

GENERAL READING

RELIEF FOR NEURALGIA.

As this dreadful disease is becoming more prevalent than formerly, and as the doctors have not discovered any method of medicine that will permanently cure it we simply state that for some time past a member of our family has suffered most intensely from it, and could find no sure relief from any remedy applied, until we saw an article, which we published, recommending the application of horse-radish to the wrist for toothache. As both neuralgia and toothache are nervous diseases, we thought the remedy for the one would be likely to give relief to the other; so we made an application of horse-radish, bruised, applying to the wrist on the side of the body where the disease was seated which gave instant relief to a severe attack of neuralgia. Since then we have applied it several times, and with the same gratifying results. The remedy is simple, cheap, and may be within the reach of every one.—*Lawrenceville Herald.*

HEALTH BREVITIES.

The mental states have a more controlling influence over the bodily condition than most persons imagine.

Cold is the greatest enemy of old age. Ventilation is perfect in proportion as the air of an apartment is kept equal in purity to that of the external atmosphere. This is best done in private dwellings by having an open fire-place.

The thinnest veil or silk handkerchief thrown over the face while riding or walking against a cold wind is a remarkably comfortable protection.

The most healthful form of exercise is that which involves exhilarating out-door activities.

Never sit or stand with the wind blowing on you for a single moment, for it speedily produces a chill, to be followed with fever, and then a bad cold.

If thrown into the water and the strength is failing, turn on the back with only the nose and toes out of the water, hands downward and clasped. This should be practiced while learning to swim, as means of resting from great fatigue in swimming.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

CLARIFYING WATER.

Thirty years ago, in travelling up and down the Mississippi River, whose waters below the mouth of the Missouri, were so turbid that it was impossible to see through a glass, it was a common amusement to tie a bit of alum to a thread and letting it down into the water give it a swinging motion for a moment, and in a few minutes the water would be as clear as a rain-drop. Within a short time the statement has appeared in the public prints, as if it, was something new. It may, however, be well to add the exact proportions in which the alum should be used so as not to make the water taste of it. Three quarters of a pound of pulverized alum stirred well into a ton of water; in smaller quantities to each quart of water, four grains of alum. The sulphate of alumina is greatly better than the rock or potash alum, as it introduces no alkaline matter into the water. This shows how easy it may be for practical items of knowledge to drop out of sight, at least for a time, and that too, with all the advantages of the printing press; hence it is no wonder that valuable arts have been lost to the world before the discovery of types, such as embalming, certain works in glass, etc.

THE CLERGY AND FUNERALS.

HOW CERTAIN PASTORS THINK FUNERALS SHOULD BE CONDUCTED.

The clergymen of Newbury, N.Y., have taken a new departure. At a meeting at which every denomination was represented but the Roman Catholic, held at Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

1. That the burial service be limited, so far as practicable, to Scripture reading, singing and prayer.
2. That we deprecate the appointment of funeral services for Sunday.
3. That we also deprecate the public exposure of remains.
4. That before the arrangements are made as to the time and place of the burial service, the convenience of the officiating clergyman should be consulted.

One of the ministers present submitted the following considerations, which led to the action taken:

1. A protracted funeral service at the home, especially where sickness and death have occurred, is a needless exposure of those in attendance.
2. A protracted service, especially when the weather is unpleasant, or inclement, when those convened are not warmly clad

increases liability to exposure of health in going to the grave and at the time of burial.

3. The Scripture lesson and the prayer do ordinarily furnish all the counsel and consolation needed.

4. It is our conviction that but little of good is accomplished by funeral discourses, except when the death itself is exceptionally impressive.

5. Ministers are often embarrassed and brought to a degree of discredit by inappropriateness of remark, by ignorance of peculiar features of the life or family of the deceased, by saying too little or too much in the view of biased prejudiced minds and fear of giving offence.

6. At times deaths are frequent, especially among the young and infants, when the delivery of a discourse serves no purpose that would not be served as well by prayer, Scripture reading and private conversation.

7. To omit discourses on some occasions and not on others would be offensive to some, and suggests the importance of specific and uniform rules for funeral services.

SINGULAR BEAVERY OF THE ZULUS.

