

The Family.

NOTHING TO DO.

Nothing to do! In this world of ours, Where weeds spring up with fairest flowers, Where smiles have only a fitful play, Where hearts are breaking every day!

"Nothing to do!" there Christian soul, Wrapping them round in thy selfish stole; Off with thy garments of cloth and sin, Christ thy Lord hath a kingdom to win.

"Nothing to do!" There are prayers to lay On the altar of income, day by day; There are foes to meet within and without, There is error to conquer, strong and stout.

"Nothing to do!" There are minds to teach The simplest form of Christian speech; There are hearts to lure with loving words, From the grimest haunts of sin's defile.

"Nothing to do!" There are lambs to feed, The precious hope of the Church's need; Strength to be borne to the weak and faint, Virgils to keep with the doubting saint.

"Nothing to do!" and thy Saviour said, "Follow thou me, in the path I tread, Lord, lead thy help the journey through, Lost, faint, we cry, 'So much to do.'"

—The Nation.

FLIGHT OF EMPRESS EUGENIE.

Recently the students of the college invited the Faculty of Kenyon and Bealey and the citizens to meet Bishop McIlvaine at Philomathean Hall. The bishop gave us an account of Eugenie's escape from Paris, which as he had it from authentic sources, was of great interest, and contains, perhaps, facts never before made public.

It seems the safety of the Empress had been assured to her by General Trochu, who had solemnly promised to inform her of the approach of danger. For some unexplained reasons, he failed to do so; and when, on Sunday the mob began to assemble about the Tuilleries, three of her friends, Prince Metternich, the Spanish Ambassador, and M. Lesseps formed a plan for her escape and went to her rescue. M. Lesseps stood outside and harangued the mob for the purpose of detaining them, while the two other gentlemen went in search of the Empress. They found her partaking of a very frugal lunch, with one of her ladies, and her fears could not be aroused. Seeing it impossible to persuade her, the two gentlemen used force to remove her. At this she consented to make a slight preparation, and without at all changing her dress (for the mob had already entered the palace), catching up a small leather reticule, she put into it two pocket-handkerchiefs, and two books, the New Testament and a prayer-book. On her head she put a riding-hat, and then by that time thoroughly aroused, she fled through the palace; through long corridors, down, up, flights of stairs, through chamber and saloon, a long walk, before she came down to the Rue Rivoli, on which side of the palace the mob had collected. Here a cab awaited her. She, with the lady in attendance, were put into it. "Now," said the friends, "we must leave you; too well known, our attendance would bring destruction upon you; make good speed!" Yes, good speed, for she heard the cries of the furious mob, and as she was entering the cab, a little boy exclaimed, "There is the Empress!" and she thought all was lost; but it proved that there was no one there to take notice, and so the two ladies drove off. Soon they came into the excited crowd, and the lady accompanying her, questioned on one side and the other, the meaning of it all, and appeared to be greatly interested in the proceedings, while the empress sank back out of sight in the carriage. They had a long ride out beyond the Champs Elysees to the quieter parts of the city, where they alighted, dismissed the cab, to avoid giving any clue, in case of pursuit, and walked some distance. Where should she go? To whom flee? What friend trust? There was but one to whom she would venture, and that one an American gentleman of some note, who with his wife had long been a friend of both empress and empress. So they took another cab to the house of this gentleman (whom we will call Mr. W.), arriving there to find him away from home, and his wife absent for the summer at a small seaport on the coast. The servant under these circumstances was extremely ungracious, and quite refused to admit these strange ladies, and when at last, upon their insisting, they were admitted to the house, she was unwilling to show them into an apartment suitable for them, and it was not until with some difficulty that they were allowed to wait in the library until the owner's return. When at last he returned and entered the room, judge of his surprise at the sight of the Empress. "You must get me immediately out of France, this very night," exclaimed the Empress the moment she saw him. Out of France, that very night! He told her it was impossible. He was expecting a party of friends to dinner, and would plead such business, and excuse himself, make preparations, as quickly as possible, for her flight; but, in the meantime, she must be quiet and rest. This she was prevailed upon to do, and applying herself from Mrs. W.'s wardrobe, retired for the night.

