

Or, suppose a cabinet-maker should give a little thought to the question why ordinary furniture is perpetually shedding its casters; why four-fifths of all the sofas in existence are holding up one foot, like a shivering chicken. It ought not to take him long to discover that when the wheel was thrust out from under the centre of the swivel, in order to make it trail, a leverage was furnished by which the superincumbent weight is continually at work prying off the caster. And the proper remedy would at once suggest itself: to make the part which is to be embedded in the wood twice as long (its length now is less than the diameter of the wheel), which would involve no expense but the cost of the additional metal, a small fraction of a cent. A little thought at this point would save housekeepers an incalculable amount of worryment.

These small every-day affairs are the alphabet in which the workman must begin his education. One thought breeds another, and one principal discovered by thought is of more value than ten handed down in precept. The writer in the *Quarterly* declares that "Our workmen are acute and clever to a folly about pay, but for all else their minds have been crushed out of them; and in the great and many-sided building-trade, ubiquitous and constant in its movement, the whole class of working men is sunk into the lowest state of mental and imaginative feebleness. We have given to the workman power in political affairs, but we entirely deny his right and special fitness to direct his own. He obtains his share numerically in the election of the government that rules us all, but he is counted quite incapable to manage his own work, and, like a beast of burden, or a child, is put in harness or in leading strings, and reined and guided, 'blinkered' and controlled."

We are inclined to think this is largely, if not wholly, the workman's own fault. The records of the Patent Office show what wonderful things he has done in the way of improving mechanical powers. The same faculties which have been exercised so freely for that purpose, would enable him to perform an equal service for art. He has done nobly for the saving of labor; let him now see what he can do for the creation of beauty. And above all, whatever may be his success in the more imaginative fields of thought, let him never cease to be a workman; let him not be cheated by any conventional idea of rising above hand-work into the region of head-work. It is as necessary for him to retain his daily familiarity with both, as that he not only breathe the pure air of heaven, but walk upon the solid earth.

#### FED BY AN OSTRICH.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

We all know how the prophet Elijah went and dwelt by the brook Cherith, "and the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening." That was a miracle; but we often hear in later times of providences almost as extraordinary.

About fifty years ago, a missionary and his family, with a few friends and two or three Hottentots, were travelling in Cape Colony, across a high, sandy table-land, called the Karroo. They were in wagons drawn by oxen; a week's journey was before them, and they had very little food to carry except a small sack of rice. They tried to buy some provisions at the last town they left, but could only obtain a poor crippled goat; and as there were eleven in the party, this did not last very long. On the second day of the journey, while resting in a sandy plain, Mr. Broadbent, the missionary, heard the voices of turtle-doves, and following the sound, went into a thicket with his gun, but did not succeed in bringing down a single bird. The last piece of goat was eaten, and the party were living on rice, which the Hottentots did not like; but even that would soon be gone, and then what was to be done for food!

They had still five days of travel across a desert, where they would see very few signs of vegetable life. They might meet now and then with a bird on the wing, and with the timid and swift springbok, but there was no certainty of ever hitting one.

After resting and talking about the matter for a few hours, the time came to proceed with their journey. But here was a new difficulty. The Hottentot who was called the "cattle-watcher," could not find all the oxen.

"But you must go and hunt for them if they have strayed away, and we shall have to wait for you," said Mr. Broadbent, annoyed by the delay.

In the afternoon the cattle-watcher returned with all the oxen but one, which was still missing. In his search, however, he had come upon the nest of an ostrich, and he brought with him two of the eggs, saying there were a great many more. The faces of the party brightened, for they knew that ostrich eggs, when fresh, are very wholesome food.

With a hammer they broke one end of those the Hottentot had brought, but to their disappointment each egg was found to contain a living bird.

"Don't be cast down," said Mr. Broadbent cheerfully, "the Lord will provide."

As they could not pursue their journey without the missing ox, he went with the two Hottentots to search for him, wading through two or three miles of deep sand, and finding him at last not far from the ostrich nest.

On approaching the nest, they saw the female ostrich sitting upon it, and though she had been disturbed before by the "cattle-watcher," she remained till they were quite near, and then ran off at hearing the report of a gun near by.

