## THE HOME.

### Let it Rest.

I wanted something. O so much!
So near it came, I'd almost touch
My heart's desire—when far away
'Twas drawn, and seemed a voice to say
"There let it rest,
God knoweth best."

Like children crying for the moon,
I longed for this one priceless boon,
I wanted it within my hand
E'en then. How could I patient stand
And let it rest?
Doth God know best?

Then He who calmed the stormy sea
Came near to soothe and quiet me.
And to my longing, restless will
He gently whispered: "Peace! be still."
I let it rest—
God do'h know best!

*Minnie A. Bartight.*

### A Lesson For Fathers.

I knew a child of exceptionally quick and strenuous impulses. Though affectionate, he was not obedient, and needed to be watched as a weasel to be kept from mischief. His father told him to pick up a pin. The father thought the boy refused, but the father was mistaken. A sharp rebuke. The boy began to sulk (I had rather hear a child swear than see him sulk). "Come here, sir!" The child did not stir. The father lost his temper. He seized his boy temp stuously; carried him into another room for punishment. The moment's delay brought the man to himself. He sat for a little while with his child in his arms. Then said: "My son, we have done wrong. I have lost my temper, and you have lost yours. It is worse for me to do that than it is for you, because I am bigger and stronger, and ought to be wiser than you. I ask God to forgive me. I ask you. I must be right before I can help you to be right. Help me to be a good father, so that I can help you to be a good son." The sullen defiance left the child's face. His arms clasped the father's neck. "Father, I didn't say what you thought I did!" The child was six years old. He is now sixteen. The father is a quick-tempered man. But I have heard him say repeatedly that, for ten years, he has never had occasion to rebuke his boy, by word or gesture, for the slightest approach to disobedience. The man of fifty and the boy of sixteen appear to live and have their being in each other as a single soul.—*Selected.*

### Religious Life in the Family.

I think the question might be considered impertinent if asked of some whether there was any real religious life in their families. If they answered they would probably say, "I belong to the church; I set a good example in my family in that way; I have family prayers; I ask a blessing at my table, and I make my children go to church." Now, I say that all this you may do, and more, and yet have no religious life in your family. What! be a member of the church, have family prayers, insist on my children going to church—all this, and yet have no religious life? Yes, there may be such an absence of real life in all this that your children will not go to church after your authority over them has ceased, and no grace will be asked at their tables because associated with such a lack of grace in you; family prayers may have no sweet odor of love in them, as they think of them, and the Bible be associated with the absence of the spirit of it in our daily conduct.

You see, we are speaking of religious life in the family, and not form. I remember little that my own dear father said to us dear children on the subject of religion, but of all associations with the first day of the week nothing has been so sweet to me as my father's whistle on Sunday morning. He used to whistle "Welcome, sweet day of rest," to the tune of old Lisbon. I used to hear it early in the morning and I knew then he was dressing for church; and his smile, as we children gathered around him for money for church or Sunday-school, I can see now, though I have not seen it save in memory for many a long year. We had to make considerable noise, too, when he was reading the Bible for him to notice it, because he was so intent on what he was reading. He had life; and a sun was in his life (it takes a sun to make life).

I well remember when I asked him if I might go to the theater. He did not answer me at once: he seemed to be thinking. At last he said: "Daughter I went once, but I was older than you are, and I never cared to go again. You wait a year, and then I think I will let you go once." I waited, and then asked him. He looked at me and said, "Well, child, I have been thinking about you. I told you I went to the theater once, and was satisfied; but I don't think you are quite like me; once would not satisfy you, and so I don't think it will be well to go at all." He did not say I should not go; he thought it would not be well, and so I never went. But we went to hear the "Messiah" together and what, with the grand music of that greatest of oratorios, and with him at my side, I quite forgot my disappointment.—*Sabbath Reading.*

## THE FARM.

### Currant Cuttings.

If one wishes to raise some currant bushes, the cuttings should be taken off at once. The new wood is what is used for that purpose, and many prefer to prune their currant bushes in the fall, and preserve their cuttings until spring, by burying them in the ground. Cuttings, or slips, should be ten to twelve inches long, and when they are set, half or more of their length should be below ground. We prefer to put two-thirds their length below the surface. Nearly all will live and grow if the ground has been well and deeply prepared, and the cuttings are in good condition.

—Six or seven weeks is long enough for a cow to go dry, and if she is the sole dependence for milk that time may be shortened two or three weeks if the cow is well cared for and plenty of feed furnished. With the first calf the cow should be milked just as long as possible to establish the habit. Too many young cows are ruined by neglect of this rule. The heifer does not give much milk anyway, and her milker becomes careless. When the change from green to dry feed, and from warm to freezing weather, come together, she suddenly fails. It requires some management to get a heifer past this period, and still have her give enough to pay for milking but it is the best policy if she is worth keeping as a cow.

