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Temperance Department.

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE—A MOTHER'S FOLLY, AND A FATHER'S MISTAKE.

(From N. Y. Observer.)

BY MRS. LUCY E. SANFORD.

The father was a calm, steadfast man, immovable in the faith and in the family. Every morning he read in clear, cold, measured tone the chapter by course, whether the first of Chronicles or of St. John, and offered a formal prayer. And he believed there should be but one judgment and one will in the family, and he believed as firmly it should be the man's.

The wife had a great warm heart in sympathy with every other human heart; a pleasant smile and a kind word for every one, and was glad when she might wipe a tear or soothe a pain: made herself happy in making others so, and gave out joy and sweetness as freely and unconsciously as a flower-perfume, or a bird song.

And the only child was the dearest little curly-head, with bright laughing eyes, and dimples just deep enough for mamma's kisses to nestle in.

And the father was very proud and happy when Archibald (never a little did he shorten the name) could sit astride his shoulder and hold on by his hair, albeit he winced a little when the tiny hand drew too hard on the many-stranded bridle.

And lovingly both parents watched the dawning mind, the winsome ways, the first little tooth, the first sweet kiss, and pulled the little pink toes and smiled to hear him laugh. Feet like these have gone down into the valley, and feet like these have pressed the mount of God.

"No more, Archibald."

"Please, papa."

"No. You have had enough."

"One little kiss."

"No; not another one."

And the father walked firmly out. With great tears in his eyes, and his cherub lips all puckered up, and his dimpled chin a very nest of wrinkles, and his breast heaving with sighs, the boy toddled up to his mother, and she took him in her arms.

"Please one, mamma!"

"Mamma will give Archie a sweet one right in his hand if he will give her a smiling one right off his lips."

And the little face brightened; and the kisses were given.

The bad angel smiled, and the good angel wept, as they saw in the bright springtime tares sowed amid the wheat.

II.

"I think father is real mean." The boy is older, and the seed has sprouted. "All the other boys went and had a splendid time."



THE EARL OF CAVAN.

It is a cheering sign of the times to see the high and the low, the rich and the poor, all banded together in order to advance the cause of true religion; and of late years many of the nobility of the United Kingdom have taken an active part in the work of evangelization. The Earl of Shaftesbury, as a representative Christian English peer, has a counterpart in the Earl of Cavan, a distinguished nobleman, who takes his title from large estates in Cavan County, Ireland. For many years back he and his noble wife have devoted themselves unremittingly to aiding in the enlightenment and social uplifting of the lower classes or tenantry and with marked results. Their own tenants have found help and Christian sympathy in their hours of trial, and kindly advice when the

world prospered them. The Earl is a man past the meridian of life, with a strong frame and first-class mental and vital powers. His head is well balanced, and he is a pleasing speaker, being possessed of a retentive memory, and large powers of language. He quotes largely from Scripture in his exhortations, which are of the most practical kind. This nobleman and his devoted wife paid Canada and the United States a visit last fall; and the former addressed several mass meetings in Montreal, during the progress of the First Conference of the Dominion Evangelical Alliance. The Earl takes a deep interest in the Sunday-school cause as well as that of the Evangelical churches and is an indefatigable worker.

"But your father feared an accident with so many on the ice."

"No other fellow's father was so afraid, and I might have gone as well as not."

"Yes! And I am very sorry you did not go, but your father could not know it was safe."

"It's never safe for me out of his sight. The school will have a ride next week, but he won't let me go. You see if he does?"

"When the time comes, tell me. Don't plague your father about it."

And the boy went off whistling, fully understanding the meaning, she thought, hidden under that word plague.

In a few days he came in, in a glow of excitement: "Mother, the ride is to be Thursday, and you must said I might go."

"And I intend you shall. I'll speak to your father about it."

"Don't let him say no. Mamma, don't."

In the evening the favorite chair was in the exact spot, with a new tidy upon it; the shippers warm; the light graduated to a society; the mother listened to all the wise sayings; said "yes" to all the questionings, and smiled at all the old jokes; and Archie, who understood perfectly the whole effort, studied most earnestly until his father began "the early to bed and early to rise," when he promptly lay down his books (he had been dying for half an hour to), and bade them "good-night."

As he went out his father said:

"My dear! Archibald is studying well."

"Very well. He is very fond of his teacher, and as a reward his teacher is to give the scholars a holiday and sleigh-ride. Don't you think it would please him if his patrons, especially his influential ones like you, should approve of and let their children go?"

"Yes, my dear! And I will let Archibald go if his teacher will take especial care of him,

and come home early. It is but just to the teacher that I give him this proof of my confidence and approval."

The mother remembered Archie ought to have another blanket, the night was so cold. She found him turning somersaults on the outside of his bed, and knowing, perfectly, all she had to tell him. But she was too happy seeing him so happy to chide him, and only told him to ask his father in the morning.

He did ask. Was duly questioned, a formal consent was given, the money counted out, many words of advice thrown in, and the father walked dignifiedly away. The boy threw up his cap, hugged and kissed his mother, with "you are just splendid," and the mother laughed, and kissed him.

III.

An evening came in which Archie could not eat his supper; he had a sick headache, and left the table to lie on the sofa. His mother followed him. "Wouldn't he have some toast & a cup of hot tea? had he eaten anything to hurt him? had he taken cold? was he chilly? was he hot? wouldn't he have a freestone? would he have his head bathed? how was his tongue?"

However it might have looked had he shown it, it sounded badly as he said:

"Do, mother, let me alone, and eat your supper, I don't want any more."

She took a new blanket, and tucked it around his feet, and bringing a pillow, and smoothing his hair, though he kept his face averted, she went back to the table, not to eat, but to ask if it were best to send for the doctor to tell her what threatened her boy. The father finished his tea, though to him it had lost its flavor, and went in to examine and decide; but Archie was asleep, his face to the wall, his breathing regular and full, and, after a whispered consultation, he determined to go to the store, and the mother could see how the boy was when he awoke, and send word if he needed.

As soon as the father shut the front door, the boy's eyes were wide open, and with a half-croser, half-laughing tone, he said:

"Mother, see here! Don't let father go for a doctor. I am not sick."

"Why, Archie, what is the matter?"

"The fellows were all smoking, and laughed at me, and called me a Puritan, and a snuff, and so I smoked a cigar, and it made me awful sick."

"I wouldn't have your father know it for anything."

"Who's to tell? You won't?"

"No. But don't smoke again; it's a bad habit."

"One has got to live in this world, and it's no use to set up for better than other fellows."

"By-and-by you'll see your father has your good at heart."

"His heart is in the right place, frozen in."

"Why, Archie!"

"But, mother dear, yours is warm and true; so give me a kiss and I'll be off to bed."

He turned back with a laugh, to say, "But about what time do you think you'll have that doctor, here?"

"Naughty boy," and she laughed as she said it.

But she was sorry. She had always thought it a foolish habit, and hoped her boy would think it over, but then how many good men smoke.

As if Providence ever was or ever will be party to any little family arrangement whereby one parent deceives another.

IV.

"I think I might go to the circus just this once, mother!"

"But you know your father utterly disapproves of it, and all the influences and associations."

"I know he disapproves of everything but prayer-meetings and Sunday-school, and