

digestion, and visit the doctor, who shakes his head, and solemnly says, "Tea!" This is what he says; but what he means, if he has given attention to the subject, is "metallic paint." "Foreigners," say the Chinese, "like to have their tea uniform and pretty," so they poison the leaves for the advantage of the English and American merchants. The Chinese would not think of drinking dyed tea such as we daily imbibe; but the more gypsum and blue he can communicate to the plant, the higher becomes its value in the eyes of the English merchant, and the dyeing process, accordingly, goes on in China to an extent which is actually alarming. In every hundred pounds of coloured green tea consumed in England, more than half a pound of colouring powder, made from blue and gypsum, is contained. The fact is not now made known to the British public for the first time; we therefore hope that this lucrative dyeing trade will decrease in the Celestial Empire. The Chinese may easily regard us with pity and surprise, as the coats of our stomachs may well rebel against the intrusion of so much mineral trash. Our venerable ancestors, the ancient Britons, painted themselves, and lived upon acorns; and we, who live luxuriously, smile at their lamentable ignorance. In one respect, however, the Britons had the advantage of us: they painted their stomachs blue, and used the colour only on the outside—not in.—*Times' Review of "Fortune's Journey to the Tea Countries of China."*

IMPORTANCE OF MORAL EDUCATION.

—Under whose care soever a child is put to be taught during the tender and flexible years of his life, this is certain; it should be one who thinks Latin and languages the least part of education; one who, knowing how much virtue and a well-tempered soul is to be preferred to any sort of learning or language, makes it his chief business to form the mind of his scholars, and give that a right disposition; which, if once got, though all the rest should be neglected, would in due time produce all the rest; and which, if it be not got, and settled so as to keep out ill and vicious habits—languages, and sciences, and all the other accomplishments of education, will be to no purpose but to make the worse or more dangerous man.

STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

MY PETS.

IV. KETURAH, THE CAT.

THIS pet, in whose history you will take great interest, came into my possession when I was about nine years old. I remember the day as plainly as I remember yesterday. I was going home from school, very sad and out of humour with myself, for I had been marked deficient in geography, and had gone down to the very foot in the spelling-class. On the way I was obliged to pass a little old log-house, which stood near the road, and which I generally ran by in a great hurry, as the woman who lived there had the name of being a scold and a sort of a witch. She certainly was a stout, ugly woman, who drank a great deal of cider, and sometimes beat her husband, which was very cruel, as he was a mild, little man, and took good care of the baby while she went to mill. But that day I trudged along carelessly and slowly, for I was too unhappy to be afraid, even of that dreadful woman. Yet I started, and felt my heart beat fast, when she called out to me. "Stop, little girl!" she said; "don't you want this 'ere young cat?" and held out a beautiful white kitten. I ran at once and caught it from her hands, thanking her as well as I could, and started for home, carefully covering pussy's head with my pinafore, lest she should see where I took her, and so know the way back. She was rather uneasy, and scratched my arms a good deal; but I did not mind that, I was so entirely happy in my new pet. When I reached home, and my mother looked more annoyed than pleased with the little stranger, and my father and brothers would take no particular notice of her, I thought they must be very hard-hearted indeed, not to be moved by her beauty and innocence. My brother William, however, who was very obliging, and quite a mechanic, made a nice little house, or "cat-cote," as he called it, in the back yard, and put in it some clean straw for her to lie on. I then gave her a plentiful supper of new milk, and put her to bed with my own hands. It was long before

I could sleep myself that night, for thinking of my pet. I remember I dreamed that little angels came to watch over me, as I had been told they would watch over good children, but that, when they came near to my bedside, they all turned into white kittens, and purred over my sleep.

The next morning, I asked my mother for a name for pussy. She laughed and gave me "Keturah," saying that it was a good Sunday name, but that I might call her Kitty, for short.

Soon, I am happy to say, all the family grew to liking my pet very much, and I became exceedingly fond and proud of her. Every night when I returned from school, I thought I could see an improvement in her, till I came to consider her a kitten of prodigious talent. I have seen many cats in my day, and I still think that Keturah was very bright. She could perform a great many wonderful exploits,—such as playing hide-and-seek with me, all through the house, and lying on her back perfectly still, and pretending to be dead. I made her a little cloak, cap, and bonnet, and she would sit up straight, dressed in them, on a little chair, for all the world like some queer old woman. Once, after I had been to the menagerie, I made her a gay suit of clothes, and taught her to ride my brother's little dog, as I had seen the monkey ride the pony. She, in her turn, was very fond of me, and would follow me whenever she could.

