

The Family.

For the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW

SPRING FLOWERS.

BY "YAHHEFI TAIHOVAH."

WELCOME, the sun's returning power!
 Welcome, the soft and genial shower
 On the fresh May sword falling
 On hill and vale, by woodland ways,
 In hosts of flowers that skyward gaze,
 From the earth sweet hymns of praise
 How grandly they are calling!

'Tis Nature's tribute to her God;
 And the humblest floweret of the sod
 Priz'd as a sweet oblation.
 Well was it sung in loftier verse,
 Though men were not, or were what's worse,
 Atheists, God would have worshippers
 And daily adoration.

Sweet flowers—in them the signs we trace
 Of heavenly wisdom, power and grace—
 They're Nature's gospel preachers.
 "Mark ye the lilies of the field,"
 Our Saviour said; then let us yield
 Attention due to truths revealed
 By duly sanctioned teachers.

Through flowers, too, did, even from the first,
 Show mercy to the ground He curst,
 Had man the wit to read them,
 But since our Saviour voiced their pleadings,
 From Eden's book they're not mere readings,
 God's word in their sweet intercedings,
 Is pledged to those who heed them.

"King Solomon, in his array,
 Surpassed us not," inspired they say,
 "And we're but simple flowers;
 If thus of us heaven's King takes care,
 What reason you should e'er despair,
 You who His heavenly image bear,
 Bless, too, with godlike powers?"

"We tell not, spin not, only give
 Beauty and sweetness while we live,
 God's great designs subserving!
 Bless, or unblest, mayhap, of men,
 Sung or unsung by tongue or pen,
 Yet still within th' Almighty's ken,
 And from His will ne'er severing.

In genial May, 'neath kindly sky,
 In beauty what with us may vie?
 Yet we shall soon be dying,
 Stay, folly's dupes, a moment stay!
 Learn from us, ere we fade away,
 How beauty and youth must soon decay
 And in the tomb be lying.

"Yet, Christians, deem not such our doom,
 Rejoice, that we again shall bloom,
 Types of your resurrection!
 When like a lily bulb unroll'd,
 You'll spring immortal from the mould,
 To bloom, where brighter skies unfold,
 In loveliest perfection.

"But worldings, you that prize the flower,
 Yet with the teachings of God power
 And wisdom idly dally!
 How long will you love transient shows,
 Charm'd with the features we disclose,
 Yet see no beauty in Sharon's Rose
 And Lily of the Valley."

TORONTO, May 11th, 1886.

THE WEAR AND TEAR OF MODERN LIFE.

THERE has long prevailed a conviction, the outcome in part of intuition, in part of evidence which in its nature is somewhat indefinite, that we are living at too fast a rate, and that the pressure shows signs of increase rather than of diminution.

There seems no reason to dispute the prevalent impression that nervous diseases are commoner than formerly, and that we suffer vastly more than our forefathers from the sense of pressure, worry and unrest. Mr. Goschen, in his recent admirable address on "Hearing, Reading and Thinking," remarked with too certain truth that not only are we always in a hurry, but that we would be ashamed to admit that it was ever otherwise. This high tension, though no doubt peculiarly characteristic of metropolitan life, prevails more or less in all our large centres of population, and we cannot regard its possible further increase without apprehension, both for ourselves and those who will come after us. To a certain extent it is the inevitable outcome of modern civilization. Steam has not merely quickened physical movement, but its accelerating effect has operated in every department of life and manners. The telegraph and telephone mark the victory of the nineteenth century over space and time, but we pay for the boon in an increased expenditure of vital energy. Education has enlarged its scope and its claims at so rapid a rate that already the timid are beginning to demand a halt.

Now, we are far from thinking that civilization will arrest its onward career or abate its claims, no matter how loud or how earnest be the notes of alarm. We cannot put the drag on human progress, or modify at will the complicated conditions of modern society. Ease of existence and simplicity of manners are not to be obtained by merely sighing for them. But, while we can do little to stay the onward relentless rush of modern progress, it is worth our while to inquire what are its peculiar dangers, and whether it is surely tending. We cannot leap from the express train, but it is something to know whither we are going, and whether the road is clear.

