

Would you have had me leave him at the bottom to find him drowned there to-morrow?" replied the old soldier. "I slipped along the high bank, and carried him away in my arms like a child, only I was obliged to leave the lantern behind."

"But, good heavens, you risked your life!" exclaimed Dorothy shuddering.

He shrugged his shoulders, and said good-humouredly, "Ah, bah! when one risks nothing, one gets nothing. I have found Farrant, that is the chief thing. If the good grandfather looks down upon us, he will be pleased now."

This reflection, made almost in a tone of indifference, deeply touched Arnold, who warmly grasped the peasant's hand, saying with emotion, "You have acted like a true-hearted man, my friend."

"In what respect?" answered Moser. Is it because I have saved a dog from drowning? Thank God! I have saved many a dog, and many a man too, since I was born; but not often in worse weather than to-night. Say, my good Dorothy, can you give me a glass of cogniac to warm me?"

She brought the bottle to her husband, who drank to the health of his guest, and then they all retired to rest.

The next morning was again fine; the sun shone brightly in the cloudless sky, and the birds sang sweetly on the boughs, still glittering with rain-drops. When Arnold descended from the loft where he had passed the night, he found Farrant at the door basking in the warm rays of the rising sun, while the little cripple was seated by his side, making a collar for him of the bright red berries of the wild rose. Farther on in the outer room, the farmer sat chatting with a beggar, who came for his weekly alms. Dorothy was engaged in filling the old man's sack.

"Come, old Henri, you must have a drink before you go," said the peasant, whilst he filled a glass for the aged beggar. "To enable you to get through your rounds, you must have something to give you courage."

"One always finds some here," said the beggar with a smile. "There are not many houses in the parish which give more liberally; and certainly there are none where what is given is given so cheerfully."

"Hush, hush, Father Henriot," interrupted Moser; "why talk about such things? Take your glass, and leave it to the good God to judge the actions of other men. You know you and I have served together—we are comrades."

The old man contented himself with shaking his glass with the farmer's, without further remark; but one could see that he felt more deeply the kindness with which the alms were bestowed than the gift of the alms themselves.

When he had again lifted his sack upon his shoulder and said farewell, Moser looked after him till he had turned the corner, and then said with a sigh, "One more homeless poor old man cast upon the world!" and added, turning to his guest, "Perhaps you will hardly believe me, sir, but when I see a feeble aged man like that obliged to beg his bread from door to door, my heart sinks within me. I should like to be able to shelter them all under my roof, and welcome them to my table. One may argue about it as one likes, but nothing prevents such a sight from breaking the heart; but the recollection that up there, above us, there is a land where those who have not received even a scanty portion here, will have double ration and double pay."

"And keep fast hold of that hope," said Arnold. "It alone can sustain and console us. I shall never forget the hours I have passed with you, my friend. I hope they may not be the last."

"We shall rejoice to see you," said the old soldier, "if the bed in the loft is not too hard for you; and you can put up with our smoked bacon, come as often as you like, and we shall have a hearty welcome for you. As he thus spoke, the peasant cordially shook the hand which the young man offered him, pointed out the path he should follow, and stood on the threshold till he had turned the corner of the road and vanished from his sight."

Arnold walked on thoughtfully for some distance, with his eyes fixed upon the ground; but when he had reached the summit of the hill, he turned to cast one more look upon the farm; and as he stood watching the light smoke which curled from its chimney, a tear of grateful emotion dimmed his eye. "May God protect that roof!" he earnestly exclaimed; "for there, where my pride saw only beings capable of understanding the more refined sentiments of our nature, I have found those who are an example to myself. I judged hastily from the exterior, and thought all the poetry of life was wanting, because instead of showing itself outwardly, it lay hidden within the deeper recesses of the heart. Superficial observer that I was! I spurned with my foot what seemed to me a hard ungainly fiat, little thinking of the diamond that was hidden within."

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE FISHERMAN'S BOY.

On the south bank of the river Esk, at its confluence with the German Ocean, and immediately opposite to the picturesque and thriving town of Montrose, stands the fishing village of Ferryden. Some twenty years ago, there dwelt in one of its little huts a young fisherman and his wife, remarkable alike for their sober and industrious habits and indomitable spirit of perseverance. They began the world with no capital, and roughed the thorny path with few friends; but, as their acres multiplied, new fields were opened up

for the employment of their industrial skill and new sources were successfully cultivated, under circumstances of the most remarkable and encouraging kind.