It happened, that when Kitty was about a year old, and quite a sizeable cat, I became very much interested in some religious meetings which were held on every Wednesday evening in the village church, about half a mile from our house. I really enjoyed them very much, for I loved our minister, who was a good and kind man, and I always felt a better and happier child after hearing him preach, even though I did not understand all that he said. One evening it chanced that there were none going from our house; but my mother, who saw that I was sadly disappointed, gave me leave to go with a neighbouring family, who never missed a meeting of the sort. But when I reached Doctor Wilson's, I found that they were already gone. Yet, as it was not quite dark I went on by myself, intending, if I

did not overtake them, to go directly to their pew. I had not gone far before I found Kitty at my heels. I spoke as crossly as I could to her, and sent her back, looking after her till she was out of sight. But just as I reached the church, she came bounding over the fence, and went trotting along before me. Now, what could I do? I felt that it would be very wicked to take a cat to meeting, but I feared that, if I left her outside, she might be lost, or stolen, or killed. So I took her up under my shawl, and went softly into church. I dared not carry her to Doctor Wilson's pew, which was just before the pulpit, but sat down in the farther end of the first slip, behind a pillar, and with nobody near.

I was very sorry to find that it was not our handsome young minister that preached, but an old man and a stranger. His sermon may have been a fine one for the grown-up people, but it struck me as rather dull. I had been a strawberrying that afternoon, and was sadly tired, and the cat in my lap purred so drowsily, that I soon found my eyes closing, and my head nodding wisely to everything the minister said. I tried every way to keep awake, but it was of no use. I finally fell asleep, and slept as soundly as I ever slept in my life.

When I awoke at last, I did not know where I was. All was dark around me, and there was the sound of rain without. The meeting was over, the people had all gone, without having seen me, and I was alone in the old church at midnight!

As soon as I saw how it was, I set up a great cry, and shrieked and called at the top of my voice. But nobody heard me,—for the very good reason that nobody lived anywhere near. I will do Kitty the justice to say, that she showed no fear at this trying time, but purred and rubbed against me, as much as to say, "Keep a good heart, my little mistress."

Oh! it was a dreadful place in which to be, in the dark night! There, where I had heard such awful things preached about, before our new minister came, who loved children too well to frighten them, but who chose rather to talk about our good Father in Heaven, and the dear Saviour, who took little children in his arms and blessed them. I thought of

Him then, and when I had said my prayers, I felt braver, and had courage enough to go and try the doors; but all were locked fast. Then I sat down and cried more bitterly than ever, but Kitty purred cheerfully all the time.

At last I remembered that I had seen one of the back-windows open that evening,—perhaps I might get out through that. So I groped my way up the broad aisle, breathing hard with awe and fear. As I was passing the pulpit, there came a clap of thunder which jarred the whole building, and the great red Bible, which lay on the black velvet cushions of the desk, fell right at my feet! I came near falling myself, I was so dreadfully scared; but I made my way to the window, which I found was open by the rain beating in. But though I stretched myself up on tiptoe, I could not quite reach the sill. Then I went back by the pulpit and got the big Bible, which I placed on the floor edgeways against the wall, and by that help I clambered to the window. I feared I was a great sinner to make such use of the Bible, and such a splendid book, too; but I could not help it. I put Kitty out first, and then swung myself down. It rained a little, and was so dark that I could see nothing but my white kitten, who ran along before me, and was both a lantern and a guide. I hardly know how I got home, but there I found myself at last. All was still, but I soon roused the whole house; for, when the danger and trouble were over, I cried the loudest with fright and cold. My mother had supposed that Doctor Wilson's family had kept me for the night, as I often stayed with them, and had felt no anxiety for me.

Dear mother!—I remember how she took off my dripping clothes, and made me some warm drink, and put me snugly to bed, and laughed and cried, as she listened to my adventures, and kissed me and comforted me till I fell asleep. Nor was Kitty forgotten, but was fed and put as cosily to bed as her poor mistress.

The next morning I awoke with a dreadful headach, and when I tried to rise I found I could not stand. I do not remember much more, except that my father, who was a physician, came and felt my pulse, and said I had a high fever,

brought on by the fright and exposure of the night previous. I was very sick indeed, for three or four weeks, and all that time my faithful Kitty stayed by the side of my bed. She could be kept out of the room but a few moments during the day, and mewed piteously when they put her in her little house at night. My friends said that it was really very affecting to see her love and devotion; but I knew very little about it, as I was out of my head, or in a stupor, most of the time. Yet I remember how the good creature frolicked about me the first time I was placed in an arm-chair, and wheeled out into the dining-room to take breakfast with the family; and when, about a week later, my brother Charles took me in his strong arms and carried me out into the garden, how she ran up and down the walks, half crazy with delight, and danced along sideways, and jumped out at us from behind currant-bushes, in a most cunning and startling manner.