The dinner party, receiving the excuses of the host, and overcome with a sense of mystery, soon withdrew, in spite of the cordial messages and wishes of the gentleman, that they would make themselves merry in his absence. At 4 o'clock in the morning a carriage stood at the door, in which Mr. W. put the two ladies, and, driving himself, set off on their way out of France, pursuing quiet streets, then untraced roads and lanes in the country, avoiding the more public highways of the kingdom; and so on, until the horses were worn out. They were near a little village, but then came the question how to get a carriage brought to them, and explain why they could not go to it. Mr. W. went to the inn, and having found a private carriage, which was waiting over there, agreed with the servant to come out a mile or so, and carry his party—Mr. W.'s two sisters, one of which was very lame indeed, and could not walk a step—some miles on, till they should come to a railway. This done, the lame lady, with much difficulty put into the carriage by her "brother" and "sister," they proceeded to a distance, until they came to a railway, where they let the carriage, to break up the clue, and rode a short distance in the rail-car, without attracting attention. Then they took another carriage, riding in roundabout ways, until at the end of two days they came to the little seaport where Mrs. W. was spending the summer. How must Mr. W. conduct the ladies into the presence of his wife without their being observed by every one? After some reconnoitering, this was successfully accomplished, and throwing her arms around the neck of Mrs. W., Eugenie exclaimed, "You and your husband are the only friends left to me in the world." She, with the lady who accompanied her remained in the room of Mrs. W., lest some one

should see and recognize her. No servant could be allowed to enter the room. Mrs. W. brought food to the two ladies, and served the Empress in everything, who expostulated at the inconvenience she was causing her friend, and insisted upon waiting upon herself, her behavior being of such a sweet character as still more to endear her to her friends, who were taking nearly all they possessed in her cause.

The plan was now to get her across the Channel to the Isle of Wight, and thence to England. There were but two conveyances in the harbor—both private yachts—and only one able to go out to sea. The owner of that one flatly refused to take the two ladies over, but at last, after the identity of the two ladies had been made known, and much persuasion used, he consented, and Mr. W., and the two ladies, with the reticule containing two pocket-handkerchiefs, set out the day after their arrival to the little town on their voyage to England.

This is a journey usually made in a few hours, but a terrible storm arising, it was prolonged to twenty-seven. The same night and in the same waters "The Captain" went down. But, although the gentleman in command lost all control of himself and ship, they weathered the storm.

During this time Eugenie showed the most remarkable self-possession, and evidently looked upon death as a relief from her woes. But this was not to be, and after a passage fraught with the most imminent danger, she was landed on English ground that asylum which has been sought by so many fugitives before her. And to add to her relief, her son, of whose whereabouts she knew nothing, was found to be in Hastings, not far from her.

Such is the story of Eugenie's escape from Paris and France. What a sad, sad tale of false greatness. How much must she have suffered in those days; the fury of a Paris mob in her ears, the fear of pursuit in her back, how often did she start and give herself up for lost? What threatening meaning did many an accidental phrase assume! No wonder her courage sustained the fearful storm; the thunder and lightning, the waters, however dark and cold and deep, would be far more merciful than that dreadful mob that called out her name, the mob that had shown no pity to the little child or tender woman, and derided, with the bitterest insults, the fond Marie Antoinette at the guillotine. Oh, France! when we remember those days of terror, can we wonder at this retribution?—Cleland Herald.

A PROFESSOR PLAYING HORSE.

The extent to which theory often fails in practice is furnished by a venerated professor, a most distinguished mathematician, whose works are still used as text-books in many of our institutions, and which occurred within the compass of our own experience.

He went to Bethel: on his return he spent the Sabbath at Lewiston. Monday morning, he was told the horse was sick. Nevertheless, he started. The horse went a few rods, fell down, and broke both thighs. He then sent his wife home, and also sent to Brunswick for another horse and carriage to take him and the broken chair home. When the driver came, they lashed the two vehicles together, and started. All went well till they came to the first road, steep hill between Lewiston and Brunswick: on its summit they held a consultation. The professor had an exaggerated idea of his strength, and said, "Mr. Chandler, it is too much for the horse to hold these two carriages on this steep descent; take the horse out; I will get into the shafts."

