

The Family
PRAYER AND POTATOES.
"If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit?"—James ii, 15, 16.

I thought that many my bloods came and looked at it at the iron grating, and shook their heads in pity for me and sighed; but they could not help me. Then came horrible grinning faces at the grating, and mocked me. They too passed away, and all was dark and awfully still like the grave. Then suddenly a faint light shone through the grating, and I looked up; O, I shall know Him again wherever I see Him—a face was there that shone with goodness and pitiful love, a face so wonderful in its love that it took seemed to save me. He spoke so tenderly and sorrowfully, as if He were very sad for my sake, and said, Follow Me. I was chained, and the dungeon was secured with bolts and bars and doubly locked; but I felt as if I could do anything He told me; and as I tried to get up the chains fell clanking to the ground; and as I came to the door it fell back before me, and I followed Him forth into a clear light like a starry night, and up a lonely hill. And there suddenly he appeared upon a cross—His hands and His feet, and His side were torn with wounds, and a cruel crown of thorns was pressed down upon His forehead. My eyes filled with tears—I fell down before Him and cried "Who hath done this?"

He asked her at once, what he her chief want, and she, poor soul, expecting a grant, immediately answered "Potatoes."
But the deacon's religion didn't lie that way; He was more accustomed to preach and to pray than to give of his hoarded potatoes; So, not hearing of course what the old lady said, He rose to pray, with uncovered head, But she only thought of potatoes.
He prayed for patience, and wisdom, and grace; But when he prayed—"Lord give her peace," She suddenly sighed, "Give potatoes;" And at the end of each prayer, which he said, He heard, or thought that he heard, in its stead, That same request for potatoes.
The deacon was troubled: knew not what to do; 'Twas very embarrassing to have her act so about "those carnal potatoes;" So, ending his prayer, he started for home; But, as the door closed, he heard a deep groan, "O give to the hungry, potatoes!" And that groan followed him all the way home. In the midst of the night it haunted his room—"O give to the hungry, potatoes!" He could bear it no longer; arose and dressed, From his well-filled cellar taking in haste A bag of his best potatoes.
Again he went to the widow's lone hut; Her sleepless eyes she had not yet shut; But there she sat in that old arm-chair, With the same features, the same sad air, And, entering in, he poured on the floor A bushel or more from his hoarded store.
The widow's heart leaped up for joy, Her face was haggard and wan no more; "Now, said the deacon, 'shall we pray?' " "Yes," said the widow, "now you may;" And he knelt him down on the sandstone floor, Where he had poured his goodly store, And such a prayer the deacon prayed As never before his lips essayed.
No longer embarrassed, but free and full, He poured out the voice of a liberal soul, And the widow responded aloud, "Amen!" But said no more of potatoes.

