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NOTICE.

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WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

BY G. L. V.

The "Carnival and Child's Ball" was uppermost in the mind of little May Ritch, as she danced to and fro across the nursery floor. She was only eight years old, and yet was going to a fancy ball.

Mamma had not determined whether she should represent a butterfly, or a fairy, or go as Little Red Riding Hood. There would have been ascertain fitness in assuming this last character, for the wolf lies in wait at the closing scene, and the child goes out to meet it. The wolf may take the comparatively harmless form of diphtheria, scarlet fever, or some slight physical derangement; the moral evil by which the child is met, this is the open jaw of the wolf with its fearful teeth, waiting to destroy the unconscious little Red Riding Hood.

It was for charity that this grand ball was to be given; there were found mothers who had so much charity that they were willing to sacrifice their own children for the sake of the children of the poor, who were willing to initiate little ones of six, eight, and ten years old into the pride, jealousy and love of admiration consequent upon a grand fancy ball. This is done in the name of charity.

It is probable that the cost of dresses and other necessary expenses if freely given would have realized a greater sum than the net proceeds, and in that case the children might have been spared the exhibition or sacrifice. What word expresses this passing of the children through the fire to Moloch?

Advantage is taken of our love of amusement, of our pride or ostentation, of almost any weakness of human nature to win from us money apparently for some good object, but have we a right to call the money thus given, charity? We are almost tempted to say of charity, as Madame Roland said of liberty, "What sins are committed in thy name!"

Little May danced to and fro, from the nursery in which old Nursey was singing the baby to sleep, to the adjoining room in which mamma was discoursing with Miss Fashion, the dressmaker.

"Sowing the seed by the daylight fair," sang Nursey.

"Pink satin, with slippers to match, and her hair frizzed by the barber," said mamma.

"Sowing the seed by the noonday glare."

"Or," suggested the dressmaker, "we might take fine illusion lace sprinkled with tiny gold stars to represent—"

"Sowing the seed in the solemn night."

"Yes," replied mamma, "that would be appropriate. The child is very fairy-like, as you remarked. Her complexion is so delicate, and she looks so fragile. Come here, my dear, (to the child) let Miss Fashion see what color would be most becoming to your hair and eyes."

"Oh, what shall the harvest be?"

(Aside to the dressmaker.) "Isn't she just perfectly lovely?"

Then followed some whispering between Miss Fashion and mamma. The child not being deaf could not help hearing that Miss Fashion admired her hair and eyes and thought her very charming and very fairy-like, much more so than Miss Edith who lived next door, and yet Miss Edith had aspired to being the queen of the fairies, with such a dark complexion—what presumption! With golden hair and lovely blue eyes, that was quite another thing.

"Gathered in time or eternity. Sure, oh sure, will the harvest be."

All these comments of Miss Fashion had been made in a lower than ordinary tone, which of course the more surely attracted the child's attention, and like an "aside" upon the stage, was heard quite as distinctly as when she resumed her natural voice and offered various suggestions upon the usual make-up of fairies, showing what made the prettiest wings, and what was best for a wand, etc., etc.

coming, and also to add the weight of her wishes to Miss Fashion's proposition, that upon this occasion she should throw off her long-sleeve, high-neck flannel; this proposition was finally adopted upon the strength of the argument that only in the most airy and elegant costume could she outshine her playmate, Miss Edith.

"Sure, oh sure, will the harvest be,"

sang the nurse, with a shrill and painful lingering on the words, for baby had gone to sleep, and she was putting him in his cradle.

"Why will Nursey sing such melancholy tunes!" exclaimed mamma, for there was a certain wail in the song that just then grated upon the mother, but she thrust such thoughts aside, for—was not this done in the name of "charity?"

Little Miss May went to the ball, was admired and flattered; she danced, had ices and candies to eat, and slept in a feverish sleep until almost noon the next day.

The question is not whether she took cold, or whether with a weakened constitution she

us some idea of the largeness of the fruit in that country. A single bunch of grapes is often more than ten pounds in weight, and even in England a bunch of Syrian grapes has been produced, which weighed nineteen pounds.

As the Egyptian fruit of the vine was small like our own, we may easily imagine the surprise of the Israelites when they saw the immense bunch brought from the valley of Eschol. Travellers at the present day tell us that a bunch is cut off the vine, and laid on a board, around which the people seat themselves, and each helps himself to as many of the grapes as he pleases.

In many places the vines spread over the ground and rocks unsupported. Often, however, they are trained upon trellis work over walls, trees, arbors, the porches and walls of houses, and at times within the house, on the sides of the central court. Thus growing the vine became a beautiful emblem of the domestic love, peace and plenty, which will abound when the Gospel of Christ prevails fully among the nations of the earth. Mic. iv. 4.

DOING WITHOUT HIS BEER.

Thousands of workmen toil to keep some brewer rich or to clothe the wives of the rum-sellers in silk, while their own wives dress in cheap calico. To such we commend this anecdote. In England there was a man named Wm. Bailey, who had once been a farm laborer, and who now owns an establishment whose business amounts to thousands and thousands of dollars. Some years ago, this man happened to cross a wheat-field, and saw some laborers at work mowing. He was dressed in a fine suit of black, but walked over among the laborers, and asked one of them if he might be allowed to mow.