Medical science offers us this preliminary consolation. Hard work, physical or mental, is not only not hurtful, but is actually healthful. The hard-worked muscle, whether of arm or heart, responds to the stimulus, and receives an accession of vigour and development. The hard-worked brain, if placed under favourable conditions for its activity, becomes more vigorous and fruitful. Indolent inactivity of body or mind is undoubtedly far more injurious to both physical and intellectual vigour than severe labour, provided only that the labour be pursued under healthful conditions of food, air, rest and sleep. This, in brief, is the message of science, that not labour, but its too often abnormal environment, is responsible for the deterioration of the physical and intellectual powers. The factory operative who succumbs at forty dies, not of hard work, but of foul air and defective diet. Over pressure in the schools means, for the most part, not that the brain is getting too much food, but that the stomach is getting too little. The student induces brain weariness, not merely by excessive study, but by late hours, insufficient sleep, lack of fresh air, and perhaps, an undue partiality for the tobacco leaf or the tea-pot. It cannot be too strongly pro-

claimed that the end of modern civilization is, not that we should arrest the pressure of work, which it is unnecessary to do, and, if necessary, would be impossible, but that we should learn to work under healthful and rational conditions.

One of the most genuine difficulties of modern life lies in the hinderances which exist to the proper adjustment of work. The hard worker is the man who maintains a high average of work, not he who crowds into one day the toil of two, and then spends two or three days of idleness in attempting to recuperate his powers. No error is more frequent or more disastrous than this. Much vexation, disappointment, and disease would be averted if we would ascertain the limits of our powers, and realize that to exceed them is not an economy of time, but precisely the reverse. This is a hard lesson to learn, and it is sometimes learned too late. *Si jeunesse savait et si vieillesse pouvait*—if youth only knew how rightly to use its powers, and if age only retained the powers which it learns, perhaps too late, how to use! This attempt to crowd into one day the work of two has the grave disadvantage of entailing a great expenditure of vital force as the result of worry. We wear ourselves out, not by hard work, but by anxious thought regarding the adjustment of work, and by nervous irritation at the failure to accomplish an extravagant task. A complex social system makes a multiplicity of claims upon us; but if we would live wisely we must learn so to adjust those claims that we shall discharge each in the order of its importance, and not waste time and energy in constant hesitation as to which has the right of priority.

Science gives us a further consolation in its dictum, that rest is not to be found in idleness but in change of occupation. The over-worked man often looks forward to his annual holiday, and promises himself the great luxury of simply doing nothing. He tries the experiment, and, in nine cases out of ten, it is a disastrous failure. He dreams of lying on his back, and watching the clouds of the sea, and enjoying a delicious indolence. He gets his wish, and he is more weary and miserable than ever before. He has forgotten that he is no longer a child, and that he has lost forever the capacity of being idle. But a distinct change of occupation would have given him the distraction which he needs. Thus, we see a great statesman spending the leisure of the Parliamentary recess in maintaining a philosophic controversy, or a great naturalist turning aside to discourse upon the choice of books. Amid the high tension of the nineteenth century it is some consolation to know that the weary brain-worker need not seek absolute idleness; but, by turning aside into fresh pastures, may find new material for the healthful exercise of that mental activity which has become second nature.

The conclusion at which we arrive is, then, that the need of our age is not rest and stagnation, but healthful conditions for work, freedom from worry, suitable variety, and a wise distribution of our time.—From a paper by Dr. Roost, in the *Fortnightly Review*.

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY.

FOR the past five years The Century Co., New York, has been engaged in preparing a dictionary of the English language, of which Professor William D. Whitney, of Yale College, is editor-in-chief,—the purpose being to make a more comprehensive work than has yet appeared in popular form, to include, in addition to a very full collection of individual words in all departments of the language, all technical phrases, not self-explaining, in law, the mechanical arts, the sciences, etc. Indeed, it is designed to make this dictionary so complete in its definitions of all branches of science and art that even the specialist will need nothing further. The number of "new" words in many of these departments is said to be surprisingly great. The dictionary will have also a remarkably complete system of cross-references, and will embody in itself a dictionary of synonyms which will add greatly to its value.

