

The Island of Haiti.

The island of Haiti occupies an area of about eighteen millions of acres, and contains one million of inhabitants, or scarcely one-twentieth part of the population it could actually support. The surface of this island is irregular and mountainous, and beautifully diversified by hill and valley, forest and savannah, lake and waterfall. Along the coverts and in the valleys the surface soil is a deep black alluvium, with a subsoil of hard red clay or chalk. Upon the hills and mountain slopes a reddish clay prevails. The climate is damp and intensely warm in the lowlands, but in the highlands it is mild, equable, and more healthy than in any other country within the same degrees of latitude. The year consists of the two usual seasons of the tropics, viz., the rainy and the dry, both of which occur twice in the year, so that vegetation never ceases. The crops sown during the first rainy season are harvested in the succeeding dry season, when the ground is at once ready to receive a second crop. The splendid climate and fertile soil of Haiti produce a luxuriant and gorgeous vegetation, which is famed even in the West Indies for the beauty and variety of its forms. The vast primeval forests which clothe the mountains and valleys contain some of the noblest products of the vegetable world, and the countless gay flowers and blooming shrubs which stud the savannahs attract no less by their extreme beauty than by the fragrant odors with which they fill the air. So little of the surface of the island is actually cultivated that it may be divided into two parts, forest and savanna. The lofty mountain ranges, which traverse the island from east to west, and the broad valleys, which intersect it in all directions, are clothed with dense forests full of magnificent timber and ornamental trees, whose value is scarcely known, much less utilized. The savannahs resemble in many respects the prairies of North America, but, being studded with clumps of trees, and broken by low green hills, are less tame and monotonous, and have the appearance of an English park. There are few native grasses, and the savannahs are chiefly covered with Guinea grass and Bahama grass. The former, which was introduced by the French colonists in 1744, makes excellent fodder, and is generally cut three or four times in the year. The Bahama grass forms a close, smooth turf, quite as beautiful as that of our famed northern pastures. The loveliest part of the savanna is unquestionably that which borders upon the forest. Here the foreground consists of an open grassy space carpeted with gorgeous flowers, and dotted with clumps of flowering shrubs, such as Oleanders, Myrtles, Magnolias, and Laurels. Palms, isolated or in groups, meet the eye on every side; here is the beautiful form of the royal palm, with its ever-rustling leaves, there is a beautiful group of dwarf palms, and here is the cocos, with its slender trunk and handsome crown. Here and there lofty Ceibas lift their lofty crowns high over the surrounding trees. Singular tree ferns alternate with elegant bamboo. On every side are fruit trees, too various to enumerate, and either covered with gay blossoms or laden with luscious fruits. In the background towers, dark and gloomy, the primeval forest with its massive trunks, dense foliage, and deep solitudes. Gorguous insects and birds of bright plumage enliven this charming scenery. Swarms of parrots shriek and flutter in the outskirts of the forest; beautiful doves coo in the lofty tree tops; woodpeckers, in search of grubs, hammer loudly upon the trunks; and from the depths of the forest comes the shrill cry of the mockingbird. Gaily colored colibris swarm around the blossoms, and magnificent butterflies sport in the balmy air. Few of these savannahs are of great extent. One of the most beautiful, and at the same time best cultivated, is the Vega real, which is situated in the north of the island. It is a rich alluvial plain about 25 miles long by 10 broad. The view from all parts of this plain is extremely beautiful. It is bounded upon the north and south by lofty mountain ranges, which rise in wooded terraces to a height of 5000 or 6000 feet. The higher regions of these mountains are clothed with magnificent forests of evergreen oaks and pines. The value of these forests for ship building is manifestly immense, but, owing to the want of roads, and the indolence and ignorance of the people, many years will doubtless elapse before they are utilized. Great Britain possesses only three species of oak, but in Haiti there are fourteen species, all of which differ considerably from our British oaks in the form of their foliage and fruits. The value of the oaks, fir, and pines at present growing in Haiti is estimated at £800,000,000 sterling. Upon the southwest of the Vega real is visible the lofty peak of Loma Tina, which, with its forest-clad sides and snow capped summit, forms an imposing and picturesque object in the landscape. This peak, which is the highest in the island, is 10,250 feet above the level of the sea. Oaks are found upon its sides only to an elevation of 7,800 feet, but pines extend as high as 9,500. Some of the most important trees upon the lower terraces and plateaus are: cypress, ironwood, logwood, fusatic, malogany, guaiacum officinale, homalium racemosum, and