JOHN TREGENOWETH: HIS MARK.
BY THE REV. MARK GUY PRANCE,
AUTHOR OF "MISTER HOHN AND HIS FRIENDS,"
CHAPTER VII.
WHAT IS A DREAM?
Just then little Mary came running home to take me to chapel.
It was a bright Sunday morning and it did seem delicious to feel as cool as all the folks about me—no like a broken string on the fiddle, with music all about everywhere, but none in oneself. To hear the folks with their "Good morning, John," and "A nice morning, John," it was so good to feel that all the world wasn't quite ashamed of me.
When we got to the chapel little Mary led me to a corner just inside the door. Directly the minister gave out the hymn and the people began to sing. I felt that the Lord was going to make a new man of me. You see, Sir, when I was a little lad home to my father's house, we used to sing hymns on the Sunday evening, and one of the favourites was that one—
"Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore."
Now directly the minister opened his mouth, what should he do but give out that very hymn and they sang it to the old tune too, Sir.
Ah, it took me right back to the blessed old home till I could see it all—my father with his great bass voice one side, and my mother—little Mary got her voice, Sir, exactly—she was a lovely singer, and me on the other, and two or three neighbours that used to drop in. It was like as if I heard them all sing again. The minister prayed and I felt more than ever. I thought about them all in Heaven, and I had been a most in hell! I thought about what I had done, and all that I was; and all these things came over me like a crushing weight; it broke my heart to think of what I had been—how mad and how bad and how miserable. Then the minister began to preach. I suppose it was from being blind that I forgot all but him and myself, and as he began to make me feel that the Lord would help me and forgive my sins, and keep me as his own for ever, I turned and knelt down there and then and felt as if I came home with a broken heart—I felt as if I could not live, and yet I dared not die. I spent the day in prayer, and went to chapel in the evening, prayin' all along the way.
After the service I had a meeting for prayer, and of course I stayed; and some of them who knew what distress I was in, prayed for me and prayed with me, and told me all about the crucified Saviour, but I went home as miserable as ever. How could I rest with load of sins like breaking me down, and Hell yawning at my feet? I knelt that night at my bed, praying and groaning, for hours. At last I was tired out and fell asleep there on my knees.
Ah, Sir, it was comin' home from the far country. It was very dark, and I couldn't find the way, and this was how his friendly hand led my poor blind steps into it. May be it was as the parson says, that I mixed up a good many things in my dream—the preacher had said, and about the little maid; but it was the Lord's doings for all that.
I dreamt that I was in a dungeon, a condemned prisoner, with great heavy chains at my neck and at my wrists and at my ankles; and I was going to be punished with death.

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gardens in the highway, which is bad horticulture in many respects. If they would
spread such grass or weeds around their grow-
ing flowers or around any garden vegetable,
the much would save the labor of carrying
many hogsheads of water to supply the plants
with the necessary moisture, and the covering
would keep the weeds down, and save a vast
deal of manual labor, and the crops would be
heavier.—Our *Home Monthly*.

BAD AIR.
A paper on "Ventilation of Ships," presented by Dr. Rattray, R. N., was read at the meeting of the Medical-Chirurgical Society, and referred to in the *Lancet*. It stated that in the "inherent parts" (wherever they may be) of some of "Her Majesty's" ships thirty-three volumes of carbonic acid in the 1,000 cubic feet. Parkes tells us that carbonic acid "produces fatal results when the amount reaches from fifty to 100 per 1,000 volumes, and at an amount much below this, fifteen or twenty per 1,000, it produces, in some persons at any rate, severe headache." Angus Smith found "that thirty volumes per 1,000 caused great feebleness of the circulation, with unusual slowness of the heart's action, the respiration, and the contrary, quickened, but were sometimes gasping." And we are told that ammonia from the urine, sulphuretted hydrogen, and other noxious matters, solid and gaseous, are all constantly going to intensify the mischief.

The Farm.
HEALTH OF FARMERS.
Agriculture should be the most ennobling of all vocations. It would be, if farmers cultivated the earth as teachers develop the head and preachers educate the heart. Teachers and preachers aim to train the thoughts and feelings to truth and happiness. Farmers should train the earth to produce such crops and fruits and such only, as are conducive to the best and the most salutary of human beings. Then would their calling be transformed from one of degrading drudgery and interminable toil to one of refinement and luxury. The germinating seeds, the waving grains, the luscious fruits, so suggestive of the source of all life and all blessing, and the harvest season, so typical of a resurrection and immortality, ought to make the life of an agriculturist a continual pastime. And this would be the farmer's life if farming was managed as it should be.
Farmers have unequalled advantages for health, strength, and longevity. The statistics of disease and the tables of mortality, however, are against them. This is not due to their vocation, but to their misuse of it. No class, as a whole, is probably so utterly reckless of health conditions. So far as our acquaintance with the habits of farmers is concerned—and it has been extensive—it compels the conclusion, as a rule, the dietetic habits of farmers are worse than those of any other class who have the means of choosing for themselves. Fried dishes several times a day, with several fried articles at each of the three meals is one of their common abominations; dried beef, old cheese and pickles are among the common relishes, which are lard and saleratus make their richer dainties inferior and caustic. We have seen on a farmer's table fried pork, fried eggs, fried potatoes, and fried griddle cakes for breakfast; fried ham, fried herring, and fried parsnips for dinner, and fried sausages and fried doughnuts for supper—all the frying done in lard. No class is so troubled with cancer, erysipelas, tumors, cancers, and humors, as farmers; and the excessive use of pork, lard, five-hour, rich cakes and greasy pastry is enough to account for it. In dietetic habits our farmers are sadly misled by the agricultural journals, nearly all of which pander to their prejudices, and flatter their morbid appetites by recommending and commending swine-breeders and pork eating, while they fill their kitchen with recipes for making "rich and palatable" puddings, pies, cakes, and other complicated dishes, which no stomach every carried inside a human body could long tolerate without drowsy or dyspepsia.
The essential need of our farmers is plain, wholesome food, properly cooked. This would give them much more available strength for work, relieve them of many of the distresses and expenses of sickness, add many years to their life, and render old age "green" and normal instead of dry and decrepit, as it is in most cases under existing habits.—*Science of Health*.

