

SUNDAY READING.

No Time Like The Old Time.

There is no time like the old time, when you and I were young.
When the buds of April blossomed and the birds of springtime sang!
The garden's brightest glories by summer suns, are nursed in the sweet violet, the flowers that opened first!

There is no place like the old place, where you and I were born,
Where we lifted first our eyelids on the splendor of the morn,
From the milk-white breast that warmed us, from the clinging arms that bore,
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us, that will look on us no more!

There is no friend like the old friend, who has shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his praise:
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown of gold,
But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old love, that we courted in our pride,
Though our leaves are falling, falling, and we're facing side by side;
There are blossoms all around us, with the colors of our dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine, when our daystar is withdrawn.

There are no times like the old times—they shall never be forgot!
There is no place like the old place—keep green the dear old spot!
There are no friends like our old friends—may heaven prolong their lives!
There are no loves like our old loves—God bless our loving wives.

(OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.)

The Life of Samuel.

Samuel's mistake: "And ere the lamp of God went out in the temple of the Lord, where the ark of God was, Samuel laid down to sleep. And the Lord called Samuel, and he answered, Here am I! And he ran unto Eli and said, Here am I, for thou calledst me! And he said, I called not, lie down again." I. SAMUEL III, 3-5.

The life of Samuel, the father and founder of the Prophetic order, is one of the grandest and most romantic records to be found in the history of humanity. From the first page to the last of his wonderful biography there is not a page that is not worthy of careful study. As the judge and ruler of a great people, who as yet had not become consolidated into a nation, he commands the reverence of the world. As the prophet of God with words of thunder on his lips, we stand in awe of him. As the founder of the schools of the prophets, we honor him as the first great national educator. The magnanimity with which he girds the brow of Saul with Israel's first Kingly crown and then retires unmurmuringly into the quietude of private life presents an example of dignity of character almost unequalled in the history of the ages. But we are just now concerned with a familiar episode of his early boyhood. The child Samuel was, in a special and significant sense, what we call a child of prayer. All the world knows by heart the beautiful story of the yearning, prayerful mother. The music of her songs of joy when Samuel was born ever breaks through all the years, and the tender gracious consecration of her child of God has inspired the hearts of mothers the wide world over with a similar spirit of gentle love. The story of the annual visit to the temple with the newly bridged coat is as beautiful as an angel's dream. One night in the sacred silence Samuel hears a voice calling him by name, and thinking this is Eli's voice, he goes to the venerable priest and says: "Here am I." And Eli says, "I called thee not my child, go lie down again." A second and a third time Samuel hears the voice, and goes to Eli. At last it dawns on Eli that God is speaking to the child. The rest of the story you know. How God in wonderful words revealed to this child what should come to pass. But let us pause here a moment. Samuel made a mistake, he thought it was Eli calling when in fact, it was God. What could be more natural? This boy was accustomed to be roused by Eli, and he was not ever ready when that voice broke the silence to hasten and obey? What boy, however devoted to the service of the temple, would expect to hear God calling him when the High Priest was near at hand? If we read carefully the Old Testament we shall find how over and over again God lays his hand upon the young and speaks with solemn commands to mere boys. Jeremiah was but 15 years of age when God called him to confront a sinful and perverse generation. We should teach our children that they are never too young for God to call them. Never too young for His sacred service. Samuel thought it was Eli calling, but he was mistaken; God was calling. God often calls when we think the voice is another's. In the common and ordinary experiences of life we make these grave mistakes. God is speaking to us through the voices of our loved ones. Our fathers and mothers are often the medium through which God is calling. The voice from the pulpit is very often the voice of God. Through all sorts of experiences of health and sickness, of joy and sorrow, God is calling and we know it not. Samuel's mistake was corrected. He was in the line of duty. He was the boy of the listening ear and the obedient mind. And it is to the listeners, to those who watch and wait, and who at the first call are ready to obey, that God grants the revelations of His will; and to such He appoints the noblest destinies of sacred service.

The Vice of Idleness.

