age, exhibited by their silly parents as proficient in learning, or as distinguished for their early proficiency in language, elocution, music, or even some frivolous acquirement. The strength of the mind, as of the body, is exhausted, and the natural growth of both is checked by such untimely exertions.

A CHRISTIAN HOME.

Oh great, unspeakable, is the blessing of a godly home. Here is the cradle of the Christian. Hence he rallies forth for encounter with the world, armed at all points, disciplined in all the means of resistance, and full of hope and victory under his heavenly leader. Hither, too, when sore wounded in the conflict, he resorts to repair his drooping vigour. Here, when abandoned by the selfish sons of this world, he finds af in a sanctuary, the children of God ready with open arms to receive him! And here the returning prodigal, enfolded in the embrace of those who know not of the impurities of the world with which he has been mixing, feels all at once his heart burst with shame and repen-