

HOME CIRCLE.

DR. ORMISTON ON FARMING.

At a recent meeting held in New York, the Rev. Dr. Ormiston gave his opinion of farming. He said:—"I was a Scotch farmer for nineteen years, but it was a very different style of farming from that in which you, gentlemen, are engaged. These arms have levelled many a giant in the forest of Canada. These shoulders have ached with carrying sap to make six hundred pounds of maple sugar. How would you like that? I knew all about my style of farming before I went to college. I still retain a strong love for the calling, and if I was not a minister I should certainly be a farmer. As I have said, our old homestead recently fell into my hands, and I have placed my nephew in charge of it. I obtained some pamphlets on ensilage from Mr. Brown, and I have been thoroughly convinced that the thing is correct, and based on scientific principles. There is no principle in nature which the God-given brain of man cannot make serviceable to himself and fellows. You are introducing a new system into the department of agriculture, and I am going to introduce it in the northern land. I desire to popularize it among the men who need it; not that it will make me richer, but I do propose to set a magnificent example. On my farm you can plough a mile and a half without striking a stone as large as a hen's egg. The old elm is standing yet, beneath which sweet words were spoken thirty-five years ago, and, I need not say, is hallowed by a thousand pleasant memories of days that are fled. Now, I am going to preach on Sabbath and talk ensilage all the week. You know the Scotch are a stubborn people. Nothing in the world is as stubborn as a Scotchman, but there is a way to reach him. You give him three bawbees where he only had two before, and you have him. Show him how to make three pounds of butter where he only made two before, and you have captured Sandy. They come from a land where they must dig or die, and they are forced to make the most of everything."

THE DAY OF REST.

Sweet day of rest! the very sound is healing—
A hush amid the conflict and the strife;
The calm of heaven is softly round us stealing—
We hear the whispers of a holier life.

Earth's misty veil, that hangs so closely round us,
Is gently lifted this one day in seven;
And pressing cares, which in their net have bound us,
Retire, and leave us transient gleams of heaven.

This day, on which the Saviour rose to glory,
Has left a shining radiance on its track;
Again we hear with joy "the old, old story;"
Our childhood's faith on wings of light comes back.

Oh, wherefore, wherefore should we lose the blessing,
When morn restores the round of earthly care?
Happy the souls who, all in Christ possessing,
Breathe, e'en below, heaven's pure celestial air.

And we, amidst the daily path of duty,
May keep the oil still burning in our breast;
So shall the toilsome path grow bright with beauty,
And every day shall be a day of rest.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

The doctor, as things now are, lives by the existence of disease. If we were all, and always, in good health, his occupation would be gone. But every good doctor—i. e., every doctor, except, possibly, a few unspeakable wretches—fights disease to the very utmost of his power. He gives no quarter wherever he sees it. His one work in life is to destroy that by which, under our arrangements, he gets his bread. He has no faith in disease. He believes in health, and that only; and if any physician were known to sow disease broadcast for the sake of gain, the rest, instead of thanking him for making them work, would kick him out of society—yea, out of the universe, if they could, and it were lawful.

And when a time of special danger comes, when the greatest pestilence sweeps through the cities, the doctor's ethics require that every physician shall take his life in his hand, and shall be at his post, waiting for every call of distress that may come to him. That is, as Ruskin says, "the point of honour" to the profession—the point at which the doctor must die rather than yield. And that is why the medical profession is a *liberal* profession; because it has a standard of duty and of honour, which is not that of selfish gain and pecuniary advantage.

When that great Scottish physician, Sir James Y. Simpson, was borne to his last resting-place, what constituted his crown of glory? Was it that men counted up the sovereigns and problems who had called him to their bedsides, and had poured wealth into his hands in payment for a skill that might give them back life and health? Or was it that Edinburgh emptied her wynds and alleys of her poor to weep over the bier of the man whose ear had been open to every cry of their misery?—*Rev. Prof. R. E. Thompson.*

GOING TO BED IN JAPAN.

