

## Miscellaneous.

FOR PURE GOLD

## A NAME.

BY JOSEPH GRIFFITH.

You breathed a name, the other day,  
A name the world has often heard;  
You noticed that I turned away,  
And that I answered not a word.

You asked what caused my silence then,  
And why I seemed so much distraught;  
My tale is not for common men,  
But I will tell you what I thought.

I thought me first of Gratitude,  
Before me rose a kindly face  
That beamed with every brightest good,  
That pictured every fairest grace,

Then waked within me Reverence:  
For I beheld a noble soul,  
A soul of manliness intense,  
Made meet for high and large control.

Next sprang to view the form of Love:  
My spirit felt its tenderness,  
Like some sweet angel from above  
That looks to comfort and to bless.

Last, Pity crept with stealthy tread  
To weep, beside a new-made grave,  
What men call the dishonored dead—  
A royal heart they would not save.

Such were my musings in that hour,  
Awakened by that well known name,  
Name once the synonym of power,  
Now everywhere suggesting shame.

But, as these visions troubled me,  
I closed my eyes upon the past,  
And sadly questioned destiny,  
Seeking the future to forecast.

I wondered what the years will bring  
As, one by one, they come and go.  
Will they sound forth Hope's joyous ring,  
Or toll the knell of doleful woe?

I thought on what may be my fate,  
And into what my life may turn;  
What need of favor or of hate  
From tongue or pen my deeds may earn.

I may secure no better praise  
Than Fame accords to-day to him;  
Some fault my virtues may erase,  
Some error make their lustre dim.

Ay, when this weary course is run,  
That stretches now so far away,  
And when the final goal is won—  
Amid the shades of darkening day,

I may beseech a brother's tear,  
The tribute of a generous mind,  
And learn, although it is not dear,  
That it is more than I shall find.

For most men's judgments are so hard,  
And most men's hearts are harder yet;  
They curse the lot by Fortune marred,  
And, where they curse not, they forget.

Montreal.

## THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.

EVERY year thousands of infants perish victims to the use of soothing syrups. Every generation tens of thousands of children grow up only to enter the career of the drunkard, or suffer the prolonged death-in-life of the opium-eater, who can trace their vices and miseries to the same cause.

It is a frequent practice among mothers to give anodynes of some sort to their infants when fretful or ailing. Some mothers make a daily and habitual practice of the use of some favorite or widely-advertised nostrum. Now it is Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup; again it is Godfrey's Cordial; or it may be Dewee's Carminative; or possibly Paragoric, plain and undisguised. Those mothers who use the latter are probably in the minority; but there are numbers of women who would shrink with horror from giving their infants opium in any form, who yet administer the other medicines without scruple, believing them perfectly harmless.

We have before us an article written by a California physician who gives two instances of death, which came recently within his practice, from the use of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. He adds that it is impossible to estimate the number of children who are sent to the grave by the use of this nostrum alone. He says: "There are very few children at the age of six months who would not be poisoned to death were they to take the syrup as directed (namely: six months old and upward, one teaspoonful three or four times a day until free from pain),

unless a tolerance of the drug be induced by its previous administration in small doses. The morphia in a teaspoonful of soothing syrup is equal to about twenty drops of laudanum. Here we have thousands of mothers and nurses, ignorant alike of the ingredients and the effects of this deadly nostrum, directed to give a child six months old morphia equal to twenty drops of laudanum while a physician would not dare to give a child of that age more than three drops."

Dewee's Carminative has long been considered among the best of quieting medicines for infants, and we have heard it recommended by those who use it, "because," they said, "it has no opium in it." There was never a greater mistake. We have not the recipe for the Carminative before us, so we cannot give its ingredients with their exact proportions; but we have seen the recipe, and we know that it does contain opium in some form. The mother who gives this or any other of the advertised cordials or carminatives to her babe, may stand prepared for its early death, or else expect to see it grow up with a ruined nervous system.

It is said that the use of opium is fearfully on the increase in this country. Who can tell how much this state of things is due to the use of morphia in its disguised form during infancy! The early use of this drug will naturally lead as the child increases in years, to the use of tobacco, opium, or alcohol, to satisfy a morbid and depraved appetite. There is another point in the case which every one should consider. Those only who have been addicted to the use of opium, and attempt to leave off and those who have been actual witnesses of such attempts in others know the dreadful suffering—the utter nervous prostration, and untold agony of mind and body—which attends the breaking of this habit. What refinement of cruelty it is that inflicts this suffering upon a child! Yet, as the use of these anodynes is abandoned when the child emerges from infancy, there is no shadow of doubt that it is made to undergo all the tortures experienced by the opium-eater who is striving to free himself from the iron bonds of habit. Only in the latter case the habit is generally relinquished gradually, and the misery, though somewhat prolonged, is rendered less intense; while in the former there is no system adopted in giving up these medicines. All is haphazard. The dose is neither decreased nor given at longer intervals. It may be abandoned suddenly, and then after the worst has passed and the system begun to recover from the effects of the drug, another dose, given for some trifling ailment, will place the child back at the starting-point with all the misery to endure over again. Again we say, what refinement of cruelty!