TRUE WAY TO WATER TREES.
If trees standing in grass ground are watered, the surface around about the body, for three or four feet in each direction, should be covered with mulch of some sort, to retard evaporation. It will be labor lost to water trees on the lawn without exercising this precaution, as the water will disappear before a hundredth part of it has reached the roots. Straw, hay, lawn grass, weeds, shavings, or any other material, will make an excellent mulch. Spread the mulch three or four inches deep, put two or three handfuls of water around each tree, and the water will permeate the entire soil, keep it damp, and supply the moisture which the tree must have or die. If the soil is in a tillable condition, draw the earth away from the tree to the depth of one or two inches, pour in two or three pails of water, and return the mellow earth, which will keep the surface from baking. Yet much is far preferable to the latter mode.
When the soil appears nearly dry to the touch, the roots will make an excellent mulch. A plentiful supply of water to keep the leaves and branches from injury during the rapid evaporation which is going on at night and day. When the atmosphere is as dry and hot as the air in a huge lumber kiln, it will have the moisture in every tree and plant and the moisture of our bodies, even "it (the hot air) has to take it (the moisture) out of the hide." Hence, we must drink, and the roots of the trees and plants must be supplied with water or they wither and die.
A great many people scatter the grass from their gardens in the highway, which is bad horticulture in many respects. If they would spread such grass or weeds around their growing flowers or around any garden vegetable, the much would save the labor of carrying many hogsheads of water to supply the plants with the necessary moisture, and the covering would keep the weeds down, and save a vast deal of manual labor, and the crops would be heavier.—Our *Home Monthly*.

APPETITE.
At certain seasons, as in spring and summer the appetite of even the most robust is apt to fail, and the relish for meats and heavy food to wane. This is all right enough, for animal diet in warm weather heats the blood, tends to headache, and is generally unwholesome, unless sparingly used. On the other hand, fresh vegetables, berries, fruit, and bread are cooling, correctives, and what the palate most craves. Don't be afraid to go without meat for a month or so, if you like live purely on a vegetable regimen. We will warrant that you will lose no more strength than is common to the time, and that you will not suffer from protracted heat, as when during on the regulation route.
Many persons regard a hearty desire for food as something unrefined, delicate, and to be constantly discouraged. This is a greater and more harmful mistake than that of causing the appetite. It is just as necessary for the man who works with his brain to eat beef and mutton as for the man who labors solely with his hands. The stomach and the brain are twins; the former being the elder, and having prior right to care. Let that be well provided and it will sustain its brother. The people who strive to create a wholesome and natural appetite are the people who regard dinner merely as a feed, not the centre of an agreeable social custom, and as the domestic event of the day. "We are sorry for it, then, as they must regard eating at all as a prosaic duty, obligatory on them because they have a bias in favor of living. We all know that we must eat to live; but by no means live to eat simply because we enjoy what we eat. We are not gourmands because we relish chops, nor are we invaids because we relish strawberries.
A good appetite is a good thing; but not if it is to be wrought by urging or neglect.—*Scrivener's Art and Craft*.

