# Carleton Place Herald.

VOL XXIV. CARLETON PLACE, ONTARIO, MAY 6, 1874. NO 31


### SPRING.

Thou of the sunny heap,
With lilies garlanded,
And bosom fairer than the blown sea foam;
O Spring, in what waste desert dost thou stay,
Whilst leaves await thy presence to unfold?
The branches of the lime with frost are gray,
And all imprisoned is the crocus' gold.
Come, sweet Enchantress, come!

Though, in the sombre west,
Thy star hath lit its crest—
Pale Phosphor, fronting full the withered moon—
Thy voilets are sepultured in snow,
Thy daisies twinkle never in the sun,
Rude winds throughout the ruined forests blow,
And silent is the dove's melodious moan;
Enchantress, hast'en soon.

White are the country ways,
And white and tangled maze,
Loved of the oxlip and the creeping thyme;
Bare shakes the poplar on the sullen ridge,
Cold glooms the spectral mill above the flood;
Hoarse torrents stream beneath the ivied bridge,
And lightnings strike the darkness of the wood;
Enchantress, bless our clime.

No bloom of dewy morn,
No freshly-blossomed thorn,
Gladens the importunings of sad eyes;
The day wastes drearily, through cloud and sleet;
Over the watered meadows and stark vales
The night comes down impetuous and fleet,
And ships and cities shiver in the gales;
O fair Enchantress, rise.

Arise, and bring with thee
The rathe bud for the tree,
The healing sunshine for the trampled grass:
Loose tendrils for the boughs which bless the eaves,
And shield the swallows in the rainy hours,
The pendent flames which the laburnum heaves,
And faint scents for the wind-stirred lilac flowers,
Enchantress, breath and pass

Men knew, and kissed, of old,
Thy garment's glittering fold—
Thy radiant footprint on the mead or waste;
Earth kindled at thine advent—altars burned,
And ringing cymbals bade the hearths be gay;
But now, in sunless solitudes inurned,
Thou leav'st the world unto reluctant day.
O haste, Enchantress, haste!

The lark shall sing again.
Between the sun and rain,
The brown bee through the flowered pastures roam.
There shall be music in the frozen woods,
A gurgling carol in the rushing brook,
An odor in the half-unbosomed bud,
And dancing fox-gloves each forest nook;
Then, come, Enchantress, come!

## A LITTLE FOOL.

Florence Reed was the little fool, and Julia Willis, her cousin, it was who called her so. You judge between them if you like: it is a story that will not take long in telling.

Florence—or Florry, for nobody ever dreamed of calling her anything else—Florry Reed was not in the least what one would call a beauty; but then she had the softest eyes and the sweetest lips in the world. Something at least to that effect Charley Dennis had been heard to declare, and it is very much to be believed that he spoke as one who should know on this subject.

The two had been lovers for quite a while; lovers in the bud, as one may say, and everybody knows that the bud is the sweetest part of the whole blossom season. The practical, common place stage of declaration had not yet been reached; it was the time of broken hints and secret hand pressures, of stolen kisses and general felicity. Florry walked on air, and forgot that it was her native element, till one unlucky day the clouds melted under her feet and let her down to earth with a rude thump.

It was the day of a celebration given in Blackville to commemorate some event perfectly uninteresting to the world at large, but of the very last importance in the eyes of the Blackvillians. For though Blackville was a little place, its inhabitants were men and women very much like other people, and measured the universe on the Blackville yardstick after the orthodox and the proper fashion.

The festivity, beginning with an oration, ended with a pic-nic in a grove just outside the town, a magnificent maple grove, violet scented solitudes it was almost sin to profane with the clatter of hardware and the popping of ginger beer corks. Charley Dennis and Florry were there together, as they were together everywhere. But unfortunately for Florry, Miss Adelia Brent was there also.

This young lady was not Blackville born. She came from a much larger town, a town which would have turned up its nose very high indeed at poor little Blackville, had it happened to be aware of its existence at all. For which reason, the Blackvillians naturally looked with admiring awe upon it and all that pertained to it. Miss Adela, then, being a visitor just arrived among them, her *debut* was an event second only to the great event commemorated by the day. She was prettier than half their own girls there present, but she was wholly unlike them in dress and style: in a word she was something new; and if novelty is one of the greatest of all charms anywhere, it certainly is not the least so in a small country town where a wholesome fear of his neighbor holds each in decent restraint. So all eyes were fastened on the stranger, when, at a rather late hour, she made her appearance on the ground, which in no wise discomposed her. She settled herself and her flounces gave a final toss to the frizzy wilderness surmounting her little head, and, turning back her fan parasol, looked around her with much the air with which a traveller stranded among savages, might observe their barbarous customs.

The first of the natives on whom her glances chanced to rest, were Florry and Charley, and she vouchsafed them a prolonged examination under which Florry's eyes fell and her color rose; whereupon Adela, who had already mentally inventoried her as pretty, but deplorably without style, regarded her anew, with amused compassion, as a girl who could actually blush for being looked at!