An infant well cared for, properly fed, frequently bathed, comfortably dressed, used to regularity in sleeping and eating, and allowed plenty of fresh air, will need no soothing syrup when it is well. If it becomes sick, drugs should be administered on the prescription of a doctor alone.

Mothers have a fearful responsibility in this matter. Not only have they the present comfort of their little ones in their keeping, but they have their future well-being to consider; nay, even life and death are in their hands. As mothers would not sorrow over little graves; as they would wish to rear children to a noble manhood and womanhood, free from perverted appetites which lead to vice, let them beware of these Infant Extremators. They are evil and evil only.

## THIS UNEVEN WORLD.

BY J. E.

"Now look at that fellow," said one poor man to another, as they walked home together; "Don't he take his ease? Nothing to do but ride around in his carriage and look after his money. If he wants a thing he buys it. If his children needs shoes they have them, and he lives on the fat of the land every day. Isn't it a mighty unequal world?"

"Not so very, Hugh. I'll warrant he has troubles and distress of some sort."

"But nothing like mine, I can tell you. To be always so cramped and crowded for money is a harder burden than he has ever had, I'll venture."

"You think you would trade with him, do you—just take his situation out and out, and give him yours?"

"Yes, if I could take my family with me."

"Ah, that's not in the bargain. His wife, I am told is a shrew."

"I'm thankful I have the advantage of him there. If it wasn't for Mary's sweet cheerful temper, I don't know how we should bear our poverty."

"Then his oldest son is a cripple."

"My Bob is straight and robust as that pine tree. It's something to be thankful for, Mason, that one's children are sound and healthy, isn't it, though?"

"I should think so. The rich man sometimes sits up whole nights in hard study over his business affairs, while you are soundly, comfortably sleeping, Hugh. More than that; I know he is sometimes

nearly distracted to raise five thousand dollars or so that must be had, feeling more cramped for money than ever you did in your life."

"Well, well, it may not be quite so uneven a world as we think for. But I am hungry enough for my good supper, if it isn't made of roast turkey and cranberry sauce. There come the children, running to meet me; so good night, neighbor, I hope you have as good a welcome waiting for you."

## A GOOD WORLD.

BY J. M.

MR. SIMMONS entered the dining-room one frosty morning, with a frown on his brow. His business perplexed him, and various other worries had disturbed his sleep. He did not feel very well satisfied with himself, or any one else.

Now, because he slammed the hall-door, do you suppose his wife rattled the tea-things snappishly? Such things often follow, I know. But Mrs. Simmons had learned a more excellent way from an old-fashioned book she loved to read daily. She had tried the magic of soft answers so many times, that she knew well their power. So she poured out the coffee cheerfully, and when the nice breakfast had begun to warm the heart as well as the frame she said, "I am so glad you fixed that step at the back porch, Robert; it is a great convenience, and so much safer. That drain, too, from the pump, is a great deal more convenient."

It was only a little thing to say, but the appreciation made Robert's brow relax, and he spoke in a pleasanter tone, as he said, "I am glad it suits you, Hannah. I hope I shall get another half-day soon, and then I can attend to a number of other little matters about the place, that need looking after."

How small a thing had changed the current of his thoughts and feelings. Truly "heaviness in the heart of man causeth it to stoop, but a good word maketh it glad."

Robert Simmons went about his work with a lighter heart, and a more energetic spirit for that little "good word" from the lips of his wife.

Very different would have been the case in many homes. The quick retort is there sure to follow a hasty word or act. A spark of ill-temper is quickly fanned into a flame of passion, that consumes all that makes home fair and lovely. Instead of the good word which maketh glad, all efforts to oblige are followed by fault-finding. No pleasure or gratitude is expressed or felt, but where one favor is granted, a dozen more are demanded.

Ah, any one who has even taken a peep into such a home, must agree with Solomon, that "it is better to dwell on a corner of a house-top alone" than there.

Belavish of good words in your household, and you will add largely to the sum of the world's happiness. You will, doubtless, prolong your life, and, certainly, you will make your presence a blessing and a joy wherever you are.

## HOW TO LEARN SELF-DENIAL.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

"COUSIN Aggie, you are a mystery to me. How you over manage to live I do not know, with so great sickness always in your home. Your husband was an invalid for years; poor Harry must needs break a leg, to enjoy your good nursing; little Carrie has had her ups and downs, pretty steadily all her life, and now your husband's niece is with you, wasting in consumption, and taking all your leisure, just when it seemed as though you might take a little rest."

