

fication for young men forsaking the bible class, and we have talked with many of them on the subject. We do not think they can give any excuse that will prove tenable. The grand theme which they have been taught all along from earliest years, a theme which they will never know all about, not even in the future, it may be, and about knowing which is so important in its bearings upon the weal or woe of life, should surely get their earnest attention at that period of life when the powers of mind are so far matured, and when the receptive faculties have become so strong. Why do young women continue to attend the bible class when young men forsake it? Is it that the intellects of the former are weaker, and their moral natures more frail, that they require more nourishment of the spiritual sort? What say you, young men? Nay, but that they are wiser, more consistent than their brothers, truer to the vows of other years, more considerate of their parent's desires, more faithful to Him in whose hands their breath is, and, in so far as fidelity to this duty is concerned, wiser in every way. A young woman usually leaves the bible class only for the duties of the household where she has been made queen, while young men leave it for a ramble in the fields, or guilty sabbath slumber, or something else far less excusable.

Show me a church with a well-filled bible class of young men from year to year, and I will show you a vigorous church; but show me one with no bible class of young men, and I will show you a spiritually feeble church. Young men who have forsaken the bible class for the world do not usually develop into very earnest Christians when they become old. Usually the best specimens of spiritual character are those which have grown from the first. It is a law of animal life, that best developments are obtained when there are periods of no stagnation in the growth, and so of plant life, and spiritual life is no exception. We are justified then in saying to young men, consider it a sacred duty to go to the bible class.

Another grand place for young men is the *Prayer Meeting*. Its very atmosphere usually breathes of heaven. It is so different from that of the bacchanal, the street corner, or the many places of resort that are so often frequented by young men. From the prayer-meeting they would go forth strong in a strength not their own, conquering and to conquer. Men tell us of the might of hidden forces in the material world, but what force can compare with that of the prayer meeting in moving the world for God? There it is that the roots of strong, true character become moored in a deep rich soil, and are fed by abundant waters. Here, too, young women are oftener found than their brothers, and why? Is it that their spiritual needs are greater? Nay, but that in this also they are wiser.

Young men should spend a due amount of time, each in his own room. It is not the one end of these to make of them sleeping apartments; there is no place on earth like them for holding converse with one's self. No man can ever develop evenly in the truest sense, and become rotund and well proportioned in the whole man, who does not interview himself very frequently, to discover the weak parts of the fortification, that he may be enabled to strengthen them. Any young man who thus soliloquizes with himself in his own closet when the door is shut, will soon see his need to pray to his "Father which is in secret," and that "Father which seeth in secret" shall reward him openly.

Young man, wherever else you may not go, see to it that you go regularly to the sanctuary, to the bible class, to the prayer-meeting, and to the retirement of your own room. Then, it matters not whether you go west or east, you can scarcely fail to do well.

Keep Your Faces To The Light.

There's a ringing glorious measure
In the march of life, my brothers;
If we listen we may hear it all day long,
With an undertone of triumph
No discordance wholly smothered,
And this is the cheerful burden of the song:
Forward! Keep the column moving!
Perfect rest shall be our guerdon
When our missions are fulfilled—our labors done;
Duty's path lies plain before us,
Whatso'er our task and burden,
If we bravely set our faces to the sun.

Disappointments may o'ertake us,
Losses, griefs and grim surprises,
May assault us in the weary way we go:
Look not back, but onward ever,
Lo! the goal before us rises,
And the valley of the shadow lies below!
With a hand to help the fallen,
Where the rugged steeps delay us,
Though the reddening summits warn us of the night,
We shall conquer all the evils
That assail us and betray us,
While we keep our faces bravely to the light!

Steady! Keep the ranks in motion!
Though we only be retrieving
The disasters and mistakes of yesterday.
There is shame in dull inaction,
There is glory in achieving,
If we take one step on the upward way!
Day by day the distance dwindles,
Foot by foot the steeps surrender,
And we dread no more the barriers overpast;
While we breathe the airs serene,
And our eyes behold the splendor
Of the gates where we shall enter in at last;
Wayside thorns may rend and goad us,
Driving mist and cloud may blind us,
As we struggle up the last stupendous height;
But remember, and take courage,
All life's shadows lie behind us
While we keep our faces bravely to the light!
—*New York Mail and Express.*

For the CANADIAN LIVE-STOCK AND FARM JOURNAL.

A Backwoods Funeral.

"The roads should mourn and be filed with gloom,
So fair a corpse will leave its home."
LONGFELLOW.