For several miles around the ground was sandy, and covered with thinly-scattered bushes. A great many loose feathers were lying about the nest, which the ostrich must have shed while setting; and in the nest were forty eggs arranged with great precision. Fourteen (not counting the two already taken away) were close together in the middle, and on these the ostrich had just been setting; they were as many as she could cover. The remaining twenty-six were placed very uniformly in a circle, about three or four feet from those in the middle. The eggs in the circle they found to be quite fresh, and Mr. Broadbent expressed surprise; but the Hottentots told him these had been provided as food for the yet-un-

hatched birds in the middle. The mother had intended to break them, one after another, and give to her young brood, as they came out of the shell. There would be exactly enough, for, by the time the eggs were all eaten, the birds would be strong enough to go abroad with their mother, and pick up their own living in the desert.

"What a wonderful proof of an overruling Providence," exclaimed Mr. Broadbent.

The female ostrich was not as timid as he had expected, and all the while they staid by the nest, which was nearly an hour—making a fire and boiling some of the eggs—she remained at a short distance looking towards them; and there they left her.

The eggs weighed three pounds each, and measured seventeen inches in circumference. Mr. Broadbent and the two men carried away nearly all the fresh ones, and thus their wants were supplied for the whole of the journey over the Karroo. For a meal they broke an egg into a bowl, and after beating it well, stirred in a little pepper and salt, and fried it in a pan. It made an excellent substitute for bread to their coffee, and they had an egg or two to spare when they arrived at the station.

This is the story as I have heard it; a true one, no doubt; and I have thought it worth repeating, as an illustration of the fact that God often uses unexpected methods in providing for His people.

For the Church Journal and Messenger.

#### TO THE MEN

Who listened to the morning sermon for the First Sunday in Advent.

The preacher's words from the pulpit rang,  
And echoed the aisles and arches through,  
But ere the murmur had died away  
It seemed break on the ear anew.

Was it the voice of a mortal man,  
Or only the echo, weird and grim?—

"We men must work for the world, you know,  
And leave the women to work for Him.

Early and late doth our business call,  
We rush to obey its slightest whim;  
Let us have rest from our six days' toil,  
And leave to women the work for Him.

Chained to the desk and the office stool,  
Doing the work of a mere machine,  
Are we still to work when Sunday comes?—  
What do the words of the preacher mean?

A silence followed, but soon there came  
A softer sound by way of reply—  
Clearer and sweeter 'twas borne along,  
And passed like the Summer breeze by:

"Are all the men in this work-day world  
By the god of business thus enslaved?  
Money and time are not all there is  
That a man hath to be lost or saved.

Hath not God given you eyesight clear,  
Which never in this world's work is dim,—  
Quick to detect an error in cash,  
Utterly blind to the work for Him?

Hath not He given you able brains,  
Which thinking *one* thought bids fair to spoil?  
Do not the wisest physicians say  
That perfect rest is a change of toil?

Let pillar and arch and crimson pane,  
Usurp the place of the office walls;  
And the notes of childish prayer and praise,  
The noise and hurry of business calls.

Give one short hour to the youthful soul—  
'T will do no harm to your own, oh men!  
For is not the One who 'entered in'  
And taught on the Sabbath, with you then?

Do then this work while yet it is day,  
For evening comes and the light grows dim;  
Draw nigh at once, and without delay,  
And help us women to work for Him."

Rye, Dec. 6th, 1874.

#### A WELSH LEGEND.

A writer in the London *Guardian* gives the following story, which he says he heard from the late Mr. Isaac Williams, and which greatly interested Mr. Keble on his first visit to Wales:

Ascending Plinlimmon under the guidance of an old mountain shepherd, Mr. Keble's party and their Cardiganshire host (who acted as interpreter) visited the several sources of the Severn, Wye, and Rheidol, all of which take their rise in that unfrequented range. Their guide related to Mr. Keble the following tradition:

"Three sisters, Hafren (Sabrina or Severn), Gwy (Wye), and Rheidol—such was the order by seniority—lay down at even on 'Pen Plunlymon.' Before they slept they entered into covenant that the first waker should rouse her sisters, and then, all starting together, try who first could reach the sea. But the eldest, Hafren, waking very early, unkindly stole away, and gliding undiscovered down the peaty slope long before daybreak, took a winding course. Charmed by the flowery meadows, she wandered far and long northward and eastward, nor bethought herself of the task or promise which over night had been undertaken. Meantime her sister, Gwy, waking at sunrise and finding her elder sister gone, noiselessly crept out of her mossy bed, then scampered off along the mountain side, eastward—Steddfa gerrig—

hoping to find her somewhere. After long search she found Hafren in a distant valley, and they two together, a faithless pair, joined their course, and sped seawards, trusting that Rheidol still lagged far behind. It was past high noon when the youngest awoke, deserted and alone. But with eye fixed upon the westward ocean, she darted off. Helter skelter, down the rocks, leaping from crag to crag, she bounded on, and long before her treacherous sisters gained the coast. Her night's resting-place on the mountain, with Pen Plunlymon saw overhead, is still pointed out as *Llyn Llygad Rheidol*—the pool of Rheidol's eye."

