

cause may be great; and yet the men who represent it may fail to rise to the greatness of their mission. But in this light also the Covenanters of Scotland may fairly claim the grateful memory of men. It would be difficult to point to any great struggle in which men have exhibited a more passionate enthusiasm for their cause or a more complete emancipation from all selfish seductions which might have obscured the singleness of their aim or cooled the ardour of their devotion. In fact the intense earnestness of the Covenanters has given a colour to the subsequent religious life of Scotland. It has created an almost morbid craving for a similar intensity of favour amid the calm routine of peaceful times. In a great crisis, when a nation's cause is the cause of humanity, moderation is more akin to vice than to virtue. For moderation is not only opposed to vicious excess; it may imply a lack of that heroic enthusiasm which a great moral crisis demands. It was the consciousness of this fact during the covenanting struggle, that has ever since made the term moderate a by-word of reproach in Scotland when applied to religious character.—*Prof. J. Clark Murray, LL.D.*

RAVAGES OF THE BICYCLE CRAZE.

We extract from an editorial in the *Evening Post* of June 2nd, in which the editor argues that the cause of hard times in most industries is owing to the bicycle. Theatrical managers say they have had the poorest season for many years, and that after patient and anxious search for the cause they have found it in the bicycle craze. They say that not only do young men and maidens, but old men and women, save up their money in order that with it they may buy wheels. This of itself is disastrous to the theaters, but worse remains to be told; for having bought the wheels they ride on them in the evening instead of going to places of amusement. They ride also on Saturday afternoons, and in Chicago they ride so universally on Sundays that the theaters, which formerly gave successful performances on that day, have discontinued them. The Sabbatarian might find encouragement in this fact were it not true that the churches are suffering almost as severely as the theaters from the same cause.

Business men are as loud in their complaints as the theater managers. The watchmakers and jewelers say they are nearly ruined; that all pin money which the young people saved formerly with which to buy watches and jewelry now goes for bicycles; that parents, instead of presenting a boy with a watch on his twenty-first birthday, now give him a bicycle, and that all the family economy is now conducted with the object of equipping every boy and girl, as well as father and mother, with a wheel. The confectioner cries "me too" to this plaint, declaring that about all the business he does is in chewing gum, ice cream, and soft drinks, while his candies find few customers. The tobacco manufacturer says this is the worst hit of all, since few riders are to smoke on the road—for which there is reason for profound gratitude—and the journals of the trade say it is a fact that the consumption of cigars is decreasing at the rate of a million a day, the total decrease since the craze became general averaging no less than 700,000,-

000 a year. Instead of sitting idle and smoking most of the day, hundreds of men now ride, and smoke only when they are resting.

The tailor, the hatter, the bookseller, the shoemaker, the horse dealer, and the riding master, all tell similar tales of woe. The tailor says that so many men go about half the time in cheap bicycle suits that they do not wear out their good clothes half as rapidly as formerly. The hatter says so many of them wear cheap caps, in which there is no profit to the maker, that their hats last them twice as long as heretofore. The shoemaker says he is even worse off, for while they buy cheap shoes for the bicycle, they do not even wear these out, and they refrain from walking much in any kind of shoes whatever, so that his loss is almost total. The bookseller says people who are rushing about on wheels, days, nights, and Sundays, no longer read anything, and his business has become practically worthless. As for the horse dealer, stable keeper, and riding master, it is notorious what has happened to them. They are no longer "in it," and, like the horse, are a drug in the market. Even the saloon keeper groans, for he says that while many riders drink beer, the number who take "hard drinks" is diminishing, which must be the case in a pastime which cannot be followed with an unsteady head.

But the greatest gainer of all is the American race. An eminent physician is quoted as saying that "not within 200 years has there been any one thing which has so benefited mankind as the invention of the bicycle," that "thousands upon thousands of men and women who till within a few years never got any out-door exercise to speak of, are now devoting half their time to healthy recreation, are strengthening and developing their bodies, and are not only reaping benefit themselves, but are preparing the way for future generations which will be born of healthy parents." There is no doubt about this. As a people the Americans have never taken sufficient outdoor exercise. We have been a nation of dyspeptics, simply because we did not take sufficient physical exercise to develop and strengthen our bodies. The bicycle is a wonderful builder up and purger of the system. It not only abolishes indigestion and dyspepsia, but rids the system of that curse of middle and old age, rheumatism, and thus adds enormously to the national good nature as well as to the sum of national happiness.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD BUTTER.

A correspondent of the *Jersey Bulletin* gives eight rules for making gilt-edged butter:

1. Good Jersey cows, to secure rich, clean, healthy milk. If possible, feed cows on rich old pastures, free from weeds, preferably on uplands.
2. Milk the cows in a clean, well ventilated stable, free from all atmospheric taint.
3. Setting the milk to cream and the cream to ripen in a clean, well-ventilated room that may be kept at a low and even temperature.
4. Scrupulous cleanliness and regular temperature in the churning.
5. Stopping the churn when the butter comes the size of wheat grains, and freeing it of buttermilk while in this stage; taking care not to break the grain in working.
6. While in the granular stage, incorporate the salt evenly and thoroughly.
7. Put up in neat, clean, sweet, attractive packages.
8. Scrupulous cleanliness from the cow pasture to the butter box.

