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NOTICE.

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THE LATE KING OF ITALY.

There are very few kings who require much persuasion to accept a crown. Victor Emmanuel II., the late King of Italy, was one of these. But the circumstances were most peculiar. His father was Charles Albert, King of Savoy, whose kingdom was a very small one lying at the foot of the Alps on the French side. For many years it had been a dependance on the German Crown. Savoy under Charles Albert grew to be very ambitious, and managed to gain possession of Piedmont on the other side of the Alps, and the King began to entertain the idea of the union of all Italy under one crown. About this time, in 1848, the Italians broke out into rebellion against the Austrians, who held the country under tribute; Charles Albert put himself at the head of the movement, and was called "The sword of Italy." His eldest son, Victor Emmanuel, was given command of a brigade and at the battle of Goito, when the Italians were defeated, was wounded in the thigh.

The next year the war was renewed, and Charles Albert was again defeated at Novara. On the evening of the battle the King, heart-broken at the disastrous result of his efforts in favor of Italian unity, returned to the Beckini palace, and summoned to him his sons, Victor Emmanuel and the Duke of Genoa, and the Generals of his army. When they had assembled, he, entering the room where they were, said:—"Gentlemen, fortune has betrayed your courage and my hopes; our army is dissolved; it would be impossible to prolong the struggle. My task is accomplished, and I think I shall render an important service to my country by giving a last proof of devotedness in abdicating in favor of my son, Victor Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy. He will obtain from Austria conditions of peace which she would refuse if treating with me." This evidence of his self-sacrificing love for his country moved those present to tears, and they endeavored to persuade him to remain their king. But his purpose continued unshaken, and he voluntarily exiled himself to Portugal, where he grieved himself to death, dying the same year.

Victor Emmanuel thus became King of Savoy, then shortly after by an alliance with France defeated Austria and gained other provinces in Italy, and principally through Garibaldi's exertions became at last king of United Italy, in the year 1871 when through the Franco-Prussian war the French troops were withdrawn from Rome. In January last Victor Emmanuel died, and his son, Humbert I., now reigns in his stead.

THE FIRESIDE AND THE FURNACE.

BY REV. GEO. M. BOYNTON.

The fireside of our fathers was the centre of family life. But the furnace! who ever saw a modern city family gathered for cheer around the black registered hole in floor or wall, through which comes in the rush of (we confess it) comfortable warmth. The stove, which was the link between the two, had at least this advantage, that you could gather around it, though the black monument was not a very attractive centre. But who can gather around the furnace in the cellar, or the register in the floor, except as shivering mariners put into inhospitable harbors in stress of weather.

Over against the centripetal attractions of

just on the verge of proposing to the stylish Estella. Bill and Jack are in their quarters, playing cards and betting dimes. And the little ones—why, nurse has care of them in the nursery.

It is the evil of this dispersion of the household through the house, which is the gravest effect in our estimation of the replacing of the fireside by the furnace. It is a promoter of selfishness. God setteth the solitary in families; but the furnace separates the family into solitariness. The truest life of the family is when the old and the young mix and mingle most freely in their recreations and their vestings. So the old keep young, and the young catch a little of the steadiness of age; age forgets its cares, and youth is kept within the limits which experience has found to

will be formed again. Fathers and sons will be loath to desert the fireside for the club-room or the billiard-hall. All good things will grow under its stimulating warmth. The "dear familiar habit of living together," which constitutes the family, will be resumed.

The conclusion of the matter is: if you must have a furnace, have a fireside too.—*Christian Weekly.*

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE.—Blessed be the man who discovered children. He was greater than Columbus. The navigator found a continent, the later explorer opened the way to the Child-world. Of course, there were boys and girls before his day; in fact, nobody knows precisely when children appeared, but their discovery was quite a modern event, a thing of this day and generation. The strange part of this is that, though there had been children since the world began, they had not been really known, and the Child-world was an unexplored country dimly visible to the hearts of a few wisely foolish mothers. And now, the grown-up world having been introduced to the younger world, having mapped its misty coasts and plotted its hills of difficulty, its rivers of ease—there is a great interest manifested in it, and the little people who dwell there have seen marvellous things done for them and their country. To tell all that has been done for children since they were discovered would fill a book. Even the science of child-life is interesting, but the art and literature that have sprung up since the way to the Child-world was opened are of still more interest. When it was discovered that children needed a literature, efforts were made to produce it from such materials as were at hand. At first it inclined to the merely "goodish" and dull, and then slowly grew brighter and more natural. The first attempts were failures. The writers talked over the heads of the readers and wearied them, or they talked down to them and offended them. Bad books, of course, sprang up after a while, and the "penny dreadful" newspaper flourished mightily. Still, as time went on, good and true men and loving women began to learn that no man is too wise or good to teach a child, and sweet, bright and instructive books that were neither goody nor vicious appeared. Only when it came to be understood that children are but younger men and women, only when the author became as a little child, could he enter into the kingdom of children's hearts. Art became recognized as peculiarly the child's friend and teacher, and joined to a newer and fairer literature it produced books and papers the like of which the Child-world had never seen.—*St. Nicholas.*

—The *Sunday-School Times* argues at length that the superintendent should make preparation for the prayer he is to offer at the opening of the school: "No man who knows in advance that he is to lead others in prayer has a right to neglect preparation for this service. In his closet he may pour out his soul as freely and spontaneously as he pleases; even in the social prayer-meeting he may sometimes let his heart give unrestrained expression to its feelings and desires, without impropriety; but if he is to be a leader in worship, if he is to represent others in prayer, it behooves him to carefully consider those for whom he speaks and to prepare himself to give fitting utterance to their prayers and praises. He has no right to expect to be inspired of the Holy Spirit in this service if he neglects all needful preparation, any more than he is entitled to suppose that he can teach or preach through inspiration without preliminary study. The men who sneer at 'book learning' for preachers, or who prate of the inspiration of their off-hand prayers, are not those whose preaching is edifying or whose prayers are peculiarly devotional and inspiring."



THE LATE VICTOR EMMANUEL II.

the fireside is the centrifugal, dispersive power of the furnace. It breaks up the family. It sends each off to equally comfortable apartments. There is no living-room: why, the name is almost disreputable nowadays; it suggests poverty and a flavor of stale dinners. Father and mother have their little sitting-room, just off their bedroom, where they sit, cosily or not as they chance to make it, together. And the boys and girls, each humoring their separate and selfish tastes, are in their cells; elegant and charming cells they may be, but still not together. Mary is at some elaborate worsted-work, and cannot count the stitches in the midst of general conversation. Fanny has just come to the most delightful chapter of the last new novel, where the rakish Henrique is

be wise and needful. While, then, we would not advise the removal of the furnace, we urge on all to whom it is a possibility, for its social and moral effect, to have somewhere—in the room where the family may most easily be gathered—the magnet of an open fire. That old heathen idol-maker, of whom Isaiah writes, knew what he was about when he said, "Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire." A grate of coals is good, if that is the best thing you can get—a fireplace is better. It need not be as wide and deep as they used to make them fifty years ago; only a place where a few hickory sticks may blaze for a little with fantastic flame, and glow at you with meditative mirth through the long evening. It will have magical effect. The cells will be deserted. The family circle