It is exceedingly difficult to understand the cause of this vice or its reported increase; but we incline to believe that while it is in a few a sort of disease it is in the majority nothing but a low form of selfishness, curable only by punishment, whether the natural punishment of starvation or an artificial one. The man hates the self-suppression involved in work, just as a savage does; but he can suppress himself if he chooses, and invariably does choose, if for any reason he passes under the terrible though avoidable discipline of a convict prison. The compulsion which usually falls upon the idle takes the form of bad food, bad lodging and want of tobacco and beer, and it is not sufficient. Such wants are all horrible things, but there are none of them so horrible as steady work, which presses and tortures and almost maddens the really idle, just as civilization, which in its essence is a multitude of small restraints, does the savage. They will not put up with the suffering for the time necessary to teach them that it is endurable, and will

rather break away into the desert, often a street, where there is only bread to eat and water to drink, and no shelter, but where also there is no work to do.

The vice is nearly incurable and we do not know that our ancestors were unwise when they reckoned it among the greater sins, devised the many sayings which condemn it, and held it to be deserving of any punishment short of the gallows. We cannot resort to the old methods, at least until society has grown harder, but we heartily wish Gen. Booth could be allowed a certain measure of compulsory power like the superintendent, for example, of a reformatory; for he would not hesitate to use it, and it might make men, say of 10 per cent. among his least hopeless patients. As it is, he will, we fear, in about three years, feel justified in turning his energies to another field of labor, with this conviction well engraved in his mind, that there are tendencies in man which, in their consequences to his social well-being at all events, are as injurious to him as tendencies to vice.

Pity.

"That was a fine passage between the Executive of Kentucky and the wife of the condemned man, who went to Frankfort last Friday to ask for a pardon. She had presented her papers and sat breathless whilst the arbitrator of her fate perused them; and, as she waited, a mastiff, the playmate of the Governor's little son—a beast not given to strangers—uncolled himself from the rug, where he had been lying, and came up in that friendly way which only dogs know how to affect with perfect sincerity, and, seeing suspense and pain in the agitated features of the poor woman, he put his paw gently upon her knees and began to lick her hands. The Governor finished the papers and the petitioner was about to speak when the grim old soldier said: "It is not necessary, madam; the dog has spoken for you," and straightway signed the document which was to release a dying man from prison and enable him to go to his grave from his own home.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and it is hard to say which moves us the more, the spectacle of that brave gentleman and soldier, whom it is a delight and pride to hail as our Chief Magistrate, stirred to the depths by the silent eloquence of a dog, or the thought of that noble brute, inspired by we know not what to become an irresistible pleader for mercy before the highest Court.

"The Governor felt that, if he followed the lead of that dog's pity and love, he could make no mistake. And he did not; and, then and there, the angel that writes in a book, drew a great white mark for that Governor and that dog."—(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

After the Battle. Rest.

Rest will be sweet in the evening, when the day's long labor is done—
Now, I must be up and doing, for my work is scarce begun!

Peace may be dear to the veteran, grown weary of war's alarms—
But now I'm longing for battle, the clash and the clang of arms!

Death by and by will be welcome, if I have been faithful and true—
Now there is life to be lived, and I have so much to do!

Once in the early morning, when the dews were not yet dry,
In the misty summer morning, or over the sun was high.

As I looked along the road whereby I must presently go,
And saw how great was the journey, how fiercely the noon would glow.

Life felt too heavy a burden, and I so weary and worn,
Weary before I had labored, and longing for rest at morn.

Weary before I had labored; but labor has brought me rest,
And now I am only eager to do my work with the best.

What right have I to be weary, when my work is scarce begun?
What right have I to be weary, while aught remains to be done.

I shall be weary at even, and rest will the sweeter be;
And blessed will peace be to them that have won the victory!

But now is the time for battle—now I would strive with the best;
Now is the time for labor; hereafter remaineth rest.

