

## "De Massa ob de Sheepfol'!"

[The following poem is by Miss Sally Pratt M'Lean, author of "Cape Cod Folks." "Without regard to its dialect," says a critic, "it is one of the most beautiful poems in the English language."]

De Massa ob de sheepfol'  
Dat guard de sheep'ol' bin,  
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows  
Whar de long night rain begin—  
So He call to de hirellin' shepa'd  
Is My sheep, is dey all come in!

O, den says de hirellin' shepa'd,  
Dey's some, dey's blaok and thin,  
And some, dey's po' ol' wedda's,  
But de res' dey's all brung in,  
But de res' dey's all brung in.

Den de Massa ob de sheepfol'  
Dat guard de sheep'ol' bin,  
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows  
Whar de long night rain begin—  
So He le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',  
Callin' sof', Come in, Come in,  
Callin' sof', Come in, Come in!

Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows,  
T'ro' de col' night rain and win',  
And up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-paf  
Whar de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,  
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'  
Dey all comes gadderin' in,  
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'  
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

## David Maydole and His Hammer.

In one of his lectures, Mr. James Parton tells "how some men have become rich." In connection he relates the story of the famous American hammer-smith. It proves the frequently-urged lesson that the sure way to prosperity is the honest way—to do everything well, better than anybody else if you can.

Last winter, in Norwich, a beautiful town near the centre of New York, I went over to David Maydole's manufactory, where one hundred men were employed making hammers—enough men, you would suppose, to supply the world with hammers. He is one of the most perfect examples of a king of business I have ever met with in my life. If every king of business were such as he, we should have the millennium the year after next. A plain little man is he, past sixty now, but in the full enjoyment of life, and in the full enjoyment of his work. Upon being introduced to him, in his office, not knowing what else to say, and not being aware that there was anything to be said or thought about hammers,—having in fact taken hammers for granted,—I said, "And here you make hammers for mankind, Mr. Maydole?"

"Yes," said he; "I've made hammers here for twenty-eight years."

"Well, then," said I, still at a loss for a talk-opener, "you ought to be able to make a pretty good hammer by this time."

"No, sir," said he, "I never made a pretty good hammer; I make the best hammer made in the United States." And so he does. Every hammer is made most carefully by hand, and tempered over a slow fire as delicately as Delmonico's cook broils a steak for his pet gourmand. Then a hickory handle that has been seasoned for two years is put to it and it is a hammer that dare show itself anywhere in the world. There is thought, and conscience, and good feeling, and high principle, and business sense in it. It speaks its maker's praise wherever it goes, and as long as it lasts—and it will last very long indeed.

He did me the honor to give me one of his hammers, which has ever since hung conspicuously in my room, admonishing me to work, not fast nor too much with a showy polish, nor with

any vain pretence but as well as I can every time, never letting one thing go till I have done all that was possible to make it what it should be.

Upon our return to his office, after going over the works, he told me his story. It is a representative story. Twenty-nine years ago, when he was a road-side blacksmith, six carpenters came to the village from the next county to work upon a new church, one of whom, having left his hammer behind, came to the blacksmith's to get one made, there being none in the village store.

"Make me a good one," said the carpenter; "as good a one as you know how."

"But," said the young blacksmith, who had already considered hammers, and had arrived at some notion of what a hammer ought to be, and had a proper contempt for cheapness in all its forms, "perhaps you don't want to pay for as good a one as I can make."

"Yes, I do; I want a good hammer." And so David Maydole made a good hammer—the best one, probably, that had ever been made since Tubal Cain, and one that perfectly satisfied the carpenter. The next day the man's five companions came, each of them wanting just such a hammer; and when they were done the employer came and ordered two more.

Next, the store-keeper of the village ordered two dozen, which were bought by a New York tool-merchant, who left a standing order for as many such hammers as David Maydole could make. And from that time to this he has gone on making hammers, until now he has one hundred and fifteen men at work. He has never advertised, he has never pushed, he has never borrowed. He has never tried to compete with others in price. He has never reduced a price because other men had done so. His only care has been to make a perfect hammer, to make as many such as people wanted and no more, and to sell them at a fair price.—*Good Works.*

## Treating.

ONE of the most absurd of all foolish customs is that of inviting a crowd of friends or strangers up to the bar to "take something at my expense." Men do not buy other things, either useful or ornamental, in this way; why should they make an exception in favour of this poisonous draught, which is the cause of most of the crimes which curse the land, and which fills the community with poverty, mourning and woe? Some one has sensibly said:

"Now, boys, if you want to be generous, and treat each other, why not select some other place besides the liquor-shop? Suppose as you go by the post-office you remark, 'I say, my dear fellow, come in and take some stamps; these stamps will cost no more than drinks all around. Or go to the clothier's and say, 'Boys, come in and take a box of collars.' Walk up to a grocer's, free and generous, and say, 'What kind of coffee will you have?' Why not treat to groceries by the pound as well as liquors by the glass? Or, take your comrades to a cutler's and say, 'I'll stand a good pocket-knife all around.'"

This would be thought a strange way of showing friendship; but would it not be better than to offer to friends a maddening, poisonous, deadly draught?

