

"I called to my little sister, the only person near, and said: 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear. I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to the sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for a lover, but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow with'n the four lines, poor thing. Help me to one.' 'Steal the cow,' said little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately lifted by me, and the song completed."

"Kathleen Mavourneen" was sold by Crouch, its American author, for five pounds, and brought the publishers as many thousands. Crouch was hopelessly improvident, and in his latter days became a tramp. "Bonnie Doon was the only song that the Emperor Napoleon liked. 'I'll Hang my Harp on a Willow Tree' is said to have been written by a young English nobleman in love with Princess (now Queen) Victoria. "Sally in Our Alley" was written by Carey, the dramatist.

EATING AT NIGHT.

Popularly, it is thought injurious, but unless dinner or supper have been late, or the stomach disordered, it is harmless and beneficial, i. e., if one be hungry. Four to five hours having elapsed since the last meal, invalids and the delicate should always eat at bedtime. This seems heretical but is not. Food of simple kind will induce sleep. Animals after eating instinctively sleep. Human beings become drowsy after a full meal. Why? Because blood is solicited toward the stomach to supply the juices needed in digestion. Hence the brain receives less blood than during fasting, becomes pale and the powers grow dormant. Sleep therefore ensues. This is physiological. The sinking sensation in sleeplessness is a call for food. Wakefulness often is merely a symptom of hunger. Gratify the desire and you fall asleep. The writer recently was called at two a. m. to a lady who assured him she was dying. The body was warm, the heart doing honest work. To her indignation he ordered buttered bread (hot milk or beef tea were better) to be eaten at once. Obeying, the moribund lady was soon surprised by a return of life and desire to sleep.

The feeble will be stronger at dawn if they eat on going to bed. Fourteen hours lie between supper and breakfast. By that time the fuel of the body has become expended. Consequently, the morning toilet fatigues many. Let such eat at bed-time and take a glass of warm milk or beef tea before rising. Increased vigour will result. "But the stomach must rest." True. Yet when hungry we should eat. Does the infant stomach rest as long as the adult's? The latter eats less often merely because his food requires more time for digestion. Seldom can one remain awake until halfpast ten or eleven p. m., without hunger. Satisfy it and sleep will be sounder.

During the night give wakeful children food. Sleep will follow. The sick should invariably eat during the night. This is imperative. All night the delicate and children may take slowly warm milk, beef tea or oatmeal gruel. Vigorous adults may also eat bread and milk, cold beef, mutton, chicken and bread, raw oysters, all, of course, in moderation. Do not eat if not hungry. Eat if you are.—*A Boston Physician.*

GENTLE MOTHERS.

"My mother dear, my mother dear,
My gentle, gentle mother."

I thought I was singing my boy to sleep with the little ballad of which the above is the chorus; but the blue eyes opened, and a quiet voice said:

"Mamma, you are always gentle."

In self-justification I replied:

"But, you know, darling, mamma has to scold you when you're naughty."

"Yes'm."

The argument dropped; so did the little head upon my bosom. I did not finish the song, nor have I sung it since. Tenderly tucking in the little truth-teller, I reproached myself for deserving his remark, and greatly questioned the truth of my answer. Do mothers ever have to scold? Has scolding any legitimate place in the family government? How is the word defined?—"Railing with clamour; uttering rebuke in rude and boisterous language." Is this a helpful adjunct to parental authority?

Why do Christian parents sometimes scold? For two reasons, as it seems to us. First, from lack of self-control; secondly, from habit. Children are often terribly trying, and loud and angry tones seem a safety-valve for our stirred tempers. Besides, we feel that gentleness alone can never safely steer the family bark over life's troublous sea. Force, firmness, decision, sternness, even severity, are often necessary. A suitable degree of these is not incompatible with gentleness. It is not a synonym for weakness. The gentleness that makes one great comes from subdued strength. This lovely fruit of the Spirit comes an embued power. The "soft answer" often costs the answerer dearly. Sweetness of spirit is the outgrowth of self-control. Serenity of soul, whatever be the constitutional characteristics, comes most frequently from long self-discipline and prayerful struggle.—*Good Words*

DEW OF HERMON.