dipholis nigra. The natives, however, are so far from endeavoring to utilize these valuable treasures that the boards employed in house building, even in the interior of the island, are imported from the United States. In 1863 only 588,347 tons of wood, chiefly malogany and logwood, were exported, and in 1873 the exportation did not reach one half of this amount. The Haitians bestow little care upon the culture of fruit trees, and are content merely to plant a few of different kinds in the immediate vicinity of their dwellings. Prominent amongst the cultivated trees is the banana, the fruits of which form the principal sustenance of the poorer inhabitants. This useful plant, of which there are two species, and numerous varieties, was introduced into Haiti in 1516, from the Canary Islands. Almost every part of the banana is utilized. The fruits are juicy, well flavoured, and nutritious; the young shoots and marrow are also eaten, and the wood, fibres, leaves, and roots are employed for various purposes. The banana lives and bears fruit for fifteen or twenty years. One acre planted with bananas yields as much food as 44 acres planted with potatoes. The breadfruit tree ranks next to the banana. This handsome and valuable tree was brought from Tahiti, in 1798, to the island of St. Vincent, whence it has spread over all the West India Islands. It is a tree of very rapid growth, and in seven years frequently attains a height of 40 feet. It is at maturity when sixty years old, and has then a massive, erect trunk, from 70 to 80 feet high, and from 3 to 4 feet in diameter. The branches are long and slender, and form an imposing and picturesque crown. The leaves are large, smooth, and dark green. The male and female flowers grow in catkins upon the same tree; the former depend upon long hairy peduncles from the angles made by the leaves with the twigs, whilst the latter grow at the extremities of the twigs. The fruits ripen from November to July; they are of a greenish yellow colour, and weigh four or five pounds. The mamey is indigenous to Haiti. The trunk of this tree is 60 or 70 feet high, and the crown closely resembles that of the common British oak. The wood is close grained and durable. The fruits, which are about the size of a swan's egg, are sometimes angular and sometimes oval in shape. The flesh is yellowish, and very luscious. The melon tree is also indigenous. It has an erect, branchless trunk, about 20 feet high. The crown is composed of a large number of hand-shaped leaves of a greenish yellow color, and furnished with very long petioles. The blossoms are yellow, and grow upon the trunk immediately beneath the leaves. When ripe the fruits are yellow, and contain a large number of black seeds. The leaves of this tree are used as a substitute for soap, and it is said that tough meat, if hung amongst them, soon becomes tender. The guava tree is a native of the island. It is a comparatively small tree; the trunk is low and crooked, the branches few and slender, and the bark smooth; the leaves are ovate in form; the fruits are yellow, and resemble an apple in shape. Another species bears a pear-shaped fruit, about the size of a hen's egg. The cocoplum is a small, handsome shrub, 5 or 6 feet high. Its fruits are acid, but very juicy, and are eaten with sugar. Amongst the other fruit trees may be mentioned the sugar apple, a small tree, with handsome fragrant leaves, and greenish cone-shaped fruits; the soursoop, whose acid fruits frequently weigh three pounds each, and are covered with weak prickles; and the sweet sapote, lemon, orange, and coffee trees are generally planted for fences. The population of Haiti is composed of 600,000 negroes, 390,000 mulattos, and 10,000 whites. Both physically and intellectually the negroes of Haiti are superior to the negro race of the other islands, and they are a great improvement in every respect upon their African ancestors. Almost the whole population is engaged in agriculture, but each family produces little more than what satisfies its own demands. There is a lamentable want of co-operation and division of labor; and it is to these causes, as well as the partition of the island into two independent States with republican forms of government, rather than to the indolence or ignorance of the people, that the present wretched condition of the country is to be attributed. Ruins are one of the most characteristic features of Haiti. Everywhere throughout the green savannahs and quiet valleys of the island the traveller perceives ruined villages and crumbling mansions, surrounded by deserted fields, and overgrown with wild and tangled vegetation. The magnificent mansions which were once scattered over the island are now piles of crumbling ruins; the gorgeous saloons, in which beautiful creoles and gay planters lounged, are become the lairs of wild beasts; the plains once waving with golden sugar-canes, or fragrant with the rich perfume of coffee-plantations, are now covered with a dense growth of trees and shrubs, with here and there the miserable wooden or mud hut of the native; and the deep silence, which broods over the ruined factories once echoing with the busy tread of hundreds of slaves, is broken only by the scream of the Haitian bat, or the harsh shriek of some bird of prey.—F. W. D., in Gardner's Chronicle.

