

Up in the Country; or Eventide Musings.



Do not refer to latitude or longitude, not having taken any bearings as to the points of the compass. But since leaving Halifax it is evident the writer has gone up in the world and stands higher, if not in the esteem and estimation of others, in actual point of fact, than for a long time since. To-day as the hilltop was climbed and the valley widened and spread beneath, the certainty of going up in the world added additional inspiration to the invigorating breezes, which smelled the sweeter and more healthful from having swept across the bosom of the ocean and gathered ozone from the crested waves which lapped and dashed against the not distant shore. There is a pleasure, when jaded and toil-worn, in going into the country; but the writer thinks there is nothing like going up in the country. It broadens the view and expands the desire for higher, holier and loftier things as one rises above the tide of life rolling in the valley below. The smell of the balmy fir, as in its spring-tide freshness, it develops its tender green, is in itself a healing healthful medicine. And to watch the distant fleecy clouds as they, in all their majesty, sweep along is an inspiration. Toward eventide, when the stillness was undisturbed, the feathery songsters had hushed their warblings and tucked their heads beneath their wings to await to-morrow's dawn, how supremely grand to note the unbroken calm and silence, rendered more notable by the now and then shrill note and piping of a solitary frog. Truly the scene is rendered majestic as one gazes; there is not a thunder peal, no black and lowering cloud, but ever and anon from above and beyond the hilltop a gleam of vivid light bursts forth and the glare lights with new beauty the fleecy cloud-spread which is covering the sun as it sinks to rest. Kind curtains of the night! How merciful this provision of nature! Without it balmy sleep would often be an impossibility, and selfish, avaricious man would in his covetous desire to wrest from nature a more plenteous harvest, overwork himself and more patient beast, until life would be unbearable and self-consumed. But the darkness thickens, we must retrace our steps. And now as by the lamplight the pen records the musings of the closing hour of a summer sunset on a hilltop, the faithful clicking of the farm house clock says, "cut it short! cut it short! cut it short!" We will endeavour to do so and be practical by retiring to rest.

An order for 70,000 whistles has been given to supply the Metropolitan police.

Bronze needles have been found in Egyptian tombs, which must have been made four thousand years ago.

The best is the cheapest. This more especially so in the matter of wives.

A lover will often take a whole year to press his suit, when a tailor would do it for him in less than half an hour.

Solomon saith, "money answereth all things." With a more limited experience, we know it will pay the printers, and would therefore suggest, *please pay your*

subscription. We look upon all our readers as helpers. It is polite to pass on in a friendly way a BUD AND BLOSSOM. You might suggest they can be had all the year around for seventy-five cents.

An old farmer once said to his boys: "Boys, don't you ever spekerlate, or wait for somethin' to turn up. You might just as well go and sit down on a stone in the middle of a medder, with a pail twix' your legs and wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked.

A young man sent fifty cents to a New York advertiser to learn 'how to make money fast,' and was advised in reply to glue a five dollar greenback to the bottom of his trunk. Having noither greenback nor trunk, he still is unable to make money fast.

New South Wales has one farmer, Mr. Samuel Mackey, whose lands running 700 miles in one direction, include 5,000,000 acres, nearly all of which have been reclaimed from the desert. Last year he shared 1,500,000 sheep, and this year will have 2,500,000.

A gentleman was congratulating a friend the other day on his recent marriage. "Yes," said the latter, thanking him for his pleasant words, "if you marry and get the right one there is nothing like it; and if you don't get the right one I suppose there is nothing like it."

Mr. Spurgeon puts it strongly when he says,— "I see it publicly stated by men who call themselves Christians, that it would be advisable for Christians to frequent the theatre that the character of the drama might be raised. The suggestion is about as sensible as if we were bidden to pour a bottle of lavender water into a great sewer to improve its aroma."

Home Circle.

TABERNACLE NOTES.—Received by baptism, June 1st, one; letter, two.

DONATIONS.—Missions, 50c, Mrs. Burgis. Building Fund, Mrs. Sweeny, 50c. During the past month one of the classes in our Sabbath School purchased a lot in India for a home for a native preacher. The Mission board has kindly allowed it to be called the *Kimedy Tabernacle Home*.

BOOK REVIEWS and exchange notes held over.

Olive Branches.

May 23rd, The wife of Mr. C. Hubley, of a son.
June 12th, The wife of Mr. W. Heckman of a daughter.

Orange Blossoms.

June 18th, At the residence of the bride, James Herman, to Ella Covey.

On the same date, Henry Cornelius, to Alice Boutlier.

June 19th, William Nodwell to Libbie Smith, both of Halifax. All married by the pastor of the Tabernacle, J. F. Avory.