Christ's Incarnation

has lifted the world into the sunshine of hope and into the promise of heaven. It has levelled society by lifting the downtrodden—levelled it up. It makes lowliness, loftiness, meekness, mightiness, and gentleness greatness. Guizot says that "Christianity has carried repentance even into the souls of nations." Pagan antiquity knew nothing of these awakenings of the public conscience. Tacitus could only deplore the decay of the ancient rites of Rome, and Marcus Aurelius could only wrap himself up sorrowfully in the stoical isolation of the sage; there is nothing to show that these superior minds suspected the great crimes of their social state even in its best days, or aspired to reform them. The world's hope in every relation in life is in this old gospel. It must have its place in every social circle; it must throw its radiance over every home; it must be in every workshop and counting house, in every home and heart.

The Cynic.

"If the Lord left any serpents in Paradise they took the shape of the man who is a confirmed cynic and pessimist. The man who has no faith, no enthusiasm, no candor, no sentiment. The man who laughs at the mention of good in the world or virtue in women, or honor among men. The man who calls his wife a fool because she teaches his little children to say their prayers, and curls his lip at any belief in a world beyond the grave. The man who never saw anything worth admiring in the sky when the dawn touches it, or the stars illumine it, or the clouds sweep it, or the rain folds it in, or the mists of silence. The man who lives in this sparkling, shining world as a frog lives in a pond or a toad in a cellar, only to croak and spit venom. The man who never saw anything in a rose aglint in the sunlight or in a lily asleep in the moonlight, but a species of useless vegetable, the inferior of the cabbage and the onion. The world is overfull of such men, and if I had the right sort of broom I'd sweep them away as the new girl sweeps spiders.

AGRICULTURAL.

Country Life in Winter.

Breakfast, a meal that quite puts to shame a fashionable luncheon, is had before daylight, and by 9 o'clock on a snowy winter morning the house has been put to order, and the good wife and daughters, with smoothed hair and freshly laundered aprons, have settled quietly down to the sewing or patchwork with which the family basket is always full and running over, for the idle hands have no place in the economy of farm life, says a writer in the *Jenness Miller Magazine*. Gorgious bed quilts are always on the way, and she who has not a score of them is considered a worthless, shiftless sort of girl, who has no reason to expect a husband, and indeed is not thought deserving of one. Grandmother always knits, as her eyesight is failing, and her practiced hands can almost "heel and toe" a stocking in the dark; and then there are always three or four calico dresses in process of making, for these women are their own dressmakers, and the small, low-ceiled bedrooms are always hung with first, second and third best calico gowns, which are donned with as great respect for occasion as a city belle shows when she dresses for a dinner, a reception, or an evening party. The women have not been settled around the big wood fire long, when they are joined by the men, who have done the "feeding," which is about the sum total of their day's labor when the weather is very cold. If the stage came in, notwithstanding the bad roads yesterday, Goodman Farmer has his weekly papers to-day, and reads them long and thoroughly, not so much as an advertisement escaping him, and when he has finished, his quiet wife stretches out her hands for them, and eagerly seeks the story column in a way that would go straight to the heart of strutting young authors, could they see the avidity with which their work is seized upon. And so the winter days go by. There is no real leisure like that enjoyed by country people in winter time.

The Draining for Profit.

There are many farmers who do not and will not believe in draining. They will continue to raise half crops on full crop expenses and will even pay heavy doctor's bills for keeping down their malarial diseases without once thinking of the undrained land as the prime cause of all the trouble. All are more or less acquainted with the theoretical results of draining and many may think they are overdrawn, but having enjoyed the practical results of tile draining I can vouch for the statements I make.