Suppose a man should keep a den of rattle-snakes, and allow men to come in and be bitten at sixpence a bite. Would it be a sensible thing for a man to in-

vite all his friends in to be bitten at his expense? Is it worth our while to turn our friends into brutes, maniacs, and murderers and their homes into hells of trouble and distress, by giving them "something to drink at my expense?" "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—*Wayside.*

## Like Cures Like.

"HALLOO, TOM!"

"Is that you, Joe? I haven't seen you for a long time." Joe was returning home with his tools hung over his back. Tom was walking towards the town with a clock under his arm. Their paths lay together, so they walked on.

"Where are you going, Tom?"

"On a bit of an errand for my missus."

"What, the timepiece won't go?"

"Well, not exactly that." After a few minutes' silence,

"Tom," said Joe earnestly.

"Well, speak on man."

"Maybe I shall offend you if I do. But I was going to say, you're not going to 'The Golden Bells' with your clock, are you?"

"What if I am?" said Tom, trying to laugh. "It will make the tenth pledge ticket for my missus to hide up, so careful as she does, on the mantel-piece; and then she says to me, 'Tom,' says she, 'the house gets bare as the pledges do increase, and then there's the interest on 'em too.' 'But,' says I, 'what's a man to do? the wages is low, and the food's dear, and if the two ends won't meet, they won't, that's all.'"

"Aye, my wife and yours would tell a different story," said Joe. "I pledged something once; my missus did say it was the best thing in the house, too, though I don't know for that, but this I know, she cried for joy when she saw the pledge ticket—and, best of all, there was no interest to pay. Somehow it has paid me interest each week since, so that we've got along quite handsome like."

"Here's fine talk; none of your jokes, Joe."

"I's no joke at all, Tom, but sober earnest, every word, and if you like, I'll explain. I needn't tell you, Tom, that I knew the inside of the 'White Lion' once as well as ever you did."

"That's true, and a fine fellow you were for a song, too: we've missed you this long time."

"It's not been a 'miss' but a 'find' to me," said Joe, laughing—"a silver mine nigh at hand—sven in my own pocket. But to explain; I was looking over some old books one day outside Bean's shop, and took up one that seemed to me medical like; 'so,' thinks I, 'I don't care for you;' but just as I was shutting of it up I saw these words, 'Like cures Like.' 'That's odd,' thinks I; 'like do cure like;' what do it mean? Well, then, these words stuck to me, and I turned them over and over again in my mind, but no meaning like seemed to come out of them. Well, one day in comes our tract distributor—'Oh, Bridge,' says she, 'are you in? I'm so glad to find you at home;' and then talked to me a bit very pleasant like, and presently she remarked a picture over the chimney, and said how pretty it was. 'That belonged to my mother's mother,' said I, 'and I thought never to part with it.'"

"And I hope you never will," says she,

'Says I, 'It's what I shall have to afore night.'

"Oh I'm so sorry," says she, "are you obliged to pledge it? Can nothing be done to save it?"

"Not a I know," says I. She looked a bit smiling and said, 'I think I know what would. Some doctors say, "Like cures like," and I think there's some truth in it. What will you say if I suggest a pledge for a pledge as a remedy? The total abstinence for the pawnbroker's pledge.'

"Well, it came down upon me like thunder that there was the meaning of 'Like cures like.' 'I'll try it,' says I, 'that I will,' and with that if I didn't hear my wife whisper, 'Thank God.'

"Then my remedy will be too late next week," says she.

"Well, it's coming down pretty sharp upon me to do it all of a moment though."

"I don't wish to hurry you," says she, "only it seems to me your choice will be to-night between whether you will pledge yourself or your picture; on the one pledge you'll be paid interest, namely, the weekly amount of your hard earnings with which you now help to make the publican rich. On the other you must pay."

"It's true as I'm alive," says I, "and I'd sign this very minute if I could."

"You can," says she, "la'ing down a paper before me, with these words— I hereby promise, by the grace of God, to abstain totally from all intoxicating liquors."

"And with that I took and signed it."

"And now, says she, 'let us kneel down and ask the Lord Jesus Christ to put his seal upon it and strengthen you never to break it.'

"And," added Joe in a reverent voice, I bless God, though that was my first prayer it hasn't been my last. When a man has the drink in him he can't pray."

"Joe," said Tom, suddenly standing still and turning round, "I'll go back. I'll not pledge this clock—it's the wrong thing. It's myself I'll pledge and save my clock, that I will."

"Bravo, friend," said Joe, grasping his hand.

"Come along home with me," said Tom; "come and write out for me what you have signed, that I may sign it too, and hear my wife say, 'Thank God.'"

And so she did; and from that day the pledge tickets began to disappear, and the furniture to reappear, and the bare room looked homelike again.

And Joe and Tom, now fast friends, were often seen together talking earnestly to a brother workman, and the burden of their talk was—'Like cures like.'—*Temperance Record.*

## Leaves, Plants and Roots.

HERB is a remedy for the ills of flesh and spirit, composed of leaves, plants, and roots, which, if taken without a wry face, will make any person respectable and happy:

Leave off smoking and drinking.  
Leave off chewing and puffing.  
Leave off sweating.  
Plant your pleasure in some home circle.  
Plant your business in some honourable employment.  
Plant your faith in truth.  
Root your habit in industry.  
Root your feelings in benevolence.  
Root your actions in God.  
Root your opinions in the Holy Scriptures.—*Tr. Temperance Banner.*