In those days, few of the fishermen on the east coast of Scotland would venture beyond what was technically called 'the rock fit'—in other words, the seashore,—for fishing; but our hero of the oar, in the present case, was ill at ease under such limitation. He had frequently met with a number of Dutch fishermen, who used to take shelter with their busses, or fishing craft, in the harbour of Stonehaven, and from these he learned that, about ten or fifteen miles off, lay the 'Dutch' as well as the 'Dogger Bank,'—a mountain in the deep, stretching from the Orkney Islands to the harbour, where there was an abundant supply of all kinds of fish, from the tiny sprat to the bottle-nosed-whale. Animated by a strong desire to explore this mine, and having now saved a few pounds, the reward of industry and economy, a half-decked boat was purchased, rigged out after the smack fashion, and fitted with all the appointments of the deep-sea fishery. In this enterprise he was joined by a few more daring spirits, and, taking with him one of his boys, set out on the evening of a fine summer day to try the adventure. The effort succeeded. Fish of a larger size, of greater variety, and finer quality were thenceforth landed in Ferryden, and the market returns in money and provisions (fish being then sold by barter) were of the most profitable character. But he was not satisfied with the results of the experiment. The risks were great, and the returns, though good, not equivalent to the wear and tear of the service. By accident, the attention of the young fisherman was called to the cod and ling fisheries on the banks of Newfoundland, and he felt a strong desire to draw something from the treasures of that wintry deep. This project necessarily involved considerable additional expense. But where there's a will there's a way, and so it was in the present case, for, in a few months, a fine sloop was got ready, an experienced crew of fishers engaged, and, in less than six months from the time the project was formed, the most sanguine expectations of its promoters were realised. By and by, our fisherman became a sailor, and the sailor became an owner, until he both owned and commanded, in the coasting trade, one of the smartest and tidiest little craft that sailed from the port of Montrose.

In all these adventures, the boy Joseph was engaged. He toiled with his father at the oar of the fishing-boat and the helm of his sailing vessel. He was a willing-boy, and inherited all the spirit and perseverance of his parents. But it was not the wish of his parents that Joseph should continue at the sea, and having now removed from Ferryden to Montrose, he was sent to school, to learn at least the elements of a common education. While at school, Joseph discovered a remarkable genius for the mathematics, an aptitude for languages, and was always characterised by an indomitable spirit of perseverance and self-will. Near to the residence of his parents, who lived in a plain but substantial and comfortably furnished old-fashioned house in Murray Street, a worthy burgess carried on business under the sign of the 'peste and mortar,' to whom Joseph was apprenticed as a druggist, somewhat, we understand against his will. While engaged in the faithful discharge of the duties and the drudgery of this apprenticeship, he conceived the idea of becoming some day or other a great man; and then it was that he gave himself up to study, choosing for his sanctum the attic room of his father's house, and for his motto 'perseverance.' Early and late he toiled at his books, and, in a few years, was one of the best informed and most devoted disciples of Esculapius of which the north of Scotland could boast.

Availing himself of the advantages which the medical school of Edinburgh afforded, he spent some time in that city qualifying for the degree of 'Surgeon,' and having at length obtained his diploma, the patronage of a gentleman in the country, of great influence in high quarters, was promised in his behalf. Time passed on, and Joseph had to realise the truth that 'hope deferred maketh the heart sick'; but, at last, throwing himself entirely on his own resources he pushed his way toward, and got an appointment, or rather a footing, in the medical staff of the East India Company. When in India, Joseph's talents as a linguist soon attracted observation, and in the course of a few years, he found the office of 'interpreter' far more lucrative, and much more safe and comfortable, than that of administering medicine or splicing bones. From one thing to another, in his intercourse with the merchant-princes of the East, he plodded upwards and onwards, now making a trading visit to England and anon returning to Bombay, until he gained a handsome competency on which at the close of the war, he retired from the active commerce of desultory life.

But Joseph could not live in the quiet seclusion of his family. His temperament would not let him rest, and having an earnest desire to benefit society, he sought a field wherein he could bring his talents and experience to bear in furtherance of the common good. Sincerely deploring the corruption which he saw prevalent in the administration of public affairs, he seized a favourable opportunity of presenting himself to a Scotch constituency, and was returned as their representative in Parliament. For twenty-nine years has the fisherman's boy enjoyed this honourable position, and he now sits in St. Stephen's, as he did at first and for many years, the representative of Montrose, his native town.