Charley did not blush, though. On the contrary he returned the gaze with one which might have abashed some girls. But Miss Brent was a young lady not easily abashed, and if the very evident admiration in the handsome savage's black eyes effected her in any way it was certainly neither to embarrass nor offend her. That was plain from the manner in which she received his advances later; else the two would not have made so rapid an acquaintance, nor have been missing when, by and by, a stroll was proposed, so that Florry was obliged to put up with the escort of her cousin Fred Willis, a necessity considerably more agreeable to him than to her.

Oh, what a cloudy ending for a day that had begun all sunshine! Florry wondered piteously, when, the festival was at an end, they drove back through the evening together, could this be the same Charley, who, on that very road, only a few hours before, had said—well, it is not so much what he had said as the way, and especially the look, with which he had said it,—could this be the same this abstracted individual who had to keep rousing himself out of some revery over—what? The charms of Miss Adela Brent? Florry greatly feared it.

Yes, that was it. New brooms sweep clean, and Miss Adela's flounces and frizzes had swept Charley quite away from his moorings. In a week, she could turn him round her little finger: in another he had as completely deserted "the softest eyes and sweetest lips," as if that and many a like speech had been but empty air.

If Florry had been a heroine, she would probably have broken her heart; have taken to writing poetry and reducing her weight at the rate of a pound a day. But then she was not a bit of a heroine; an army of little brothers and sisters to attend to left her no time for poetry writing, while Blackville, although, as before stated, an insignificant place, had a bracing mountain air which forced people to eat in spite of themselves. So Florry, occupied with small frocks and stockings, did not lose her pretty color or roundness, and if there were some times tears in the "softest eyes," and sighs on the "sweetest lips," why that is only what is happening every day to eyes that are neither soft nor sweet.

No, Florry had no notion of sitting for a picture of despair. She had a stout little heart of her own as brave as it was warm, and whatever the trial, she "grinned and bore it,"—metaphorically speaking; Nature, in bestowing on her a pair of dimples, having put the grin sardonic out of her power. It was very provoking, very cruel of Charley, and she was not going to make an outcry against him. That was Florry's way of looking at it; there is such people now and then in this medley of a world.

But her cousin Julia, Fred Willis's sister was quite of another turn of mind. Julia was a young lady who had opinions and liked to speak them. She considered that Charley Dennis was behaving himself in a weak, wicked and altogether disgraceful manner, which Florry was bound to resent; and this quite apart from her pet plan of making a match between her cousin and her brother, for Julia, prejudiced, was honest. She had no mercy for the truant Charley, abusing him as often and as openly as Florry's reserve would allow, till one day the barrier broke down, and let the full tide of her wrath sweep over.

Fred was describing a party of the previous evening, at which neither of the girls had been present.

"I suppose that Miss Brent was there as large as life?" said Julia, whose habit it was to use the pronoun of censure in referring to Adela.

"Yes, she was there," answered Fred, and laughed to himself for a moment. Then, aloud, "The fool Charley Dennis makes of himself with that girl!" he said.

"And what can he see in her!" exclaimed Julia. "She's no beauty certainly."

"Oh, as to that, she's pretty enough," said her brother—masculine and feminine eyes are so apt to see this matter differently—"but as out and out a flirt as I ever saw. Friend Charley'll find himself at the end of his string one of these days or I'm much mistaken."

"And serve him right!" pronounced Julia with vicious emphasis.

"Why serve him right?" here unexpectedly put in Florry, with more spirit than was usual to her soft voice. "Why should anybody object to Charley's waiting on Miss Brent if he likes?"

"Oh, if it suits him I've nothing to say against it, I'm sure," was all Julia could say in answer. Each one of the three knew quite well what had been meant by his being served right, and each knew that the others knew, but still it was the thing to ignore it in Fred's presence, so Julia could only look the pins and needles she longed to speak.

But the moment Fred was gone, she indemnified herself for this forced clemency. She pounced down on Florry, and never lift her till she worried her into tears and confession. Then she paused, half in triumph, and half in pity.

"Now don't be a goose, Florry," she said, soothingly, tapping the bit of flushed cheek not hidden in the clasped hands, "If there ever was a man worth crying about, I'm sure it isn't Charley Dennis."

Florry made no reply to this, she lifted her head and set some stitches rather blindly in the embroidered frock on her lap. But it is lucky that Master Harry, for whom it was destined, was not a connoisseur in fine needle work, else it is to be feared that that cotton rose spray would have been a thorn in his side so long as any thing remained of it.

"Depend upon it, Florry," resumed Julia, after a pause, "you're well rid of him, if you only would think so. A man that don't know his own mind better than that! Why, I do believe it's a full month since he has set his foot inside this house—he that used to be in and out till I was fairly sick of him. I only wish," went on Julia with energy, "he would come again, just once, just to see how much difference it makes to us—and I declare," she broke off abruptly, looking out the window, which she faced, "if there he isn't this minute opening the gate! Well, the—what you call-him is near when you talk about him sure enough!"