HOW TO COOK A BEEFSTEAK.
A beefsteak is always best broiled; but the following method is recommended by a lady trying, when broiling is not convenient. "The frying pan being wiped dry, place it on the stove to become hot. In the mean time, the steak—if it chance to be a sirloin so much the better—pepper and salt it, then lay it on the hot pan which instantly cover as soon as possible. When the raw flesh touches the heated pan of course it seethes and adheres to it, and in a few seconds becomes loosened and juicy. Every half minute turn the steak, but be careful to keep it as much as possible under cover. When nearly done lay a small piece of butter upon it, and you want much gravy add a tablespoonful of strong coffee. This makes the most delicious delicately broiled steak, full of juice yet retaining the healthy, beefy flavor which a John Bull could require. The same method may be applied to mutton-chops or ham—they require more cooking to prevent them from being so dry. An excellent gravy may be made by adding a little cream thickened by a pinch of flour, into which when off the fire and partially cool, stir the yolk of an egg well beaten.
LEMONS FOR FEVER.
Says that walking cyclopedia of health knowledge, Dr. Hall: When persons are feverish and thirsty beyond what is natural, inclined in some cases by a metallic taste in the mouth, especially after drinking water, or by whitish appearance of the greater part of the surface of the tongue, one of the best "cool-

Provincial Messenger, 1873
Full eleven days, day 48 53m, afternoon.
Last Quarter, 13th day, 11h, 36m, afternoon.
New Moon, 21st day, 1h, 30m, afternoon.
First Quarter, 29th day, 10h, 42m, morning.

Day	SUN.	MOON.	Time
1 M.	5:27	6:33	3:22 7:23 11:24 0:47
2 Tu.	5:25	6:31	4:21 8:24 0:47 1:47
3 W.	5:23	6:29	5:11 9:26 0:56 2:34
4 Th.	5:21	6:27	6:07 10:26 1:34 4:02
5 F.	5:19	6:25	7:02 11:25 2:35 6:09
6 Sa.	5:17	6:24	8:00 12:24 3:40 8:36
7 Su.	5:16	6:23	9:00 1:24 4:49 10:12
8 M.	5:15	6:22	10:00 2:24 5:56 11:59
9 Tu.	5:14	6:21	11:00 3:24 7:00 1:54
10 W.	5:13	6:20	12:00 4:24 8:00 3:48
11 Th.	5:12	6:19	1:00 5:24 9:00 5:42
12 Fr.	5:11	6:18	2:00 6:24 10:00 7:36
13 Sa.	5:11	6:17	3:00 7:24 11:00 9:30
14 Su.	5:10	6:16	4:00 8:24 12:00 11:24
15 M.	5:09	6:15	5:00 9:24 1:00 1:18
16 Tu.	5:08	6:14	6:00 10:24 2:00 3:12
17 W.	5:07	6:13	7:00 11:24 3:00 5:06
18 Th.	5:06	6:12	8:00 12:24 4:00 7:00
19 Fr.	5:05	6:11	9:00 1:24 5:00 9:00
20 Sa.	5:04	6:10	10:00 2:24 6:00 11:00
21 Su.	5:03	6:09	11:00 3:24 7:00 1:00
22 M.	5:02	6:08	12:00 4:24 8:00 3:00
23 Tu.	5:01	6:07	1:00 5:24 9:00 5:00
24 W.	5:00	6:06	2:00 6:24 10:00 7:00
25 Th.	4:59	6:05	3:00 7:24 11:00 9:00
26 Fr.	4:58	6:04	4:00 8:24 12:00 11:00
27 Sa.	4:57	6:03	5:00 9:24 1:00 1:00
28 Su.	4:56	6:02	6:00 10:24 2:00 3:00
29 M.	4:55	6:01	7:00 11:24 3:00 5:00
30 Tu.	4:54	6:00	8:00 12:24 4:00 7:00

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