



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE

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JOHN KNOX.

In the year 1505 there was born in a suburb of Haddington, Scotland, called Gifford Gate, John Knox, who, afterwards became known as the great Scottish reformer. A small field in the neighborhood still goes by the name of "Knox's Croft." When sixteen years old he went to the University of Glasgow, where he soon distinguished himself as a debater on theological subjects. When twenty-five years old he was ordained and began to teach, and nothing further is known of his life for some twelve years, until in 1543 when he openly professed himself a Protestant, was degraded from his orders and being in danger of his life, fled. From this time out his life was one of great activity in the battle for the truth, which was occasionally curbed by imprisonment and forced retirement from his enemies. In 1559 he took up his residence in Edinburgh where his house remains to this day. It stands at the Netherbow which unites the Canongate to Highstreet. The ground floor is occupied as a tobacconist's shop, but the two stories above are carefully preserved for the inspection of visitors. They are entered by a flight of stairs outside. At one corner of the house is a stone pulpit with the figure of a preacher in it, and there is an inscription written in very old-fashioned spelling, meaning "Love God above all things and thy neighbor as thyself." Knox was the leader in many great reforms and died in 1572, "weary of the world" he said. He was a man of great firmness and decision. He was strong and stern, and neither danger nor anything else prevented him carrying out his convictions. He was shrewd and his language, plain, homely and many will say harsh. He says he had learned "to call wickedness by its own terms—a fig, a fig; a spade, a spade." The Earl of Morton said of him truly as they said of him in the churchyard, "He never feared the face of man."

GOOD AND BAD TEMPER.

There is a woman told about in a popular legend who once stamped her foot on the ground in a passion, and she drove it so far in that it could not be drawn out again, so there she remained for the rest of her days, a monument to the inconveniences of a bad temper. It is to be regretted that such monuments are not met with in real life, for of all deplorable things against which mankind and womankind should be warned, a fiery disposition is one of the most deplorable.

Some people are born of gentler nature, and so, without much trouble on their part, possess good tempers, but others are by nature so touchy that one can hardly say a word to them without danger of an explosion. It is a great misery, as many of us know, to live with the ill-tempered; indeed may we all be preserved from even an occasional contact with them. On the other hand how is it possible to avoid longing for the society of her whom we are sure always to find

with a smile on her face and pleasant words on her tongue?

If a peevish temper makes life disagreeable for other people, do you think the owner of it is any better off? Ask one. Old as the world is, it may safely be said that no one ever yet felt happy after a display of the fireworks of ill-humor.

What a bad example, too, the cross-grained set to their neighbors. This is sometimes not sufficiently thought of by those who in other respects are everything that is estimable, and all who are trying to do good in the world should be ever on their guard lest by ill-timed anger they destroy their influence and make others doubt the sincerity of what is really at bottom a genuine Christian character.

Every exhibition of irritability sinks us in the estimation of our friends, and as the ten-

hard to restrain; but just as you can be charming when you please, so by an effort, you can be sweet and gentle though all the world should try to irritate you. Perhaps you think it very difficult, but there never yet was a good thing easily come by.

You may feel angry—constitutionally you may be irritable; many are so, as I have said already—but never give your anger expression. Shut your mouth and say nothing. There was once a famous man who had an exceedingly bad temper. It certainly ran in his family, for his brother was just the same; and it is told that when any cause of offence was given him, he grew very red in the face, and remained for a while silent, and when at last he spoke his words were calm and gentle. He never opened his mouth till he got the better of his rage. This is a noble example, and I would that



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.

dency to anger grows by being indulged in, ill-tempered people are in a fair way for having no friends at all.

One odd thing about getting angry is that most often it is about trifles, if not about nothing at all. Everyone has heard of the husband and wife who had a serious quarrel as to whether what they heard scratching behind the wainscot was a rat or a mouse. And, if my memory does not deceive me, another husband and wife had a violent dispute for no other reason than that the one asserted that the tea was made from Thames water whilst the other was equally confident the water came from the New River. Countless tempers are lost for no better reasons than these.

But how shall we cure a bad temper? It is difficult, my child, for our passions are

all the world were like that great man. Bottle up your wrath, then, and if necessity compels you to speak, be as sparing of your words as if they cost five guineas apiece.

But to keep from uttering our anger is not enough: we must harbor no angry thoughts. We cannot help, if quick-tempered, the mere feeling of anger arising in our minds, but we need not let it remain there unless we please. Let there be, then, no nursing of your wrath to keep it warm. Turn at once to something else, and give it the cold shoulder.

Try, above all things, to cultivate noble views both as to life in this world and our future in the next. Whoever is so occupied will have neither time nor taste for petty squabbles and passions about nothing.

James Mason, in *Girl's Own Paper*.

THE BISHOP AND THE BEES.

We find the following good story in a foreign Journal: "A French Bishop, being about to make his annual visitation, sent word to a certain curate, whose ecclesiastical beneficence was extremely trifling, that he meant to dine with him, at the same time requesting that he would not put himself to any extraordinary expense. The curate promised to attend to the Bishop's suggestion; but he did not keep his word, for he provided a most sumptuous entertainment. His lordship was most surprised, and could not help censuring the conduct of the curate; observing that it was highly ridiculous in a man whose circumstances were so narrow to launch out in such expense, nay, almost to dissipate his annual income in a single day. 'Do not be uneasy on that score, my lord,' replied the curate, 'for I can assure you that what you now see is not the produce of my curacy, which I bestow exclusively upon the poor.' 'Then you have a patrimony, sir?' said the Bishop. 'No, my lord.' 'You speak in riddles,' rejoined his lordship; 'how do you contrive to live in this manner?' 'My lord, I have a convent of young damsels here, who do not let me want anything. How do you have a convent? I did not know there was one in this neighborhood. This is all very strange, very unaccountable, Mr. Curate.' 'You are jocular, my lord.' 'But come, sir, I entreat that you would solve the enigma; I would fain see the convent.' 'So you shall, my lord, after dinner; and I promise that your lordship will be satisfied with my conduct.' Accordingly, when dinner was over, the curate conducted the prelate to a large enclosure, entirely occupied by bee-hives, and pointing to the latter observed, 'This, my lord, is the convent which gave us a dinner; it brings me in about eighteen hundred livres a year, upon which I live very comfortably, and with which I contrive to entertain my guests genteelly.' The surprise and satisfaction of the Bishop may be imagined."—*Family Friend*.

INFINITE TOIL would not enable you to sweep away a mist, but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which could have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher atmosphere.

NEVER SACRIFICE the right principle to obtain a favor. The cost is too great. If you cannot secure what is right and needful for you by square and manly conduct, better do without it, by all odds. A little self-denial is better than dishonor.

JONATHAN EDWARDS, when a boy, wrote in his journal, "Resolved to live with all my might while I do live."

CHRISTIAN CHARITY is a calm, wise thing. It will sometimes appear to the superficial observer a very hard thing—for it has the courage to refuse.