

THE FAMILY.

FATHER, BRING HOME YOUR MONEY TO-NIGHT.

A new temperance Song and Chorus.
WORDS BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Oh! father, dear father, don't stay away late,
Come home when your day's work is o'er;
For mother'll be watching for you at the gate,
Don't grieve her poor heart any more.
She's weary with sewing to keep us in bread,
And her face is so haggard and white,
For you know, father dear, that we all must be fed.
Then bring home your money to-night!
CHORUS.—Then bring home your money to-night!
Oh! bring home your money to-night!
For you know, father dear, that we all must be fed,
Oh! bring home your money to-night!

The old tavern keeper is rich I am sure;
His acres spread out far and wide,
While father, dear father, you know we are poor.
And needy, and hungry beside.
Don't give him your hard-earned dollars I pray,
For the drinks that will madden and blight,
But in manliness turn from the tempter away.
And bring home your money to-night!
CHORUS.—

Oh! father, dear father, don't stay away late,
I'll be Saturday night as you know,
The beautiful Sabbath night dawn if you wait,
And find us in sorrow and woe.
No bread in the pantry, no comfort in store,
And nothing to make our home bright,
Good-bye now, dear father, don't drink any more,
But bring home your money to-night!

POLITENESS OF GREAT MEN.

Truly great men are polite by instinct to their inferiors. It is one element of their greatness to be thoughtful for others.

The greatest men in the world have been noted for their politeness. Indeed, many have owed their greatness mainly to their popular manners, which induced the people whom they pleased to give them an opportunity to show their power.

Many years ago the errand-boy employed by a publishing-house in a great city was sent to procure from Edward Everett the proof-sheets of a book which he had been examining. The boy entered the vast library, lined from floor to ceiling with books, in fear and trembling; he stood in awe of this famous man, and dreaded to meet him.

But Mr. Everett, turning from the desk where he was writing, received the lad with re-assuring courtesy, bade him sit down, chatted kindly as he looked for the proof-sheets, and asked,—

"Shall I put a paper round them for you?" as politely as if his visitor were the President.

The boy departed in a very comfortable state of mind; he had been raised in his own esteem by Mr. Everett's kindness, and he has never forgotten the lesson it taught him.

ENTICING A MAN'S WIFE AWAY.

CLEVER RESENTMENT OF NON ATTENDANCE AT THE CONFESSORIAL.

There is one indignant young husband in this city, who has had a very startling experience this month of the widespread power exercised by the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church over their people. Some ten months ago, the gentleman in question, a respectable, well educated French-Canadian, and who has occupied a responsible position on the Grand Trunk Railway, married a handsome young girl in this city. The bride was very young, being under sixteen, but the couple lived very happily together. They attended mass quite regularly, at the parish church of Notre Dame, but the husband had not been to confession for a long time; his wife, after her marriage, also gave up attending the confessional, and this aroused her spiritual adviser to a high sense of his duties, and he took a favourable opportunity of remonstrating with her on the sinful course she was pursuing. She said her husband had not gone to confession, and she had followed his example. Eventually, and unknown to her liege lord, her feelings were so worked upon, that she was either induced to leave her house, or was taken away, on the 9th September, and the distracted husband was left to picture many terrible things as the causes of her absence. However, he got a clue at last to where she was, and discovered that she had left at the instance of the priest, in order that the godly and the ungodly might be separated. The injured husband, finding that his future marital happiness was imperilled, consulted a prominent Queen's Counsel, who, on hearing the details of the case, sent a communication to the Church, stating that his client would take legal proceedings for the recovery of his wife, if she was not allowed to return home. At

REMARKABLE SHOWER OF ICE—PERILS OF ROCKY MOUNTAIN RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

At Potter Station on the Union Pacific Railroad, recently a train was just pulling out from the station when a storm commenced, and in a few seconds there was such a fury of hail and wind that the engineer deemed it best to stop the locomotive. The halstones were simply great junks of ice, many of them three and four inches in diameter, and of all shapes—squares, cones, cubes, etc. The first stone that struck the train broke a window, and the flying glass severely injured a lady on the face, making a deep cut. Five minutes afterward there was not a whole light of gas on the south side of the train, the full length of it. The windows in the Pullman cars were of French plate, three eighths of an inch thick, and double. The hail broke both thicknesses, and tore the curtains into shreds. The wooden shutters, too, were smashed, and many of the mirrors were broken. The deck lights on the top of the cars were also demolished. The dome of the engine was dented as if it had been pounded with a heavy weight, and the woodwork on the South side of the cars was plowed as if some one had struck it all over with sliding blows from a hammer. During the continuance of this terrific fusillade, which lasted fully twenty minutes, the excitement and fear among the passengers ran very high. Several ladies fainted, and one lady, Mrs. Earle, wife of the superintendent of the Mountain division of the road, went into spasms, from which she did not recover for fully an hour after the cessation of the storm. Several persons sitting on the south side of the cars were more or less injured about the head and face.