A prominent feature of the new work will be its encyclopedic character. Its definitions will be fuller and more complete than is customary in works of this kind, it will go further into the various uses and meanings of words, and in many cases will give full explanations and descriptions of matters historical, scientific, legal, mechanical, etc. Quite an army of persons has been at work for several years reading standard American and English books in search of quotations, of which an immense number will be used. American writers, such as Emerson, Lowell, Hawthorne, Irving, Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, and our distinguished scientists, are receiving special attention.

The publishers are taking great pains with the illustrations, of which there will be about 5,000. They are employing the same class of artists and engravers that contribute to their magazines, and they mean to make the result something hitherto unknown in the world of dictionaries. Each picture as it is drawn, and again after it is engraved, is submitted to the specialist to whose department it belongs, that its scientific accuracy may be guaranteed. Of these specialists there are about thirty, working at their homes in New York, Baltimore, Washington, New Haven, Cambridge, and elsewhere, each being individually responsible for all the definitions in his department, and all under the general supervision of Professor Whitney, who will himself have special charge of the definitions in the department of philology, in which he is famous, and of the spelling and pronunciation. It is understood that he will not adopt a phonetic method of spelling, though on theoretical grounds he is known to favour it. Professor Whitney is not only recognized as the most eminent American philologist, but the London *Saturday Review* has recently pronounced him the foremost English-speaking scholar in his department. In addition to the specialists, a force of about fifty assistants has been busy collating material and preparing copy for the printer, the final work on which is done with type-writing machines at The Century Co.'s office.

The inception of this scheme was a desire to improve and Americanize the "Imperial Dictionary" of Great Britain, brought out in this country by The Century Co. five years ago. As the work of altering it advanced, it became apparent that a better plan was to begin *de novo*, and so the far greater work of making a new dictionary of the English language was begun. Two or three years must still elapse before it will appear, and in the mean time opportunity is offered by the publishers to those interested in helping on so useful a work to contribute material and suggestions to it. Much valuable matter has been received in this way from many scholars and practical men all over the world.

It is estimated that upwards of a quarter of a

million of dollars will be spent upon The Century Dictionary before it is ready for publication. The work of type-setting and printing will be done by the *De Vinne Press*, in the new building into which they have recently moved.

THE CHURCH DEBT.

THE church debt is a comparatively modern appliance, and yet it has been productive of many peculiar features. For instance, we call to mind the clergyman who makes a specialty of going from place to place as a successful debt demolisher. He is a part of the general system just as much as the ice cream freezer or the button-hole bouquet.

Then there is the row or social knock-down-and-drag-out which goes along with the church debt. All these things add to the general interest in one way or another which is the mission of the C. D.

I once knew a most exemplary woman who became greatly interested in wiping out a church debt, and who finally succeeded in wiping out the debt, but in its last expiring death struggle it gave her a wife from which she never recovered. She had succeeded in begging the milk and cream and the eggs and the sandwiches, and the use of the dishes and the sugar, and the loan of an oyster and the use of the freezer, and fifty button-hole bouquets to be sold to men not in the habit of wearing bouquets, but she could not borrow a circular artist to revolve the crank of the freezer, so she agitated it herself. Her husband had to go away prior to the festivities, but he ordered her not to crank the freezer. He had very little influence with her, however, and so to day he is a widower. The church debt was revived in the following year, and now there isn't a more thriving church debt anywhere in the country. Only last week that church had traded off \$75 worth of groceries in the form of asbestos cake and celluloid angel food in such a way that if the cost of the groceries and work were not considered, the clear profit was \$13 after the hall rent was paid. And why should the first cost of the groceries be reckoned when we stop to think that they were involuntarily furnished by the deprived husband and father?

I must also add that in the above estimate doctors' bills and funeral expenses are not reckoned.—A. J.

A CHILD MINISTER.

HIRE is a story of a child minister that will show you how very much children can do for Jesus. Little Annie Gale had given her heart to Jesus, and now all day long she wanted to be doing his will and pleasing Him. But one morning her heart was very much grieved. A gentleman called at her father's house, and he laughed at the notion of little Annie being converted. "She was always so good that she did not need it to make her any better," he said. "If old Dan Hunter began to love Jesus, now, I should think there was something in it." Poor little Annie was very much grieved, and going away to her room, she knelt down.

