

GENERAL READING.
ANECDOTES OF PRINCE BISMARCK.

In an "anecdotal photograph" of Prince Bismarck, a writer in *Truth* says:—Bismarck was never at any time in his life a pleasant person to negotiate with either in private or public business; for he was born with a short temper, and has been shortening the same ever since. While Bismarck was Ambassador at St. Petersburg he was one evening at the palace of Princess Bariatinski, and said so many sharp, biting things of this and that public personage that the guests who heard him ended by feeling quite uncomfortable. At last his Excellency rose to go, and a few minutes afterwards the yard-dog was heard barking furiously at him as he made for his carriage. Prince Bariatinski could not miss the chance of being even with the man who had just shown himself so snappish, so, throwing open the window, he exclaimed, "Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, ne mordez pas mon chien!" Another high Russian personage, the late General Mezentsoff (so unfortunately assassinated) once "scored" off Bismarck at the Cercles des Anglais. The Prussian used often to gothere to play cards, and one evening as he sauntered in he noticed that Mezentsoff was holding a handkerchief to his ear. "Ear ache?" asked the ambassador. "Yes, your Excellency," answered the General, "vous m'avez donne un coup de langue." Bismarck can be spiteful in three languages besides his own. He speaks English correctly, Russian fairly, and French excellently. Unlike Marshal Moltke, who having had an English wife, has contracted a taste for British literature, and delights in the novels of Miss Braddon and Mrs. Henry Woods, Bismarck prefers French novels, and the looser they are the better he likes them. Feydau, Edmond de Goncourt and Flaubert are his favourite authors, and of late he has addicted himself to a steady course of Zola's realistic productions. About three years ago it was my fortune to see Prince Bismarck and to have a long hour's talk with him at his house in the Wilhelmstrasse, Berlin. He smoked during the whole interview, inviting me to do the same, and every now and then he poured himself out a glass of beer from a jug at his elbow. Beside the jug stood a pile of French novels in yellow covers, and when he had finished conversing on the particular business about which I had obtained an audience, the Prince asked me what French novels I preferred, and started thence into a disquisition on French literature, about which I soon saw that he knew a good deal. I was struck, however, by his guileless in accepting such sketches as novelists draw of the darker sides of French social life as faithful delineations of ordinary manners in France. He believes that French society is corrupt to the core, and he is quite incapable of rendering justice to any of the qualities which adorn the best kind of Frenchmen. With a bluntness all his own the Chancellor pointed out to me that Frenchmen were always fouling their own nests, and that such writers as Dumas the younger and Zola when accused of doing this to a too great extent, warmly denied that there was any exaggeration in the things they wrote. I remarked that if one judged of England by the books of some sensational novelists one might imagine London society to be overrun with thieves, forgers and blacklegs. "Well, I do believe thieving is the natural vice of Englishmen," said Bismarck. "It must needs be that of a commercial race. There is not a prison in Europe but has some English pickpocket in it. Thieving, however, when it becomes a natural impulse, makes a people fond of conquest; it does not drag down their morale and render them effeminate, as the French are from letting themselves be governed by women." This observation brought us back to politics, and I asked Bismarck whether he believed that Republican institutions could take root in France. He emphatically answered: "Nothing will serve Frenchmen but to be governed with a firm hand, but whether the ruler calls himself an Emperor or a Republican does not matter." He then spoke of M. Thiers, and by and by gave his opinion of Gambetta: "A man of energy, who reminds me of the fellow ('der kel') who led out a pack of dogs to hunt a buck, promising that they should have the quarry for their supper. They failed to catch the buck, and the man apologised, saying he had hoped to keep his word. 'Well, never mind,' said the dogs; 'we'll eat you instead.' And they did." It is a habit of Bismarck to depreciate any man who makes a figure in the world. He has said worse things of Lord Beaconsfield than I care to repeat here, and has prophesied many times that when Mr. Gladstone became politically "played out," he would excite a new sensation by going over to Rome. When the pamphlet on "Vaticanism" appeared, Bismarck (though he wrote the author a letter of congratulation) remarked drily: "If Gladstone were not a married man we should hear of him as a cardinal in ten year's

time." He said something much more waspish of Marshal MacMahon. When somebody observed to him that the latter had determined to make a stand against the Reds—"Bah, MacMahon wanted to sport Napoleon's hat, but he has put on Dupaulp's mitre by mistake." As to M. Gambetta, I should mention that Bismarck has to my certain knowledge recanted the disparaging opinion he expressed three years ago, and the dominant feeling in his mind at present is uneasiness at the statesmanlike qualities which the Republican leader has displayed.