Palestine is a land of mountains. Eminently conspicuous among these rise the three peaks of Hermon on the northeast border, their snowy crowns glittering in the sun, being visible from almost any point in the promised land, the trusted land-mark of travellers in all the region between the Jordan and the sea. These are the Hermons (not "Hermonites"), of which David, in the sweet forty-second Psalm, sings: "O my God, my soul is cast down within me: Therefore I will remember thee from the land of Jordan and of the Hermons."

Palestine is also a land of dews. It is very dependent on them. Destitute of rains for many months at a time, it re-

lies for securing crops on the heavy fall of dew which is nightly secured by its multitude of mountains. Hermon is no more conspicuous in the sight than in the peculiar abundance of its dews. They become rain for the thirsty land. "The dew on this mountain is proverbially excellent and abundant." "More copious dews," says Tristram, "we never experienced than on Hermon. Every thing was drenched with it, and the tents were small protection. The under sides of our mackintosh sheets were drenched in water, our guns were rusted, dew drops were hanging everywhere." Mr. Porter states: "One of its hills is appropriately called 'Father of the Dew,' for the clouds seemed to cling with peculiar fondness round its wooded top."—*Biblical Things Not Generally Known.*

SEPTEMBER.

The golden-rod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown,
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun,
In dusky pods the milkweed
Its hidden silks has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow nook,
And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With Summer's best of wealth,
And Autumn's best of cheer.

A RELIC OF DR. MOFFAT.

That is a very quaint and precious relic of the late Dr. Robert Moffat which has been found in a lady's album. It was written by him when on a visit to Kelso about seven years ago:

My album is the savage breast
Where tempests brood and darkness rest
Without one ray of light.

To write the name of Jesus there,
And point to worlds all bright and fair,
And see the savage bent in prayer,
Is my supreme delight.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."—JESUS.

In the language of the Bechuana:

Ean hatsin yeatle lo rerele bathu batle evangelis.

ROBERT MOFFAT.

Born in Ormiston, December 21, 1795.

AFTER THE STORM.

O restless, tumbling sea,
To-day thy dark and sullen gleam
Is like a half-forgotten dream
Of storm-tossed Galilee!

O wild and troubled sky!
O sad wind moaning o'er the sea,
How strange thy voice should bring to me
That whisper, It is I!

O bleak and lonely shore!
Thou art to me a type of life,
Thy breaking waves its weary strife
Which surgeth evermore.

O radiance in the west,
Lighting the gloom with bars of gold,
Thou art to me a joy untold—
A promise of dear rest.

When life's brief storm is past,
That hand which stilled wild Galilee,
Which is our guide on life's rough sea,
Shall lead us home at last.

—*Anne S. Swan, in the Christian Leader.*

THE TWO FARMS.

Riding with a friend, the other day, through a beautiful farming region, I noticed two farms side by side, on one of which the crops were luxuriant, and on the other exceedingly poor. I asked, "Does the soil here run in streaks, that these two places are so different?" "No," was the reply, "the soil is the same. These two farms were equally productive a few years ago. But one of them has since been cultivated by its owner, and the same owner all the time, while the other has been rented, and the tenants have been changed every year or two. The non-resident owner of this rundown farm is a jealous and fickle man. If a tenant does well, he thinks that the rent is too low. He raises it, drives him away, and gets in his place one who will 'skin' the land. In this way the farm has been depreciated in value, and now it is hard to get anybody to take it on any terms."

Looking at the farm, and then contrasting it with the other, I thought: Here are pictures of some of those farms of the Lord that we call churches. Why are so many of them distracted and discouraged, weaker than they were ten or twenty years ago, coming back on the Home Board for aid, after being self-supporting? Study their history and the answer is obvious—they have been changing ministers

every year or two. When they secured a good man, they did not try to keep him. They let a little disaffection—the result, perhaps of the minister's fidelity drive him away. They yielded to the popular demand for novelty. They thought they could do a little better—get a smarter man or a cheaper one.