For courage and other warlike qualities the Zulus may be fairly called the Afghans of Africa, and many of their records would do credit to any trained soldier. Some few years ago a Zulu hunter, bearing a young British officer speak somewhat lightly of native prowess, offered to give him a specimen of it by killing, single-handed, a huge lion which infested the neighborhood. The challenge was accepted, and the brave fellow at once set forth upon his dangerous errand, the officer and several of his comrades following at a distance. Having drawn the beast from his lair, the hunter wounded him with a well-funged spear, and instantly fell flat on the ground beneath his huge shield of rhinoceros hide, which covered his whole body like the lid of a dish. The lion, having vainly expended his fury upon it, at length drew back a few paces. Instantly the shield rose again, a second lance struck him, and his furious rush encountered only the impenetrable buckler. Foiled again, the lion crouched close beside his ambushed enemy, as if meditating a siege; but the wily savage raised the further end of the shield just enough to let him creep noiselessly away into the darkness, leaving his buckler unmoved. Arrived at a safe distance, he levelled his third spear at the broad yellow flank of the royal beast with so unerring aim as to lay him dead on the spot, and then returned composedly to receive the apologies and congratulations of the wondering spectators.

THE POT OF GOLD.

From the Saturday Review.

A cobbler in Somersetshire dreamed that a person told him that if he would go to London Bridge he would meet with something to his advantage. He dreamed the same the next night, and again the night after. He then determined to go to London Bridge, and walked thither accordingly. When he arrived there, he walked about the whole of the first day without anything occurring; the next day was passed in a similar manner. He resumed his place the third day and walked about till evening, when, giving it up as hopeless, he determined to leave London and return home. At this moment a stranger came up and said to him: "I have seen you for the last three days walking up and down this bridge; may I ask if you are waiting for any one?" "No." "Then what is your object in staying here?" The cobbler then frankly told his reason for being there, and the dream that had visited him three successive nights. The stranger then advised him to go home to his work, and no more pay any attention to dreams. "I, myself," he said "had, about six months ago, a dream. I dreamed three nights together that, if I would go into Somersetshire, in an orchard, under an apple tree, I should find a pot of gold; but I paid no attention to my dream, and have remained quietly at my business." It immediately occurred to the cobbler that the stranger described his own orchard and his own apple-tree. He immediately returned home, dug under the apple-tree, and found a pot of gold. After this increase of fortune he was enabled to send his son to school, where the boy learned Latin. When he came home for the holidays, he one day examined the pot which had contained the gold, on which was some writing. He said, "Father, I can show you that what I have learned at school is of some use." He then translated the Latin inscription on the pot thus: "Look under and you will find better." They did look under and a larger quantity of gold was found. As the story is a good one, it would be pleasant to fancy it could possibly be true.

A RELIGIOUS CURIOSITY.

Looking over some papers of an old pastor lately, in a manuscript letter, I found the enclosed. It may be commonly known among theologians, but I have never seen it in print before.

In Joseph's dream of the eleven stars making obeisance to him, it is said there is an allusion to the signs of the zodiac—the eleven brethren answering to eleven signs, and Joseph to the twelfth. These signs were known in Chaldea and afterward in Egypt—They are as everybody knows, called by the names of animals, excepting one. The curiosity consists in the resemblance between the blessings of Jacob, or his prophecies respecting his sons, as they are in the forty-ninth chapter of Genesis, and the animals after whose names the constellations are called. The following table will illustrate the meaning. Any one who will keep in mind the picture of a human figure usually found in one of the first pages of our almanacs, and the constellations around, will understand the whole matter:—

1. Reuben, "Unstable as water;" *Aquarius, A waterman.*
2. Simeon and Levi, "Are brethren;" *Gemini, Twins.*
3. Judah, "A Lion's whelp;" *Leo, A Lion.*
4. Zebulun, "At the haven of the sea;" *Cancer, A crab from the sea.*
5. Issachar, "A strong ass," or beast of burden; *Taurus An ox.*
6. Dan, "An adder;" *Scorpio, a scorpion.*
7. Do, "Biteth the horses' heels;" *Libra, Claws of serpent changed into balancers.*
8. Gad, "A Troop;" *Pisces, Fish, Dag, reverse of Gad.*
9. Asher, "His bread shall be fat;" *Virgo, Woman with stalk of wheat in her hand.*
10. Naphthali, "A hind let loose;" *Aries, A ram.*
11. Joseph, "His bow abode in strength;" *Sagittarius, An Archer.*
12. Benjamin, "Raving as a wolf;" *Copricornus, Formerly Pan with a wolf's head.—Observer.*

WHAT IS A HERO?