Charley it really was at the gate, and at the gate we will be impolite enough to leave him while we explain how he came to be there just in the nick of time.

It is a very common rural custom "to improve the shining hours" of the full moon, not, indeed, as "doth the little busy bee," but a fashion quite as agreeable, if less industrious. Each Jack, with his chosen Jill beside him, bowls along the open country roads at a pace to be settled by his own taste and the powers of his horse. Now, the Blackville moon being just at present at the full, a jollification of this sort had been arranged for the morrow evening, and Charley accordingly took an early opportunity to make sure of Miss Adela Brent.

But, if the truth must be told, Miss Adela was growing rather tired of this rustic homage. Add to which, that her own particular "young man" had just come from town to see her, and it will easily be perceived that Charley's chances were not so good as he fondly imagined. The pair stood in the porch, watching him as he approached, and indulging in comments which, if there be any truth in the proverbs, should have made his ears tingle.

"O! it is us Father Noah intends honoring with a visit," remarked Mr. Walter Wilmington, when Charley's "ark," as the other had irreverently dubbed his carriage, drew up before the gate. "Am I to leave you to a *tete a tete*, Adela?"

"O, for mercy's sake no!" answered Adela, "or he is such a bore"—(poor Charley!)—"he would stay forever!"

So Charley waited in vain for Mr. Wilmington to give him a chance to make known his errand. At last, as it became evident that he did not intend going, and Charley could in decency wait no longer, he opened the subject with an introductory remark of the fineness of the weather.

"Good weather for green things," nonchalantly observed Mr. Wilmington with a glance at Charley easily understood.

"Especially the carrot crop," returned Charley with an equally intelligible look at his new acquaintance's perfumed luxuriant locks, which undoubtedly did bear on the auburn. After which little exchange of civilities, Mr. Wilmington retired into the privacy of his segar smoke, and Charley proceeded to make his request.

"Well, I don't know," replied Miss Adela, languidly playing with her fan, "that sort of thing is so apt to be tiresome—don't you think?" Charley, who certainly had not thought she found that or any other sort of thing tiresome in his company, remained speechless, while she resumed, "I am afraid you really must excuse me this time—but I dare say, Mr. Dennis, Miss Florence Wells would be happy to go if you asked her."

The blood rushed to Charley's face at this last piece of politeness, and he took his leave of the young lady, inwardly vowing that he would excuse her not only for that, but for all future time; that if she were to remain for the rest of her natural life in Blackville, should be troubled with no more tiresome attentions from him.

"Florry, indeed!" he said to himself, indignantly. "She may sneer if she likes, but she's not one half so nice as Florry—and take away the frizzes and flounces, I do believe not one half so pretty.

He really did believe it, none the less that it was wounded vanity which had opened his eyes to the perception. And, with all his anger and mortification, there was mingled an odd sense of relief, which would seem to indicate that it was nothing deeper than his fancy which had been taken by Miss Brent.

"What if I were to ask Florry?" his reflections went on. "Only it's so long since I've been near her. But, then, she's such a sweet tempered little thing, I've half a mind to risk it," And the end of it was he did risk it; and that was how he came to give Julia Willis occasion to quote a very unflattering old proverb on his behalf. And now, as he has waited at the gate quite long enough, we will let him in, and see how he fared within doors.

It was an absurdly constrained interview. Neither Florry nor Charley felt equal to bearing the burden of the conversation. Julia could have done it well enough, if she had chosen, but she would not. So there were meaningless remarks, interspersed with pauses longer than the code of well regulated society admits.

"It is quite a while since I was here," blundered Charley after one of these in sheer despair of anything better to say.

"I wonder what you are here for now?" retorted Julia, unable longer to keep silence, while Florry stitched as if for dear life.

Charley could not very well answer the truth, and, not knowing what else to answer he held his tongue. Julia however had no scruples to hold hers, which, moreover, at the best of times was apt to be an unruly member, so she said in downright way.

"I suppose that Miss Brent has had enough of you, and given you leave to remember old acquaintances at last."

This hit the case so exactly, that it left Charley without a single word to say for himself. Perceiving which, Julia laughed in scornful triumph, and rising from her seat, added ironically.

"It is hard to have to lose the pleasure of your society now that it is grown such a rarity, but I have an engagement, so I hope you will excuse me."—With which parting squib, and a whisper in passing—"Be firm, Florry!" she left the room. And we can not do better than follow her.

Having proceeded to fulfill her engagement—the rumaging of a chest of drawers, up-stairs—Julia, who guessed Charley's errand well enough, waited for him to make it known and be gone. But never, surely, had a simple proposal for a drive taken such a while in the asking and refusing! Exactly how long she had to wait, Julia could not say, but a very long time, indeed, measured by her patience. Just as the last thread of that was giving way, she heard the outside door close, and, flying to the window, she saw Charley Dennis's head bobbing in and out between the tall hollyhock border [illegible] In less time than it takes to tell it, [illegible] was down in the parlor where she [illegible] and Florry still stitching away, as if [illegible] completion of six year old Harry's [illegible] frock was the one thing for which the w[illegible] le universe was waiting.