As soon as the storm abated a little, the matting in the cars was hung up in front of the windows, and the train moved ahead, the drifted halstones proving an obstacle for some miles. At the next station, strips of tin were procured and fastened over the windows the entire length of the train. The cars have been run into the shop for repairs, and the damage will amount, it is estimated, to several thousand dollars.—*Denver News.*

A JAPANESE GIRL IN AMERICA ON JAPANESE MATTERS.

The *Japan Gazette* contains the following from a Japanese girl who is evidently not wholly Americanized yet:

"Mr. Tsuda Sen, the author of a book on Agriculture known as the *Nojio Saseji*, has a daughter, aged ten years, who has been for three years in America, where her education is being provided for by Mr. Lanman, a gentleman of Washington, who having applied to Ume Tsuda (for that is the child's name) for a written expression of her views upon her native country and its customs, received the following:—

GEORGETOWN, D. C., May 21st, 1875.
"DEAR MR. LANMAN:—You asked me to write you a letter, or rather a composition, on what I think about improvements in Japan, and how further improvements ought to be made.

"I think it wrong to make everything different to what it is at present in Japan; we ought to keep a great many things as they are. For instance, I should like Japan to keep its native language, native dress and native style of writing; but I should like to see in my country, American as well as Japanese schools.

"The Japanese ought to keep on making bronzes and swords, just as they have hitherto done; but in a few things the Japanese ought to change. In the manufacture of such things as scissors, the Americans excel them.

"I wish all the people in Japan would become Christians; and all the temples converted into churches. It would be too much trouble and expense to build new churches, but we might take out all the idols and symbols of idolatry. Change a few things in the temples and they will make beautiful churches.

"When the Japanese marry, I wish they would do it in the same way as they did in old times, but change the habit of having so very few people at the marriage.

"Some people in Japan would like to make that country like America. But I am sure that other countries, such as France and England, do not have everything like another country (America), because they like it in some respects—and so, why should Japan?"

"The Government I hope, will not be changed, but I do hope the people will not have so many taxes.

"I will write more some other time, as I have more to say. UME TSUDA."

NO PROMOTION.

If "temperance societies" of older people set bad examples to the children's cold-water organizations, they should expect to be rebuked. The following case, on a question of "promotion," brings some keen logic by a boy:

A Lodge Deputy, at—, accosted a lad a few mornings since: "Sammy, you are most fourteen, and we think of promoting you. You have been a faithful member of the Cold Water Temple a good spell, and now we think of promoting you by advancing you into the Lodge."

"Ah," said Sammy, "promotion is it? Do any of the ladies of your Lodge take snuff?"

"I am afraid some of them do," the Deputy replied.

"Well, do any of the gentlemen smoke or chew?"

"O, yes. I am sorry to say," he answered.

"Well, but," continued Sammy, "do any of them swear?"

"Sorry to confess it," answered Deputy, "yet that is the fact."

"Well, now," resumed Sammy, "you talk about promotion in going out of an organization that has a pledge against three vices, and going into one that violates two of them, but I cannot see it in the same light."

CHILDREN'S CORNER. THE FIRST TIME.

I was about twelve years old.

One beautiful summer morning, as I entered the school yard, Joe Simpson, who could not live unless he was in some mischief, stooped down, took a clod of mud from the side of a pond that should not have been there, and threw it at me. Now, the clod was no larger than a pill, but it struck me on the sleeve, and stuck there.

I intended, when I began to write, to say how utterly wrong I was in what followed; but, as I think of it, I am back once more in the remarkable clothes I had on that day, and I do not blame myself as much as I thought I did.

You see, I had, after months of expectation, put on for the first time that morning a suit of Nankeen linen, as yellow and as fresh and sweet as new butter. Moreover, I had a turn-down collar of the whitest, glossiest, stiffest sort, around my neck, and some six inches over my shoulders.

To be in keeping with my clothes, I had scrubbed myself all over, before putting them on, with all the soap I could lay hands on, besides brushing and perfuming my hair at my sister's toilet table. In fact, it was because I was so amazingly ahead of Joe Simpson in personal appearance that he threw the mud at me. Of course.

How much better it would have been had I taken time to do nothing but wash out the small spot, even if I had used my tears for the purpose. Instead of that, in the flash of a second I let Joe have it full in the face with a handful of mud. Unfortunately there was an abundant supply of mud left by the pond, as it was drying up under the summer sun. It was a good hour before school time, too, for I had arrived long in advance to show off my new clothes, having dreamed of the glory thereof all night. The boys also gathered around with jeers and cheers as we hesitated or continued, a hundred of them at last around us shouting and yelling with laughter; but every scamp of them urging us on.