Going to bed in Japan is rather an indefinite expression for anyone accustomed to sleep between sheets and blankets and upon snowy pillows. In fact, you do not "go" to bed at all, but the bed, such as it is, simply comes to you; and the style of preparing for the night is about the same wherever you are. First, a cotton-stuffed mat is laid anywhere upon the floor, and a block or roll is placed at one end to rest (?) your head upon. Then you lie down, and a cotton-stuffed quilt is thrown over you. This quilt is like a Jap dress on a big scale, with large and heavily-stuffed sleeves, which flap over like wings. But the difficulty is

that these capacious sleeves, with all the rest of the bedding, contain unnumbered legions of voracious fleas hid away in recesses known only to themselves, but which only wait till you get fairly nestled in sleep, when they begin their onslaught on their defenceless and helpless victim. Awakened by the merciless havoc they are making upon you, it is in vain that you roll and toss and shake your clothes till you are wearied out—that only increases the vigour with which they renew the battle; and though you may spend hours in the faint glare of the primitive oil-lantern which is set in one corner of the room, and strive to rid yourself of the tiny tigers that are devouring you, it is all to no purpose, and you sink down at last asleep. But you are soon awakened again, only to undergo the same tribulation, and the long hours of night pass away as you pace up and down the narrow limits of the room, listening to the snoring of the dozen or more of the tough-hided sleepers that surround you, and peep through the sliding shutters of the house to see if the day is breaking or not. You cannot lie down again, for the floor is crawling with the creatures you dread, and you cannot sit down, for there is nothing to sit upon, and such a thing as a chair was never heard of in that region.

AN AMERICAN'S IDEAL.

BY WILL M. CLEMENS.

A commonplace young girl;
A decidedly rare young girl;
Stay at home night,
Do what is right,
Help-her-old-mother young girl.

A hard-to-find young girl;
A reader-of-fact young girl;
An extra poetical,
Anti-aesthetical,
Care-nothing-for-novels young girl.

A minus-her-bangs young girl;
A show-all-her-brains young girl;
With an unpowdered face,
One that don't lace,
A dress-for-her-health young girl.

An up-in-the-morning young girl;
A help-with-the-wash young girl;
One that can rub,
Not afraid of the tub,
A roll-up-her-sleeves young girl.

A quiet-and-modest young girl;
A sweet-and-pure young girl;
An upright, ambitious,
Lovely, delicious,
A pride-of-the-homo young girl.

A remarkably-scarce young girl;
A very-much-wanted young girl;
A truly-American,
Too-utter-paragon,
The kind-that-I-like young girl.

—N. Y. Independent.

LONGFELLOW.

A gentleman, who passed an evening with Mr. Longfellow a fortnight before his death, says that the poet, in spite of his indisposition, entered the room with a light step and smiling face. He was never more genial, his demeanour being almost gay as he related some of his early experiences. "He told me," writes this friend, "of his early poems and of the payments which he did not receive. 'Psalm of Life' and 'The Reaper' appeared in the 'Knickerbocker,' and were never paid for at all. 'The Voices of the Night' were printed in the 'United States Literary Gazette,' and the compensation was—dubious. Mr. Longfellow, having been informed on one occasion that the sum of thirteen dollars was subject to his order (for two prose articles and one poem), declined the so-called honorarium, and accepted a set of Chatterton's works, which are still in his library. For his contributions to another periodical, covering some two or three years, he got—a receipted bill for the same period."—*Watchman.*

BOOTS VS. THE GUILLOTINE.

During the French Revolution, a feuilletoniste named Schlaberdorf, who possessed considerable ability as a writer, by heartily espousing the cause of the Girondists in all that emanated from his pen, rendered himself obnoxious to Robespierre, and at the dictation of that fierce leader was incarcerated.

When the death-cart, one morning, came to the prison for its load of those who were that day to be mercilessly butchered, Schlaberdorf's name was on the list of the victims. The jailor informed him that such was the case, and he dressed himself for his last ride very nonchalantly and—he was extremely fastidious as to his personal appearance—with great care. His boots, however, he could not find. Here, there, everywhere, assisted by the jailor, he looked for them to no avail.

"I am quite willing to be executed," said he to the jailor, after their fruitless search, "but really, I should be ashamed to go to the guillotine without my boots. Nor do I wish to detain this excursion party," smiling grimly. "Will it make any difference if my execution is deferred till to-morrow? By that time I shall probably succeed in finding my boots."

"I don't know that it will matter particularly when you are guillotined," replied the functionary. "Suppose we call it to-morrow, then?"

"All right;" and the jailor allowed Schlaberdorf to re-

main, not unwillingly, as, owing to his universal good humour, he was especially liked by jailor and prisoners.