"Ah!" said J[illegible]lia, exultantly, as she advanced, "rev[illegible]ge is sweet, let the moralists say wh[illegible] they like! I haven't seen you, I don' [illegible] know when, with such a nice color. W[illegible]ll, I hope you've sent Mr. Charley De[illegible]is properly about his business?"

"N—no," sai[illegible] Florry, with an increase of the nice color.

"No!" repeat[illegible] Julia, looking doubtfully at her, "w[illegible]at do you mean by 'No?' What ha[illegible]e you done, then—never promised [illegible]go with him surely?"

"I—I've pro[illegible]ised to—marry him," answered Florr[illegible] in a voice between laughing and cr[illegible]ing.

Julia droppe[illegible] into the nearest seat.

"Well, you [illegible]re a little fool!" sai[illegible]uld find her tongue.

She, when she [illegible] But then, you see, she loved him; a p[illegible]r excuse no doubt; but the only one he [illegible] historian can find in her defense.

—From [illegible]HE ALDINE for May.

## BEE NOTES.

BY M. QUINBY

More people [illegible]re asking at the present time how to w[illegible]ter bees than ever before. In 185[illegible] "The Mysteries of Bee keeping" was [illegible]rst published. The best process then k[illegible]own to the writer was there detailed. A warm cellar or outhouse, made w[illegible]rm, was considered the best place. I have wintered in such a place with a [illegible]oss of but two per cent., and have know[illegible] small lots at that time to pass the wi[illegible]er with a loss of less than ten per cent., [illegible]ven when left on their summer stand[illegible] But for the past two winters it was [illegible]ery rare to find ten per cent. saved [illegible] those out of doors, and very many of t[illegible]ose housed suffered equally. There w[illegible] this difference: Of those out of doors s[illegible]arcely any escaped; while those housed, [illegible]specially when kept warm enough, were [illegible] the only ones that were well wintered.

It is desira[illegible]e to ascertain, if possible, the causes th[illegible] produce these results. Many attribu[illegible] it to a dysentery caused by the qualit[illegible] of honey, and assert that the prairie flo[illegible]ers of the West furnish something ver[illegible] different from what was obtained twen[illegible] years ago, forgetting that the Eastern S[illegible]tes do not furnish it now, and the result[illegible]here is about the same. Others suppo[illegible] that the young bees winter best, and [illegible]at from some cause the bees early sto[illegible] rearing brood, and by the beginning of w[illegible]nter have no bees less than several month[illegible] old—three or four at least—and by the [illegible]ext April these are dying of old age, or [illegible] if not dead, worthless. While admit[illegible]ng that young bees are most valuable [illegible] this solution of the difficulty does no[illegible] apply, because they failed in some cases [illegible]o rear young bees late, just the same [illegible] years ago. The idea that it is in the [illegible]uality of the honey that make the t[illegible]ouble is insisted on by another, fro[illegible] the fact that he has substituted suga[illegible]syrup for winter food, and has lost no b[illegible]s when so fed. As none of these reas[illegible]s are wholly satisfactory, some have in[illegible]uired further: What condition has be[illegible] present the past two years that we have[illegible] not had before in forty years? Bu[illegible]few attribute it to the cold weather. I [illegible]ust do so. All know that a good hive [illegible] bees with a proper quantity of honey [illegible]well distributed will stand any degree o[illegible] cold for a time, as has been proved many [illegible]times. Yet the cold of the last winters [illegible]s been different, not only in severity, b[illegible]t in continuing until late in spring. [illegible] fortnight of such weather, with a few w[illegible]rm days between the spells for them to [illegible]vive, and they come out all right. Tha[illegible] dysentery is produced by cold is shown[illegible] their never having it in warm weath[illegible]. That syrup or sugar does not pre[illegible]nt it in such weather was proved in m[illegible]y cases the past winter where the co[illegible]bs were filled with it and nothing else, [illegible]d were badly soiled before the bees faile[illegible]

After stric[illegible] inquiry, the only places found where [illegible]es were wintered successfully was wh[illegible]e they had the benefit of artificial he[illegible], unless in a room with numbers suffi[illegible]ent to create heat for themselves. Fro[illegible] all these facts we can see the necessity [illegible]r more artificial warmth than was nee[illegible]d a few years since. Do not take the [illegible]ance of success outdoors. The coming w[illegible]nter may be mild, and it may be the th[illegible]rd one of severity. Let us be prepare[illegible] for an emergency. If we have less tha[illegible] one hundred stocks, let them be put i[illegible] a place, where the temperature can b[illegible] regulated. The more bees in a room [illegible]he less artificial heat will be needed. I[illegible] there are only a few stocks, put the [illegible] in a room adjoining one in which there [illegible]s a fire, either over or under or on on[illegible]side, or in a cellar under the living room [illegible] A room proportioned in size to the n[illegible]mber of hives will keep them warmer t[illegible]an a few in a large room. Yet extreme h[illegible]t must be avoided. A little below or [illegible]very little above 50 degrees will do, a[illegible]d this should be as uniform as possibl[illegible]

