



DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION.

VOLUME X, NO. 13

MONTREAL, JULY 1, 1875.

SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An. Post-Paid

NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 7 after their names will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.



Temperance Department.

"FOR ME! FOR ME!"—A PITMAN'S TALK WITH HIS WIFE.

BY DORA GREENWELL.

Sit ye down on the settle here by me, I've got something to say to thee, wife; I want to be a new sort of man and to lead a new sort of life; There's but little pleasure and little gain in spending the days I spend, at to work like a horse all my days of my life, and to die like a dog at the end.

For where's the profit and where's the good, if one once begins to think, In making away with what little sense one had at the first, through drink? Or in spending one's time and one's money, too, with a lot of chaps that would go to see one, hanged, and like it as well as any other show?

And as to the pleasure that some folks find in cards or in pitch and toss, It's a little they've ever brought to me, but only a vast of loss; We'd be sure to light on some great dispute, and then, to set all right, The shortest way was to argue it out in a regular stand-up fight.

I've got a will, dear wife, I say, I've got a will to be; A kinder father to my poor bairns, and a better man to thee, And to leave off drinking and swearing, and all, no matter what folks may say; For I see what's the end of such things as these, and I know this is not the way.

You'll wonder to hear me talk like this, as I've never talk'd before; But I've got a word in my heart that has made it glad, yet has made it sore, I've got a word like a fire in my heart that will not let me be,—"Jesus, the Son of God, who loved, and who gave Himself for me"

I've got a word like a sword in my heart that has pierced it through and through, When a message comes to a man from heaven he needn't ask if it's true, There's none on earth could frame such a tale, or as strange as the tale may be, Jesus, my Saviour, that Thou shouldst die for love of a man like me!

Why, only think now! if it had been Peter, or blessed Paul, Or John, who used to lean on His breast, one couldn't have wondered at all, If He'd loved and He'd died for men like these, who loved Him so well, but you see, It was me that Jesus, loved, wife! He gave Himself for me!

Jesus died for me, and a



CHARLES DARWIN, ESQ., F. R. S.

Mr. Charles Darwin was born at Shrewsbury, England, February 12th, 1809, and is therefore, now over sixty-six years of age. He is grandson of Dr. Erasmus Darwin, author of the "Botanic Garden." He received his education at Shrewsbury School, Edinburgh University, and Christ's College, Cambridge. In 1831, he offered his services as a naturalist in an expedition to survey South America and go round the world, which was sent out in H.M.S. "Beagle," under the command of Captain Fitzroy. He returned in 1836, and nine years afterwards published the "Voyage of a Naturalist," which greatly increased his fame. He subsequently published several volumes treating upon the zoology, geology, and natural history of the countries visited during that voyage, and his "Monograph of the Family Cirripedia" is considered one of the most remarkable works on zoology of the present century. In 1859 he published his "Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection," which excited universal interest and a good deal of controversy. The

theory of this book is that there is a real variability in organisms acting through the medium of the system of reproduction, and that when the progeny thus varied finds itself better adapted for the surrounding conditions than its predecessors, it gains an ascendancy in the competition of the multitude of creatures for existence, establishes itself, and exterminates those which it has vanquished. This book was followed by two others, "Fertilization of Orchids," and "Domesticated Animals and Cultivated Plants." In 1871 he published his famous "Descent of Man," in which he infers that "man is descended from a hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in its habits." Mr. Darwin has been the recipient of numerous honors from scientific bodies, both at home and abroad. He was married in 1839 to the granddaughter of Josiah Wedgwood. Our engraving is from Walker & Wiseman, from a larger portrait in the New York Graphic, to which we are indebted for the above sketch.

Just as sinful and just as slow to give back His love again; He didn't wait till I came to Him, but He loved me at my worst; He needn't ever have died for me if I could have loved Him first.

And couldst Thou love such a man as me, my Saviour! then I'll take More heed to this wandering soul of mine, if it's only for Thy sake; For it wasn't that I might spend my days just in work, and in drink, and in strife, That Jesus, the Son of God, has given His love and has given His life.

It wasn't that I might spend my life just as my life's been spent That He's brought me so near to His mighty cross, and has told me what it meant; He doesn't need me to die for Him, He only asks me to live! There's nothing of mine that He wants but my heart, and it's all that I've got to give.

I've got a Friend, dear wife, I say; I've got a heavenly Friend, That will show me where I go astray, and will help me how to mend, That'll make me kinder to my poor bairns, that'll make me better to thee—"Jesus, the Son of God, who loved and who gave Himself for me!"

JOHN RANDOLF'S VOW.

BY SARAH P. BRIGHTON.

Twenty years ago, the finest and most important building in Rockland was a large stone block in front of the common, and the most conspicuous sign on it was: "John Randolph, Wines and Liquors," in great dazzling gilt letters.

A little further, on the corner of another street, was a pretty slate-colored cottage half concealed by shrubbery, with grand old oaks towering above it. Hiram Gregory lived here, and he was a respected, prosperous man till he formed a friendship with John Randolph, and began to stop at his store occasionally to get a drink. Little by little his appetite gained the mastery, and he yielded his manhood inch by inch to the demon Intemperance, till his property was squandered, and his proudest hopes were in ruins.

When not under the influence of intoxicating drink, he was a kind, indulgent husband and father, and his faithful wife, despite his wretched, besotted condition, still loved him devotedly. She was a frail, gentle woman, unable to endure sorrow or heavy burdens; and her health, gradually failed, and Poverty came creeping in at the door, and stared them mercilessly in the face. The sole light and joy of the house was their bright, loving little daughter Ruth.

One warm glowing June day, Ruth stood before a shop window, gazing with longing, admiring eyes upon a rich scarlet scarf conspicuously displayed there.

"Oh, what a lovely scarf!" she thought. "How I wish I could buy it; all the girls wear such nice clothes, and mine are so old and faded. How sorry I am father will drink, and pay all his money for rum. Oh dear! oh dear!" with a long, deep sigh.

At that moment, Hiram Gregory appeared in sight, just turning the corner on his way to John Randolph's store. Ruth saw him, and in an instant a purpose ripened within her. With fleet steps she ran down a cross-road and hurried into the store. Mr. Randolph stood behind the counter, glibly talking to a customer about his stock of choice wines, brandies, &c. "Oh, Mr. Randolph!" cried Ruth, hot and panting from her swift race, "father is on his way here; but don't sell him any more liquor; please don't; don't."