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LION'S LESSON TO HIS MASTER; OR, RETURN GOOD FOR EVIL.

A dog cannot plead his own right, Nor give a soft answer unto wrath." MARTIN TUPPER.

When Solon gave laws to the people, 'tis said, For private affronts no provision was made, But Scripture points here to an excellent way Bidding all men for evil, with good to repay,

"I'll never forgive her, never; and there's an end of it," said John Whitworth. "I'll have nothing more to do with her, happen in his heart strong as ever, even toward what will."

Such was the reply I received from my often cross-grained parishioner when I went to him to try and plead the cause of his found that a strong attachment had sprung niece, Mary Walton, who had sorely dis- up between Henry Symonds and his niece, pleased him by her marriage.

The circumstances were these. John Whit was a small farmer, living on the confines of my parish. His wife had died several years before this time. Report said he had been a surly husband to her, though he had seemed to feel her death a good deal. He had no children, but he had a young niece, who often came to stay with him, who looked after his domestic concerns as she grew to womanhood. She was an orphan, and had been brought up by a cousin, who had a large family of children, but whose heart was large enough to take Mary into it and her house when her parents died and left her destitute. She was the daughter of John Whitworth's wife's sister. Although he had never actually adopted her, he had her so often at the farm after his wife's death, that it seemed likely he would do so in the end. John was not a popular man with his neighbors. His temper was not at all good, and he never forgot an affront. He had shown this by keeping up a feeling of anger toward a man named Symonds, who had grievously offended him some years ago by going to law about a small piece of land which John claimed for his own, but which Symonds was prepared to prove belonged to his adjoining farm, having been bought by his grandfather; though, owing to death and subsequent troubles, it had not been claimed for years, and had been used as a right of way by Whitworth's father to reach some fields to which it was a short cut. resolved to contest the point, and he won it, and at once shut up the road by way of proving his rights, though in reality he could make little or no use of it himself. John never spoke to him again from that day, and he extended his anger to all his family even after Symonds' death, and when the circumstance had died away from every one's

bors as an old law affair concerning a right of way, which had caused a coolness between the two men concerned.

Henry Symonds was scarcely come to man's estate when his father died. He would fain have been friends with his crusty neighbor, but all advances were in vain. John would have nothing to say to him or to any of them. The old feeling seemed to rankle another generation.

It will easily be understood, therefore, that it was with considerable annoyance he

mind, being only remembered by the neigh- | Mary Walton, who was now so much with | Symonds. His prospects, unfortunately, him that she was becoming almost as a daughter. Her uncle's indignation took her quite by surprise, for she had scarcely believed it possible that an old quarrel with the father should so affect his feelings toward the son, who was but a mere boy when it took place. But John was firm, and when she declared their intention of marrying, he vowed that from the day she became Symonds' wife he would have no more to do with her. On the other hand, he said if she would give him up he would adopt her as his daughter, and she should inherit having obtained a situation there with a

But Mary loved too well to give up though humble home.

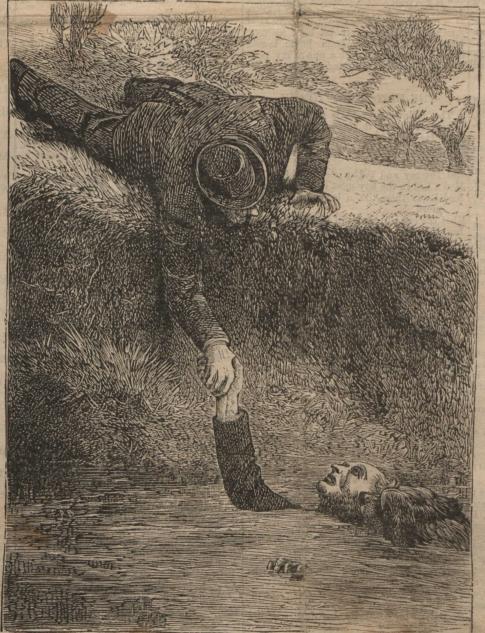
were not bright, for bad times had come since his father's death. A debt which had long been owing had had to be paid, and the little farm was about to be sold, and Henry Symonds must earn a living by industry and hard work; but he was in a fair way to do so, and Mary preferred sharing his fortunes rather than becoming her uncle's heiress.

She was married from her cousin's house, and they settled at Tiverton, a village about two miles from Whitworth's farm, Henry the farm and whatever was his at his death. farmer, which would give them a settled

> From that time Mary saw nothing of her uncle, though she made several at-tempts to conciliate him. I tried, as his clergyman, to bring him to a more forgiving state of mind, but in vain. Once, when he had a severe illness, I had opportunities of seeing him which did not occur when he was well, and I hoped I was beginning to show him his own great need of forgiveness for his uncharitable feelings. But he recovered his health all too soon for the good of his soul; and the care of the farm seemed again the only thing that interested him. Several years passed by and brought misfortune and sorrow to Mary Symonds. Her husband fell into ill-health, and had to give up all hard work. Consumption came on so rapidly that Mary found herself a widow with one child almost before she had fairly realized that his case was a hopeless one.

As she was left nearly destitute, I made another attempt to move John Whitworth's heart toward her. I thought, now that her husband was dead, he surely would relent and offer a home to her and her child. It was on a fine spring morning I went to him. He was in one of his fields, and by his side was a large dog that he had had for years, and that had grown old in his service. Alas! it was in vain I pleaded for Mary. He made the old reply, that she had chosen to marry contrary to his wishes, and so he had nothing more to do with her. I saw it was useless to say more on the subject.

A few weeks later his house was broken into by thieves in the night, and a sum of money was stolen out of a bureau that stood in the parlor. "Lion," the dog, slept in the yard, very near that part of the house, but he had not barked or given any alarm, probably because he had grown deaf of late from old age. Whitworth was very angry with him,



"THE MAN WAS ALMOST SENSELESS WHEN I DREW HIM OUT."