Three years ago I came into possession of a piece of land costing \$100 per acre. It was plowed, manured and sowed to corn-fodder and cultivated as usual, but with much labor on account of the soft, damp condition of the soil. When harvest time came there was not half a crop, hardly enough to pay for the manure put on the field. I decided then and there not to touch that field until it was well drained. So it lay idle all the next year and in the fall a few drains were put in. I did not thoroughly drain it because I had my doubts as to the favorable results. The next year I planted it to ensilage corn. The season was first a severe drouth, then unusual moisture. This field, being quite low, naturally took a large amount of water, but during the wet season I could work it sooner after a rain than any other piece on the farm, high or low. This was the first practical benefit of the drains. When harvest time came such a field of corn I never saw. The corn stood 13 and 14 feet high, with now and then a stalk as large around as your wrist. In another field I put in a single drain through a valley where much water collected and, as the corn matured, one could easily trace the drain by the gradual increase in height of stalks till adjacent to and directly over the drain they were more than a foot above the rest of the field. This is another practical benefit, the money value of which you can estimate. To my mind draining pays more than a 10 per cent. dividend on the investment, to say nothing of the increased value of the land. Some may say drains are good in wet season but of little value in times of drouth, but I can prove differently. In most parts of my farm the soil is a heavy clay and when there are no drains the dry weather causes the surface to bake and crack, forming numerous avenues for the admission of hot air, drying up the tender roots of the growing crop, thus stunting its growth and reducing the yield one-half. Where drains are placed the soil on the surface is always more or less mellow. To a depth of two feet or more the earth is porous, allowing the roots to penetrate more freely. There they are in times of drouth cool and moist independent of the scorching air above. The foliage remains green and thrifty, while that on the undrained land curls, turns yellow and finally dies.—(F. A. Stanley.)

Our Export Cattle Trade.

An Ottawa correspondent writes: "The cattle trade between Canada and Britain is now threatened with what may prove its extinction if no speedy remedy is brought about. This means very much more than most people at first sight imagine. From the Minister of Agriculture your correspondent learned that the trade had grown apace, and this year it will amount to nearly \$10,000,000. One of the pioneers in the trade was Ald. Frankland, of Toronto. The difficulty which now threatens it is the action of Mr. Plimsoll, of England, who in the interests of humanity protests against the cruelty to which the animals are exposed on the sea voyage, and who has a bill before the British Parliament to remedy the evil. He is backed by the British farmers to a man, ostensibly as humanitarians, but really actuated by the sole motive of killing off a trade which has reduced the price of beef in the old country. Already several vessels have been debarred from carrying cattle between Montreal and Liverpool, and it is feared that this may go on until the whole craft has been declared unfit for this traffic. To-day a delegation will arrive from Montreal to interview the Ministers of Marine and Agriculture in regard to the matter. The Minister of Agriculture has charge of the health of the animals, while the Minister of Marine is supposed to look after the housing and loading of the cattle on the boats. As far as the shipment of cattle having contagious diseases, there are no real grounds for complaint, although shippers have been annoyed with unnecessary detention to the shipments on the other side, caused by the veterinary surgeons

there. When the cattle were examined, it turned out that they were perfectly free from pleuro-pneumonia. As to the vessels used for this trade, I am informed by the Marine Department that many of them are what may be called "tramp" steamers. All the serious losses have occurred on these boats, as was shown the other day that on one of them 160 head of cattle were washed overboard out of the total of 600. By the regular lines the loss has been less than half of one per cent. It is to the interest of the cattle shippers to have the best possible accommodation provided for their cattle, while the ship-owners who have placed all their old boats and erected hurricane decks on them for this traffic, will naturally object to any material change, and it is here where the trouble will arise when both parties come before the Government. The Government, however, has been advised by competent authorities that if they desire to continue this trade it is better for them to take action on the matter than permit the Imperial Parliament, as the latter, not being conversant with the necessities of the trade, is sure to pass legislation much more stringent on shippers and ship-owners. It would show a desire on our part to remedy an evil which exists to a certain extent. I am informed on good authority that the Government will suggest that a proper inspection be made as to the seaworthiness of the vessel, the amount of deck load, the description of building, and the housing of the cattle. Temporary building and deck loads, they say, ought to be taken off after the first of September, as experience has shown that after that date the weather is too severe for temporary buildings. I may also say that the Government have been in receipt of communications from the leading importers of cattle from the Old Country, that if the trade is to be preserved speedy improvements ought to be affected. The United States people were alive to this and built new and improved steamers for the trade.

Plants and Water.