"Professor," replied Chandler, "the breeching is strong, and so is the arm girth." "But the horse, Mr. Chandler; it is too much for the horse. Besides, being stronger, I know how to take advantage of the descent, and manage it much better than the horse."

"Do you, sir, intend to place me, in point of intelligence, and knowledge of mechanical forces, below a horse? I have made mathematical study of a lifetime."

"I have no intention to be disrespectful; but I know a horse understands his own business, which is handling a load on a hill, better than all the professors in the United States. I was sent up here by my employer who confides in me, to take care of his property; if you will take the business out of my hands, and be horse yourself, you must be answerable for the consequence."

The professor had a habit, when a little excited of giving a nervous twitch at the lappel of his coat with his right hand. "I," he replied with a most emphatic twitch, "assume all responsibility."

The driver, in reality nothing took to witness the operation, took out the horse, and held him by the bridle; and the professor, getting into the shafts, took hold of them at the ends. The forward carriage was just descending the hill, and the hinder one a little over the summit, when the professor took upon a rolling stone, which caused him to plunge forward, and increased the velocity of his load so much that he was forced to walk faster than he desired, and exchange the slanting position—with his shoulders well thrown back, and his feet braced which he had at first adopted—for a perpendicular one. At length he was pushed into a run: the carriages were going at a fearful rate. At the bottom of the hill was a brook, on each side precipitous banks. The professor was between Scylla and Charybdis, going nine feet at a leap. In order to cramp the forward wheel, he turned suddenly to the right. The shafts of the forward carriage went two feet into the bank, breaking both of them short off; the lashings of the hinder one slipped; and ran into the forward one, breaking the fender; and both vehicles turned over down hill, with a tremendous crash, the learned gentleman described a parabola,—one of his favorite figures,—and landing some rods away. He rose from the earth a dirtier and wiser man; knees skinned, pants torn, a piece of skin knocked off his forehead, and his best hat flat as a pancake upon the ground; the hind carriage; and looking round he exclaimed, "Is it possible I could have been so much deceived as to the momentum? It was prodigious!"

"I don't know anything about momentum," replied Chandler; "but I know something about horses. I know it makes a mighty difference about holding back a load on a steep hill, whether the horse has two legs or four, and whether he weighs one hundred and seventy-five or two hundred pounds."

It cost the professor thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents to ascertain how much horse power he represented.—Rev. Elijah Kellogg, in *Oppie's Magazine*.

ASHES. There is no measure more valuable than good wood ashes, and it becomes the farmer not only to save all that is made in his own house, but to secure all that can be obtained in the neighboring village or town. The soapmakers understand this matter, and run their wagons all through the city, and even the rural districts,

sometimes even tempting the farmer's wife to dispose of the ashes that have accumulated about the premises. Unluckily, coal ashes are worth very much more than the leached, half to three fourths more. Coal ashes is of little value, except to absorb the slops from the house, and thus applying them as a top-dressing to grass, with good results.

THE RELATION OF THE CHURCH TO THE TEMPERANCE ENTERPRISE.

A PAPER READ AT REV. A. CAMPBELL, MONTREAL, AT A MEETING OF THE QUEBEC TEMPERANCE LEAGUE AND REPORTED IN THE "WITNESS."

It is much to be regretted that the relationship of the Church to the temperance enterprise still needs discussion. In the latter part of the nineteenth century that relationship ought to be well understood, and clearly defined; yet it is much to be feared that temperance reformers on the one hand, and Christian workers on the other, have both greatly undervalued the church's co-operation in the great moral enterprise. This error arose out of the assumption that temperance was one thing and the Gospel another, and the consequent dividing asunder what God had joined together.

