

Mister Horn used to refer to as a "beggardly threepenny bit."

"Why, the fellow spent twice as much in the week on tobacco," he would say indignantly, as if interrupting himself—sixpence for smoke and threepence for the work of God!"

"Well, the minister went through the names, and they all sang to the low key that had been pitched, till they came to my name. Then what did the leader do but leans over and whispers to the minister that I was young, and could not give anything, and that he had better not ask me. The minister nodded his head, and took up the hymn book.

"Please, sir, I love God too," I said; "why mayn't I give anything?"

"The minister looked at me kindly and said, 'Brother Skimes tells me that you can't afford anything.'

"The rule says a shilling at least, sir, except in extreme poverty, and that isn't the state of any of us, I am sure."

"A shilling!" cried the leader, and he jumped off his seat as if some one had pinched him. I think, perhaps, I had. "A shilling! you know you can't do it."

"There's the money, sir," said I, as I put the shilling on the table. "I would afford it somehow, sir, however it might pinch me." And I looked at Brother Skimes so much as to say, "though it should even put my pipe out."

"Ay, I used to pinch myself, too," continued Mister Horn. "More than once I've gone on dry bread, and then done so much as any of 'em. Now and then I used to buy a lot of broken herrings for sixpence, and then I had a bit of a relish. You know they say there is nothing like bitters to give you an appetite, and it is when you give away what you want that you enjoy what's left. You try it—take and give away half your dinner; and then the other half I bless ye, the Lord Mayor of London might envy it. If anybody wants to taste a bit o' real joy, let 'em just go and do that. I've often turned it over in my mind that love is real true love when it has got a bit of real, hard, pinchin' sacrifice about it, and not till then. Kindness and pity will give you, perhaps, what it thinks it can do without, but love gives everything. 'He spared not His own Son'—that is love. 'Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us.'

"Kindness and pity will send the scraps and bones out to the shivering beggar at the door. But love brings him in and gives up its place and its plate, and will stand behind waiting and helping. Ah, that's how the blessed Lord treated us when we came home from the far country perishing with hunger. No old cast-off clothes, but the best robes. No scraps, all bones and crusts, but the fatted calf. No pitiful words, but Himself. His arms about the neck, and His kiss upon the cheek, and all His heart to welcome us. But we, when He comes to ask anything of us, we keep Him waiting at the door for an answer, and then we send Him out our miserable scrapings, just what we think we can spare without feeling it. The wonder is that He doesn't come and take it all by force, He who is the King and Lord of all, and who has only put us in as his poor stewards. Depend upon it, we don't know much about love, if love don't pinch us a bit now and then."

(To be continued.)

A PEASANT AND A NOBLEMAN.

Men who have risen from humble life to wealth and high social rank, have often been ashamed of their parents, and shewn them little attention or respect. Such treatment indicates a vulgar mind. True nobility follows a different method. Richard Hurd, an eminent bishop of the Church of England at the close of the last century, was a man of courtly manners, of great learning, who moved with distinction in the best society in the kingdom. George III. pronounced him "the most naturally polite man he had ever known." He, however, never failed to shew the utmost respect for his mother, a farmer's wife, of no education, but of sterling character. When he entertained large companies at the Episcopal Palace he led her with a stately courtesy to the head of the table, and paid her the greatest deference. The high-born families who sat at his table revered his conduct, so becoming to a son and a gentleman.

THINGS SWEET AND PLEASANT.

Those things that are pleasant to us are generally good for us. We were taught somewhat differently when we were boys and girls, perhaps to save the contents of the sugar basin. We were solemnly informed of dangers to teeth and stomach in the consumption of sweets. But negroes in the cane fields who eat large quantities of sugar do not spoil their teeth or stomachs in doing so. The things that are sweet and pleasant to the unsophisticated palate, and that our natural appetite desires, instead of being bad for us are commonly good for us. You may take that as a safe general rule. Animals follow it, and we are animals in our material structure, and we do well to follow our instincts in this direction even as they do. Of course we are reasoning animals, and I must add that these instincts are consequently to be followed within rational limits.—*The Human Body and its Function.*

AN ARCTIC NOON, MUSSEL BAY, SPITZBERGEN.

