

GENERAL READING

CALL OUT THE RESERVES.

Our army is nothing compared with our need! Then what is the best thing to do? Call out our Reserves! They are mighty indeed. Most distinguished, the Order of Blue. Flaming out like a star on the breast of the young. On the arm of the tender and true. Like an iron cross, on the manly and strong. Then Hurrah! for our Ribbon of Blue.

Not a moment too soon, our reserves are called out. For our foe is both wily and great. Now in ambush they lie, now they charge with a shout. They are bold and unflinching as fate. They are iming our ramparts with "Customs and Abuse." It was always "women and wine." We have stoned, we have stoned, stung by the And its death-warrant solemnly sign.

We have sorrowed and mourned over our noble and brave. We have wept over our loving and fair. As we saw them go down to the drunkard's dread. The place with No Hope written there. Can't tender torture, nor think from the touch. Then we call on you mothers and wives. To remember relief must come solely from such. As would rescue their loved with their lives.

Then why should we timidly shrink back in fear, When so much on our courage depends. They are only the base and ignoble who sneer. And the good and the brave are our friends. To the mighty command we respond; we are here. These reserves, not to die, but to do; God prosper His cause; now, with one ringing cheer. Shout success to the Ribbon of Blue.

St. John's, Newfoundland. ISABELLA. Temperance Reform Club.

THE BARD OF ERIN. THE ORATION OF RICHARD F. QUIGLEY, ESQ.

THE CENTENNIAL ENTERTAINMENT AT ST. JOHN, N. B. "THOMAS MOORE PATRIOT AND POET." Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—One hundred years ago to-night was born the sweet singer, THOMAS MOORE—Ireland's national bard; the poet of all circles; one of earth's most highly gifted and most glorious children. He it was whom the genius of Erin called forth to strike her harp-strings with her own hands were bound with chains, and to that fact the Irish race, wherever dispersed throughout the globe, ought to give recognition. As the tribes of Israel and Judah assembled at Jerusalem three times a year to worship and listen to the thrilling poetry of the Psalmist; as the different States of Ancient Greece were drawn together by the celebration of one national festival, so in the same spirit of sublime elation and national patriotism do the sons and daughters of Erin assemble together to-night in every quarter of the globe to pay homage to the author of these imperishable melodies, to him who devoted his talents to the advocacy of all measures calculated to win civil and religious liberty for his native land.

No man, continued the speaker, whether orator, statesman or agitator, has done more to raise the fame of Ireland. He revived the ancient melodies long nigh forgotten, and reproduced them in lines that will never die. Let the mercies pressure of fate crush the national existence of Ireland, still she would live as a sound in the air, as a delicious reality to the finer senses of men in the jewels of Moore's verse:— The stranger shall have her lament on the plains; The sigh of her harp shall be sent over the Deep, Till her masters themselves as the rivet the chains, Shall pause at the song of their captive and weep.

(Applause.) Moore achieved eminence in the midst of most unpropitious circumstances by the spontaneous and persistent energy with which he pursued the main object of his life, even while working out the emancipation of his countrymen from a system of atrocious oppression. The chief thought which impelled in the poet's mind is one which now largely enters into British politics and to whose potency tribute is daily paid. Among all the miseries, struggles and martyrdoms of his native land, the sublime aspirations of the poet have floated, over living deeds, in the atmosphere of her politics, descending ever and anon into some quickening zone and fructifying into the magnificent idea of Irish nationality in the recognition by English statesmen of the great fact that Irish ideas and Irish aspirations are the true basis of Irish legislation—the prelude, the speaker earnestly hoped, to the consummation of the political creed to which, in 1843, O'Connell pledged the Irish people—that the one measure essential to Ireland's advancement was Legislative independence.

Went than all that I wish thee, great, glorious and free. First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea, I might have thee with powder, with happier brow. But, Oh! could I love thee more dearly than now? No, thy chains as they wrinkle, thy blood as it runs, But make thee more faithfully dear to thy sons— Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest, Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast.

