



DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION.

VOLUME XI., NO. 21.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 1, 1876.

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

NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 11 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.

TRUST.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

Make a little fence of trust  
Around to-day;  
Fill the space with loving work,  
And therein stay.

Look not through the sheltering bars  
Upon to-morrow;  
God will help thee bear what comes  
Of joy or sorrow.

—N. Y. Independent.

IL SANTISSIMO BAMBINO.

BY PIERRE D. MOYER.

On the Capitoline Hill, in Rome, stands a church, twelve hundred years old, called Ara Coeli. It is unpromising in its outward appearance, but is rich in marbles and mosaics within.

The most precious possession of this ancient church, however, is a wooden doll called Il Santissimo Bambino—The Most Holy Infant. It is dressed like an Italian baby, and an Italian baby is dressed like a mummy. We often see them in their mothers' arms, so swathed that they can no more move than a bundle without any baby inside of it. Their little legs must ache for the freedom of kicking. The dress of the Bambino is very different from that of a bambino after all, for it is cloth of silver, and it sparkles all over with jewels which have been presented to it, and it wears a golden crown upon its head.

This is the history of this remarkable doll, as devout Roman Catholics believe. You must judge for yourselves how much of it is truth and how much fable.

They say this image of the infant Saviour was carved from olive-wood which grew upon the Mount of Olives, by a monk who lived in Palestine; and, as he had no means of painting it with sufficient beauty, his prayers prevailed upon St. Luke to come down from Heaven and color it for him. Then he sent it to Rome to be present at the Christmas festival. It was shipwrecked on the way, but finally came safely to land, and was received with great reverence by the Franciscan monks, who placed it in a shrine at Ara Coeli. It was soon found to have miraculous power to heal the sick, and was so often sent for to visit them, that, at one time, it received more fees than any physician in Rome. It has its own carriage in which it rides abroad, and its own attendants, who guard it with the utmost care.

One woman was so selfish as to think it would be a capital thing if she could get possession of this wonder-working image for herself and her friends.

"She had another doll prepared of the same size and appearance as the 'Santissimo,' and having feigned sickness and obtained permission to have it left with her, she dressed the false image in its clothes, and sent it back to Ara Coeli. The fraud was not discovered till night, when the Franciscan monks were awakened by the most furious ringing of bells and by thundering knocks at the west door of the church, and hastening thither, could see nothing but a wee, naked, pink foot peeping in from under the door; but when they opened the door, without stood the little naked figure of the true Bambino of Ara Coeli, shivering in the wind and rain. So the false baby was sent back in disgrace, and the real



IL SANTISSIMO BAMBINO

baby restored to its home, never to be trusted away alone any more."

This marvellous escape is duly recorded in the sacristy of the church where the Bambino safely dwells under lock and key all the year, except the time from Christmas to Epiphany, when it comes out to receive the homage of the people.—Wide Awake.

HENRY BEWLEY, OF DUBLIN.

BY GEORGE C. NEEDHAM.

"A standard bearer has fallen in Israel." Mr. Henry Bewley, universally known as the head of the great Tract House in Dublin, is now "absent from the body, present with the Lord." At the age of 72, after fulfilling his ministry and completing his life-work, he sailed into the harbor like a vessel freighted with a precious cargo which bringeth glory to the owner thereof. None more than he was ready to acknowledge his indebtedness to grace, and none more constant in giving thanks for the blessings received. Now he is before the Throne ascribing endless honors to the Lamb that was slain, and occupied in holy worship at the feet of his Redeemer. Ever

ready to do this here, how much more prompt will he be to do it there!

His service for God, was of a peculiar kind, but wherever Christ is acknowledged throughout the civilized globe, the influence of his ministry was more or less felt. In America as in Britain, throughout Germany, France, Italy, and other countries of Europe, he heralded the story of the cross, which was ever to himself a blessed and deep reality. The Dublin tracts were his origination, and for many years he devoted his wealth and his personal labors to disseminate the precious gospel far and wide until five hundred millions of tracts, printed and published in many languages at his expense, were put into circulation. Besides, his large-heartedness found other channels for its exercise, and his love to Christ planned, other agencies through which the knowledge of that love should flow to others. Full of humility, gentleness, and an ever-present consciousness of his own insufficiency, he always sought to extol the grace of God, and thus not by constraint but willingly, not by spasmodic effort but by spontaneous outflow. Not seeking special grace or spirituality to meet death when aware of its approach, but being spiritual, and having walked with God for

many years, he not only met death's approach calmly and peacefully, but entered the valley in triumph.

His last words were not indicative of a new experience, but they were the true expression of his inward life as seen and read by those who were privileged to know him for many years. Very kindly he enquired about the Lord's work in America during my late visit to Dublin, and he rejoiced in hearing what great things the Lord hath done.

His last moments were very tranquil, and his dying counsels well worth remembering. Amongst his utterances were the following:

"I would say to all of every sect and denomination, Let Christ be first, and the church second."

"He hath given his Son for us. My gospel is, 'The best thing in heaven for the worst thing on earth.'"

"Don't rob the Lord of a few minutes every morning. Meditate on the Scriptures—the Word itself. Meditate on it in the calmness of a waiting spirit."

"Now it is all love, all praise. My Jesus hath done all things well."

"I know what I have been doing: I never loved his people more than now. I am in peace, sweet peace."

At one time the doctor said to him, fearing he might be excited, "Now be calm." His reply was, "Calm! I am as calm as the surface of that looking-glass. Are the angels calm? Will you be calm when you see Jesus?"

Again, "Those wounded feet! Who will kiss them first? If there be a contest in heaven as to who shall kiss them first I will join in it."

"Lay my hand on my Bible. Here I rest all my hope."

"Ah! you see me in humiliation, and all because of sin; but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory. He would not wear his honors alone. This is only the robing-room for a glorious eternity."

Almost his last words were, "I want that Jesus may be glorified in me, whether it be in life or in death." When he said that he fell asleep.—S. S. Times.

BUILDING UP A HOMESTEAD.—The New York Evangelist says the feeling that you are settled and fixed, will induce you to work to improve your farms, to plant orchards, to set out shade trees, to enclose pastures, to build comfortable outhouses; and each successive improvement is a bond to bind you still closer to your homes. This will bring contentment in the family. Your wives and daughters will fall in love with the country, your sons will love home better than grog-shops, and prefer farming to measuring tape and professional loafing, and you will be happy in seeing the contented and cheerful faces of your families. Make your home beautiful, convenient and pleasant, and your children will love it above all other places; they will leave it with regret, think of it with fondness, come back to it joyfully, and seek their chief happiness around their home fireside. Women and children need more than meat, bread and raiment; more than acres of corn and cotton spread out around them. Their love for the beautiful must be satisfied. Their taste must be cultivated; their sensibilities humored, not shocked. To accomplish this good end, home must be made lovely, conveniences multiplied, comforts multiplied, and cheerfulness fostered. There must be both sunshine and shade, luscious fruit and fragrant flowers, as well as corn and cotton. The mind and heart, as well as the fields, must be cultivated; and then intelligence and contentment will be the rule instead of the exception. Stick to, improve and beautify your homesteads, for with this good work comes content.

*Handwritten signature: S. Brewster*