They did not realize that a true minister roots himself in the affections of the people, praying people; that the knowledge of the character, circumstances, and wants of a congregation gathered by pastoral visiting, is of great value, and that a new man will have to spend months if not years, in acquiring it. They did not consider how many cords of sympathy unite a pastor with those to whom he has ministered in sickness and in sorrow, whose children he baptized; whose fathers and mothers he has helped to bury.—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

SENATOR CASTELAR ON ATHEISM.

Senator Castelar, the well-known Spanish Republican leader and Freethinker, has emphasized his agreement with Mr. Gladstone on the subject of the affirmation bill as follows:—Atheism cannot be more repulsive to any one than it is to me, in whom the idea of God, engrafted by education, has grown in the same measure as my existence, and has become mature in the same measure as my intellect. I have seen God in all the splendours of nature and have gazed at the overshadowing wings of His angels in the resplendent brilliancy of the stars; I have felt God in the purest affections of my heart and have loved Him with all aspirations of universal charity and with all my compassion for human sufferings, I have heard God in the music of the spheres, and in the harmonies of the orb; without God, I believe myself and my species to be like a herd of poor animals, mere matter; deceived by a diabolical illusion. Without the idea of a God we can explain neither the loss of an atom in the confines of mortality nor the vivifying principles of creation, nor without His providence can we comprehend the divine laws of the universe and of history. Consequently nobody holds the schools of atheism in abomination more than I do, nobody believes in and adores the Supreme and divine existence of the absolute and perfect. Being by whom our body and mind are animated, through whom are explained all the enigmas of the universe. Yet, although I cannot deny that human nature, with all its limitations and imperfections, has the right to pronounce against error, I am unable to see the efficacy of coercive remedies to persecute and strangle it. In this then, I believe with the great English minister that dogmatic and metaphysical truth cannot be enforced by coercive power, and that the liberty of thought ought to be respected to the uttermost verge.

TARRING A RAT.

Rats are wonderfully clean animals and they dislike tar more, perhaps, than anything else, for if it once gets on their jackets, they find it most difficult to remove it. Now, I had heard it mentioned that pouring tar down at the entrance of their holes was a good remedy, also placing broken pieces of glass by their holes was another remedy. But these remedies are not effective. The rats may leave their old holes and make fresh ones in other parts of the house; they don't, however, leave the premises for good. I thought I would try another experiment—one I had not heard of before. One evening I set a large wire-cage rat trap, attaching inside a most seductive piece of strongly smelling cheese, and next morning I found, to my satisfaction, that I had succeeded in trapping a very large rat, one of the largest I had ever seen, which, after I had besmeared him with tar, I let loose into his favourite run. The next night I tried again and succeeded in catching another equally big fellow, and served him in the same manner. I could not follow these two tar-besmeared rats into their numerous runs, to see what would happen; but it is reasonable to assume that they either summoned together all the members of their community, and by their crest-fallen appearance gave their comrades silent indications of the misfortune which had so suddenly befallen them; or that they frightened their brethren away, for they one and all forsook the place and fled. The experiment was eminently successful. From that day in 1875 till now, 1883, my house, ancient though it is, has been entirely free from rats; and I believe that there is no remedy equal to this one, if you can catch your rat alive. They never come back to the house again.—*Chamber's Journal.*

GOOD ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

President Porter, of Yale, recently gave this sound and wholesome advice to the students: "Young men, you are the architects of your own fortunes; rely on your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star self-reliance. Inscribe on your banner, 'Luck is a fool, Pluck is a hero.' Don't take too much advice, keep at the helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Think well of yourself. Strike out. Assume your own position. Put pointers in a cart, go over a rough road, and small ones go to the bottom. Rise above the envious and the jealous. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Don't swear. Don't deceive. Don't read novels. Don't marry until you can support a wife. Be civil. Read the papers. Advertise your business. Make money and do good with it. Love your God and fellow-men. Love truth and virtue. Love your country, and obey its laws."

An interesting experiment has been commenced in Zaffermal, India. The converts have built for themselves comfortable little houses. They cultivate small farms, or patches of ground in the neighbourhood, and are living in tolerable comfort. They have their own schools, and in these are children, and old men and women—fathers and mothers, and grandfathers and grandmothers—all acquiring together the simplest elements of education.