I remember now how strange the garden looked,—how changed from what I had last seen it. The roses were all, all gone, and the China-asters and marigolds were in bloom. When my brother passed with me through the corn and beans, I wondered he did not get lost, they were grown so thick and high.

It was in the autumn after this sickness that one afternoon I was sitting under the shade of a favourite apple-tree, reading Mrs. Sherwood's sweet story of "Little Henry and his Bearer." I remember how I cried over it, grieving for poor Henry and his dear teacher. Ah, I little thought how soon my tears must flow for myself and my Kitty! It was then that my sister came to me, looking sadly troubled, to tell me the news. Our brother William, who was a little mischievous, had been amusing himself by throwing Kitty from a high window, and seeing her turn somersets in the air, and alight on her feet unhurt. But at last, becoming tired or dizzy, she had fallen on her back and broken the spine, just below her shoulders. I ran at once to where she lay on the turf, moaning in her pain. I sat down beside her, and cried as though my heart would break. There I stayed till evening, when my mother had Kitty taken up very gently, carried into the house, and laid on a

soft cushion. Then my father carefully examined her hurt. He shook his head, said she could not possibly get well, and that she should be put out of her misery at once. But I begged that she might be allowed to live till the next day. I did not eat much supper that night, or breakfast in the morning, but grieved incessantly for her who had been to me a fast friend in sickness as in health.

About nine o'clock of a pleasant September morning, my brothers came and held a council round poor Kitty, who was lying on a cushion in my lap, moaning with every breath; and they decided that, out of pity for her suffering, they must put her to death. The next question was, how this was to be done. "Cut her head off with the axe!" said my brother Charles, trying to look very manly and stern, with his lip quivering all the while. But my brother William, who had just been reading a history of the French Revolution, and how they took off the heads of people with a machine called the guillotine, suggested that the straw-cutter in the barn would do the work as well, and not be so painful for the executioner. This was agreed to by all present.

Weeping harder than ever, I then took a last leave of my dear pet, my good and loving and beautiful Kitty. They took her to the guillotine, while I ran and shut myself up in a dark closet, and stopped my ears till they came and told me that all was over.

The next time I saw my poor pet, she was lying in a cigar-box, ready for burial. They had bound her head on very cleverly with bandages, and washed all the blood off from her white breast; clover-blossoms were scattered over her, and a green sprig of catnip was placed between her paws. My youngest brother, Albert, drew her on his little waggon to the grave, which was dug under a large elm-tree, in a corner of the yard. The next day I planted over her a shrub called the "pussy-willow."

After that I had many pet kittens, but none that ever quite filled the place of poor Keturah. Yet I still have a great partiality for the feline race. I like nothing better than to sit, on a summer afternoon or in a winter evening, and watch the

graceful gambols and mischievous frolics of a playful kitten.

For some weeks past we have had with us on the sea-shore a beautiful little French girl,—one of the loveliest creatures alive,—who has a remarkable fondness for a pretty black and white kitten, belonging to the house. All day long she will have her pet in her arms, talking to her when she thinks nobody is near,—telling her everything,—charging her to keep some story to herself, as it is a very great secret,—sometimes reproving her for faults, or praising her for being good. Her last thought on going to sleep, and the first on waking, is this kitten. She loves her so fondly, that her father has promised that she shall take her all the way to France. We shall miss the frolicsome kitten much, but the dear child far more:

"O, we'll be so sad and lonely
In the dreary autumn weather,
For the birds and little Marie
Are going forth together!
When upon the flowers of summer
Falls the cruel autumn blight,
And the pretty face of Marie
Has faded from our sight."

IMPERISHABILITY OF HUMAN ACTIONS.—Man's deeds are of imperishable character. Not only are they recorded in the book of Divine remembrance, but modern discoveries of science have established a fact peculiarly calculated to impress creatures of sense, viz., that their every word and action produce an abiding impression on the globe we inhabit. The pulsations of the air, we are told, in Babbage's "Ninth Bridgewater Treatise," once set in motion, cease not to exist; its waves, raised by each sound or muscular exertion, perambulate the earth's and ocean's surface; and, in less than twenty-four hours, every atom of atmosphere takes up the altered movement resulting to it from that sound or action. The air itself is one vast library, on whose pages are for ever written all that man has ever said or ever whispered. There, in unerring and imperishable characters, stand recorded the jests of the profane, the curses of the swearer, the scoffs of the infidel, with all the unhallowed words with which Christians insult the Majesty of Heaven.—*Elliot*.