In such strains sang the poet of that sacred love which will never die out of the Irish heart—a sentiment that deepens with the progress of education and enlightenment. No matter what the measure of her adversity or prosperity, Ireland will be Ireland to the last. Napoleon Bonaparte truly said Europe would never know repose till governed according to its nationalities. Such was the wise policy on which Imperial Rome consolidated its world-wide power. Each nation has a repre-

sentative value, each race has the capacity to work out special good results and to reveal great truths in some original form. God designs that each country shall have a peculiar ideal physiognomy, and he has set its geographical characteristics as a bony skeleton and breathed into it a free-life spirit, the spirit of patriotism. As a British subject, he was proud to point to England as the very brightest ornament, and that he was as such an heir to all her martial glories, to all the literature that is crowned by Bacon, Shakespeare and Milton. "The triumphs of English science," said the speaker, "are mine," and I feel the thrill of that energy which has knit together the vast empire over which the flag of England waves, that flag of which the Laureate wrote:—

"Banner of England! not for a season, O Banner of Britain, hast thou floated in conquering battle, or flapt to the battle cry. Never with mightier glory than when we had reared thee on high, Flying at top of the roof, in the ghastly sieges of Lucknow— Shot through the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised thee anew, And ever upon the topmast roof our Banner of England flew."

(Applause.) And, asked the speaker, is it any less a privilege to be an Irishman? Ireland has glories all her own, of which any man might well be proud. "Not a stain on its green, not a blot on its gold. Lift up the Green Flag! Oh, it wants to go home; Full long has its lot been to wander and roam. It has followed the fate of its sons or the world, But its folds, like their hopes, are not faded and furled, And wherever its exiles' meeth the heaven's broad dome, Have benefited to suffer, to sorrow and roam, They'll bound on the sea and away o'er the foam, They'll march to the music of 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

An audience like the one before him, could, he felt, understand and appreciate the feelings that find such utterance and respect in others what they cherished in their own breasts. In the history of poetry there are poets and poems to which the ruling ideas of their time and nature appear in all their truth and power. After considering poetry in its relation to nature as an intuition of the Infinite, a perception of God in creation, the speaker proceeded to show that the work of the poet, no matter how great he may be, is not to be considered the exclusive product of the individual, for it must bear on it the stamp of his education, of the people among whom he dwells, and of the age in which he lives. In this connexion the speaker instanced Milton and his Paradise Lost. The power to take up into one's own mind the thoughts of a whole people, to give a voice to the impressions made upon them by nature, religion and society to interpret to them their doubts, longings and aspirations; to awaken the chords of deep and hidden sympathy, which but await the touch of inspiration—that is poetic genius, these the functions of the National Poet. What Milton and Shakespeare were and are to their country and history, so was Moore to his, the typifier of his generation and the delineator of his country's national life. He spoke of the aspirations of the people towards national liberty and Catholic emancipation, for which the uncrowned monarchs of the world, O'Connell, Burke, O'Connor, Shiel, Fitzgerald and others struggled in vain. Ireland has no national anthem, but when she has one, the grand epic will glow with every air of Moore's melodies, so full are they of patriotism. Moore crystallized the history of his country into the tapestry of verse, and while O'Connell was struggling with the masses, he was touching the high and fashionable classes by the magic of his poetry. In concluding, the orator of the evening paid a glowing and eloquent tribute to the Bard of Erin.

WORTH KNOWING.

CELERY A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—He who has suffered from this terrible disease will feel somewhat doubtful if there can be any sure cure for it. But physicians are now speaking very strongly of the use of celery as beneficial; and some of the English papers assure us that they have good medical authority for affirming that it is a certain cure, if used properly. To be efficacious it must be cooked, not eaten raw, as is the usual custom. If taken uncooked, although a delightful addition to any meal, its curative qualities are never developed, and it is because it is so seldom cooked that its remarkable effect on such complaints has not been perceived. The celery should be cut into small pieces and boiled in a little water until soft, and the water should be used as a drink. And sweet milk (new milk, if it is to be had) to the cooked celery. After the water has been drained off, thicken it with a little flour and nutmeg, or add some tomatoes; let it boil up till all are incorporated, and serve hot on toast. A physician—in England, we think—says that he has many times put his rheumatic patients upon such a diet, and with unfailing success. Within the year, we have often been treated with cooked celery, and find it excellent, and if found to be a cure for one of life's greatest enemies it will stand pre-eminently above all other ones.

UNSHOD HORSES.—Some time since the Christian Union called attention to the fact that an experienced farrier of England reported that horses did better without than with shoes. A writer in the London Times has been trying the experiment, and thus reports: "When my pony's shoes were worn out, I had them removed, and gave him a month's rest at grass, and an occasional drive of a mile or two on the high-road, while his hoofs were hardening. The result was a thin shell, and kept chipping away until it had worked down beyond the holes of the nails by which the shoes had been fastened, quite thin the hoof grew thick and hard, quite unlike what it had been before. I now put the pony to full work, and he stands it well. He is more sure footed; his tread is almost noiseless; his hoofs are in no danger from the rough hand of the farrier; and the change altogether has been a clear gain without anything to set off against it. My pony, I may add, was between four and five years old—rising four, I fancy, is the correct phrase. He had been regularly shod up to the present year."

