

A Two-and-a-Half-Dollar Christian.

There are a great many people in their religion that remind me of "Uncle Phil," a pious old darkey of the old times in Texas. Well, Phil was a fervent Christian with a great gift of prayer. He attended all the Saturday night prayer meetings on the neighboring plantations, and could pray louder and longer than any of the brethren. But Phil had one weakness—he dearly loved money, and, different from the negro generally, he loved to hoard it. Near by us lived a man who, not troubled about any scruples, would pay Phil a dollar to work in his field on Sundays. One Sunday night as Phil came home after dark I accosted him with:

"Where have you been, Phil?"
 "Oh, just knocking about, Massa."
 "You have been working for Miller?"
 "Well, you see, Massa, the old fellow is in needs, and he jest showed me a silver dollar, and I jest couldn't stand it."

"Ain't you afraid the devil will get you for breaking the Sabbath?"

Phil scratched his head a minute and said:
 "I guess the Lord 'll scuse me, Massa."
 "No. He says 'Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy.'"

Phil went off looking pretty sober, and it was not long before I heard his voice in fervent prayer back of the barn, and so I thought I would slip down near enough to hear.

"Oh Lord!" I heard him say, "I have this day ripped and teared, cursed and swore at them confounded oxen of Miller's and jest broke the Sabbath day. O Lord! please forgive me this time; I'll never do it again as long as I live 'cepting he gives me two dollars and a-half a day."

At this point I was obliged to beat a hasty retreat, but I am thinking that poor Uncle Phil isn't the only \$2.50 Christian in the world.

Gems of Thought.

No man is more miserable than he that hath no adversity.

It is the enemy whom we do not suspect who is the most dangerous.

Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on, ready-made with womanhood or manhood; but, day by day, here a little, and there a little, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy? Let us see the way in which a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late at breakfast, and late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot—I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kindly man—a gentleman.

There is a dreadful ambition abroad for being "genteel." We keep up appearance too often at the expense of honesty; and though we may not be rich, yet we may seem to be "respectable," though only in the meanest sense—in mere vulgar show. We have not the courage to go patiently onward in the condition of life in which it has pleased God to call us; but must needs live in some fashionable state, to which we ridiculously please to call ourselves, and all to gratify the vanity of that unsubstantial, genteel world, of which we form a part. There is a constant struggle and pressure for front seats in the social amphitheatre; in the midst of which all noble self-denying resolve is trodden down, and many fine natures are inevitably crushed to death. What misery, what bankruptcy, come from all this ambition to dazzle others with apparent worldly success, we need not describe. The mischievous results show themselves in a thousand ways—in the rank frauds committed by men who dare to be dishonest, but do not dare to seem poor; and in the desperate dashes at fortune, in which the pity is not so much for those who fail as for the hundreds of innocent families who are so often involved in their ruin.

"My boast is not that I deduce my birth From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth; But higher far my proud pretensions rise— The son of parents passed into the skies."

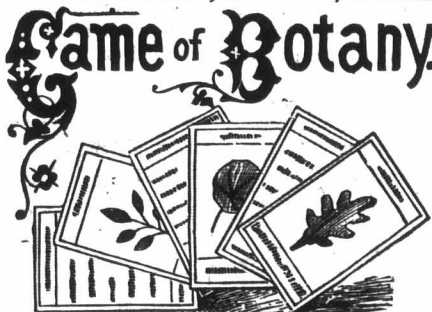
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Our engravings, "The Offer" and "The Accepted," by Thos. Faed, R. A., and the colored lithograph, "Life's Voyage," have been described in our Dec. No., 1876; Jan., 1877, and April, 1878, respectively, and after a most careful examination of hundreds of valuable engravings, we have not been able to find any more pleasing or suitable. They are without doubt unrivalled premiums.

In April No., "Homeward, or The Curfew," by Joseph Johns, was described, and a cut but faintly suggested the merit and beauty of the large engraving, 22 x 28 inches in size, now offered: and in May No., 1881, a small wood-cut of the chromo "Balmoral Castle," is given. This engraving, 24 x 30 inches in size, is of elegant finish and design. The last two mentioned were published at Two Dollars each under copyright.

