

He's a Brick.

Very few of the thousands who use the slang term, "He's a brick," know its origin or its primitive significance, according to which it is a grand thing to say of a man, "He's a brick." The word used in its original intent implies all that is brave, patriotic and loyal. Plutarch, in his life of Agesilaus, king of Sparta, gives us the meaning of the quaint and familiar expression. On a certain occasion an ambassador from Epirus, on a diplomatic mission, was shown by the king over his capital. The ambassador knew of the monarch's fame—knew that, though nominally only king of Sparta, he was ruler of Greece—and he had looked to see massive walls rearing aloft their embattled towers for the defence of the city, but found nothing of the kind. He marvelled much at this, and spoke it to the king. "Sire," said he, "I have visited most of the principal towns, and I find no walls reared for defence. Why is this?" "Indeed, Sir Ambassador," replied Agesilaus, "thou canst not have looked carefully. Come with me to-morrow morning and I will show you the walls of Sparta." Accordingly, on the following morning, the king led his guest out upon the plain, where his army was drawn up in full array, and pointing proudly to the patriot host, he said: "There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta—10,000 men, and every man a brick."

Looking after One Soul.

The Rev. Dr. Rainsford, of St. George's, New York, not long ago had printed the following extract from "Daniel Quorum," and sent a copy to each member of St. George's Chapter:

"He first findeth his own brother Simon. Now I am sure that 'tis a good plan to go looking after one soul. Every soul in the world belongs to our Lord. He made 'em every one and He bought 'em every one with His precious blood. They're His every way; and the devil is a thief. I've very often thought what a poor master the devil's servants have got. Why, when he came up to tempt our Mother Eve in Paradise he hadn't got any bit o' a little thing for to bribe her with, and all he could do was to steal her Master's apples. He hasn't got anything of his own. . . . Andrew didn't say, 'I'll try to do all the good I can,' and then do nothing, because he couldn't find anything to do; but he says, 'There's Simon, I'll go and catch him.' That's the way; pick out one soul, and set your heart 'pon it; begin to pray for that one, and go on 'tryin' till you've got it, and then try for another. We might do a good deal of good in the world if we didn't try to do so much. I've heard folk a singin', and meanin' it too,

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small."

An' because realm o' nature wasn't theirs, they did'n't give anything at all."

Faithfulness.

At the Greyfriars' churchyard, in Edinburgh, Scotland, there stands a beautiful monument erected in memory of a dog. The statue of the dog on top of it cost over two thousand dollars; and this is the story: A poor man died and was buried there. He was followed to his grave by his dog. When the other mourners went home the dog remained and lay down on his master's grave. The sexton drove him away, because dogs were not allowed there. Next morning the sexton found him on the grave again, and again drove him off. The second morning he found him on the grave again, and again drove him off. The third morning was a very cold one, and the sexton found the dog again lying on his master's grave, shivering with the cold. His heart relented; he fed the dog. Presently the lord mayor of the city heard about it and sent the dog a collar, and a man that kept a restaurant near by fed him every day. I don't know what provision they made for kennel, but during ten or twelve years, until he died, he made his home in that grave yard, and much of the time lay on his master's grave; and now they have built that beautiful monument to tell future ages of the fidelity of that poor man's dog.

The Longest Day.

It is quite important when speaking of the longest day in the year, to say what part of the world we are talking about, as will be seen by reading the following list, which tells the length of the longest day in several places. How unfortunate are the children in Tornea, Finland, where Christmas Day is less than three hours in length!

At Stockholm, Sweden, it is eighteen and a half hours in length!

At Spitzbergen, the longest day is three and a half months.

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has sixteen and a half hours.

At Hamburg, in Germany, and Dantzic in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours.

At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May twenty-first to July twenty-second, without interruption.

At St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolsk, Siberia, the longest day is nineteen hours, and the shortest five hours.

At Tornea, Finland, June twenty-first brings a day nearly twenty-two hours long, and Christmas, one less than three hours in length.

At New York the longest day is about fifteen hours, and at Montreal it is sixteen.

Sermon to Young Men.