Another po[illegible]t. If the room has windows they [illegible]ust be darkened—perfectly dark—o[illegible]he bees will leave the hive and waste [illegible] If there is no room to spare for this p[illegible]pose, and you have but a hive or two, [illegible]t them in a close box to keep dark; ve[illegible]late the box without admitting light [illegible]o the hive and keep them as quiet [illegible] possible. House the first of this mon[illegible] or as soon as we have real winter. C[illegible]ose a cool day to do it. Be careful not [illegible] to jar the hives. If several are set [illegible]ose together they are easier kept war[illegible] than if scattered. Such as have stores [illegible]fficient at the proper time need not b[illegible] disturbed until spring. Those lacking s[illegible]res must not be allowed to starve. Mat[illegible]ial to keep them will cost no more n[illegible] than if given early. But the care o[illegible] feeding is increased. When the room [illegible] warm they may be fed enough to last u[illegible]il April—three pounds per month. S[illegible]up made of sugar—coffee crushed—[illegible] probably the cheapest feed. If fed w[illegible]en they are cold a bee will not leave th[illegible] cluster and creep to the top of a dis[illegible] containing feed, but will come to the [illegible]ottom if it can obtain it there. There [illegible]are feeders made on this principle, b[illegible] patented. If warm enough, the bees [illegible]ay be fed as they need it—by the mont[illegible]r oftener. But such feeding is not recommended as the best way.

The inquiry is often made, "Which is the most profitable, extracted or box honey?" To answer correctly many points require consideration. Three times as much of the one as of the other can usually be obtained—that is, when we can save the expense of making combs. The cost of fixtures to obtain extracted honey, and the price it bears in market, are important items. When comb is to be used, as in box honey, it takes many pounds of honey to make one of wax—from ten to twenty. This is all wasted, as far as food is concerned, and prices do not correspond up to this time. It has discouraged many. But it is what might be expected. A reputation has yet to be made for extracted honey, and will be as soon as people know its superiority in taste as well as appearance. So many vile mixtures have been sold as honey that the public taste is perverted; very much like that of the man who boasted of his ability to tell liquors by the taste, but was "stumped" when a glass of water was presented to him. The case is very similar with this honey. Most persons not being in the habit of tasting that which is of very superior quality it is not appreciated. Strained honey, even when unmixed with any foreign ingredient, always has a taste of bee bread. It is always drained from combs taken from the body of the hive. These always contain bee bread. To have the honey drain properly it is necessary to mash it fine, and the bee bread is mixed with it—making it unpleasant to many, and they will give but little for it. Extracted honey is associated with it in their minds as something not so agreeable as box honey. When clover honey is extracted and kept pure it is so much clearer, purer, and whiter than anything that people are accustomed to, that they think it must be something else. They "never saw honey look like that." Dairymen have called the Legislature to their aid to prevent watering milk. I think that bee keepers could do the same thing in regard to honey with propriety. If we had a law that every one offering for sale honey containing an ingredient not stored by the bees should so state it or suffer a heavy penalty, bee keepers would be greatly benefited.—*American Agriculturist.*

## THE COACHMAN AND HIS PRAYER.

I had taken the box-seat in a stage-coach. The driver soon began to swear in a most fearful manner. "Coachman, do you ever pray?" I quietly said. Did you pray this morning that God would keep you from blaspheming his Holy name? "No, I did not" "Then I am afraid you never pray at all; for no man can swear as you do, and yet keep up the habit of praying to God." As we rode along he seemed thoughtful. "Coachman, I wish you would pray now." I said. "Why, what a time to pray, sir, when a man is driving a coach!' 'Yet, my friend, God will hear you." He was somewhat moved at the appeal. "What shall I pray for?" he asked in a subdued tone. "Pray these words: "O Lord, grant me thy Holy Spirit, for Christ's sake; amen." He hesitated, but in a moment he repeated them; and then, at my request, a second and a third time. When I arrived at the end of my journey, I parted from him, never expecting to meet him again on earth.

Some months passed, and being in another part of the country, a man looked intently to me, and said with a smile, "Don't you know me, sir?" I replied, I did not. "Ah, sir, I have much reason to be thankful that I ever knew you." He then recounted the particulars of our first meeting, and added, "I bless God I ever travelled with you. The prayer you taught me on the coach-box I believe was answered. I saw myself a lost and ruined sinner; but now I humbly hope, through the blood that cleanseth from all sin, and by the power of the Holy Spirit, I am a converted man." After some explanation, he went on to say, "Both my wife and daughter have also been brought to Jesus. Stop not in your good work, sir, of speaking to poor sinners as you spoke to me on that coach; but for your reproof and instruction I might still have been in the broad road which leads to destruction."