FAMILY READING

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

BY A LADY. I have oft times heard of a beautiful land, Some say it is so far away, Whose inhabitants form one glorified band, And are happy all the day. I've heard of its shining golden streets, And walks so lofty and fair, Where music of wonderful voices sweet, Resounds through the balmy air. I've heard no darkness can ever come there, Nor even twilight grey, For the Saviour's smile shines everywhere; Which makes it always day. A beautiful stream glides gently through That land so bright and fair, And the great tree of life, with fruits ever new, The best ones ever may share. These hearts are not sad and heavily prest, With sorrow, and sin, and pain, They cease from their toils, enjoying sweet rest, And will not suffer again. That beautiful land, I'm hoping to see, Its golden streets to tread, But a dark river rolls between it and me, Whose waves to me are a dread. It seemeth that land is not away far, For across the waves I see The beautiful gates are left ajar, And loved ones beckon to me.

REPLY TO THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

BY ANOTHER LADY. Yes! it is sweet to think of that beautiful land, Far hidden from mortal sight, And in thought we fill it with all that is grand, And lovely, and pure, and bright. But when fancy has taken her highest flights, We know that we must believe Of its peace and joy, and its pure delights "The heart cannot conceive." But this we do know, (and a gleam of joy Fills the heart with care oppress'd,) Of that place of bliss, without any alloy, That it is a home of rest. And when in "afflictions furnace" tried, The spirit moans again, We know that up there, on the other side, There is so such thing as pain. And the home of our loved ones "gone before" From sorrow and sin is free, That fearful spectre of Death? 'Tis but to lie down in our Saviour's arms, And to take a last long breath. And what is that stream with its waves and foam, As affrighted, we pause to look? As the dear child said, when going home, "Tis only a little brook." 'Tis naught but shadow that frights us the while And fills us with sore dismay; But the glad loving light of our Saviour's smile Will disperse it all away.

STORY OF A JEWISH MAIDEN.

From the Jewish Herald. She was the only child of respectable parents residing in one of the rural districts of the kingdom of Poland, and was brought up with great care and tenderness. Even when yet quite a child, she was of a reserved and pensive disposition. She rarely joined other children in their lively sports and would rather sit by herself, full of quiet thoughts. She never had intercourse with Christian children, nor did she show any desire to become acquainted with such. Thus her life sped away in undisturbed quietude until she attained her sixteenth year. About this time she was one day sitting by herself in her father's garden, which was separated only by a wooden fence from the garden of her Christian neighbors. Several girls were playing on the other side of the fence; but of this the Jewish maiden took no heed, until a cheerful shout startled her. A young friend rushed up to the merry group, crying, "Look here, is not this a pretty book? My father has just bought it for me." A short pause ensued whilst the new acquisition was being examined, and then one of the girls exclaimed, "Oh, I know that! that is the New Testament; I will read a piece to you."

The portion chosen was the nineteenth chapter of St. John. This thoroughly roused and deeply interested the Jewish maiden. The words, never heard before, sunk deep into her heart. She also well remembered that the book had been called the New Testament, and determined to get possession of a copy. This was not very difficult. She then commenced a regular course of reading, and very soon she felt so attracted by the Saviour, full of love and compassion, of whom every page spake, that she determined to acknowledge Him to be her Master. She un-

bosomed her thoughts to her parents, and entreated them to read the New Testament for themselves, and adopt the Christian faith. The parents were struck dumb with surprise. Was this their own daughter once so timid and gentle, and now pleading with such fervency the cause of the God of the Christian? Was this possible? And how had the girl acquired these notions all intercourse with Christians having been studiously avoided? Their amazement was equal only to their indignation. They forbade the girl ever again to speak on this subject, and threatened her with their extreme displeasure, yea, with a curse, if she ever dared to think of becoming a Christian. The poor girl turned away in silent sorrow, but in her little closet she would still read her precious book and never tire.