Mr. Gladstone, in an address on "Dr. Hook" recently gave his idea of a hero. He holds that a hero is a man who must have ends beyond himself, in casting himself, as it were, out of himself, and must pursue these ends by means which are honorable and lawful; otherwise he might degenerate into a wild enthusiast. He must do this without distortion or disturbance of his nature as a man, because there were cases of men who were heroes in a great part but who were so excessively given to certain ideas and objects of their own that they lost all the proportions of their nature. A man to be a hero must pursue an end beyond himself by legitimate means. He must pursue them as a man, not as a dreamer. He must not give to some one idea a disproportionate weight which it did not deserve, and forget everything else which belonged to the perfection and excellence of human nature. If he did all this he was a hero, even if he had not very great powers; and if he had great powers, then he was a consummate hero. A greater hero than Napoleon was the captain of a ship that was run down in the channel three or four years ago who, when his ship was quivering and the water was gurgling round her, and the boats had been lowered to save such persons as could be saved, stood by the bulwarks with a pistol in his hand and threatened to shoot dead the first man who endeavored to get into the boat until every woman and child was provided for.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

Many years ago a venerable Scotchman, when at the point of death, thus addressed his children, who had gathered around his bedside:—"I have searched carefully through all the traditions of our family, and I never could discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you take to dishonest ways it will not be because it runs in our blood. I leave this precept with you: Be honest." Thus spake an ancestor of David Livingstone, and it was a noble inheritance. It was at Blantyre, a village on the Clyde, near Glasgow, in the year of 1813, that the great missionary and explorer first saw the light. The profit of his father's shop being small, David, his second son, was at the age of ten, set to work as a "piecer" in a cotton factory. With a part of his first week's wages he purchased a Latin grammar. As, however, his work began at six in the morning and continued till night at night, it might have been thought that with him study would be out of the question. But the young factory hand was proof against obstacles, and this is one of the great lessons his life is destined to teach. For two hours after work was over David attended a night school, and was wont to continue his studies till midnight. His perseverance was amply rewarded, for by the time he was sixteen he had come to be a fair classi-

cal scholar. He had a passion for reading scientific works and books of travel. His father prevailed upon him to read Dick's "Philosophy of Religion," and "Philosophy of a Future State," which wrought a wonderful change in the youth. "The change," he writes, "was like what many supposed would take place were it possible to cure one of colour-blindness." "But," he goes on, "I shall not again refer to the inner spiritual life which I believe then began. I soon resolved to devote my life to the alleviation of human misery, and I felt that to be a pioneer of Christianity in China would lead to the material benefit of some portion of that immense empire, and therefore set myself to obtain a medical education in order to be qualified for that enterprise. In the meantime, at the age of nineteen, young Livingstone had been promoted from piecer to the more remunerative occupation of spinner in the factory. The work was hard, but the wages was sufficient to enable him to attend medical and Greek classes in the winter, and Divinity lectures in the summer in the University of Glasgow. His lessons were learned bit by bit at the spinning frame, upon which his book was lying open. In his college course he did not receive, and did not wish for, pecuniary help from any one; and day by day he trod the nine miles of road between his home and Glasgow. Having finished his medical curriculum, and passed an examination more than usually severe, he rejoiced in becoming a member of a profession which has for its end the mitigation of human suffering. The outbreak of the opium war prevented his starting for China, and he was induced by the London Missionary to look towards Africa as the scene of his labours. He sailed from England in 1840, and arriving at Kuruman met Dr. Moffat, whose daughter, Mary, he subsequently married. Three years later he settled higher up the country, and planted his mission station in a region occupied by the Bakatla tribe of the Bechuanas. His subsequent wanderings into the interior of Africa are well known.

FAMILY READING.

"ALONE WITH JESUS."