Go, and do thou likewise.

## I CAN'T AFFORD IT

"Just come and give me a hand's turn at my garden, Jem, of a Sunday morning, will you?" said a working man, with his pickaxe over his shoulder, to an old hedger, who was trimming a quick-set hedge.

Jem took off his cap and scratched his head a bit in his own country way, and then said in reply:

"No, master; I can't afford it!"

"Oh? I don't want you to do it for for nothing. I'm willing to pay you.

"I can't afford it."

"Why, man, I will put something in your pocket; and you're not too well off."

"That's it; I can't afford it."

"Can't afford it! What do you mean? You don't understand me."

"Yes, I do; but I bain't quick of speech, do you see. Howsomever, don't you snap me up, and I'll tell ye. I bain't too well off—that's as true a word as ever you spoke. Times be mostly hard wi' me. But if I ain't well off d'ye see, in this world, I've a hope—a blessed hope, my missus calls it, of being better off in the next. My Lord and Saviour said these words with his own lips, 'I go to prepare a place for you; that where I am, there ye may be also.' I learned that text twenty years ago; and me and my wife wanted comfort."

"Well, well! What's all that to do with your saying, in answer to my offer, 'I can't afford it.'"

"Why no offence to you; but it's got all to do with it. I can't afford to lose my hope of a better land. If my Lord be gone to prepare a place for me, the least I can do is to ask him to prepare me for the place. And, you see, Sunday is the only day that I can give my thoughts to these holy things. I go to God's house, and hear about Heaven; and I seems to be waiting at one of the stations on the way there. No! no! Man's work for man's day—but on God's day I can't afford it!"

## A WORD TO APPRENTICES.

"Forlex" gives our youths the following advice:—"Education is the basis of all success in life. It is much to your interest to recognize this fact as early as possible. Your shiftless, elder companions in the shop will tell you that affluence and care result from mere luck. With display of dignified independence, they challenge your admiration for their manliness by proclaiming themselves as good as those persons whose apparent leisure, luxury and dress awaken a feeling of hostility, which they endeavor to intensify by the bitterness of comparison. And you have little intercourse with the world during the active hours of the day, unless warned by the voice of experience you are apt to imbibe these hurtful impressions, which indicate vindictive jealousy, the consequence of dense, wilful ignorance. The senseless discord that destroys the indentity of interest of capital and labor is born of such parentage. Persons advocating these sentiments are generally men who ridicule the efforts of young mechanics desirous of self improvement. They harangue idle crowds at strike meetings and demonstrations, which they are pleased to consider, in spread eagle phrase, 'the efforts of downtrodden workingmen to achieve their independence. Drinking saloons are the chosen theatres of their wordly disaffection. They crave applause, and endeavor, by mock heroism, to entice you to places where lost time and squandered earnings are not the only expenses, for, under their tuition, the root of false principles is made to flourish in the soil of intemperance.

Such influences should be shunned as carefully as we avoid a loathsome disease. Every man will gravitate to the sphere of life for which his acquirements fit him, and neither higher nor lower. Those sterling men round us, who represent the wealth and weight a great people, are but reaping the reward of time well spent; and could we retrace the course they have pursued, we would find the student's lamp illuminating the hours that end days spent in exhausting toil. You may be told that many educated men achieve but little in the great struggle of life; yet would they not hav done much less if they had been aided by the brute force of ignorance alone? We know of a man, now occupying a position of responsibility under the government who, some years since, broke scrap iron with a sledge for a foundry and axle forge, day after day, unsheltered from the weather; yet he found time to read at least one hour per day, as well as to educate himself in useful branches of learning. His first expenditure for mental improvement purchased a Webster's Dictionary, a year's subscription to a leading scientific journal, and a daily newspaper. He now owns a library which would do credit to a university, and he is known to and esteemed by our most prominent citizens. A different course when he was a young man would have enrolled him in that army which stupidly drudges out a mere existence.

As you value your future happiness, devote as much time as you reasonably can to education. Throw away your boxing gloves, for the exercise which they afford can be had from other sources, without pernicious associations. Let your shop mates dub you a 'dat,' if they choose, because you resign billiards, and know nothing of the mysteries of keno; and spend your evenings in the peaceful acquirement of knowledge, which brings length of days, and tranquility unembittered by the experiences of the mere sensualist."

## SAVING A TOOTH.

A lady in Knoxville, several years ago, had a front tooth put in on a pivot. Lately the tooth became loose, and the other day, while out in the yard feeding her chickens, she sneezed very hard, when the tooth fell out, and was at once swallowed by one of the chickens. The lady kept her eye on that same chicken, and, as soon as possible, effected a capture, when she felt of the craw until she discovered a substance she took to be her tooth, and, taking a knife, the craw was opened at that place, the tooth taken out, and again closed with needle and thread, and the chicken released. The chicken is still living and well, though full of resolution never again to swallow a tooth, while the lady sports a full set of teeth again. The above is vouched for as the truth by a reliable gentleman.