A year later the mother had to leave home on pressing family business, and she was detained beyond expectation. Before she returned the father was seized with a violent disease. The devoted girl sat day and night by her father's side, not only nursing his sick body, but also speaking to him lovingly and persuasively of Him whom her soul adored. Her little Testament in hand, she proved to him that Jesus was the Messiah who had suffered and died for sinners, and with her eyes full of tears she exclaimed: "Beloved father, accept Him as thy Saviour. Say that He is thy Redeemer; and if thou shouldst then be called away, we shall meet again in the glorious place where He resides." At length the eyes of the dying Jew were opened. He beheld the Lamb of God bearing the sins of the world: he called upon His name, and found peace. The dear Hebrew maiden had the unspeakable happiness to hear her father utter the wish, before he departed, publicly to confess himself the disciple of Jesus, and to be baptized in His name. Thinking of nothing but his salvation and her happiness, the girl hastened off to a Christian minister residing at some little distance. To the latter all this was as new as unexpected. He listened complacently, but objected to doing things so hurriedly. Besides, he observed, the Jewish community was large and influential in the place; the thing would not be tolerated; he would never get admittance to the dying man's bed. In the course of the conversation the minister quoted the parting words of the Redeemer, with which he had instituted the ordinance of baptism, and for the present he dismissed the girl, saying, "Go and pray for thy dear father! Repeat to him the words thou hast heard from me, and may the God of all grace accept him as his child." The girl did as she was bid, and not very long after her father died in peace, freely confessing that he trusted entirely in the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, although it was not until the twelfth hour that he learned to know His name.

Anxious cares had still kept the mother at a distance. She returned not until after her husband's death, unconscious of the solemn events that had taken place in the mind of the departed one. When the news broke upon her that he died a Christian she was thunderstruck. Her fury knew no bounds. She and the Jews that assembled around her, stirring up the wild fire of fanaticism, fell upon the poor hapless child, and so ill-treated her that she sank and fainted. But in the midst of much bitter persecution she continued steadfast and faithful to the truth contained in her New Testament. All at once the maiden disappeared. She had been sent to distant relatives, the mother said, to be cured of her foolish obstinacy. Six weeks later, however, the girl turned up in the public streets—but in what a state! Her clothes torn and filthy, her hair hanging down wildly over face and shoulders, her hands and feet bleeding, she ran through the streets crying for help. A crowd soon gathered. The poor girl said she had been locked up in a cellar all the time, and her mother having now, in a frenzy of passion, threatened to murder her, she had, after a fearful struggle, succeeded in making her escape. The police now interfered and shielded her from further assault. She was escorted to Warsaw, and after a course of instruction, made a public profession of Christ. May peace and grace be multiplied unto her!

EXAGGERATIONS.

One morning as we sat at our breakfast-table the conversation turned on strict truthfulness of statement, and as the discussion grew more and more lively it was finally proposed by one member of the family that we should all pledge ourselves to the sternest veracity of speech for that day, and see what would come of it. The motion was seconded and carried unanimously, and as a first fruit of the resolve we asked the one who had suggested it "What made you so late at breakfast this morning?" She hesitated, began with, "Because I couldn't—and then, true to her compact, said: "The truth is, I was lazy and didn't hurry, or I might have been down long ago." Presently another one remarked that she had been very cold, adding, "I never was so cold in my life." An inquiring look caused the last speaker to modify this state-

ment instantly, with, "Oh, I don't mean that, of course, I've been much colder many times, and I don't think it was so cold after all." A third remark to the effect that "Miss So-and-so was the homeliest girl in the city," was recalled as soon as made, the speaker being compelled to own that Miss So-and-so was only rather plain instead of excessively homely. So it went on throughout the day, causing much merriment, which was good-naturedly accepted by the subjects, and giving rise to constant corrections in the interests of truth. One thing became more and more surprising, however, to each one of us, and that was the amount of cutting down which our most careless statements demanded under this new rule. More and more we realized the unconscious exaggeration of our daily speech, and the distance between it and truth, and each one acknowledged at the close of the day that the lesson had been salutary as well as startling.

Such a day may be of service in more ways than one, since it enforces good humor as well as strict truthfulness.—Intelligencer.

THE FIRST PEEP INTO A MIRROR

A few weeks ago a company of Siamese women came to see me and to look at my house. They consider it a great treat if I invite them through my rooms, and let them look at my beds, my tables, my chairs, my pictures and nicknacks, and especially if they can look at themselves in the mirror on my bureau. One or two of those who came had been here before, and they were telling how they looked in the glass, till the others were all so anxious to get a peep, too, so they gathered in a crowd and stood before the mirror. One quick look, and then a surprised startled cry, and some of them hid their faces, others jumped away, and some looked about to see who was really there. They had never seen themselves before, and did not know how miserably they looked, with their black teeth and naked bodies. They drew their scarfs over their breasts, and tried to hide from the sight of themselves.