The appetites and needs of plants are as varied as those of people, and their temperaments differ, too, says *Vick's Magazine*. While one plant will thrive, notwithstanding the utmost neglect, and subsist on almost nothing, another must have nourishing food and warm drink. Be quite sure that the drainage is good. Often a plant will droop and look sickly, when, if the matter is looked into, it will be found that water stands in the bottom of the jar. A bent wire is always useful in this case, for by penetrating the holes at the base of the pot, and stirring the earth, passages will be made for the escape of stagnant water and gas. The calla, as is well known, requires plenty of quite warm water; if in a double jar boiling water may be used in the lower jar and will wonderfully hasten growth and blossoms. Fuchsias are thirsty plants, especially when in flower, and moisture is necessary to the Chinese primrose. The majority of plants require a weekly bath; in fact, nothing so invigorates them as a shower bath of tepid water. Those which can not be removed readily for the showering, may have their leaves sprinkled.

Make Cow Food Taste Good.

In feeding stock of all kinds the farmer who takes pains to make the food palatable will usually have the best success. This is one thing that gives value to skim-milk and potatoes cooked and mashed for pigs; for water can be flavored, and this is the principal reason why it pays to chaff straw fodder and poor hay, because by so doing we can mix ground food, and a little salt with them, and make them more palatable, and I believe also more digestible. As a rule, I have found that all the cows as a herd may be fed alike, although there is occasionally one with a delicate appetite that will require a special care. It is always unprofitable to have a cow feed for her milk, for she shrinks in her milk, and the predisposed to it she becomes. I have had more trouble from loss of appetite from feeding corn meal than any other food, and it has been worse when the corn was shelled than when ground cob and all. I find mixing food makes it more palatable and less liable to produce indigestion than when one kind alone is fed, and both for economy's sake, and the good effects on the system, I have for several years past fed my cows with corn meal ground fine, cob and all, mixed with an equal bulk of roller-process, coarse wheat bran. I am quite sure that the cob (if ground fine) has a favorable effect on digestion. I am inclined to believe that the addition of one pound of old-process oil meal to each ten of this mixture would be profitable.

I am quite sure that salt plays a more important part in animal digestion than most farmers are aware of, and with the mixture of food recommended above and regularity in salting I would expect to feed a herd of cows all winter, giving them all the same variety of food, without one getting "off her feed." I believe the best way to feed salt is to give a little every day, or to keep large lumps of rock salt where the cattle can have access to it.—(Waldo F. Brown.)

The death is announced in England at the age of 86 of "Honest John" Phelps, who for many years officiated as judge of the university and other amateur boat races. He was a particularly active man and game to the last, being, within 12 months of his decease, ready to scull anyone 10 years his junior the "between bridges" course. "Honest John" was the man who declared the Oxford-Cambridge race of 1877 "a dead heat by six feet."

The following, remarkable at all events as a feat of memory, was told me by the owner of an Irish water spaniel, the old dog I ever knew who would perform tricks and was good to shoot over at the same time. His master was out walking with him at the beginning of the long frost in the year 1855, which sat in about the middle of January. He went on a frozen mill dam, where the water was of course very deep, and accidentally dropped his snuff-box through a little round hole in the ice. The dog was dreadfully distressed at not being able to get it, but was obliged to go home with its owner, who thought no more about the matter. Two months afterward, when the frost had gone, he and the dog passed by the same place. The dog paused opposite the spot where the box had disappeared, seemed to think intently for a minute, then plunged in, dived to the bottom and returned with the snuff-box in his mouth.

PERSONALS.

The late Miss Marianne North was one of the most notable of English women. About twenty years ago, being rich and independent, she went alone to India, China, Japan, Australia, California, the South Sea Islands, and the West Indies to study the native flora. She penetrated where few men had set foot, and in twelve years of exploration made a priceless collection of plants and drawings, which she deposited at Kew Gardens, in a museum built at her own expense, and presented as a free gift to the nation. Miss North was not only a naturalist, a linguist, and an explorer, but an artist, a musician, and a most brilliant talker, as well as a noble-hearted woman.

Monsieur Charles Francois Felu, the famous armless painter of Flanders, pronounced the greatest living copyist, and eminent also as a portrait-painter, has lately celebrated his sixtieth birthday. Born without arms, but early showing artistic instincts, he was taught by his devoted mother to use his feet almost as nimbly as other children use their hands, and he owes her not only fame and fortune, but a cheerful spirit which has made him hosts of friends.