Our Young Folks.

MOTHER'S COMFORT.

I know a little girlie,
With loving eyes so blue,
And lips just made for smiling.
And heart that's kind and true.
She wears no dainty dresses,
No jewels does she own,
But the greatest of all treasures
Is her little self alone.

Her name is "Mother's Comfort,"
For all the livelong day
Her busy little fingers
Help mother's cares away.
The sunshine loves to glisten
And hide in her soft hair,
And dimples chase each other
About her cheeks so fair.

Oh, this darling little girlie,
With the diamonds in her eyes,
Makes in mother's heart a sunshine
Brighter far than floods the skies.
But the name that suits her better,
And makes her glad eyes shine,
Is the name of "Mother's Comfort"—
This little treasure mine.

A WORD FOR YOUTHS.—WILD OATS.

Be on your guard, my friends, and you, above all, my younger friends, against another lie of Satan. Let every boy, every youth, every young man who hears me—remembering that God means you to obey His law *semper*, always—be on his guard against and utterly spurn from him that common and most deadly lie of the devil, that "you may have your fling"—that "youths must be youths"—"you must sow your wild oats." Oh, listen not to the devil's whisper when he persuades you to gaze at, and think of, and pluck and eat the forbidden fruit, and says: "Ye shall not surely die; ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." All these are devil's proverbs and devil's lies. Will you have them or will you have God's truth? These lies of his are against the whole experience of the world. Why does he plead with you so earnestly and seductively for just one sin? Why, but because he knows that the fish which will nibble at the hook will be caught by the hook; because he knows that all sins begin with one sin; because he knows that a boy's sin so often means a life's sin, a life's shame and a life's destruction. Why does he persuade you that you may have your fling? Because he knows that the fling is so often a fling over a precipice; and that when a youth throws loose the reins of his soul's chariot and touches the wild steeds of passion with the spur of indulged appetite, the path is downhillward, and the pace is mad, and the end is headlong death. Why is he so anxious that you should sow your wild oats? Because he knows that if you believe him you will have to reap what you sow. Sow wild oats and what shall the harvest be? You shall reap wild oats, barren, bitter, poison, which blight the wholesome soil. You are hungry, he says: gratify your lust, indulge your appetite, sell your birthright; what good shall this birthright do you? Sell it for this red, steaming mess of pottage! Aye, sell it; but then the birthright will be lost, and lost forever; and your life be maimed, and long years after shall come the great and excruciating bitter cry; and though you may be forgiven at last, you will never in this life recover that lost birthright, though you seek it earnestly with tears.—*F. W. Farrar.*

BOYS AND BOYS' WAYS.

"Watch that boy now," said Phil.
"Which boy?" said Ned.

"That boy who was at play with us down on the sand. His name is Will. He knows how to look out for himself doesn't he?"

Phil and Ned, with their parents, had been spending sometime at the seaside. Will was a boy who had come to pass the evening in the parlor of the boarding house. Here it was that Paul and Ned saw Will taking a great deal of pains to find a good place.

First he had noticed a large book full of pictures on the table. After looking at it for a few minutes he had hunted out a large easy chair and was tugging at it to get it to the table.

"There—he's got it squared round just to suit him," laughed Ned.

"Now he's moving the lamp nearer," said Phil.

"And—well if I ever! If he isn't putting a foot stool before it, I suppose he's all ready to enjoy it."

It was plain that Will was. With a pleased look he gazed around the room until he caught sight of a lady standing. He darted towards her, and said:

"Come, mamma. I have a nice place for you." He led her to the chair and settled the stool to her feet as she sat down.

Phil and Ned looked a little foolish. Presently Phil sprang out of his chair as his mother came near.

"Mamma, take my chair," he said.

Ned stepped quickly to pick up a handkerchief which a lady had dropped, and returned with a bow.

They are wise boys who profit by a graceful lesson given by a true gentleman.—*New York Observer.*

GOD CLAIMS YOU.

When the late Earl Cairns was a little boy he heard three words which made a memorable impression upon him: "God claims you." Then came the question, "What am I going to do with the claim?" He answered, "I will own it, and give myself to God." He went home and told his mother, "God claims me." At school and college his motto was, "God claims me." As a member of Parliament, and ultimately as Lord Chancellor, it was still "God claims me." When he was appointed Lord Chancellor he was teacher of a large Bible class, and his minister, thinking that now he would have no time to devote to that purpose, said to him: "I suppose you will now require to give up your class?" "No," was the reply, "I will not. God claims me."

KATIE'S BUTTERFLIES.

When Katie saw Ben's rare collection of insects, she wanted to have some of her own.

"There's lots of butterflies in our garden," she said. "Great yellow ones, with spotted wings, golden-brown ones, with scarlet stripes; and pretty white ones, which shine like silver."

The next day Katie ran into mamma's room, her little fingers tightly closed over the brown head of a splendid specimen. Her blue eyes were full of horror.

"Oh-h-h! I can never do it, mamma, I never can. See it squirm and kick. It don't want to die, dear little thing. God gave it its life, same's He gave me mine. I don't want any frame of insects—never!" she cried, sobbing in mamma's arms. That was the first and last butterfly that our Katie caught, and she thinks that only cruel folks can kill them.

What do you think about it?