One day Nordenskiöld and I walked out to the end of the ice, to enjoy near at hand the sight of the waves dancing in joyous motion and the ice blocks swimming quietly about. Our way was over the ice and walking was exceedingly difficult. When we reached the farthest part of the archipelago, we threw ourselves down to rest and take a view of our surroundings. They were surprisingly grand. The southwestern part of the vault of heaven was lighted by the circum-polar moon. In the flood of light which streamed out from her there swam some few long drawn out clouds. Right to the south near the horizon there was visible a faint reddish glimmer, clearly and sharply distinguishable from the white moonlight. Here the sun had gone down, when

the long polar night had begun; it was the last glimpse of his light that we now saw. In the south-east some few rays of light changing every moment in strength, colour and position—in fact, the aurora in the form it commonly takes here—raised themselves toward the horizon. Above our heads glows the polo star, everywhere over the sky sparkle stars, darting stronger or weaker differently coloured lights, and on the north or northeastern horizon rests the deep darkness of the polar night. I will not try to paint the rich changing play of colour and the *chiaroscuro* full of effect. Add to this glorious heaven a wide stretching sea glittering in the moonlight, the white surface of Mussel Bay with three vessels standing out against it, the dark, precipitous fell sides that surround it, and the little building on land from whose every window lamp-light streams—and the main points of the panorama are enumerated. It is difficult to believe that noon is approaching; it might rather be taken for evening, a quiet winter evening in the country. A grave stillness and tranquillity hangs over the neighbourhood. Only now and then the deep silence is broken by a low grating sound. It is heard in the direction of the edge of the ice, and is produced by the rubbing of the ice blocks against each other when they are moved by the swell.—*Adolf Erik Norden-skiöld.*

WORDS.

By the words of malice spoken,
Half in earnest, half in jest,
Loving hearts are daily broken,
Hearts the purest and the best.
Listen, brothers, be discreet,
Words of malice ne'er repeat;
Loving hearts are tender things,
Words of malice deadly stings.

By the words of love when spoken
To the lowly and oppress'd,
Loving hearts, tho' almost broken,
Feel as if forever bless'd.
Sisters, brothers, comfort, cheer,
Banish thus the silent tear,
Words of love you may be sure,
Wounded hearts can quickly cure.

Words of truth when boldly spoken,
Faithfully reproving sin,
Ever is the surest token
Of a spirit pure within.
Sisters, brothers, guard the tongue,
Utter not a word that's wrong,
Boldly speak the words of truth,
Thus become the guide of youth.

THE ORATORY OF DR. CHALMERS.

Dr. John Brown, in his "Horse Subseiva," gives an instance of his listening to Dr. Chalmers, when he was only a youth in the High School of Edinburgh. It was a wild moorland district on a summer evening. Brown and some of his fellow students, bright, gay, thoughtless lads, fascinated by the charm of the great name, had walked over to the kirk among the moors. "As we entered the kirk we saw a notorious character, a drover, who had much of the brutal look of what he worked in, with the knowing eye of a man of the city, a sort of big Peter Bell:

'There was a hardness in his cheek,
'There was a hardness in his eye.'

He was our terror, and we not only wondered, but were afraid when we saw him going in. The minister came in, homely in his dress and gait, but having a great look about him, like a mountain among hills. The tide set in; everything aided its power; deep called to deep. How astonishing and impressed we all were. He was at the full thunder of his power; the whole man was in an agony of earnestness. The drover was weeping like a child, the tears were running down his ruddy, coarse cheeks, his face opened out and smoothed like an infant's, his whole body stirred with emotion, and when the wonderful speaker sat down, how beautiful to our eyes did the thunderer look. We went home quieter than we came; we thought of other things—that voice, that face, those great, simple, living thoughts, those floods of resistless eloquence, that piercing, shattering voice!"

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR DAUGHTERS?

Teach them self-reliance. Teach them to make bread. Teach them to make shirts. Teach them to add up bills. Teach them not to paint or powder. Teach them to wear a cheerful smile. Teach them to wear thick, warm clothes. Teach them to wash and iron clothes. Teach them how to make their own dresses. Teach them that a dollar is only one hundred cents. Teach them how to cook a good meal. Teach them to darn stockings and sew on buttons. Teach them to say no, and mean it, or yes, and stick to it. Teach them to regard the morals and not the money of beaux. Teach them to wear calico dresses, and do it like a queen. Teach them to wear their own hair, and to dress it neatly. Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining-room, and the parlour. Teach them to cultivate a garden, and to drive a road team or farm wagon. Teach them to have nothing to do with intemperate and dissolute young men. Teach them that the more one lives beyond his income the nearer he gets to the pothouse.

A PHYSICIAN gives this opinion on studying at an early age: A healthy child may, perhaps, safely enter the primary school at seven years of age. If nervous, or inclined to talk, or be restless in sleep, better wait another year. Then eight years in the current of graded schools will bring one, at fifteen or sixteen, prepared in brain power and attainment to enter the high-school. If any are to attend college or higher seminaries, nineteen or twenty years is young enough to enter them, as the brain is then beginning to

grow still slower, and has attained more firmness to bear labour.

