

well to engage purchasers before-hand. I think some of the boys are going to try the raising of corn. I am told by some one, who I suspect is a practical farmer, that twenty-five grains of corn, in good soil, well cared for, and protected from birds and worms, might be expected to result in fifty good ears. The price would, of course, vary with the variety, the season, and the market. This statement may help to some estimate of the seed and space required for a venture.

It is an old proverb, that where there is a will there is a way. If you have it in your heart to do something, if you are not afraid of work, but are willing to give honest service for wages, I am sure that to the most of you the opportunity will come of earning something; and those who cannot earn must save. You know that many of the girls are donning themselves a neck-tie or a pair of gloves; and the boys surely have as many opportunities for generous self-denial as the girls, and are as capable of it.—AUNT CARRIE, in *Little Helpers*.

A CHAUTAUQUA DAY.

BY REV. T. F. PARKER.



I have had a great, a glorious, and wonderful day at Chautauqua. On Saturday, August 12, seven hundred members of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle having finished the prescribed course of reading, received from Dr. Vincent their diplomas as graduates. Seven hundred more who have finished the course but who were absent will have their diplomas sent to them, and it is fully believed that by October two thousand persons will have graduated from this "Out-Door University."

Dr. James Strong characterized this as the most marvellous commencement he had ever seen, and he had witnessed them for forty years. Bishop Warren and Dr. Lyman Abbott also spoke in the highest terms of the work of the C. L. S. C.

The first diploma was given to the president of a college, Rev. Dr. Bugbee, and the second to Rev. C. P. Hard. Among us were a mother, son, and granddaughter. There were many over sixty years old. The order of exercises for Commencement Day had been carefully arranged and was carried out without a blunder.

At ten o'clock the members of the graduating class, seven hundred in number, formed at the south gate of St. Paul's grove, where they were required to pass a guard, none but graduates being permitted to enter. At the peal of the bell they read responsively the Bible description of wisdom. A watchman then arrived, unlocked the gate, and welcomed the graduates to the grove. After passing the arches, four in number, they were greeted by the superintendent of instruction, Dr. J. H. Vincent. "A Song of To-day" was sung and also "A Song of the C. L. S. C. for 1880," followed by a responsive reading of several passages of Scripture. The anniversary ode was then sung, after which the procession marched to the Amphitheatre for the public recognition. A song written for the occasion

was sung, followed by a responsive reading and another song.

W. C. Byrant's letter, written about three weeks before his death and fully endorsing the C. L. S. C. idea, was then read, after which Bishop Warren delivered the commencement oration, which in a masterly way presented the importance of the elevation of the spiritual man. The address gave great satisfaction.

At 2 o'clock p. m. we re-assembled at the Amphitheatre, when the story of the banner was told by Rev. A. D. Vail, D.D. The banner is of silk and was carried by Dr. Vail on a foreign tour and unveiled in all the historic places on the eastern hemisphere. It spanned the arch under which we passed on graduation day.

Miss Belle McClintock sang a beautiful solo, after which addresses were delivered by Lewis Miller, Esq., of Akron, O., Dr. Lyman Abbott, Bishop Warren, Dr. W. C. Wilkinson, Dr. L. H. Bugbee, Dr. James Strong, and John B. Gough, and the services closed with a song and responsive reading and the awarding of diplomas to the seven hundred graduates present.

Undoubtedly there are those who ask, "what of all this," as if the results of this work of the great Out-Door University are of little consequence. These graduates have pursued a four years' course in grammar, rhetoric, elocution, English, classical, Biblical, and oriental literature, ancient, Biblical, and modern history, special histories of Greece, Rome, Germany, and the United States, geology, botany, chemistry, physiology, biology, astronomy, mental and moral science, Christian evidences, history of Art, belles-letters, and several other subjects. But this is not all. An interest in reading has been awakened and such is the success of the movement that 28,000 persons in all have been enrolled and many of the class of '82 have enrolled themselves for the regular course of the class of '86. There are 24 special courses of reading prepared and many will go forward, and any one who shall complete these courses will be better read than nine out of ten of all the college graduates in the country ever became. Dr. Vincent has shown a multitude of busy men and women how to read and what to read. The plan promises the graduation of thousands in the next few years, and when we learn that the entire number of college graduates per year is only 17,000, every one should welcome this new society and the impulse it is giving to the multitudes who are enrolling themselves as members.

Any one who desires to improve himself intellectually and obtain "The Students' Outlook" should write at once to Miss Kate F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., for full information as to the plans of the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle."

A MAN from the far interior went to Washington to see the sights. A member of the House whose constituent he was, said: "Come up to-morrow, and I will give you a seat on the floor of the House." "No, you don't!" replied Jonathan; "I always manage to have a chair to set on to home, and I haven't come to Washington to set on the floor! Injuns may do that when they come, if they like, but I don't do it."

THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

Far away in the North-west, as far beyond St. Paul, as St. Paul is beyond Chicago, stands Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, and the gateway of a new realm, about to jump from its present state of trackless prairies, as yet almost devoid of settlement, to a most prosperous condition. Here, lies a vast extent of country, estimated to contain 300,000,000 acres, or enough to make eight such States as Iowa or Illinois. Not all of it is fertile, it is true, yet it may be safely said that two-thirds of it are available for settlement and cultivation.

Its climate is hardly such as one would select for a lazy man's paradise, for the winters are long and cold, and the summers short and fiercely hot, though their shortness is in some measure compensated for by the great length of the midsummer days. Nevertheless, it is a land where wheat and many other grain and root crops attain their fullest perfection, and is well fitted to be the home of a vigorous and healthy race. Manitoba, of which we hear so much now, is but the merest fraction of this territory, and, lying in the south-east corner, is as yet the only part accessible by rail.

Over this vast region, and indeed all that lies between it and the Arctic Ocean, for two hundred years the Hudson Bay Company exercised territorial rights. Till within a few years it was practically unknown except as a preserve of fur-bearing animals; and prior to 1870 it was hard to find any information as to its material resources or its value. The Company discouraged every attempt that threatened to interfere with the fur-bearing animals, or the Indians who trapped them; still it became known that some of this vast region was not utterly worthless for other purposes; the soil looked deep and rich in many places, and in the western part the buffalo found a winter subsistence, for the snows were seldom deep, and in the pure dry air and the hot autumnal sun the grasses; instead of withering, dried into natural hay. The early explorers, too, had brought back reports of noble rivers, of fertile prairies, of great beds of coal, of belts of fine timber. But, what cared the company for these? The rivers, it is true, were valuable as being the homes of the otter, the mink, and other fur-bearing animals, and furnished fish for their employees, and highways for their canoes. For the rest they had no use. At last, in 1870, seeing that they could no longer exclude the world from these fertile regions, the Hudson Bay Company sold their territorial rights to Canada, which now began to see its way to a railroad across the continent, to link the colonies from Nova Scotia to British Columbia.

In the North-west, we see a land that has remained isolated from the rest of the world, untrodden except by the Indian or the trapper, suddenly thrown open for settlement, and on terms as liberal as those offered by our government or land grant railroads.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is already completed 450 miles west of Winnipeg, and it is hoped, not without reason, that another 100 miles will be completed towards the mountains

present year. To build two or even three miles a day across such a country as this division traverses would be no extraordinary feat in modern railroading. Branches, too, north and south, will be rapidly constructed not to accommodate existing traffic, but to create it. Now, it seems as if nothing short of some financial panic, some gross blundering or stupidity, could delay the construction of the railroad, or check the flood of immigration that must surely pour in.

THE CAPTAIN'S REMEDY.

BY JENNY L. KNO.

For Recitation.

H! sailing away, and sailing away,
Far over the shimmering sea,
Went little Jack Hill as a sailor-boy,
In the stout ship *Nancy Lee*.

The captain was kind, and kind was the crew;
No reason could any one find,
Why bright little Jack, the pet of the ship,
Should not have a contented mind.

But he longed to be grown, to become a man,
To command instead of obey;
For, like many bright lads in this world of ours,
He liked to have his own way.

He felt very sure, this sailor-boy Jack,
That could he but smoke and chew,
He would be a much larger and wiser lad—
At least in the sailors' view.

One day behind lading and boxes he hid,
With tobacco to chew and smoke;
But chewing and smoking were new to poor Jack,
And the way he soon felt no joke.

The captain spied him with swollen cheek,
As behind the boxes he lay,
And asked for a look at the troublesome tooth,
In a kind but commanding way.

When Jack slowly opened his mouth he cried:
"Much worse than the toothache sure,
But I think I know of a remedy,
That will soon effect a cure."

And he called for the tongs, and a pan of sand,
And a piece of canvas stout,
Then showed to the boatswain the dirty mouth,
And told him to clean it out.

Then freely the boatswain used tongs and sand,
And canvas and soap without fear,
Till the bleeding mouth of the sailor-boy Jack,
From tobacco was wondrous clear.

And the soap or sand, or canvas stout,
Or the pain he has endured,
Has worked like a charm, for of love of the "weed"
Little Jack is entirely cured.

BAD BARGAINS.

ONCE a Sabbath-school teacher remarked that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain, and inquired if any scholar recollected an instance in Scripture of a bad bargain.

"I do," replied a boy, "Esaú made a bad bargain when he sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage."

A second said: "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver."

A third boy observed: "Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul."—*Intelligencer*.