The following morning, when the cart drew up before the prison door for its "batch" of victims, Schlaberdorf—dressed cap-a-pie—stood waiting the summons of the jailor to take his place therein. But his name was not called that morning, nor the next, nor the fourth, nor, indeed, ever again; for, of course, it was believed he had perished on the original morning.

Till the sway of Robespierre had ended, he remained in prison; then he regained his liberty, as did the rest of those whose heads had not fallen beneath the blood-stained axe. *Youth's Companion.*

"A SCREW LOOSE."

I have written so many articles about the importance of attending to matters on the farm "in the nick of time," when "one stitch will save nine," if taken at the proper moment, that I am half afraid to write again on a subject which so many of our agricultural writers have rung the changes on, for fear some one will say it is a hobby of mine, and that so much talk about keeping everything in "apple-pie order" is quite likely to prove "too much of a good thing." But I have just seen so pertinent an illustration of the folly of neglecting what ought to be done now, until some time when there was nothing else to do, that I want to make use of it for the benefit of those who can profit more by a narration of actual experience than they can by abstract ideas.

One of my neighbours has a drag-saw. During the winter he goes about, from house to house, sawing wood.

Last week I had him engaged to saw wood for me. The logs were well skidded. Everything was conveniently arranged.

When he came he looked over the woodpile, and his face was expressive of satisfaction.

"I can put in a good week's work here," I heard him tell his boy. "They've got everything handy. There won't be anything to bother us. We can saw at least twice as much here as we did at the last place. We'll make a good thing out of it, if we don't have any bad luck."

The machine was set, and by noon on Monday everything was in readiness for operation. I went out to the wood-lot directly after dinner to see the machine started up.

Just before they began to saw, the boy came to his father and said:

"There's a screw loose on the lower part of the saw-frame. It ought to be fixed now; hadn't it?"

"Well, yes, I s'pose it had," was the reply. "But we won't bother with it now, I guess. I'll fall at it and tighten 'em all up after we get through to-day."

Now, it would not have taken ten minutes to have examined the entire machine and tightened every bolt that was loose. But no—by-and-by he would attend to it; there was more important business on hand now.

Behold the result! About an hour after they began to saw there was a grand crash, and matters came to a sudden standstill.

On investigation it was found that the "loose screw" had caused the mischief. The frame was broken, and the saw also.

"What does the damage amount to?" I asked.

"Well," was the reply, as the owner looked the machine over, "it'll take just about twenty-five dollars to get a new saw and frame. There's that much in cash that's got to go before we can do anything more, and it'll take about four days for the saw to come; so there's the loss of four days' work of myself and team. Figuring them in at three dollars a day, and that's putting it low, there's twelve dollars more, making thirty-seven. You can safely reckon on the accident costing about forty or forty-five dollars. That's the way the profits go. But if I'd seen to that loose screw it wouldn't have happened. That's what always comes of letting things go when you know they ought to be attended to."

I draw no morals. I leave that for the reader to do.—*Eden E. Rexford, in N. Y. Christian Union.*

THE centennial anniversary of the birth of Frederick Froebel, the founder of the Kindergarten school, was celebrated in Boston and other places last week.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, the poet and philosopher, died at his home in Concord, Mass., on the 27th ult., in the seventy-ninth year of his age. The funeral took place on the 30th.

THE marriage of Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, Queen Victoria's youngest son, to Princess Helena of Waldeck, took place at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on the 27th ult.

THERE is a project for settling, in New Jersey, 500 families of Hungarian immigrants of the better class of intelligent, honest, well-to-do farmers, who will locate in villages of from 50 to 100 farms.

CUBAN sugar-planters are looking with expectation to the draining of the Okeechobee lands in Florida, with the idea of removing their business thither, making Florida the great sugar-producing State. They will thus avoid the enormous Cuban taxes, as well as the duties now laid on it.

SENATOR GEORGE, of Mississippi, stated last week that the area recently flooded by the Mississippi was as great as the State of Maine, or as Delaware, Maryland and Western Virginia, and that the country afflicted is so extensive that bananas are produced in one section of it and ice at the other.

THE English Channel tunnel is to be twenty-two miles long, eighteen by twenty feet wide, and have two railroad tracks. From each end there will be a down grade of one to eighty for four miles and then a rise of one to 2,460 to the centre. The rock and earth to be taken out would make a pyramid as large as the great one in Egypt. It is estimated that the yearly receipts will be £850,000 from passengers, £300,000 from freight and £50,000 from mail. If expenses take forty per cent. of this, there will be £732,000 left for interest on the capital.