The "peaty slope" and "mossy bed" exactly describe the source of Severn and Wye respectively.

#### The Press.

[From the N. Y. Times.]

#### THE MONEY VALUE OF EDUCATION.

The money value of education is clearly declining. There was a time when what is generally understood as a good education, had a pecuniary value of some importance both to men and women. But its day has gone by with the general spread of education. Men and women do not succeed nowadays simply by being well educated, but because they possess certain faculties which superior education may or may not have enabled them to turn to more or less remunerative account. The field for instructors appears to be more especially glutted. A few days ago we adverted to the plan attempted by Mrs. Crawshaw, in England, of employing young ladies in domestic service. The experiment has grown out of the frightful amount of penury among the educated class. It seems to prevail also in the British colonies. The Melbourne *Argus* lately announced that the dearth of useful house-servants is represented as being greater than ever, and the number of housekeepers seeking servants at the registry office is frequently greater than those requiring situations. Capable servants can easily obtain very high wages and a comfortable home, but, as usual at this season of the year, they take a holiday of a month or two. On the other hand, governesses appear to be a drug in the market. They are very badly paid. In the month of November a rich merchant advertised for a governess for his five children. The advertiser wanted a person of complete education and varied and extensive accomplishments, and the remuneration offered was twenty-five pounds per annum, or ten pounds less than his housemaid received, and the governess was to have neither board nor lodging. The prospects of governesses in Victoria appear, therefore, rather worse even than in England—which is really saying a great deal. What is to come of this state of things? Superior education seems nowadays to be chiefly needed for the rich, since by expanding their minds it enables them to be of greater use to their neighbors, and to defy the demon *ennui*, which is so apt to assail them. It has clearly ceased to be, except under special circumstances, and more particularly where women are concerned, a money-making possession.

There is a remarkable story told in proof of this in one of Sir Bernard Burke's volumes, relating to the vicissitudes of families. It was communicated to him by a gentleman whose name is given, and who vouches for the entire truth of the story. Many years ago he had been acquainted with an Irish gentleman of ancient family, a vain, selfish, expensive person, who died leaving two daughters, who ought to have been co-heiresses to a handsome property, penniless. Fortunately their mother's valuable jewels had, by good chance, been secured to them, and happened to be in the custody of a London banker. They privately left their father's home for London after his funeral, and through the aid of a former maid of their mother, got a modest lodging there. Finding that she was earning her living as a laundress, they insisted upon assisting her. She laughed and said they would "soon get tired of that." So they did, very tired; but nothing daunted, they, to her astonishment, persevered. Presently the *ci-devant* maid saw a chance of taking a valuable laundry business near London. The young ladies sold some of their mother's jewels, and the three entered into partnership. The business prospered exceedingly. One day the relator had occasion, during a visit to London, to dine with a friend in the suburbs, whose house was about a mile from a railroad station. He had scarcely left this latter when a smart shower came down, and seeing a large, comfortable, roomy cottage close by, he begged permission of a highly respectable looking elderly woman to take shelter. She most civilly welcomed him to her very snug apartment. The kettle was singing on the hob, an appetizing aroma of buttered toast was in the room, and she begged him to sit down and take a cup of tea. While they were chatting, a door opened and a younger woman entered. Her dress was one for work, and her sleeves were tucked up to her elbows. The visitor looked, and, to his utter astonishment, there was the young lady whom he had last seen in her father's luxurious halls. He could not then stay, but came for a long chat another day. "But why," said the elder, when she and her sister had poured out their story, "didn't we become governesses? that's what you were going to say." It was, and he admitted it. "In the first place," said she, "we doubted our thorough competency to teach, and then, at best, what should we have earned? Scarcely enough to save twenty pounds a year at the most, while now we have so thriven, having been able lately to take a large laundry contract, that we are actually saving at the rate of two hundred pounds a year."

And were they one whit less ladies than in the old days of their grandeur? And would they have stood in a more enviable social position as 'only the governess,' bullied by Madame, worried by her darling girls, snubbed by the servants, and passing lonely evenings in the dreary school-room, each sister longing for the other? We think not. These young ladies showed true wisdom, and many in similar plight might follow their example with profit.