POPULAR NEW GOOSEBERRIES.
A SELECTION FOR THE FRUIT FARM AND GARDEN.

BY E. H. HAINES.
Many persons have hastily concluded or obtained the impression that this fruit cannot be grown successfully in this country. It is perhaps only natural that such should be the case, as in former years the only kinds that were to be found in our fruit gardens were the English varieties, which though of fine size and of excellent flavor, were yet rendered nearly useless by their liability to become covered with rust or mildew. However, now that new native American varieties of large size have made their appearance, there will again be rejoicing in many gardens from which the gooseberry had been banished. We do not wonder that these new varieties are hailed with such delight as, ripening as they do during the hot days of summer, the acid of the fruit proves very acceptable, and more especially as their season for use comes after the rhubarb or "pie plant" had disappeared, and previous to the ripening of the early varieties of harvest apples. In describing these and other newer fruits, the reader will of course understand that it is only possible to describe them as they appear upon my own grounds, or in the few localities where they have been tested. Some years will have to elapse before it can be known definitely how they will succeed in every section of our country, so I must content myself with descriptions of the fruits as they appear in their native soils, without waiting for reports to reach me of experiments in other localities.

Downing's Seedling. This is proving a great favorite almost everywhere where grown. The fruit is of a light green color, of large size, of good quality, and very seldom attacked by mildew. The plants are of a short and compact habit of growth, and with a full supply of thorns. Why the gooseberry is so well provided with thorns is somewhat of a mystery. However, it is not the only plant thus guarded. Some persons seem to take delight in telling those who have had their feelings lacerated by reaching after roses "that the sweetest rose is guarded by the most thorns." It certainly is a fact that these thorns give a certain coyness to the gooseberry, which makes the fruit, perhaps, all the more attractive to man, whose nature seems to rejoice in reaching after whatever has barriers (briars) in the way.

Late Emerald. This also is rendered attractive by a fine array of needles of the most approved pattern, and men are reaching after it and being attracted to it as eagerly as are moths to a candle. However with the difference that their hearts are made to rejoice instead of being stung. Those who do not care to give wings to their imagination in picking fruit, will find, perhaps, more permanent enjoyment in the very matter-of-fact use of a good thick pair of gloves. The fruit of the *Late Emerald* is extra large, of a fine, green color, and of good quality.

Smith's Improved is a yellowish green-berry of decided merit. The fruit ripens earlier than the last, is of large size, and excellent for either table use or market purposes. All of these varieties may be used for "preserving," in which condition they help to make a pleasing variety for the table in winter. **Houghton's Seedling** and **Early Ruby** are two hardy red varieties. The first, though of small size, has been planted out largely for market purposes, but will hardly retain its pre-eminence when these newer kinds become known.

All the gooseberries that I have named here are hardy varieties, requiring no protection in winter. They are all native American seedlings, and are usually so free from rust as to be called "mildew proof." If planted in the partial shade of trees and well manured each fall, then excellent success will be obtained with them. However, these American varieties are so seldom troubled with mildew, that they will thrive in almost any situation. One and two year old plants are the sizes usually set out, as they succeed better than old bushes. They stand rough handling and transplanting readily, as I have sent them through the mails successfully to customers living in the most distant States. Plant out in March or April four feet apart. Cultivate frequently during the spring and early summer, and rich rewards will follow in due time. *Sangerities-on-Hudson, N. Y.*

FAMILY READING.

HOW WE LEARN.
Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth
Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walk of easy life,
Blown by the careless wind across, our way.

Bought in the market, at the current price,
Bred of the smile, the jest, perchance the bowl;
It tells no tales of daring or of worth.
Nor pierces even the surface of a soul.

Great truths are greatly won. Not found by chance.
Nor wailed by the breath of summer dream;
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

Not in the general mart, 'mid corn and wine;
Not in the merchandise of gold and gems;
Not in the world's gay hall of midnight mirth;
Not 'mid the blaze of regal diadems.

But in the day of conflict, fear and grief,
When the strong hand of God, put forth in might
Plows up the sub-soil of the stagnant heart,
And brings the imprisoned truth—seed to the light.