The Bishop of London preached at St. Paul's cathedral, specially devoting his remarks to young men. Youth, he said, was an age of conflict. It was the time at which all that was done and all that was thought of presented itself in the form of a battle—a battle to be fought and a battle to be won. It was a time at which ambition was strong, and there was a desire to conquer in the way onward through the world. It was a time when principles were formed, when there was growing up within the soul that which would guide the future course, the purpose of the whole life. Before the young man at his entrance into life lay the choice between what was generous and what was mean, between what was noble and what was contemptible, the choice between living the higher life or the lower. A battle was before him, and if he would win it he had first to learn that he must be ashamed of everything that was mean and nasty, of everything that was contemptible in the sight of his own conscience. He had to learn to be ashamed of lowering his conduct as a man. He had to learn the beauty and glory of living for others. And he had to learn the lesson that St. Paul taught Timothy and practiced himself—to "flee youthful lusts," to flee all temptations of the appetite—all the attractions presented by the bodily nature. Only by the working of the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ would he be enabled to come triumphant out of the conflict, and make a sincere and generous offering to God, whose love never had failed, and never through all eternity would fail, to hold him fast.

Hints to Housekeepers.

A SEA-BATH IN WINTER.—People who are fond of sea-bathing in summer should know that in winter a most effective and yet simple substitute for sea water is a cup of rock salt dissolved in warm water and added to the bath. A warm salt bath of this kind is the most refreshing tonic for an exhausted body. But don't go out of doors after taking it. Just before going to bed is the right time.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

A CURE FOR POISON-IVY. It is a good thing to know in summer when in the country that a splendid and almost sure cure for poison ivy consists of wood-lye. Tie wood ashes in a bag and boil a few moments. Dilute so that it will not be too harsh, yet leave it quite strong. Paint with it the afflicted parts, and in ten minutes wash off with soft tepid water, and anoint with vaseline. Repeat two or three times, or till a cure is effected.

THE BEST PROTECTION.—As a protection from the results of colds, sprains, bruises, burns, scalds, sore throat, and all painful diseases, Hagyard's Yellow Oil holds first place. Its efficiency has been proved thousands of times. It should be found in every household.

THREE REMEDIES FOR CHILBLAINS.—The modern remedies for chilblains are legion—more almost than the sufferers there from. Three of the best are: raw onions sliced and bound upon the sore spots; oil of peppermint well rubbed in; and thirdly, tincture of iodine, applied with a feather or camel's-hair brush.

WHAT WILL PREVENT BUNIONS.—Easy shoes with wide soles and low heels will be found the most effectual preventive of bunions on the feet. Where they exist, they can be palliated by spreading thickly with cold cream or some healing salve, upon going to bed. A round piece of court plaster over the unguent will keep it in place and save soiling the bed-clothes.

MISERY VS. COMFORT.—Misery is one result of biliousness or liver complaint. Comfort is the first result of using Burdock Blood Bitters as a remedy. Cure is the final result always obtained. We back this with the strongest proof by testimonials from reliable Canadian people.

TREATING A DIPHTHERIA PATIENT.—Diphtheria is the most dreaded form of sore throat. It is a constitutional disease, a form of blood poisoning, but the symptoms usually begin in the throat. The whole surface is inflamed and swollen, and here and there either on the tonsils, the soft palate, or the surrounding tissues, are patches of membrane, either gray, yellowish or white. There is difficulty in swallowing; the patient is feverish and very much exhausted. The doctor should be sent for at once and every direction that he gives carefully followed. The throat is usually washed constantly with some disinfectant solution, applied by means of a long-handled brush, or a little mop made of cotton fastened on a small stick. It is very hard to be obliged to make the sick person submit to this treatment, but the only hope is in carrying it out faithfully. The diet must be the most nutritious that can be obtained. Beef juice squeezed from raw meat and mixed with cream, raw eggs beaten light with a little water, milk and white of egg shaken together, milk and brandy or whiskey, oyster broth made with milk with the oysters finely chopped in it. When the patient cannot swallow, peptonized milk and beef juice mixed with pancreatine and given by means of enemas.

SHOULD BE LOOSENED.—A cough should be loosened at once and all irritation allayed. To do this nothing excels Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. Obstinate coughs yield at once to its expectorant, soothing and healing properties, which loosen phlegm and allay irritation.

HOW TO STOP NOSE BLEEDING.—Continued and obstinate nose bleeding has been at times very hard to stop, and a simple and effective remedy will no doubt prove welcome to those who live in the country or at a distance from medical attendance. Several severe cases of nose bleed have occurred at the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania, and, after trying every expedient without success, Dr. D. H. Agnew as a last resort, tried ham fat. Two large cylinders of bacon were forced well up into the nostrils, resulting in almost immediate relief and an entire cessation of the hemorrhage. This easy remedy should be remembered by those who are subject to frequently recurring attacks of nose bleed.

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