Now there was no mistake about it that old Dan was the very cross and most disagreeable man in the village. He worked away in his wheelwright yard, grumbling and growling all day long. No poor woman ever came into his yard to get shavings for her fire, and no boy ever crept in there for a basket of chips. Nobody who could help it ever came to see old Dan. This morning he was at work bending at his saw, when a very pleasant little voice said, "Good morning, Dan." The voice was so pleasant that Dan looked around and forgot to scowl. "Please, Dan," said little Annie, "I want to speak to you, and I'm sure you won't mind, will you?"

Now it was a long time since anybody had cared to speak to Dan at all that he couldn't understand what this little maiden could have to say, so he laid down his saw and rolled his apron around his waist, and sat down on the trunk of a tree. Really, for old Dan, he was looking quite pleased. "Well, whatever do you want to say to me, little one?" He spoke gruffly—he always did, but it was a good deal for old Dan to speak at all, for he generally only grunted.

Little Annie sat down by his side, and, looking up into his rugged, wrinkled face, she said, "Well, Dan, you know Jesus does love me, and I do love Him. But the gentleman at home says that I am so little, and that I am so good, that he does not believe that I know anything about it. But he says that if you would begin to love Jesus, then he would believe in it. Now, Dan, you will, won't you? Because Jesus does love you, you know," and little Annie took hold of Dan's great, rough hand. "He loves you very, very much, Dan. You know He died upon the Cross for all of us."

Poor old Dan! Nobody had ever talked to him like that for years and years—never since his mother had gone to heaven. And down those wrinkled cheeks the tears began to come, very big and very fast. "Don't cry, Dan; because God loves us, though we have sinned, and He sent Jesus into the world to save us." Dan's heart was broken. He could only say, "God be merciful to me, the worst of sinners." As little Annie talked with him, he came to see all—how that Jesus died for him, and was able to give him a clean heart and a right spirit. Little Annie left him praising God, his heavenly Father, for such wonderful love, and went away to tell the gentleman at her home.

"Now, sir," said she, you must believe that Jesus loves me, because old Dan Hunter has really begun to love Him, and he has got converted."

"Nonsense," laughed the gentleman. "Why, Annie, whoever told you that?"

"Well, you'll see." And he did, and so did everybody else in the place. They saw that old nipped, frowning face turned into joy and gladness. They saw the ill-tempered old Dan become so kind that everybody had a friend in him; and when you passed the yard you might be sure to hear a happy old man, as he worked with hammer and saw, cheerily singing about the wondrous love of Jesus.

So Annie ministered unto the Lord.—*Christian*.

AN INTERESTING DOG STORY.

I HEARD a very curious story about an old dog the other day, which speaks much for the dog's sagacity, and, I might almost say, of his reasoning powers, and I believe the story to be strictly true; it was told to me by a gentleman of unquestionable veracity.

The name of the dog was Major. He was a most faithful and affectionate animal, a firm friend to his master and all his family, a great pet and safe companion for their children, and a jealous guardian of their welfare. But Major was growing very old. He had lost his youthful vivacity and activity and his mature usefulness. He was

no pleasure or comfort to himself or to anybody else, and it had been suggested frequently in the family that the worn-out old dog must be shot or disposed of in some such unwelcome manner, but the evil deed was put off from day to day, as no one had the heart or the courage to pronounce the sentence of death on the faithful creature.

Finally, his master called Major into his library one day, and said, in slow and solemn voice "Major, old fellow, I want to have a serious talk with you," and the poor old dog sat up as straight as his infirm back and limbs would permit, and listened to what his master had to say, which was after this fashion:

"Now, Major, you know that you are getting to be a very old dog, and that you are very useless. I am told every day that you are good for nothing, and that I must shoot you or take your life in some way. The family cannot keep you around any longer, and the sooner you are put out of the way the better."

Here poor Major set up a most piteous and melancholy wailing, as if he understood every word that was said to him and that his heart was breaking.