An Evangelical Scientist.

Philip Henry Gosse, F. R. S., the eminent English microscopist, the style of whose works is as fascinating as their spirit is devout, puts at the end of his "Year at the Shire" the following bold utterance: "I can not conclude this volume without recording my solemn and deliberate protest against the infidelity with which, to a very painful extent, modern physical science is associated. I allude not only to the ground which the conclusions of modern geologists take in opposition to the veracity of the "God which can not lie," though the distinct statements which he has made to us concerning creation are now, as if by common consent, put aside with silent contempt as effete fables unworthy of a moment's thought, and this too before vast assemblages of persons, not one of whom lifts his voice for the truth of God. These assaults are at least opened and unmasked. But there is in our scientific literature, and especially in that which takes a popular form, a tone equally dangerous and more insidious. It altogether ignores the awful truths of God's revelation, that all mankind are guilty and condemned, and spiritually dead in Adam; that we are by nature children of wrath; that the whole world lieth in the wicked one, and that the wrath of God abideth on it—it ignores the glorious facts of atonement by the precious blood of Christ, and of acceptance in him. It substitutes for these a mere sentimental admiration of nature, and teaches that the love of the beautiful makes man acceptable to God, and secures his favor. How often do we see quipped, and braided as if it were an indisputable axiom, the sentiment of a poet who ought to have known better— "He prays best who loveth best All things, both great and small" a sentiment as silly as it is unscriptural, for what connection can there be between the love of the inferior creature and the acceptableness of a sinner praying to the

holy God? It is the intervention of Christ Jesus, the anointed priest, which alone gives prayer acceptance. There is no sentimental or scientific road to heaven. There is absolutely nothing in the study of created things, however single, however intense, which will admit sinful man into the presence of God, or fit him to enjoy it. If there were, what need was there that the glorious Son, the everlasting Word, should be made flesh, and give his life a ransom for many?

"If I have come to God as a guilty sinner, and have found acceptance and reconciliation and sonship in the blood of his only begotten Son, then I may come down from that elevation and study creation with advantage and profit; but to attempt to scale heaven with the ladder of natural history is nothing else than Cain's religion; it is the presentation of the fruit of the earth instead of the blood of the Lamb.

"This will be, in all probability, the last occasion of my coming in literary guise before the public; how can I better take my leave, than with the solemn testimony of the Spirit of God, which I affectionately commend to my readers—"There is no way into the Holiest but by the blood of Jesus."

Scotland Losing Her Crown-Jewels.

"Weep we may full well for Scotland," were the first words that arose in my mind when I read the sad announcement "WILLIAM ARNOT is dead"! Not sad for him, the veteran soldier of the covenant, who had finished his course with joy, and gone up to his crown. But it is a mournful bereavement for dear old Scotland, which is transferring her noblest ministers so rapidly from their pulpits to their tombs.

The glory of Scotland is her ministers; and what havoc death is making in her ranks! Three years ago Dr. Norman McLeod went, as an eagle soars heavenward; then departed that king of the pulpit, the stalwart Guthrie. His departure is so recent that even his fascinating biography is just being issued. Only last week I received the closing volume from his family, and it is Guthrie himself photographed on the living page. Dr. Candlish's tribute to him had hardly been printed, before Candlish himself had been beckoned away. Thon Dr. Buchanan, who had led the General Assembly in a score of conflicts, dropped his sceptre, and his handsome white head was laid in the dust.