POTATO CULTURE.—Mr. T. B. Terry, an Ohio farmer noted for good culture and profitable management, gives some seasonable advice on the subject, which may be summed up as follows: Manure the sod lightly and evenly. Do not start the plow till the ground is dry enough to crumble nicely. Plow about nine inches deep. Harrow soon as possible. Plant the seed about four inches deep. Deep planting sometimes causes the scab. Hill but slightly. In nearly level culture, with shallow cultivation, frequent and long continued, the roots are uninjured, and the potato has the best chance. Plant in drills, the long way of the field in straight rows. In this way most of the hoeing can be done with the cultivator. Eight bushels of good-sized tubers cut to one eye is sufficient seed for an acre. Plant about a foot apart in drills 32 inches apart for early varieties. Give later kinds a little more more room.

—EARLY POTATOES.—Potatoes intended for early planting should now be exposed to the light where there will be no danger of a sudden freeze, advises an experienced gardener. They will start stronger shoots than if kept in the cellar till planting time. Some few, for very early, could be started in sand in a moderately warm place, and by the time the ground is ready they will have fine roots and tops, and can be set out without the least injury. For the main crop, do not hesitate any time the land can be made ready for them. An early potato cannot be planted too early, if you keep in mind the rule: the earlier planted the deeper planted.

## TEMPERANCE.

### "Boy Billy" and the Beer.

"Boy Billy" was the adopted son of Christian Zende, an honest German, who was much shocked one day at seeing the boy in a lager beer saloon, teasing off a foaming glass of beer. He bade the boy go home, but said nothing till evening. After tea, Zende seated himself at the table, and placed before him a variety of things. Billy looked on with curiosity.

"Come here, Billy," said Christian Zende. "Why were you in the beer-shop to-day? Why do you drink beer, my boy?"

"O—O—because it's good," said Billy, boldly.

"No, Billy, it is not good to the mouth. I did never see so big faces as you did make. Billy, you think it will taste good by and by, and it looks like a man to drink; and so you drink. Now, Billy, if it is good, have it. I will not hinder you from what is good and manly, but drink it at home, take your drink pure, Billy, and let me pay for it. Come, my boy! You like beer. Well, open your mouth. I have all the beer stuff, pure from the shop. Come, open your mouth, and I will put it in."

Billy drew near, but kept his mouth close shut. Said Zende: "Don't you make me mad, Billy. Open your mouth."

Thus exhorted, Billy opened his mouth, and Zende put a small bit of alum in it. Billy drew up his face. A bit of aloes followed. This was worse. Billy winced. The least morsel of red pepper, now, from a knife point, made Billy howl.

"What, not like beer!" said Zende "Open your mouth." A knife dipped in oil of turpentine made Billy cry.

"Open your mouth, the beer is not half made yet."

And Billy's tongue got the least dusting of lime, and potash, and saleratus. Billy now cried loudly. Then came a grain of licorice, hop pollen and salt-petre.

"Look, Billy! Here is some arsenic and some strychnine which is used to kill rats!"

"I shall die! O—O—O—do you want to kill me, Father Zende?"

"Kill him! just by a little beer, all good and pure! He tells me he likes beer, and it is manly to drink it, and when I give him some, he cries I kill him. Here is water. There is much water in beer."

Billy drank the water eagerly. Zende went on.

"There is much alcohol in beer. Here! open your mouth," and he dropped four drops of raw spirit carefully on his tongue. Billy went dancing about the room, and then ran for more water.

"Come here, the beer is not done, Billy," and seizing him by the cork of an ammonia bottle to his lips, then a drop of honey, a taste of sugar, a drop of molasses, a drop of gall. "There, Billy! here is jalap, copperas, sulphuric acid and nux vomica. Open your mouth."

"Oh, no, no," said Billy. "Let me go. I have beer. I'll never drink any more! I'll never go in that shop again. Oh, let me go! I can't eat those things. My mouth tastes awful, no. Oh, take them away, Father Zende!"

"Take them away! Take away good beer when I have paid for it. My boy, you drank them fast to-day."

"Oh, they make me sick," said Billy.

"A man drinks all these bad things mixed up in water. He gets red in the face; he gets big in his body; he gets shaky in his hands; he gets weak in his eyes; he gets mean in his manners."