Wring from the troubled spirit in hard hours
Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,
Truth springs, like harvest from the well-plowed
field,
And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.

SONNET.

O Thou! who art my soul's best truest Love!
My chosen, chiefest of ten thousand, Thou!
O let my aching heart, and throbbing brow,
And heavy griefs Thy soul's great pity move.—
The glorious promises fulfilled I prove.
The comforter Divine dwells in me now
Even Thou art with me O thou gentle Dove
The same which brooded o'er chaotic night
Doth permeate and fill my ransomed soul,
And glory radiant—uncreated Light
Fills my soul's vision—how bright!
Peace—joy ineffable are my delight
And soon heaven's harmonies shall o'er me roll
Its glories burst on my enraptured sight?
Jan'y 26th, 1879

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

In travelling we often meet with persons of different nationalities and languages. We also meet with incidents of various character—some sorrowful, and others joyful and instructive. One of the latter character I witnessed recently while travelling in the cars. The train was going west, and the time was evening. At a station a little girl about eight years old came aboard, carrying a little budget under her arm. She came into the car and deliberately took a seat. She then commenced an eager scrutiny of faces, but all were strangers to her. She appeared weary, and placing her budget for a pillow, she prepared to try to secure a little sleep. Soon she conductor came along, collecting tickets and fare. Observing him, she asked if she might lie there. The gentlemanly conductor replied that she might, and then kindly asked for her ticket. She informed him that she had none, when the following conversation ensued. Said the conductor:

"Where are you going?"
She answered, "I am going to heaven."

He asked again, "Who pays your fare?"
She then said, "Mister, don't this railroad lead to heaven? and does Jesus travel on it?"

He answered, "I think not. Why did you think so?"

"Why, sir, before my ma died she used to sing to me of a heavenly railroad, and you looked so nice and kind, I thought this was the road. My ma used to sing of Jesus on the heavenly railroad, and that he paid the fare for everybody; and that the train stopped at every station to take people on board; but my ma don't sing to me any more. Nobody sings to me now, and I thought I'd take the cars and go to ma. Mister, do you sing to your little girl about the railroad that goes to heaven? You have a little girl, haven't you?"

He replied, weeping, "No, my little dear, I have no little girl now. I had one once, but she died some time ago, and went to heaven."

Again she asked, "Did she go over this railroad? and are you going to see her now?"

By this time every person in the coach were upon their feet, and most of them were weeping. An attempt to describe what I witnessed is almost futile. Some said, "God bless thee, little girl!" Hearing some person say that she was an angel, the little girl earnestly replied, "Yes, my ma used to say I would be an angel some time."

Addressing herself once more to the conductor, she asked him, "Do you love Jesus?" I do; and if you love him, he will let you ride to heaven on his railroad. I am going there, and I wish you would go there with me. I know Jesus will let me into heaven when I get there, and he will let you in too, and everybody that will ride on his railroad—yes, all these people. Wouldn't you like to see heaven, and Jesus, and your little girl?"

These words, so innocently and pathetically uttered, brought a great rush of tears from all eyes, but most profusely from the eyes of the conductor. Some who were travelling on the heavenly railroad shouted aloud for joy.

She now asked the conductor, "Mister, may I lie here till we get to heaven?"
He answered, "Yes dear, yes."

She then asked, "Will you wake me up then, so that I may see my ma, and your little girl, and Jesus? for I do so much want to see them all."

The answer came in broken accents, but in words very tenderly spoken, "Yes, dear angel, yes, God bless you!" "Amen!" was sobbed by more than a score of voices.

Turning her eyes again upon the conductor, she interrogated him again: "What shall I tell your little girl when I see her? Shall I say to her that I saw her pa on Jesus' railroad? Shall I?"

This brought a fresh flood of tears from all present, and the conductor kneeled by her side, and, embracing her, wept the reply he could not utter. At this juncture the brakeman called out "H—s." The conductor arose and requested him to attend to his (the conductor's) duty at the station, for he was engaged. That was a precious place. I thank God that I was a witness to this scene; but I was sorry that at this point I was obliged to leave the train.

We learn from this incident that out of the mouth of even babes that God hath ordained strength, and that we ought to be willing to represent the cause of our blessed Jesus even in a railroad coach.

SEQUEL.