Good genial William Arnot, with burly form and twinkling eye, still held on his way. His busy hand was at work editing the "Family Treasury," and preparing some of the richest and rarest books of the day. His "Church in the House" is one of those legacies of his brain to Christ's flock. He seemed to be built for a very long life, and when he went up to London a few weeks ago to address one of Mr. Moody's Conventions, he was as fresh and sparkling as ever. In his address he told the droll story about teaching a calf to drink milk, which convulsed our General Assembly in 1870 at Philadelphia. This was one of his last appearances; for he went home to Edinburgh to die. The pulpit of the "High Church" is empty and draped in black! There is one more hero of the Free Church to make his bed beside Chalmers and Hugh Miller.

I first met Dr. Arnot in 1862 at the table of the famous Dr. James Hamilton in London. They had been classmates (I think) at the University at Glasgow from about 1828 to 1835. A warm affection bound them together, and Arnot was afterwards Hamilton's biographer. When I met Arnot he was settled in Glasgow. Thence he went to the "High Church" of Edinburgh, alongside of the Free Assembly Hall. Before his old-fashioned pulpit, Americans were gathered every Sabbath. His visit to our country in 1870, and at the Evangelical Alliance in 1878, had awakened a great admiration for him, and he is the only one of the famous Scotch preachers of this day (except Cunningham) who has stood in our American pulpits.

The two silent points in Arnot's mental character were his racy Scotch humour, and his exquisite poetic skill in illustration. These flashes of poetic genius sometimes reminded you of Burns—although Arnot shaped his poetry in beautiful prose and not in rhyme. His books abound in these gems; every one of them reflects the brightness of Jesus. Arnot's wit and poetic power were consecrated to the Saviour's service. He was a simple-hearted child in his religion—one of the most guileless I ever knew. It starts the tears to-day when I think of that happy home on Merchiston Avenue without its genial owner. His little conservatory—which he so loved—shall yield to him no more lilies and fuschias. He has gone to gather amaranthine flowers in the paradise of God. Scotland's crown is bereft of another jewel.—Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

The Tireless Brain.

Our brains are seventy years' clocks. The angel of life winds them up once for all, then closes the case and gives the key to the hands of the angel of the resurrection. Tic-tac, tic-tac, go the wheels of thought. Our will cannot stop them, sleep cannot still them, madness only makes them go faster. Death only can stop them by breaking into the case and seizing the ever-swinging pendulum which we call the heart, and silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement that we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads. If we could only get at them as we lie on our pillows, and count the dead beats of thought after thought, and image after image jarring through the tired organ. Will nobody block the wheels, uncouple that pinion, cut the string that holds these weights, blow up the machine with gunpowder? What a passion comes over us sometimes for silence and rest—if this dreadful mechanism unwinding the endless tapestry of time, embroidered with spectral figures of life and death could have but one brief holiday. Who can wonder that men swing themselves off from beams in limping lassoes; that they jump off from parapets into the swift and gurgling waters beneath; that they take counsel of the

grim fiend who has but to utter his premonitory monosyllables, and the restless machine is shivered as a vase dashed upon a marble floor. If anybody would really contrive some kind of a lever that we could thrust in among the works of this horrible automatism and check them or alter their rate of going, what would the world give for the discovery? Men are very apt to get at the machine by some indirect reason or other. They clap on the brakes by means of opium; they change the maddening by the use of intoxicating liquors. It is because the brain is locked up, and we cannot touch the movements directly, that we thrust these coarse tools in through any crevice by which they may reach the interior, alter its rates of going, and at last spoil the machine.

Apoplexy.

If there is any one disease that the diligent brain-worker, a little past middle life, has reason to fear, it is apoplexy. Although statistical evidence is wanting, the experience of the physician confirms the popular belief that more of our distinguished men are carried off by this disease, or by one of its sequels, paralysis, than by any other cause. The influences which tend to produce such a result, and the best means of avoiding them, are the objects we propose briefly to discuss.