Another life is ended. From brown stone front and from cottage the pale messenger summons his legions, and one by one, they take their places and swell the innumerable company. It is a backwoods funeral—that of a shanty man's wife I would describe to you.

It starts from the shanty in which are gathered the settlers. Uncouth and unfunereal they look, but the hearts are what hearts ought to be, and true neighborly sympathy is expressed in ways our more civilized friends might smile at. A sunny-faced five-year old says, "Poor ma is dead." Another little one, frightened at so many faces, rests quietly in a stranger's arms, not realizing that of what is now passing she would in after years give much more to remember. How often in the future will sad memory return to that rude shanty and that young mother who is now oblivious to her children, and through the weary hours when the heart will turn with longing for a mother's clasp, and a mother's love may be distant, they will not the less surely come.

Final farewells have been taken, the man has looked his last on her whom "only death could part" him from, and the coffin lid is closed. No plate on this coffin, itself so lately fashioned from the woods around. No flowers as emblems, though the young face is more like bridal than burial. No crape to wear, no black to drape. And yet emblems are not wanting, but they are in the gazer's imagination, and we know the sleep is as quiet as if all that pride and money could lavish had been there.

They are ready now. No minister to read or say a prayer. So on they go, a motley little band, composed of a few settlers, men and women, for neighbors are few, and all would sympathize; a few shanty-men from the neighboring lumber camps, solemnized in the presence of death. A walk of three miles through mud and snow, and the burying ground

is reached. No Greenwood or Lone Mountain cemetery here, but four mounds, where trees have been cut out, tell that somebody's friends lie peacefully after "life's fitful fever." One in life's prime stricken by an accident, another when the wheat was ready for the sickle, and two fair flowerets transplanted early, and now the young wife and mother joins the silent company. The trees whisper, moan, and sigh their death-dirge, while the birds sing to them and the spring-time speaks of resurrection. "To him," says Bryant, "who in the love of nature holds communion with the visible forms, she speaks a various language."

One of the number speaks. Listen. "Naked as from the earth we came," etc., a simple prayer is offered, and dust returns to dust and earth to earth.

Do you feel inclined to pity us in our backwoods home? We thank you, but wonder if you are not more deserving of pity, who cover up grief for your loved ones, with costly garnishings and sombre mournings, and perhaps the misspent life with a paid funeral sermon. We have common sense and human feelings. We allow you have riches and pride.

FIRST LEAVES.

Mother's Work.

"My mother gets me up, builds the fire, gets my breakfast, and sends me off," said a bright youth. "Then she gets my father up, and gets his breakfast, and sends him off. Then she gets the other children up and sends them off to school; and then she and the baby have their breakfast." "How old is the baby?" asked the reporter. "Oh, she is 'most two, but she can walk and talk as well as any of us." "Are you well paid?" "I get \$3 a week, and father gets \$2 a day." "How much does your mother get?" With a bewildered look the boy said, "Mother! why she don't work for anybody." "I thought you said she worked for all of you." "Oh, yes, for us, she does; but there ain't no money in it."—*Exchange.*

EDITOR CANADIAN LIVE-STOCK AND FARM JOURNAL.

SIR,—Can you give me the address of any person from whom I can get "Roughing It in the Bush," by Mrs. Moodie? I am very anxious to get it. Having seen the article on "Wild Flowers" in the JOURNAL, I thought you might be able to give me the address.

Mrs. H. T.

Drawer D., St. Marys, Ont.

The book referred to is out of print now, but it may be that some of our readers can put the lady in the way of getting it.—Ed.

FARMERS' INSTITUTES.

The Secretary, President, or any member of any Farmers' Institute is hereby invited to send for copies of the Journal (which will be mailed free), to distribute amongst its members with the view of forming clubs for the Journal—a list of ten subscribers, at least, could be got at every institute in Canada. Clubs of five for \$4.00, and clubs of ten for \$7.50. Those subscribing now for 1888 will get the Journal for the rest of this year free.

Jottings.

Club Agents.—An active club agent wanted at every post office. Send for sample copies, etc.

Notice.—Those who subscribe now for the JOURNAL for 1888 will get the remainder of this year free.

Correction.—In the September issue of the JOURNAL it was mentioned that Mr. John Isaac, Kinellar Lodge, Markham, Ont., had sold a three-year-old cow to Bow Park. She was sold not to Bow Park, but to Mr. N. P. Clarke, St. Cloud, Minnesota, U. S.