"Alone with Jesus;" fades the daylight slowly,
Soft o'er the earth the shades of evening fall,
As worn and weary with the day's temptation,
My spirit answers to the Saviour's call.
"Alone with Jesus;" from the day's hard conflict
What have I brought that I his grace may win?
Only the burden of my sin and longing—
Only the same heart cry, "Forgive my sin."
"Alone with Jesus;" he has seen each wandering,
Hath watched each failure from His throne above;
And yet to-night he bids me come, confiding
In the great wealth of his unchanging love.
"Alone with Jesus;" O the hush, the rapture!
My spirit yieldeth to his gracious will:
What though the day's sad failure lies behind me?
I am content, because he loves me still.
"Alone with Jesus;" in his presence holy
Cometh no thought of sin or pain to me:
Close, close, his loving arms are thrown around me,
Almost the glory of his face I see.
"Alone with Jesus;" here can come no sorrow;
From sin and conflict here my soul is free;
This is my prayer to-night, "O Jesus, Saviour,
Teach me through life to dwell alone with Thee!" —*Millie Colcord.*

AN EXQUISITE STORY.

In the tribe of Neggdeh there was a horse whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe by name Dahar, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice:
"I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying; help me, and Heaven will reward you."
The Bedouin kindly offered to take him up on his horse and carry him home, but the rogue replied:

"I cannot rise; I have no strength left."

Naber, touched with pity, dismounted led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty set the seeming beggar on its back.

But no sooner did Dahar feel himself in the saddle than he set spurs to the horse and galloped off calling out as he did so:

"It is I, Dahar. I have got the horse, and I am off with it." Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear.

"You have taken my horse," said the latter. "Since Heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I do conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it."

"And why not?" said Dahar. "Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity, for fear of being duped as I have been."

Struck with shame at these words Dahar was silent for a moment, then springing from the horse, returned it to the owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.—*Exchange.*

COMMON SENSE.

OR, AVOID WASTE AND PRACTICE ECONOMY.

BY JOHN D. KNOX.

Common sense is the growth of all countries. Many talk like fools, conform to common folly. Have some sense about you. Medicines are not designed to live on. Candies and sweetmeats are good in their place, but practical knowledge is very important and substantial in the hour of need.

A college professor was being rowed across a stream in a boat. Said he to the boatman: "Do you understand philosophy?" "No; never heard of it." "Then one-quarter of your life is gone." "Do you understand geology?" "No." "Then one-half of your life is gone." "Do you understand astronomy?" "No." "Then three-quarters of your life is gone." But presently the boat tipped over and spilled both into the river. Says the boatman: "Can you swim?" "No." "Then the whole of your life is gone." Philosophy will not enable men to walk on water; they must spread their hands and strike. Words are good in their place, but deeds bear fruit; words are but leaves, but deeds fill the garner. Learn to swim.

Music helps not the toothache. The forceps in the hands of the dentist is the sovereign remedy. Avoid the man who wants to trust you. Pay day will come. Ask thy purse what thou shouldst buy for a man with an empty purse; and a new house becomes wise when it is to late. The cause must be adequate to the end. You cannot drive a windmill with a pair of bellows. Then do not undertake too much, for you may be a wise man though you cannot make a watch or raise the wind. Learn the nature and properties of things, for the law is inflexible and while obedience is wealth and health and comfort, disobedience is disappointment.

Green wood makes a hot fire; but it takes good sense to start the fire. Water makes steam, and damp heat is better than dry heat; and then the economy is not to be lost sight of.

The *Christian Weekly*, Edinburgh, Scotland, says: "It is curious how human nature runs to extremes. We have referred to ladies in the higher ranks of society and supposed to have high refinement, who take pleasure in torturing and slaughtering God's innocent creatures. A newspaper paragraph of Saturday last informs us that a lady who resides in Edinburgh is so fond of her horse that she had it shod with gold last week, at a cost of between \$400 and \$600. The shoes are expected to last about the same time as if they were of iron, and it is not suggested that they are more comfortable for the animal. Extravagant fondness for pets is a weakness which, if it leans to virtue's side, is nevertheless mischievous not only to the individual, but in the effect it has upon the controversy about cruelty to animals. Bizarre is sometimes plausibly thrown on the whole movement for the protection of the lower animals as emanating from the same morbid feeling which induces weak-minded persons to lavish more affection upon cats and dogs and horses than upon their fellow mortals.—*Topical Kansas.*

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