A middle-aged physician said one day to the writer: "As I was walking down the street after dinner I felt a shock in the back of my head, as if some one had struck me; I have not felt well since. I fear I shall die, just as all my ancestors have, of paralysis. What shall I do?" The answer was, "Diminish the tension on the blood-vessels, and there need be no fear of tearing them in a weak place." Now, this expresses in plain terms the exact cause of apoplexy in the great majority of instances; and it is one, too, which every one can do in his power to prevent. A blood-vessel of the brain, from causes which will presently be mentioned, has lost some of its elastic strength, food is abundant, digestion is good; blood is made in abundance, but little is worked off by exercise; the tension on every artery and vein is at a maximum rate; the even, circuitous flow is temporarily impeded at some point, throwing a dangerous pressure on another; the vessel which has lost its elastic strength gives way, blood is poured out, a clot is formed, which, by its pressure on the brain, produces complete unconsciousness. This is the apoplectic stroke. It will be perceived that there are two leading conditions upon which the production of the stroke depends; a lessened strength in the vessel, and an increased tension on it.

There are no vessels carrying blood to and from the various organs of the body which so frequently rupture as those in the brain. The causes that produce this result are the fatty degeneration of the middle arterial coat of the cerebral vessels, whereby their elastic strength is much impaired, the great irregularity of blood distribution to the contents of the cranium, and the little support which the pulpy substance of the brain gives to the weakened vessels embedded in it.

The forms of degeneracy that are found in the arteries of the brain are the fatty and the calcareous. The microscope has made some startling revelations on this fatty decay. The strong, elastic fibres, that should make up the substance of the middle arterial coat, are, in places here and there, no longer to be seen, their place being occupied by fatty globules, which have very little resisting power to a disturbing force.—Popular Science Monthly.

Cures for Fits.

For a Fit of Passion.—Walk out in the open air; you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself a simpleton.

For a Fit of Illness.—Count the ticking of a clock; do this for an hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next, and work like a negro.

For a Fit of Extravagance and Folly.—Get to the workhouse and speak with the inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced.

Who makes his bed of briar and thorn. Must be content to lie forlorn.

For a Fit of Ambition.—Go into a churchyard and read the gravestones; they will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bedchamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and sister.

For a Fit of Despondency.—Look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and to those which He has promised His followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.

For all Fits of Doubt, Perplexity, and Fear.—Whether they respect the body or the mind; whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head, or the heart, the following is a radical cure which may be relied on. For I had it from the Great Physician: "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee."

For a Fit of Repining.—Look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bedridden, and the afflicted and deranged; and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

To the enlightened man the world and his own mind may appear like "a reed shaken with the wind," by the sensual man everything may be regarded as the means and fuel of luxury; but to the Christian, whose eye has been purged, the sphere of whose vision has been enlarged by faith, the world is a prophet that tells him of God, and he hears all nature, animate and inanimate, joining in choral hymns of adoration and thanksgiving to its Creator. "Hallelujah," is the sound of the waves, and the mountains reply "Hallelujah." "Hallelujahs" float along in the murmurings of the streams, in the whisperings of the grove and forest, yes, even in the silent courses of the stars his spirit hears the mystic "Hallelujahs."—J. Hare.

Scientific and Useful.

A LAUNDRY SECRET.

The following recipe for doing up skirts will be found of use by many housewives: Take two ounces of fine white gum-arabic powder, put it into a pitcher and pour on it a pint or more of water, and then, having covered it, let it stand all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle and cork it and keep it for use. A teaspoonful of gum-water stirred in a pint of starch, made in the usual manner, will give to lawns, either white or printed, a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them after they have been washed.

SEASONABLE ADVICE.