The man said "Yes," and Bailey took a scythe and began to work. He had not been long engaged when one of the laborers said, in some surprise, noting his attire and deeming him a wealthy gentleman, "Why, you have mowed before!"

"Yes, I have," Bailey responded, "and I used at one time to drink beer regularly when I did. But while I was mowing one day, and drinking my beer, the idea suddenly came to me that I could mow just as well without beer."

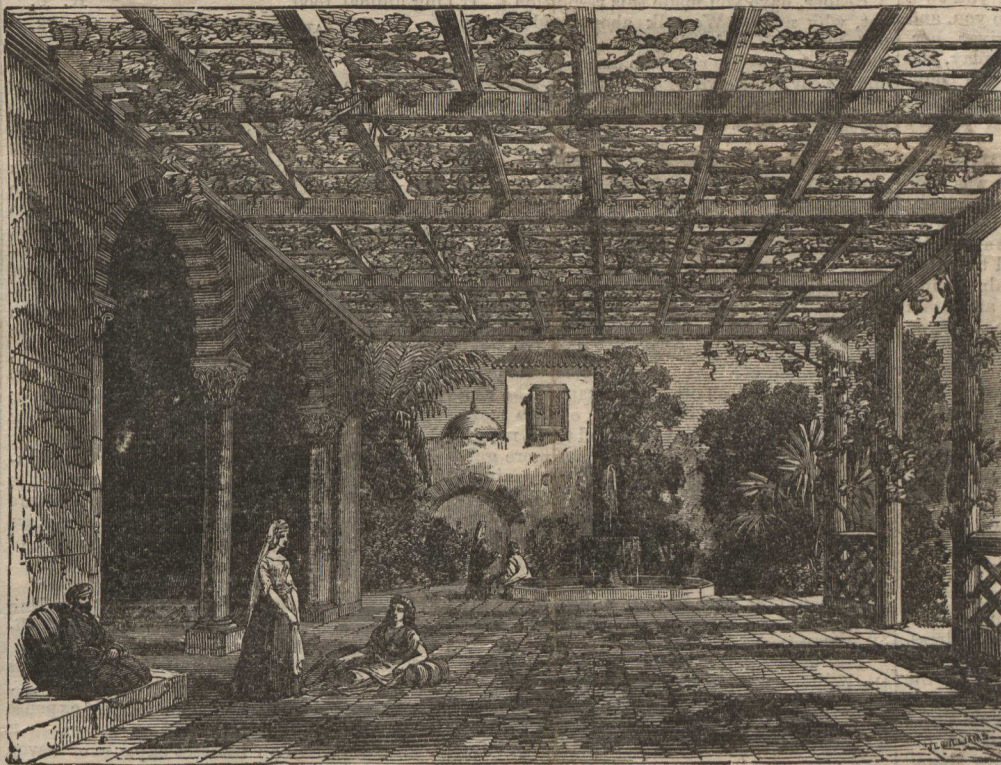
"Oh, I couldn't work without beer," interrupted one of the laborers. "I never could get on."

"Well," continued Bailey, "after I began to mow without the beer, I soon discovered that I could get on without mowing altogether."

"We should like that very well," said the laborers.

"Oh, no," returned Bailey; "you cannot do without your beer, and you will go on mowing and mowing all your lives, without rising to anything better."

IF YOU DON'T KEEP YOUR WORD in little things when you are young, you'll never do it when you are old. If you promise to be at a certain place at a certain hour, be there, rain or shine, no matter to whom the promise has been given. Let nothing that you can possibly control prevent it. If you promise to do a certain thing at a certain time, do it whether you want to or not when the time comes, and then as you grow up and enter into business you can be depended upon; and if you can secure the confidence of your associates in business by proving that you invariably keep your word, half, and more than half, of your life's battles have been fought.



ORIENTAL VINE ARBOR.

Nursey had finished one verse of the hymn, but the baby was not yet asleep, so she began the next.

"Sowing the seed of a lingering pain, Sowing the seed of a maddened brain."

Miss Fashion had got out her tape measure and was taking the size of the child's waist, and the length of her skirt, with a lively accompaniment of remarks. "Stand up straight, Miss. So. What a lovely little queen! You'll turn all the young gentlemen crazy. There'll not be a beau for anybody else. Miss Edith will be so jealous! You'll take her pride down, won't you! You'll be the admiration of all the little, young gentlemen, and the envy of all the little misses!"

"Sowing the seed of a tarnished name, Sowing the seed of eternal shame."

Miss Fashion had now written down the measure on a bit of paper, and the child was released, but she lingered near with heightened color to hear the discussion which followed as to whether pink or blue was the more be-

died of fever, or whether she went to school the day after just as usual.

There was a deeper than physical suffering, there was moral evil involved. The seed sown was love of dress and display, selfishness, pride, and in place of love for childlike pleasures the craving for amusements beyond her years.

We see everywhere thoughtless, pleasure-loving women who sacrifice all that is best in life for dress, fashion, and self-gratification. The seed has been sown in childhood for this fearful harvest "to be gathered in time or eternity."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

ORIENTAL VINE ARBOR.

The Grape-vine has always grown very plentifully in Palestine, and has been particularly excellent, and the fruit very large in some districts. The bunch of grapes which was cut in the valley of Eschol, and was brought upon a staff between two men to the camp of Israel, at Kadesh-Barnea, may give