Dr. Rose Wright Bryan, of New York, has established something new under the sun. This is a euppeic lunch-room, where the dyspeptic may go to be happy. This refuge is called "The Aryan," is found at No. 20 East Twentieth Street, and is furnished with such foods only as nature, interpreted by Dr. Bryan, intended mankind to eat.

Mrs. Frances Fisher Wood, well known for her successful attempt to prepare sterilized milk on her New Hampshire farm for the use of New York babies, has been sifting statistics to ascertain whether college-bred women are indifferent mothers. She finds that nine-tenths of their children survive infancy, a record never before equaled in any class, age, or country. Mrs. Wood is herself a graduate of Vassar, a trustee of Barnard, a strong writer, a steady and brilliant speaker on social and reformatory topics, a power in society, the scientific secretary of her husband—a well-known physician—and a model mother.

Mathematical honors multiply for women. Miss Julia Rappicourt, of Melbourne, Australia, took honors in Greek and French at Melbourne University at the age of sixteen. Now, at the age of nineteen, in the examination for the clerical division of the Victoria civil service, with one hundred and ninety-six competitors, the diligent young lady secured 492 marks out of a possible 500 in mathematics—the highest rank ever taken in such a competition. She hopes to take her degree of M. A., and to study law.

Mrs. Henry M. Stanley, when Miss Dorothy Tennant, was almost the first lady in London to practice "slimming." She used to befriend little street vagabonds, and reward them for good behavior by teaching them to play familiar airs with one finger on her piano, and sing them to this accompaniment. She relates of her experiments with much delight, that one young gutter-snipe was heard to render "Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the wave!" as follows:

"Rule, Britannia!
Britannia rules the waves.
True-hearted Britons,
Never, never shall be slain."

Two pretty stories are just now told about Von Moltke. One is that on taking out his purse to pay a cabman after a rather long ride, the cabman started his horse, cried out, "No, no; it has been a great honor for me, Herr Feld-marschall, and drove off, to receive next day the Count's photograph, with the words, "To his cab-driver." And the other is that an American lady, with a young daughter, staying at the hotel where the great soldier was attending a regimental banquet, sent him a photograph of herself, which she asked him to sign, and so give more pleasure to the girl on her seventeenth birthday than all her presents had done. In reply, mother and daughter were invited to the supper-room, were treated by Von Moltke with the kindest hospitality, and received the photograph, on which was written, "I have been young, and now I am old, but I have not seen the righteons forsaken."

How the Months were Named

In looking up the peculiar names given each of the twelve months of the year, it becomes necessary for us to go back to the old Romans who have imposed upon us a set of names equally as absurd as those which the Norsemen, Scandinavians and Saxons applied to the week, says an exchange.

January is named from Janus, the god of doors and gates, because the month opens the year; and some say that he is a two-faced god and could look back on the last year and forward to the coming.

February is from Februus, to purify. March was originally the first month and was named for Mars, the god of war. April is from aperire, to open, because the buds open in that month. May is Maia, a goddess. June is from Juno, the patron of marriage, and is, therefore, the favorite month for weddings.

July was named for Julius Caesar, and August for Augustus Caesar. Originally August had but thirty days and February twenty-nine in the common year and thirty in leap year.

Augustus was jealous that Julius' month should have more days than his own, therefore took one from February and added it to August.

September, October, November, December, are so called because they were originally the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth months of the year. The names are now inappropriate and rank misnomers as now applied.

Michael Dumont, nephew of the redoubtable Gabriel, was fatally stabbed at Neche, North Dakota, in a drunken row.

The following advertisement appeared recently in a Parisian newspaper: "A lady having a pet dog whose hair is of rich mahogany color desires to engage a footman with whiskers to match."

Sir Julian Pauncefote, British Minister at Washington, maintains that the Behring Sea dispute is quite susceptible of settlement by arbitration, though the President and Mr. Blaine apparently refuse to admit that much.