"It is always a terrible condemnation of a church member," says Dr. Cuyler, "that no one should suspect him of being one." We have heard of a young lady who engaged for many months in a kind of frivolities, utterly forgetful of her covenant with Christ. One Sabbath morning, on being asked by a gay companion to accompany him to a certain place, she declined on the ground that it was the communion Sabbath in her own church. "Are you a communicant?" was the cutting reply. The arrow went to her heart. She felt that she had denied the Lord who died for her. That keen rebuke brought her to repentance, and a reconversion. Are there not many other professors of Christ who appear to be "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God!"

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

SHUT UP THE TRAPS THAT CATCH US.

A few years ago, while riding in a manufacturing district, returning home one Sabbath evening from ministerial duties, I was accosted by a man who, though intoxicated, seemed resolved to enter into conversation. He admitted that his conduct was wrong, and said he was constantly forming resolutions of amendment. He was poor and unhappy at home because he was a drunkard, and a drunkard because he was a Sabbath-breaker. "Many a time," he said, "I leave my house on a Sunday morning to go to a place of worship, but then the public houses are open. I get past one or two, and at the door of the third stands, perhaps, an old acquaintance. He invites me in, and then it is all over with me. I spend the money I should keep my family with, and have to work hard all the week, and to struggle at the same time with headache and hunger." I shall never forget his concluding words; they were spoken with the energy of great feeling. The poor fellow talked himself sober. "Sir," said he, "if the great folks want to keep us poor folks sober they should shut up the traps that catch us."

HOW MISS WESTON BECAME AN ABSTAINER.

"I had been working in the temperance cause for some time, inviting others to follow a course which I had not entered on myself, when suddenly I was pulled up short in a very unlooked-for and unmistakable way. At the close of one of our temperance meetings, a desperate drunkard came up to me, wishing to sign the pledge. He was a chimney-sweeper, and well known to us all. I was eager to get hold of him, knowing his past history, but as he took the pen in hand, he suddenly looked up into my face, and said, inquiringly, 'If you please, Miss Weston, be you a teetotaler?' Somewhat disconcerted by this direct appeal, I replied that I only took a glass of wine occasionally, of course in strict moderation, upon which he laid down the pen, and said, 'Well, I think I will do just as you say, take a glass sometimes in moderation.' No entreaties of mine could prevail upon him to sign the total abstinence pledge, neither could he keep within the bounds of moderation; he went back to his old life, saying that he would do as the lady did." On reaching home, she signed the pledge-book, regretting the resolution had not been taken earlier; and after many years of experience she is able to testify: "Although I have worked harder with brain, muscle, and nerve than I ever worked before, travelling thousands of miles, frequently holding two meetings a day, and standing at the helm of the ship entrusted to my care, I may safely say that I never enjoyed better health. Rest and food are the only doctors I have had to employ."—*From "Miss Weston and the Sailors," by G. Holden Pike, in "The Fireside."*

PROHIBITION IN MAINE.

The results, in part, have been and are these: There is not a distillery, brewery, or wine factory in the State, open or secret. They have been summarily suppressed by the law. The liquor traffic has been extinguished generally throughout the State. In a large part of our territory, it is very nearly unknown; that is, in our small towns, villages and rural districts where it abounded before the law. The traffic lingers more or less secretly in some of our larger towns and cities, notably in Bangor, but that is the centre of a vast "lumbering" business, which brings a great number of "logging" men, "river drivers," "mill men" and other rough characters into its taverns, shanties and streets. The execution of the law there has been capricious and fitful. Sometimes it has been well enforced, and the liquor traffic has been driven into dens, cellars and other secret places. But just now it is not enforced. The reason must be this: the "better part" of the people there must be very few or very cowardly. At any rate their influence is not felt for good. It is *nil*. But in Portland, the largest town in the State there is no open liquor traffic. What exists here is on a very small scale, carried on very secretly, in the lowest, dirtiest parts of the city. We have many officers here whose sole business is to hunt rum-sellers. Wherever they hear of one or suspect one to be, they are after him, as a man waging deadly war against society—as a "poisoner-general" of the people," Wesley said; as "an artist in human slaughter," Lord Chesterfield said; as "a murderer," old Dr. Beecher said; as a man guilty of "the gigantic crime of crimes," Mr. Morrill said on the floor of the United States Senate. The result of this sharp and determined warfare against the grogshops is that the traffic is as disreputable in Maine as the keeping of a brothel probably is in Norwich or New Haven. It is under the ban of the law, which is upheld in this State by an overwhelming public opinion. We had many distilleries in Maine—seven large ones in Portland (drunkard factories) where their dreadful trade was actually plied night and day. Their fires never went out, except on the Sabbaths. At the same time we had West India rum imported into the State by the cargo—many great cargoes. Acres of rum puncheons spread out on our wharves. Now no liquor is brought into the State for unlawful sale except in small packages, which can be quickly handled, generally concealed in flour barrels, sugar barrels, rice-tierces, and boxes, packed generally in sawdust. I have seen it packed in corn, sugar and chaff.—*Neil Dow.*