"But, Major," continued his master, "I, too, am growing old like you, and know that I am of very little use in the world; and you know many people think that old people and old dogs are very much in the way, and many old men and old women are sent to the poor-house to be taken care of. You know that in where old Jerry Styles has lived since he has been old and useless. There are a great many old men there, and who knows but I may have to join them if I live much longer? Now you may go, Major. I have told you plainly what I ought to do for you, but for the old times' sake I will keep you a little longer."

Major listened very attentively to all his master had to say, and then, in a most solemn manner, walked away with slow steps, his ears and tail drooping, and left the house where he had lived for many, many years.

Poor Major was not seen again that day or the next, and though diligent inquiries were made for the missing dog, yet no trace of him could be found, and the family came to the conclusion that in a fit of desperation the poor animal must have committed suicide. But at last, on Saturday afternoon, the dog appeared in his old home, seemed very glad to see every member of the family, and he received a very cordial welcome; but when evening came he again disappeared and did not return until about the same hour on the next Saturday afternoon. He looked sleek and in good condition, as if he had taken excellent care of himself, made himself perfectly at home, and seemed wonderfully happy to meet his old friends; but he disappeared in the evening as before, but came trotting along to his old home on the next Saturday at the same hour.

It became quite a mystery what had become of the dog between the two Saturdays, and before a great while it was ascertained that the dog after listening so patiently to his master's speech, saying he was old and useless and must be got rid of, and learning that the poor-house was a place for old and useless people, probably reasoned, "Why not for dogs too?" He started off directly from his old home and diligently made his way to that asylum for the aged and infirm and useless, which was about a mile from his master's house. He walked into this retreat with much dignity, as if he had a right to take a shelter there and claim protection. He settled himself quietly among the helpless old people and made friends with everybody.

But the most curious part of the story was that every Saturday afternoon those inmates who were not too infirm to leave the house were allowed a half-holiday, and taking advantage of this, poor Major felt that he was entitled to the same privilege, and that he too would take his half holiday with the other paupers, and so he regularly started for his old home when the day came round, and made his visit and returned respectfully before dark.

The man in charge of the poorhouse said that Major was the best disposed dog he ever saw, and, as he expressed it, "acted like folks all the time," attended service at the little chapel regularly every Sunday, looking wiser than the wisest of the whole congregation. Poor old Major! I trust there are many quiet days for him in his adopted home, peacefully living among his aged and helpless companions, and when his life draws to its close he will leave behind a record of faithfulness and sagacity which has rarely been excelled. *Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

A WELL DESERVED HONOUR.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, Kingston, has honoured itself and shamed all our little provincial colleges, by conferring the degree of D.C.L. upon the Rev. S. T. Rand, our veteran Micmac missionary. Our little denominational colleges are lavish in conferring their degrees on British admirals, generals and other Imperial nabobs who happen to be stationed on this garrison for a year or two, but natives, be they ever so brilliant, distinguished and deserving, are frequently forgotten. Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Dr. Rand is one of the most extraordinary men of this generation. He is Canada's Elihu Burritt. Originally a bricklayer, he educated himself, became a proficient Latin scholar—the best in the provinces, rivals Gladstone in the translation of hymns into Latin, and writes and talks twelve languages. At 24 he became a Baptist pastor, and had a most promising future before him. In 1848, when Nova Scotia sent her first missionary to the heathens in the South Pacific, Mr. Rand was powerfully affected by the remark, "Why not Christianize the heathens at home?" From that time he devoted his life to civilizing and Christianizing the semi-savage Indians of the provinces. Since then the Indians have made more material and religious progress than they made during the previous 200 years. Mr. Rand learned their language, discovered the wonderful story of Glooskap and other Indian legends, rivalling in interest the romantic and weird legends of the Norsemen, translated the Bible and many other works into Micmac, gave them a dictionary and rescued their language from oblivion. The next generation will begin to realize Mr. Rand's great sacrifice and greater success. Meanwhile, it is a source of gratification to Principal Grant's host of admirers in the provinces that he has had conferred the appropriate honour of D.C.L. on a man so worthy to receive it as the Venerable Silas F. Rand. By the way, I should not forget to add, that Mr. Rand has literally lived by faith during the past quarter of a century. His work has gone right along, yet he has not taken up a collection nor asked any man to give one single dollar.—*Nova Scotia Correspondent of the Montreal Gazette*.