After the first double handful of mud smacked in the centre of my beautiful new waistcoat with its mother-of-pearl buttons, I ceased to be a boy, and became a madman, for whom a straight waistcoat would have been much more suitable. Joe was as mad, and at it we went fast and furious. Every now and then we would have to stop to scoop the mud out of our eyes, to see how to throw the next handful, as well as smear it off our nose and mouth enough to breathe.

Nor did we stop until the teacher arrived. But when he did, we were safe enough from him; he could not touch, much less whip, either of us; for, except a little hole at the eyes and nose and mouth, from head to foot each of us was sheathed in mud, clothed in a complete coat of mail from one to three inches deep. That was not all. The green and slimy mire smelled awfully, and, as it dried on us, it became as hard as a brick, almost.

By command of the teacher, a big boy marched me home, blind and exhausted and tumbling down at every curb-stone, with it seemed to me, the entire city at my heels running and hurrying. Our house was a mile from the school, and no circus, with its train of animals, and ropedancers and clowns, ever made a greater sensation.

I refused sternly to tell what befell me when my mother did get at me! The fact that Joe was undergoing the same at his house was some consolation; but then Joe did not lose the splendid suit of clothes I did, and I have never had one since I liked half so well.

HOW TO FILL SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

A poor, ragged lad, about twelve years of age, found his way into one of the Sunday schools in York. One of the teachers asked:

"How is it that you are so ragged and cannot read?"

"My father drinks, sir," was the comprehensive reply.

The teacher visited the family the same evening, a tract was left, and an invitation given to attend the temperance meetings in the Lecture Hall. On visiting the family a few months after, the teacher was surprised at the altered appearance of the family. The wife exclaimed, with joy beaming in her eyes:

"O, sir, my husband hasn't tasted a drop for these sixteen weeks. He brings home now what he earns. We are getting all our things back from the pawn-shop, and we shall get to a place of worship on the Sunday, and have all our children fit for school."

To take mildew from linen, mix soft soap with starch powdered, half the quantity of salt, and a piece of lemon, and lay it on both sides with a paint brush; let it be in the open air—on grass is preferable—all the stains is removed.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Water window plants with tepid water, and wash the leaves often.

All vegetables should be washed in hot water first to cleanse them for cooking. Insects, sand, dirt, etc., are loosened by the heat.

Equal proportions of turpentine, linseed oil and vinegar, thoroughly applied and then rubbed with flannel, is an excellent furniture polish.

To each bowl of starch before boiling, add a teaspoonful of Epsom salts. Articles prepared in this way will be much stiffer, and, in a measure fireproof.

If you don't want milk to sour during a thunder storm, kindle a fire in the dairy, even in hot weather, the purpose being to drive out the moisture.

When milk sours, scalding water will render it sweet again. The whey separates from the curd, and the former is better than shortening in bread.

"I AM READY."

So said our brother, Ira Hunting, as he was passing from earth to heaven. He was born in 1808, and converted at a grove-meeting near Gallupville in the fall of 1827, and at once joined the class, which was first formed in this vicinity. Here the ground work for a preparation for death was laid.

Possibly some thought lightly of seeing him kneeling at a penitential bench, pleading for the blessing of God upon himself, wife and child, but God was attentive. Here began a life of prayer, which was the secret of his readiness for the great change. Ira Hunting enjoyed the blessing of belonging to one of these happy families, whose members are all converted, and in the church. His parents led, and the children followed.

He stood by the Church at Gallupville, in its adversity as well as prosperity from its organization till his death, and when called to leave the Church militant for the Church triumphant, he whispered, "I am ready."

To make ready for death early in life is the brightest mark of wisdom, and fortunate for this brother he prepared while in health, for his disease was of the brain and reason was dethroned almost to the very last; but as mercy would have it, a few moments of sanity were given him, in which he gave his friends this sentence of consolation: "I am ready," and he passed over to the realm of the blessed. D.B.

A QUIET reproof was adroitly given by Dr. Bethune to Rev. Dr. Tyng in a platform meeting in Philadelphia, A. D. 1873. Dr. Tyng had introduced himself to us by assurances of his firmness as an Episcopalian; that in his birth, baptism, confirmation, etc., he had been an Episcopalian that he expected to live, and die, and go to heaven an Episcopalian, and to be an Episcopalian in heaven. Dr. Bethune, being introduced, said: "As for myself, I am nothing but a Reformed Dutchman. I expect to live and die a Reformed Dutchman; but when I get to heaven, I shall be an Episcopalian, for I am determined to be with Brother Tyng."

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