"Lorne and Louise" was fully described in our Dec. No., 1879, and but a few copies remain in our hands.

OUR RULES

The name sent in must be a new one, and the subscription for one year (\$1.00) must be enclosed.

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Manufacturing interests are in a highly prosperous condition in this city. Messrs. Leonard & Sons, although losing about \$40,000 by damage done by fire to their premises, have rebuilt larger and better-looking buildings than those that were destroyed. They are full of orders, and no wonder. We never yet heard of one of their engines bursting. Durability and Efficiency should be the name of their engines, and Honor their motto, for they stand second to none in these points.

The Orchard.

We often hear the question "Is not fruit-growing going to be overdone?" I cannot conceive that it will ever be overdone to a greater extent than it has been and now is. If all the orchards that are annually planted were in soil suited to the natural requirements of the trees, and would receive such after treatment as is essential to the perfect development of tree and production of fruit, there would then be a strong probability of a disastrous shrink-up in Pomological values; but view the matter in a rational light and the probabilities lead in the opposite direction. Thousands of trees are planted by parties who are actuated so to do by motives inspired by the successful fruit harvest of a neighbor, without considering or estimating the years of steady toil in training and tilling the trees and the vigilant warfare against insect enemies. As soon as these essentials crop out and present themselves as indispensable to success, these emotional planters abandon the crops that dazzled them and induced an outlay or cash for trees and an appropriation of land, for an orchard "Bonanza." Thousands of trees are thus annually planted only to wear out a few years of feeble existence, and then give place to some other crop. In the next place, fifty per cent. of what do struggle into bearing produce inferior grades of fruit, that a supply produced by proper management will exclude from the market. But outside of this, the consumption of fruit by our own people, in so many and varied ways, is training to a development of proportions which are as stupendous as the means of production. So that when one considers the question of overdoing the growing of fruit, we fail to discover any practical or plausible reason why fruit growers should be discouraged at the future outlook of the industry. The foreign demand is wonderful, and would be far more so if a better grade of fruit was prepared, and a more honest system was adhered to by Canadians; these defects necessity will provide the proper remedy for when the time arrives. Again, the protection against a serious loss of fruit in a green state is insured by the evaporation process, by which every reasonable advantage of a good market for the products of the orchard is guaranteed.

Notwithstanding the fairness of the prospects, there are very many men engaged in growing fruit who will not succeed—men who will lose money at it—but that class, doubtless, would fail at almost anything else they undertook, not possessing the elements of success in their natures. Therefore, upon a deliberate survey, a careful examination and investigation of the whys and wherefores, I am inclined to regard the future outlook for orchardists as being of a decidedly hopeful and encouraging character.—Ex.

Russian Mulberry.

Russian Mulberry, which has not yet to our knowledge been introduced into Ontario, is recommended by Mr. Purdy in his Fruit Recorder. A correspondent, writing from Nebraska, says:—"This valuable fruit, timber and ornamental tree was brought to this country from latitude 49°, western Russia, by the Mennonites, and is, as near as we can learn, a cross between the *morua nigra* or black mulberry of Persia and the *morua Tartarica*, a native Russian variety. The tree is a very rapid grower. Last year it made a larger growth than cottonwood trees. Trees, the seed of which was planted six years ago, are now twenty feet in height and from six to eight inches in diameter. The tree grows to be very large, often reaching the height of fifty feet, and from three to five feet in diameter, and is perfectly hardy. The timber is hard and durable, and is used in the manufacture of cabinet-ware, and proves as lasting for fence posts as catalpa or red cedar. It commences to bear when two years old, and is a prolific bearer, the fruit being about the size of Kittatiny blackberries; 95 per cent. of the berries are a jet black, the balance a reddish white. They have a fine aromatic flavor and sub-acid sweet taste, and are used for dessert as we use blackberries or raspberries. The trees this year were so densely loaded as to exclude leaves. The leaves are mostly lobed or cut with from five to twelve lobes. The bark is greyish white, branches drooping."

The annual Convention of the Western Dairy-men's Association will be held at Woodstock, Ont., the first Wednesday, Thursday and Friday in February next.