Billy was satisfied on the beer question.—*Little Star, from the German.*

—The liquor trade evidently does not thrive in Sioux City, Iowa. Two wholesale dealers, E. J. Ressigien and William Seich, have been found guilty of breaches of the law and upwards of $20,000 worth of stock would have been confiscated but that the dealers have arranged to shift quarters and get out of the state. Another wholesale house is reported to be leaving with a stock worth $15 000 into Nebraska. There is now but one brewery left, and it is reported that this will close up early this year.

THE WORLD'S DRINK STATISTICS.—From reports recently issued by the British Foreign Office we cull some rather startling figures regarding the drink trade of the world. The United States are said to have manufactured in 1886 nearly ninety millions of gallons of spirits, or twenty millions more then during the previous year. Of this quantity nearly seventy millions were retained for home consumption, which was an increase on the home consumption of the previous year of about two millions; and the gross sum thus wasted in the States alone in one year was certainly not less than $50,000,000. France made in the same twelve months four millions of gallons more spirits than during the previous year; and imported 3,500,000 gallons besides, which added represented a rise in her home consumption of a half a quart per head in a single year. The return shows further that in Russia, Sweden and England a decided decline in the consumption of drink has taken place; in the first-named country the decrease has amounted to one-half the former total, in Sweden one-third and in England one-eighth. In all other countries with which the return deals an increased consumption is shown.—*Canada Citizen.*

### The Rum Power.

Nearly two generations have passed since the temperance reform began, and the army of drunkards is much greater than it was then. The saloon has grown in power and influence, and the liquor interest has become one of the largest in the country. Like the fabled upas tree, the rum power has spread over the land, laying its clutches upon high and low, and withering and destroying all within its deadly influence.

The trouble was, that taking the pledge would not redeem a drunkard, nor would it prevent a man from becoming one. A man once having fastened upon him the drink thirst, can not be controlled by a word nor by a written pledge. Such a man would violate it, nay, he would violate the most sacred oath taken before high heaven, in order to satisfy his depraved craving. He will drink despite all pledges, despite the tears and prayers of friends, parents, wife, or children, whose hearts he is breaking, whose lives he is blasting by his intemperance. And it was shown, too that while the many temperance organizations flourished in respect to numbers, yet they were making no great headway against the rum habit. Where there was one who enrolled himself among their membership, there were ninety and nine who would not be brought within the fold.—It became plain that this plan of dealing with the rum evil was ineffectual. So long as rum could be obtained, men would drink.

There was but one other thing to do, namely, to crush the traffic. If the weakness of human nature and the natural leaning of humanity toward this vice were so strong that it was impossible to control them through simple means, the power of the law must be invoked and the arm of the State stretched forth to check an evil that is sapping the life-blood of the nation. Then began an effort to obtain the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of rum in all its forms. The plan was put upon trial and is upon trial to day.—*D. R. Locke in The Statesman.*

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**Breaking Bruised Reeds.**

Science of a certain kind says, We must lay down a law of the survival of the fittest, and if the reeds are broken, throw them away. Jesus Christ says: Throw nothing away; the work for the saving of every life, and see that we work so carefully, so critical a love and patience that we lose no bruised reed at last but the son of perdition, the child of wrath, the child that [illegible] home to the devil. Let us take [illegible] and coldly treatment, [illegible] human life; let us examine and separate, [illegible] and change and cherish, and do what we can, if we are [illegible] to have the last [illegible]; but we cannot save it, we must throw it at we have done. Father, I have lost none, but the son of perdition. He did not want to lose any, he did not [illegible] on [illegible] lives but to save them. If men will not be saved, even the Son of God cannot save them. To force a man into heaven is not to fill him with peace and joy; it is to violate the harmony which he cannot appreciate. "A bruised reed," say some, an instrument called a reed was meant, and there was a rift in it and it spoiled the music. Jesus Christ said, we must repair this; something must be done with this reed; it was to any [illegible] and we must look at it all in that [illegible] view. He does not take it saying There is a rift in the lute, and the music is impossible; rend it and throw it away. He always looks to see if a man cannot be made something better of. He would heal us every one. Say to him, O Bruised Reed, if I may but touch the hem of thy garment, even my life reed shall be healed, and I will take up God's music again, and be glad in God's house. O "a bruised reed" may mean that will be in rushing through to the water, or from the flood, have crushed the growing plants, so that they are bent, they no more stand up straightly, but Jesus Christ comes to heal them and to restore them. And the smoking flax shall he not quench it; he will not put his foot upon it; he will rather take it up and shake it, as he only can shake it, bringing a little more air to bear upon it, and still a little more, but so gradually; see how the spark whitens, how it leaps up into a kind of new life; now watch him how he regulates the shaking, and see how that which we thought was only a smoke becomes a flame, bright as fire, useful as a torch, and how it is handed on to the aid of other men.—*Joseph Parker.*

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