Such is a brief outline of the rise, progress, and present position of JOSEPH HUME.

From Hogg's Instructor

THE YEARS.

The years roll on, the years roll on;  
And shadows now stretch o'er the lawn,  
Whereon the sunlight fell at morn—  
The morn of mortal life;  
And dusky hours to me have come.  
Life's landscape now looks drear and dumb,  
And quenched the light, and ceased the hum,  
With which my way was rife.

I now looked backward on the path  
Whereon I've walked 'mid wrong and wrath,  
I look, and see how much it hath  
Of bitterness to tell;  
But life's hard lessons must be learn'd;  
By goading care is wisdom earn'd—  
Then upward let the eye be turn'd,  
And all earth's scenes are well!

On roll the years, the swift, still years;  
And as they pass, how feeling sears—  
How dryeth up the fount of tears—  
Emotion's fires grow dim;  
This pulse of life not long can last,  
And as the years go hurrying past,  
The blooms of life are earthward cast.  
Are wither'd heart and limb.

The years, the years stably roll,  
Unfurling, like a letter'd scroll!  
Look on! and garner in thy soul  
The treasures of their lore;  
It is God's writing there we see;  
Oh! read with deep intensity,  
Its truth shall with thy spirit be  
When years shall roll no more.

New Works.

From the New York Evangelist.  
A COVETOUS CHRISTIAN.

Yes, I recollect something of him. He lived in Moses' day. He coveted a goodly Babylonish garment and a wedge of gold. It was a sad thing however. It brought him to a fearful death, and involved others in a dire calamity. I am not quite certain, however, that Achan was a Christian. Perhaps he is not the person to whom reference is made. Balaam may be the person intended. He was sufficiently covetous; but though he said "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let me last end be like his," I think it far from clear that Balaam was a Christian. Ahab was remarkably covetous. So much so that he committed murder to secure the coveted vineyard. But probably no one would think of calling him a Christian. Gehazi had something of the lust. His covetousness led him into falsehoods, and made him a leper, and brought the same dreadful disease on his posterity. It is certain that Gehazi, though he had a pious master, was a true believer? There was one of wretched memory, who lived in the days of our Lord. Judas was one of the original twelve professed disciples. He was so covetous as to betray his Lord for the pitiful sum of forty pieces of silver. I know that there are those who positively affirm that Judas was a Christian, and is now in heaven. They are not certain of it. Judas betrayed the Lord, and died a suicide. Annanias and Sapphira made a profession, but their end has left us little evidence that they were Christians. They were 'professors.' And I would suggest whether it would be better to say a covetous 'professor,' than a covetous Christian. The Bible calls covetous idolatry. What sort of a Christian is an idolater? I know that there are not a few in the Church visible who are covetous to a proverb. Whether they belong to the Church invisible, is altogether another matter.

Perhaps there is some risk in speaking thus plainly of a popular class. There are many of the rich and influential among them. I fear they are more accustomed to flattery than rebuke. But were it not as well that the truth should be told, though it give offence to some? 'The wicked boasteth of heart's desire, and blesseth the covetous, whom the Lord abhorreth.' We are assured that the covetous shall not inherit the kingdom of God if it is so, they are not Christians.

COMIC INTERLUDE IN MACBETH.

The tragedy of MacBeth was acted recently in the town of Suffolk in England, and among the audience was a man who had been fifty miles in the course of the day to see Cordor the murderer hung at Bury. Such was the belief entertained to the last, that the extreme penalty of the law would not be inflicted, that the man who had seen him die was so pestered on all sides for an account of the melancholy spectacle, that he actually betook himself to the theatre to avoid farther importunities.—Just as he entered, the fourth scene of the tragedy was commencing, and as he he was quietly setting himself down in a box near the stage, Duncan began in the words of the author as usual.

'Is execution done on Cawdor?'  
Yes sir, said the man 'I saw him hung this morning, and that's the last time I'll answer any questions about him.'

The audience were convulsed with laughter at the strange mistake, and it was some time performance could be proceeded with.

SCIENCE IN RUSSIA.