One turned to me and said we are very hateful-looking, don't you think? I did not tell them that I had always thought so, but I said, "Now since you know how you look, is it any wonder that we always tell you to wear more clothes and to quit chewing betel?" Some of them would not be induced to look the second time, while others stood and stared, as much perhaps, as you would, if you could see one of them suddenly appear on your streets. Of late, nearly every Siamese house has some kind of a little glass, four by six inches perhaps, or it may be a little round one that costs two cents, and is, as one of my girls said, "only large enough to see your nose in."—Children's Work for Children.

THANKING GOD.

There was once a little girl who had lost her father. The night after her father died she knelt down at bed-time to thank God for taking care of her during the night. Then in her prayer she got to the place where she was in the habit of asking God to bless her father. But she now stopped; her little hands were unclasped, and with a sad heart she looked at her mother and said, "I cannot pray for father any more." The mother waited for some moments, and then told her to go on. The little girl then with a voice that faltered, said, "O my mother, I cannot leave him all out. I will say, thank God that I had a dear father once; so I can still go on and keep him in my prayers;" and so she does whenever she kneels down to pray. She showed that she felt that God is good, and that he would hear her when she thanked as well as when she asked a favor. She showed that she knew what it is to be thankful. She was like another little girl who, when she had lost a sister, and some one spoke to her about it, said, "Yes, it was hard for me to give up my sister, but God has left me another sister and a good father and mother."

The following indicates some of the possibilities in store for great pulpit orators:

"Dr. Mellor, a popular preacher at Halifax, England, recently had his sermon delivered by telephone, as it was uttered, to an extra audience at Manchester, thirty-six miles away. Not only was the preaching thus overheard, but the singing of a hymn was reproduced 'almost perfectly,' 'the sonorous voice of Dr. Mellor being heard above that of the congregation.' The prayer and the usual lessons were also thus communicated. The chief defect in the transmission arose from the interference of the ordinary messages as they passed through connected wires, for they occasionally drowned the preacher's utterances. Some words were lost because Dr. Mellor has a way of dropping his voice at the end of a sentence, but this cause had doubtless led occasionally to like consequences in the case of much nearer auditors. Another source of interruption was due to the position of the telephone and the habits of the orator. The instrument was concealed at his feet; and when to emphasize his words, he leaned over the edge of the pulpit, his Manchester audience could not catch what he said. The experiment was, however, so far successful that its general use seems practicable, enough."

BIBL

SECOND... B. C. 519... Spirit... EXPLAN... to Zachar... from God... of an angel... vious vision... very my stu... which had o... he was now... prophetic... the temple... sacred fan... stick in the... stand, ones... which bran... thus poss... which were... same bright... gold, east in... five feet h... wide at the... be taken as... 20 in the... purpose was... Its material... diting hos... and how low... of men. It... to the disp... ty of the chu... often need... trimmed af... was not the... of the light... who is the lig... A bold open... part of the su... vision as cur... its seven lamp... invisible stor... plies to his ch... can see what... whence flow... The lamps we... stick or lamp... sels in which... pipe. There is... here. It is a... pipe?" or "s... would seem t... there were sev... receive to ca... in all. 3. 1. 5. The... of the proph... each side by... branches (ver... to connect d... voir surround... ing it with o... track. 2. "The... does not come... time, but direct... no book. 3. "... not always un... No, my... never be ashame... nance of the... world receive... them." 6. "This is the... this vision was... courage the hear... fellow workers... vine supply we... need. Zerubbabel... of Judah, who wa... "born in Babylon... He had led the ex... land, and began... temple, about fi... period of this les... the golden cand... visible supplies... depend for their... human might or... success through... strumentalities... more through th... man can thro... "God's cause is... agents." He can... ever he requires... oil of the golden... the Holy Spirit... could pur out as... 7. O great man... which arose aroun... deavour to restore... positions abroad... were like a mounta... tertakes a noble w... pect to find obsta... plain. 8. "Obstac... or are swept out... side." The "mou... opposition proved... when the decree... completion of the... even its enemies... to it. Ezra 5, 6. T... the copstone or c... the last placed on... plet building. S... had accompanied... 11), so they were de