REV. MR. DOSH.—I wish to relieve my heart by writing to you, and saying that that angel visit on the cars was a blessing to me, although I did not realize it in his fullness until some hours after. But, blessed be the Redeemer, I know now I am his and he is mine. I no longer wonder why Christians are happy. O my joy, my joy! The instrument of my salvation has gone to God. I had purposed adopting her in the place of my little daughter, who is now in heaven. With this intention I took her to C—n, and on my return trip I took her back to S—n, where she left the cars. In consultation with my wife in regard to adopting her, she replied, "Yes, certainly, and immediately, too, for there is a divine providence in this. O," said she, "I never could refuse to take under my charge the instrument of my husband's salvation." I made inquiry for the child at S—n, and learned that in three days after her return she had died suddenly, without any apparent disease, and her happy soul had gone to dwell with her ma, my little girl, and the angels in heaven. I was sorry to hear of her death; but my sorrow is turned into joy when I think my angel daughter received intelligence from earth concerning her pa, and that he is on the heavenly railway. O, sir, methinks I see her near the Redeemer! I think I hear her sing, "I'm safe at home, and pa and ma are coming," and I find myself sending back the reply, "Yes, darling, we are coming, and will soon be there." O, my dear sir, I am glad that I ever formed your acquaintance! May the blessings of the great God rest upon you! Please write me, and be assured, rev. sir, I would be most happy to meet you again.—*Rev. J. H. Dosh, in Christian Expositor.*

PAINT, PUTTY AND PIETY.

A lady writes thus to the "Christian at Work":

"I wish you could say a word about putting one's religion into one's work. Last year I built a new house, and got a professing Christian man to paint it. He makes good prayers at the prayer-meetings, and says a good word of advice to the young. But he didn't fill the nail-holes of the outer and upper trimmings with putty, and he didn't paint the top edge of the doors of the upper story. He took care to slight his work just where he thought it wouldn't be discovered. But the nails were drawn out by the sun, causing a leak, so that his neglect in this direction was discovered; then, having occasion to have the top of one door planed so that it might shut—again his slighted work told its story. I have 'discounted' that man's piety and prayers ever since. Perhaps this painter treated me as he did because I am a widow. Anyway, I prefer Christians who will fill up the nail-holes with putty, and paint the tops of the upper doors!"

The editor adds: Our correspondent has said quite as effective a word about putting one's religion into one's work as we could possibly say. And our friend is right; we want such Christians as will do their work, not rendering eye-service as men-pleasers, but with good will, as doing service to the Lord, and not to men. O you 'Christian' painter, how could you leave those nail holes go? How could you? O how could you leave the top of those upper doors unpainted, and above all, serve a woman, and she a widow too, in this way? Was it manly? Was it Christian? Was it honest? We advise that painter to pray less for others and more for himself, that the Lord may put into his heart as strong a desire for right doing as he seems to have for right talking. Yes, our correspondent is quite right—we want more Christians who fill up the holes with putty, and paint the tops of the upper doors!"

FROM THE MISSION ROOMS.

JAPAN.—CONVENTION OF PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES.

Any one who has the means of knowing the brotherly relationship existing amongst Christian ministers abroad must have been struck with the fellowship and unity which mark their intercourse in both social and religious life. The lines of sectarian distinction on foreign missions are, in most places, exceedingly faint; and whilst firmly adhering to the solemn verities which belong to a "common salvation," there is less importance attached to outward ceremonies and conventional usages, which in Christian communities often exert a baneful separating influence on the hearts and conduct of ministers, who, with all their differences, yet possessing so many things of equal importance to all, might cultivate and practise more of the loving spirit of Christ, their living head.

In the vast empire of Japan, we have recently had an excellent illustration of stepping over denominational boundaries, in the representatives of the cross meeting in holy fellowship for the purpose of devising as to the best method of translating the Old Testament Scriptures into the Japanese language. The consultation was suggested by the missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, who explained their views by a circular sent to all Protestant missionaries known to be laboring in Japan. This was favorably and promptly responded to, and on the 10th of May, 1878, forty-seven workers in the Lord's vineyard were assembled in Tokio, to discuss the important question of translation, amongst whom was found the Rev. George Cochran, as representative of the Methodist Church of Canada. There were ministers representing nine distinct religious organizations in the United States of America, and six of what are called British missions; nor was that heaven-born institution—the Bible Society—forgotten, for three of the forty-seven represented the parent society, the American Bible Society and the National Bible Society of Scotland. The lay element had six representatives, including three M.D.'s. Of this convention, the Rev. R. S. Maclay, D.D., of the American Methodist Episcopal Mission, was unanimously elected Chairman; and on nomination of Dr. Faulds, of the Mission of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, the Rev. D. C. Greene, of the Mission of the American Board, was elected secretary.