THE VALUE OF SUNFLOWERS.—We would call the attention of farmers at this time to the value of sunflowers as a crop, and enumerate some of their values and uses. In the first place, the flowers abound in honey and furnish food for bees. The seeds contain oleaginous matter, and will yield oil at the rate of one gallon to the bushel, which is but little inferior to olive oil. One acre will produce fifty bushels of seed. It is also valuable for feed for horses and poultry. The leaves are excellent fodder for cattle The stalks while growing may be utilized, as bean poles, where they are scarce and difficult to be obtained, and when dry may be used as roofing, or set up against a fence to form a wind break. They contain a large amount of potash and are excellent for fire kindling. The seed has also been recommended for fuel. The reputation of the growing sunflower to absorb miasmatic vapors, and preventing fever and ague, is well known.—*Exchange.*

It is arranged that 1,500 Belgian Riflemen will visit England in July to take part in the Wimbledon competition.

The Queen has recommended to the House of Commons a grant of £25,000 Sir Garnet Wolseley.

Mr. Rowcliffe, the Chartist butcher, of Tiverton, so well known from his political opposition to Lord Palmerston, has just died at the age of 71.

Fuss works hard all day, and don't do enny thing, goes to bed tired at night, then gets up next morning, and begins agin where she left oph.

It is in contemplation by the military authorities to construct at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, a gun weighing 81 tons. There is a probability that the great coil of this monster cannon may be welded in the presence of the Czar of Russia.

## THE REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH, OTTAWA.

The new Pastor of the Reformed Episcopal Church, the Rev. Johnson McCormac late of Kentucky, arrived in town yesterday morning, and conducted service in the Court House. The congregation was not so large as we have noticed before, but the uncertainty that prevailed with respect to Mr. McCormac's arriving in time to conduct the service, and the inclement character of the weather no doubt had something to do with the temporary falling off. It will readly be admitted that a long journey made by day and night, is not the bost preparation for intellectual effort of any kind, nor could it be expected to improve a man's condition for such work as conducting divine service and preaching. The usual service of this Church, according to the Reformed prayer-book, was gone through, with the exception of the omission of the Litany, which will be used for the time to come. The rev. gentleman, who appeared not as fresh as he might have been—which we have already accounted for—took as his text this verse of one of the Psalms, "He that goeth forth, weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless return again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." The sermon was very good, being clear, well constructed and practical. Its lesson of self denial and Christian effort was applied with force and earnestness, the value of the reward promised in the text to the labourer in God's field, being extolled as an example, a noble inducement to all possible religious sacrifice and action. In the evening, Mr. McCormac had a considerably larger congregation, many having come to hear him discourse about the causes of the secession from the Protestant Episcopal Church of the States. He took for his text the 11th verse of the 3rd chap. of First Corinthians—"For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." The first portion of the address was not controversial, but a general and appropriate commentary upon the safe and precious quality of such a basis of faith action. The preacher afterwards contrasted this foundation with that claimed by the Roman Catholic Church, whose doctrine as to Peter, his authority and the pretensions of Rome, he disputed, Mr. McCormac then cited "Mosheim," to show the graduel development of the doctrine of superior orders in the Christian Church, and lofty virtue and authority in connection with them, the idea of the three orders, and the high rank of the Bishops and Primates being borrowed from the Jewish economy. He also described the present practices and tendencies of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the States, as looking towards the doctrine of Apostolic succession, which was full-blown Popery, and away from the sound Protestantism and unpretentious clerical views of the early English Reformers, including Cranmar. He stated that he loved that Episcopal Church which he had been compelled to leave by the impossibility of securing any reform. Many of its ministers leant more kindly towards Romanism than to communion with the non-Episcopal Protestant Churches, out of their erroneous veneration for the chimera of Apostolic succession. He urged the greater importance of a true faith and sound doctrine, which should be the only condition of fellowship in the Christian Church, and should suffice for intercommunion and hearty co-operation. Many of the congregation were introduced to the rev. gentlemen during the day, and were pleased with his amiable manner, and apparent kindness of disposition. In the morning he spoke strongly in favor of temperance, and frequently in the evening, evinced an earnestness of manner which rivetted attention. The prevalent opinion was, yesterday, that Mr. McCormac, as a preacher, is some improvement on Dr. Gallagher, who is also a good man, and a clever organiser. Mr. McCormac is a middle aged man, yet he has been twenty years in the ministry. He has less of what Canadians generally style the American accent than his predecessor, and less of the style of our Northern neighbours, both as regards form of thought and manner of delivery. —*Ottawa Times.*

## REFORM IN BRITAIN.

One of the greatest of those quiet revolutions which have been taking place in Britain ever since the repeal of the Test Act, about half a century ago, is forecasted in the speeches of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, at recent meetings. The proposed revolution has three great heads. 1st. The extension of the franchise to agricultural laborers. 2nd. The reform of the land laws, the operations of which, for centuries, has been to concentrate the ownership of the soil on a very small class of great families. 3rd. To reform and diminish local taxation.