"Hush, Jenny dear, and don't complain of poor Hattie. She is here by my express invitation. The poor child has no other home, and what can she do without one. She is so comfortable and happy here, it is reward enough for all the care I give her."

"I don't complain, Aggie; I only wonder you cannot love sound sleep and ease and comfort as I do, for instance, or you could not bear it."

"Ah, Jenny dear, it is a good thing to bear the yoke in ones youth. I never could have done half as well by my dear ones, if I had not served a long apprenticeship in self-denial in my early days. It don't matter much how the experience comes, so the lesson of self-denial is learned. It was just as hard for me as for any one, I assure you. I rebelled against it, and fretted under it for a time, but at last it grew easy."

"Taking up the same burdens daily, they at least become so much a habit that they feel lost without them. I cannot tell you how I missed my brother's little boy when they moved away to the West. I had taken almost the sole care of him for a year, and no one thought I could save his life. He was always so wakeful and restless, I had little sleep with him, but it was a joy to see him grow stronger and heartier all the time. He has since become a very robust boy, they write me. After Allie went away I could hardly sleep for a long time. I missed the care so much. He kept me awake more after than when with me. It was my lot, Jenny,

to have much care and labor for others in my childhood and girlhood, and 't was his my preparation for the life-work God had in store for me.

"Self-denial cannot come to us by precept; we must have the sharp, hard practice, or we shall not attain it. It is a great blessing to have the lessons taught early before the opposite habits are fixed, for it is hard to take them up in latter life. God has given us all abundant means of putting the great lessons of self-sacrifice. He has taught us into daily practice. The way to do good is open to every one, and we need to walk in His footsteps, who pleased not Himself. So shall we be his disciples."

## A FACT CONTAINING A SUGGESTION.

IN several of the cities of our country an active benevolence led, during the summer, to the conveyance of large numbers of poor children out into the open country for a day's holiday. By this means vast numbers of little ones, who otherwise might not have been able to set foot outside the city streets, were enabled to breathe fresh air, and spend at least one day in the season in delightful healthful, harmless recreation.

But in Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, they have gone further than this. When the hot weather sets in the railways and lines of steamers are filled with young travellers, who receive free passages to various points of the country, where mansions, rectories and farm-houses are thrown open to receive them, and where they are made welcome guests. In these snug country-places they remain two or three weeks, living on the best of country fare and taking part in active rustic sports. And when the end of their holiday is reached, they go back to their crowded city-homes ruddy and sunburnt, and with renewed life and vigor, bearing grateful and pleasant memories in their hearts, and no doubt eagerly looking forward to the next summer for the return of the old bright spot the year affords them.

For fifteen or twenty years this giving a lengthened summer holiday to the poor children of Copenhagen has been a regular thing, and all concerned in it have vied each with another in making it successful. The suggestion which this fact conveys we leave to our readers.—Exchange.

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JAN., FEB., MARCH, 1873.

Jan. 7. Meeting postponed on account of the Evangelical Alliance Meeting.

10. ESSAY—F. H. Wallace, "How the Ancients thought and wrote." Geo. H. Moxon, Chairman.

21. ESSAY—John Craig, "Ambition." H. L. Thompson, Chairman.

22. LECTURE—Rev. Arthur H. Baldwin, M. A., "A Catechism of Oxford." George Hague, Chairman.

Feb. 4. LECTURE—C. A. Morse, "The Pioneers." T. Dixon Craig, Chairman.

11. An evening of Song and Recitations.—C. A. Morse, Chairman.

18. LECTURE—T. De Witt Talmage, Brooklyn, N. Y., "Gumbler & Co." John Macdonald, Chairman.

(Admission to this Lecture, 50 Cents, being one of the winter course of pay lectures.)

23. Mar. 4. LECTURE—Nicholas Flood Davin, of London, Eng., "Thomas Moore and His Poetry." W. M. Anderson, Chairman.

11. LECTURE—Geo. Hague, "Commercial revolutions and Papers." Daniel McLean, Chairman.

18. An evening of Songs, Recitations and Readings.—C. A. Morse, Chairman.

25. LECTURE—Rev. W. Morley Punshon L. L. O., "William Wallace." Chairman.

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The Managers beg to thank their friends and people for the patronage bestowed upon them during the past year, and they take this opportunity of stating that it was the most successful season the house had ever had, their returns being more than double that of 1871, and they are determined to still keep it advancing by giving the public the best value for their money, and keeping a good staff of obliging assistants in every branch that our customers may be waited on without delay.

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