The Maine Farmer says: "We need again to urge farmers to have great regard for their personal health and comfort than is generally the case. We know just how hard farmers have to work, and how pressing are the demands of the present season. But nothing is gained by hard and long continued application. Work in the morning and night, and if possible enjoy a long "nooning"—it will do you no harm. Bathe frequently, and never repose a night in the inner clothing in which you have worked during the day. Have a light, clean night-shirt, to take the place of that full of perspiration and dust, and enjoy to its fullest extent the refreshing influence of the night's rest. Eat wholesome and well-prepared food, but avoid an excessive use of fresh meats. Drink sparingly of cold water during warm weather—great injury often results from this cause.

INJURIOUS MANAGEMENT OF DISHES.

A good set of dishes will last for ages, if properly handled. We have heard of an excellent housekeeper whose bridal dishes, thirty years old, are in excellent condition to-day, although they have been in use every week, more or less, during all the time alluded to. In a common dinner service it is a great evil to make the plates too hot, as it invariably cracks the glaze on the surface, if not the plate itself. We all know the result. It comes apart. Nobody broke it. "It was cracked before," or "cracked a long time ago." The fact is, that when the glaze is injured, every time the "things" are washed the water gets to the interior, swells the porous clay, and makes the whole fabric rotten. In this condition they will also absorb grease, and when exposed to further heat the grease makes the dishes brown and discoloured. If an old ill-used dish be made very hot indeed, a teaspoonful of fat will be seen to exude from the minute fissures upon its surface.

FEEDING HORSES.

The Maine Farmer says: "A Young Farmer" gives us his manner of feeding a horse that is doing no other work than the general driving: In the morning his first feed is one quart of oats, after which he has six pounds of cut hay and is then watered; at noon he is first watered and then fed eight pounds of cut hay; at night he is watered, given one quart of oats and six pounds of cut hay. This makes a daily allowance of twenty pounds of hay and two quarts of oats, which, with hay at twenty dollars and oats at seventy cents, will cost twenty-four and three fourths cents. He has salt in his crib, and is given a dose of salt and ashes once a week; once a week, also, he has a quart of finely-cut carrots. If the horse works, the quantity of oats is doubled. Our correspondent says: "Show us your better or cheaper method of feeding."

TAKE CARE OF TOOLS.

The Journal of the Farm well says: "There is no principle in farming better established than that all tools and machines should be housed when not in use, and every farmer who neglects this is greatly wanting in the element of economy. The mowing machine that is left standing in the fence corner cannot be expected to do good work, and for wooden implements the case is worse still. The prudent farmer not only houses his implements, but he devotes rainy and snowy days to repairing them. A mowing machine, the journals of which are cleaned of their accumulation of grimed grease and carefully oiled, will run twenty-five per cent. lighter and fifty per cent. longer than one that does not receive this attention. Joseph Harris says his hardest task with hired men is to make them take care of the tools of the farm. No wonder such men never reach the good fortune of having farms of their own."

HOW TO PUT NERVOUS BABIES TO SLEEP.

A baby is a very tender thing, people say, but most of them are very far from knowing how tender. Imagine how nervous you are in certain states—when recovering from illness, say, when the fall of a book, or the slam of a door makes you quiver and feel faint, as if some one gave you a blow. That is the way a young baby feels at best. A puff of wind will set it gasping, its little breath blown quite away. A noise makes it shiver, a change of summer air makes it turn death cold. A baby is the most nervous of beings, and the torture it suffers in going to sleep and being awakened by careless sounds when just "dropping off," are only comparable to the same experience of an older person during an acute nervous headache. Young babies ought to pass the first month of their lives in the country, for its stillness is less than its fresh air. But where the silence is not to be commanded, baby may be soothed by folding a soft napkin, wet in warmish water, lightly over the top of its head, its eyes and its ears. It is the best way to put nervous babies to sleep. A fine towel should be wet and laid over its head, the end twisted a little till it made a sort of skull cap, and though baby sometimes fights against being blindfolded in this way, five minutes usually will send him off into blissful slumber. The compress soothes the little feverish brain, deadens sound in his ears, and shushes out everything that takes his attention, so that sleep takes him unawares. Teething babies find this very comfortable, for their heads are always hot, and there is a fevered beating in the arteries each side.—Selected.