The first days work, after much discussion, appears to be embodied in the following preamble and resolutions:—

"This convention appreciates and takes pleasure in recognizing the value of the work upon the Old Testament already accomplished by the Tokio Translation Committee. In view, however, of the fact that the missionaries in Japan generally desire to co-operate in labor upon the Old Testament, as well as to provide a means of meeting certain contingencies which may arise,

Resolved (1). That each mission represented in this convention be requested from time to time, to elect one of its members who shall serve upon a permanent committee.

(2). That this committee shall have the right to add to their number a delegate from any Protestant mission not represented in this convention, upon application to them from such a mission.

(3). That this Permanent Committee shall have authority to select, in whatever way or ways may seem best to them, a committee or committees for the translation of the Old Testament, to whom they shall assign the various parts of the work, and shall also appoint a general revising committee.

(4). That any difficulties or differences which may arise in the translating committees may be referred for settlement to the Permanent Committee, who may either settle the same themselves or refer them for settlement to the General Revising Committee.

On the 13th, the members of the convention assembled again, when devotional exercises were conducted by the Rev. M. Cochran. From the resolutions passed this day, we select the following:—

(1). That after the publication of the first edition under the supervision of the Permanent Committee, each Bible Society represented in this convention shall be permitted to print and publish such editions as its agent may deem desirable, provided that the text of the authorized edition be not departed from, it being distinctly understood that any translations put forth by the Permanent Committee are the common property of all Protestant missionaries.

(2). That in the judgment of this committee the general style of translation of the Old Testament should so far be assimilated to that of the New Testament, that when the whole Bible is completed, it shall present a uniformity in this respect corresponding to that of the Authorized English Version.

(3). That in the opinion of this convention the translation of the New Testament produced by the Yokohama Committee ought to be considered the common property of the Protestant missionaries laboring in this country, and that the Bible Societies represented in this convention ought to have an equal right to publish the same.

(4). That in the opinion of this convention all future productions of the Yokohama Committee ought to be published jointly by the Bible Societies represented in this convention, upon the motion of Permanent Committee, and that on the completion of the New Testament the conservation of the text ought to be vested in the Permanent Committee.

In Japan, there are now 104 Protestant missionaries, exclusive of wives, nine ordained natives, and seventy seven assistants, and 1617 Church members; and yet, what are these amongst thirty-two millions of idolaters?

Verse 1, 2.
"dear to the
ly constituted.
God, will take
God's house."
referring to the
tabernacle, and
The tabernacle
the Holy Place
show-bread, the
of incense) and
in which stood
Lord of hosts,
The Almighty,
of all created by
his way. Fair
land of strange
of God's house,
years after the
throne. 2. "W
they are no lon
on your school
God.] Yours
tabernacle in t
court around it
of sacrifice and
able that in afte
around this "c
also inclosed as
shippers. The
others outside o
and one for the
my flesh. Exp
feeling and of
the nature, for
"The body, as
rest and refresh
God's house." I
ites loved to th
tions worshippe
living God. 4.
that we have
power, but also
3. 4. The spo
trasts his own c
house of God w
flattered at wil
the Sacred Ten
nests around the
tries these bird
ing their nests
reach of passio
Thine altars. T
the brazen altar
in the open co
altar of incense
the veil. The ne
not on, but near
"While we mis
church, yet we
hearts, a dwelli
King and my G
relation to Jeho
said of Christ,
himself for me.
individual inter
our Lord." The
Not only the b
young on the
but the priests w
and night, and
like Anna in af
spent much of
courts. Still p
times engaged
Hebrew word in
end of a stanza,
instrumental int
5. 6. Whose
God as his s
leaning on God
In whose heart
obscure clause,
interpreted. T
to be that of G
heart are the p
paths over whic
to the annual fe
palms call to
ing the roads w
God, and count
far away amo
saint loves the
place of worship
erwise translate
trees," or, whic
ley of weeping."
applied to one o
Jerusalem, whic
desolate. A uc
tain's." The f
grims transform
place of fertili
reference is to
for the needs of
serviceable to
them. 9. "Thu
come a means of
7. 8. 9. Streng
hasits growth w