The enterprise began in and with the church; and well would it have been for the church, the temperance cause, and the world, had it remained in connection therewith until this day. The church should be the chief agent and actor in every great moral enterprise. She should unfold every doctrine, teach every duty, and afford every example that the world needs. God has constituted and commissioned her for this very purpose; and for its accomplishment she has given her power and opportunity which no other society ever had, or ever will enjoy. It is hers to fulfil the great commission by unfolding the Gospel of temperance.

It requires no logic to show that this is her legitimate sphere of operation, for she has no such foe as intemperance. Other enemies may have slain their thousands, but this in tens of thousands. Others may have attacked the outposts and slain her soldiers in open battle, but this has insidiously entered the very heart of the citadel and thrown open the gates of the wily foe. The church is under no obligations to the traffic, except it be the divine obligation of stamping it out of existence. But, the obligation admitted, how can it be best discharged? By every church becoming an active temperance society. And as this is an age of division of labor—as it has been found that it is best to do but one thing at a time, every church should have some special means or organization through which she might bring her whole moral power most directly to bear. She has such means in other departments of Christian labor.

The Sabbath-school well enables her to Christianly educate the young—the Missionary Society to send the Gospel to earth's remotest bounds. Why has she not her Temperance Society, through which to stay the ravaging plague of intemperance? I know it may be said the pulpit is the great throne of her power, and so it is; but she needs prayer as well as preaching, and she needs the platform, and the press, in the accomplishment of the work. She ought therefore to be found operating as a church, and not as individual members, in this great work.

If she were directly and unitedly to engage in this work, great and glorious would be the results. 1st. In the first place, the traffic would be upon the verge of its master placed upon it, and all good men would withhold their influence and support. This would give the temperance cause position and power which it could wield with wondrous effect.

2nd. In the second place, suitable buildings could then be obtained all over the land in which to advocate and extend the cause. The notion by some that churches are too crowded and holy for such a purpose is simply superstitious and absurd. No building can be more holy than in the service of the Lord our God, and to that service all true temperance efforts belong, and with it I have no doubt God will bless.

3rd. In the third place, the sympathy, the prayers, and the labours of men of piety and power would be obtained, and this is just what is needed. In vain you expect men outside of the Christian church to accomplish this work; the ministers, the elders, the praying men and women of the world must be identified with it before it can succeed—not that I contend that none but professors of religion should be admitted into the church's temperance society, nor even that all professors should be compelled to do so. Something must be left to the conscience and judgment of each.

The notion with every church, in connection with every church, I believe, there would be found willing and able enough to make the work successful.

4th. In the fourth and last place, money would be obtained for the carrying on of this great enterprise. As I have already noticed, the platform and the press must be employed in this work; newspapers, tracts and books may all be made apostles of temperance. The historic, the scientific and the Scriptural truths of temperance now existing, could be placed in the hands of the people, their influence for good no man could tell; but this cannot be done without money, and only from those who sympathize with the cause can you obtain it. Hence the propriety of bringing the whole church into active sympathy with it.

I have not time to expand or exhaust the subject. I would that I could speak to God's embodied hosts, and rouse them to action in connection with every church. I believe, there would be found willing and able enough to make the work successful.

Wine—like man with maker—flows: Mirth mixed with his woes; But water, made by him above: Forever flows a stream of love.

THE RUMSELLER'S BAND I do not fear you grogshop or rummeller. The sight of one drunkard does not alarm, although it may pain me. But when I fix my eyes upon a rummeller, and think that he is only one of a vast army, banded together for mutual protection, and made by the very instincts of their trade enemies to virtue and religion; when I think of him as one member of a vast organization, knit together by an evil treasurary of opinion and interest, whose temple can only rise on the ruins of legitimate trade; when I think of him as only one among thousands, who, like leeches, fasten themselves upon the throats of the nation, who feed and fill themselves upon the best blood of her industry, dropping or torn away only by being quickly replaced by others, I confess that the future glooms dark with disaster. Where, I ask myself, as I remember the law of cause and effect, is all this to end? Is it creditable that a government rested solely on the ballot can long endure when intelligence is perverted, self-restraint banished, and mortality gone.—Rev. W. H. Murray.

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