An uncommon effort is now making in Russia to promote a knowledge of the national science. This is the more extraordinary, when it is recollected that the Imperial Government has exercised unparalleled hostility towards the only two universities of distinction in poor, degraded, miserable Poland. Two Professors of geology, whose high attainments would confer honour on any country, have been dismissed, and the cabinet of the former sold in Russia, in order to prevent the possibility of having the higher departments of useful knowledge taught in territorial Poland.

At Irkutsk, in Siberia, the remote section of the world, Nature scarcely tolerates the existence of animal life, there is a gymnasium, which is furnished with an excellent library and collection of minerals, rocks, and shells of great value. Count Cauverin, a philosopher, as well as a Minister of State, was a principal mover in the laudable efforts to enlighten this rough countrymen in the beautiful and sublime science of Nature. Even Nicholas has sanctioned, since 1833, 8 expeditions of moment to the learned of all countries. Four of them were explorations of the Ural mountains, for the express purpose of obtaining a complete geological map of that singular and truly terrific region. North of these mountains, in the Trans Caucasian district, where the auriferous sand, Glauber's salts, and volcanic soils are predominant, the Russians have made themselves familiar with all the products which are regarded as important by chemists or geologists. The Emperor, no doubt feels that want of elevation in all that relates to the attainments of mind are an almost infinite drawback to the worth and comfort of his dominions. And if there be any truth in the Cobbet formed adage, "knowledge is power" let Russia be once enlightened, and she becomes an empire not to be trifled with, and a powerful agent in the way of doing good.—*Scientific American.*

THE PAWNBROKER'S WINDOW

There is more philosophy of life to be learned at a pawnbroker's window than in all the libraries in the world. The maxims and dogmas which wise men have chronicled disturb the mind for a moment, as the breeze ruffles the surface of the deep, still stream, passes away; but there is something in the melancholy grouping of a pawnbroker's window which, like a record of ruin, sinks into the heart. The household goods, the cherished relics, the sacred possessions affection bestowed, or eyes now closed in death had once looked upon as their own, are here as it were profaned; the associations of dear old times are here violated; the family hearth is here outraged; the ties of love, kindred, rank, all that the heart clings to, are broken here. It is a sad picture; for, in spite of all the glittering show, its associations are sombre. There hangs the watch, the old chased repeater, that hung above the head of a dying parent when bestowing his trembling blessing on the poor outcast who parted with it for bread; the widow's wedding ring is there, the last and dearest of all her possessions; the trinket, the pledge of love of one now dead, the only relic of the heart's fondest memories; silver that graced the holiday feast; the gilt framed miniature that used to hang over the quiet mantel shelf, the flute, the favorite of the dead son, surrendered by a starving mother to procure food for her remaining offspring; the locket that held a father's hair; or, gloomier still, the dress, the very covering of the poor is there, waving like the flag of wretchedness and misery. It is a strange sad sight to those who feel aright. There are more touching memorials to be seen at a pawnbroker's window than in all the monuments in Westminster Abbey.—*Newspaper Paragraph.*

THE LAST REQUEST.

A pious father had his dying moments embittered by the thought of leaving behind him a thoughtless, and even profligate son. While the prodigal stood by the death-bed, softened into something like contrition by the prospect of losing a tender-hearted parent, the dying man asked his son whether he would grant him a last request. The weeping youth promised that he would not refuse whatever a dying parent might ask. The father, summoning his remaining energies, said, "Will you promise to spend a quarter of an hour every day in solitary reflection?" His departing spirit waited for the ready answer, "I will," and then took its flight to a better world. For the first day or two after the decease of his father, the son occupied the quarter of an hour in wondering why his father should have made so strange a request, and why he should have laid so much stress on a thing so extremely simple. By and by, however, he began to feel that it was not so very easy as he had anticipated, to spend even a quarter of an hour every day in solitary meditation—away from the society both of men and of books. He began to see himself as he had never before seen himself: he saw that he had been guilty of the vilest ingratitude towards a parent infinitely more kind than his deceased father, he wondered that he had been so long in making this discovery; and wondered, still more anxiously, whether he might yet be reconciled to this, the best of fathers and of friends. These thoughts led him to peruse his long-neglected Bible with an interest which he had never before felt in reading it. The Bible directed him to the mercy-seat of God, there to implore and to expect, through Christ, pardon and acceptance, and renovation, and only a few weeks had elapsed when this once dissolute youth became—what his fond father wished him to be.