It has almost passed into a proverb that national affairs in Britain are managed in the best manner and local affairs in the worst; and the reason is plain enough. The national government has kept with the advancing intelligence of the age, whilst the local governments of feudal system, all of which were calculated for a chronic state of war, the King appointed the Lord-Lieutenant of each country to look after and command its military array, and appointed his squires or esquires in every part of that county to look after and command its subordinate divisions. The executed justice, also, in the irregular and despotic fashion of feudal ages, and were therefore justices of the peace. The local taxation for all county expenses, including support of the poor, education, support of churches, clergymen and so fourth, was managed within the county township, of parish, and in boroughs there was an equal amount of local power under a different class of magistrates, nominally but seldom really elected by the people. Every county and every borough had its own particular laws, regulations, customs and traditions, and these in endless variety, with, in may cases, almost endless jobbing and corruption.

Now as we understand it, all this is to be reformed, probably by subjecting all to the same general laws, and in this reform a great diminution of expenditures is to be secured.

The reform in the land laws must be in the way of abolishing or of greatly limiting entails, and simplifying conveyancing. It is scarcely comprehensible to an American that as in a case known to the writer of this article, the sale of a piece of real property of the value of £500 ($2,500), cost £80 ($400), for the deed of transfer, and even then, that deed, though good for practical purposes, was not perfect theoretically without a further cost of £23 ($115). These costly conveyances (and a proportionate expence had to be incurred in borrowing money on mortgage) were to be rendered necessary by the examination of and reference to titles coming down for ages through all kinds of governments and acts of Parliament, and subject to all kinds of feudal or other incumbrances. It has indeed long been necessary that a means should be provided, as in Ireland, of sweeping away the whole of the dead past by a new and indefeasible title form a competent Court, and that a brief, intelligible, and cheap way of conveying property should be provided.

## LIVINGSTON'S LETTERS.

The London and Scotch journals publish the following correspondence written by the lamented Livingstone some short time previous to his death. The editors preface the communication thus:—"Among Dr. Livingstone's papers received at the Foreign Office was found a letter addressed to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the New York *Herald* Lord Tenterden has forwarded the letter to the London office of the New York *Herald* and a copy thereof has been courteously sent to us by the London manager."

FROM UNYANYEMBE, South-eastern Africa, April 9, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR,—When endeavouring to give you some idea of the slave trade and its attendant evils in this country, it was necessary to keep far within the truth in order not to be thought guilty of exaggeration. But in sober seriousness the subject does not admit of being overdrawn. To exaggerate its enormities is a simple impossibility, and the accounts given by Sir S. Baker of the atrocious proceedings of the White Nile slave traders tally exactly with my own observations of the traffic in the bands of the Arabs and half-caste Portugues further south. The sights I have seen, though common incidents of the so-called trade, are so terribly nauseous that I always strive to drive them from memory; and, in cases of other recollections, I can in time succeed in consigning them to oblivion. These slaving scenes, however, come back unbidden and unwelcome, and sometimes make me start up at dead of night horrified by their vividness. To some this may appear weak and unphilosophical, since it is alleged that the whole human family has passed through slavery as one of the stages of development from the lowest state of bestiality, cannibalism, stone, bronze, iron ages. Idolatry and slavery, it is said, are portions of the ascending education of mankind. The propagators of these views have many interesting facts in their favour, and every educated man receives new facts gladly, though he may not be able to explain them or reconcile them to other facts previously known. He hops that they may yet be proved to be portions of light from above. One must admire the industry of many ardent searchers after scientific truth—men really noble in their life long aims—following truth wherever that may lead; and it must be conceded that real investigators are by no means bigoted. If our stupid human race still needs the outrageous schooling of slavery and the slave trade, it is in a bad way still, and one might almost vote for allowing it to die out. It may have been want of charity on my part, but I was so frequently asked when in England, "Would these Africans work for one?" "Yes, if you could pay them." This answer produced such a palpable lengthening of visage that I suspected my questioners had been speculating on getting them to work for nothing—in fact, be slave-owners.

A PRINCE'S OPINION OF THE LADIES

I may now give an idea of the state of supreme bliss for the attainment of which all the atrocities of the so-called Arabs are committed in Central Africa. In conversing with a half-caste Arab prince, he advanced the opinion, which I believe is generally among them, that all women were utterly and irretrievably bad. I admitted some were no better than they should be, but the majority were unmistakably good and trustworthy. He insisted that the reason why we English allowed our wives so much liberty was because we did not know them so well as Arabs did. "No, no," he added, "No woman can be good; no Arab woman, no English woman can be good. All must be bad." And then he praised his own and countrymen's wisdom and cunning in keeping their wives from seeing other men. A rough joke as to making themselves turn keys, or, like the inferior animals, bulls over herds, turned the edge of his invectives, and he ended by an invitation to his harem, to show that he could be as liberal as the English. Captain S., of Her Majesty's corvette ——, accepted the