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"I'M HURRIED, CHILD!"

BY EMMA BURT.

"O Mother, look! I've found a butterfly
Hanging upon a leaf. Do tell me why
There was no butter! Oh do see its wings!
I never, never saw so pretty things—
All streaked and striped, with blue and brown
and gold.
Where is its house when all the days are cold?"
"Yes, yes," she said, in absent accents mild,
"I'm hurried, child!"

"Last night my dolly quite forgot her prayers;
An' when she thought, you had gone down the
stairs;
An' dolly was afraid, an' so I said:
Just don't you mind, but say 'em in the bed,
Because I think that God is just as near.
When dolls are 'fraid, do you s'pose He can
hear?"
The mother spoke from out the ruffles piled,
"I'm hurried, child!"

The little one grew very quiet now;
And grieved and puzzled was the childish
brow,
And then it queried: "Mother, do you know
The reason 'cause you must be hurried so?
I guess the hours are little-er than I"
So I will take my pennies and will buy
A bigger clock! Oh, big as it can be,
For you and me!"

The mother now has leisure infinite.
She sits with folded hands, and face as white
As winter. In her heart is winter's chill.
She sits at leisure, questioning of God's will.
"My child has ceased to breath, and all is
night!
Is Heaven so dark that Thou dost grudge my
light?
O Life! O God! I must discover why
Time moves so slowly by."

O mothers sweet, if cares must ever fall,
Pray do not make them stones to build a wall
Between thee and thy own; and miss thy right
To blessedness, so swift to take its flight!
While answering baby questionings, you are
But entertaining angels unaware.
The richest gifts are gathered by the way,
For darkest day

"I'm hurried, child!" —Illustrated Christian Weekly.



"SHE SITS WITH FOLDED ARMS."



"O MOTHER, LOOK."

A NEW THING IN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.
There is now to be a genuine Temperance lesson in all the Sunday-schools which use the International series of lessons. For many years it has been the anxious wish of Temperance men that total abstinence from intoxicating drinks should be inculcated in the Sunday-school whenever the portion of Scripture reviewed suggests it; and that such portions should be skipped over.
There are a great many texts where the principle of avoiding temptation instead of going voluntarily into it is incalculated, and where Christians are shut up to whatsoever things are pure, lovely and of good report. Above all there are terrible passages against these who lead others into temptation or cause them to stumble. There are also passages which inculcate abstinence from things lawful if they are dangerous to others. And finally, there are commands to avoid the strong drink which is raging, and not even to look upon the wine which at last stings like an adder.
All arguments and entreaties were, generally speaking, in vain to bring this subject before Sunday-school conventions or individual schools. All who took a little themselves, and many who did not, said the Sunday-school was not a Temperance society, and they could not introduce a subject which would insult the pastor, superintendent, or teachers, if any of them took a glass of wine occasionally. Thus it was that the professing Christian who drank, however little, prevented the rising generation from being forewarned and fore-armed against their greatest danger.
At last, however, we rejoice to see that this obstacle is no longer regarded as sufficient to stifle Temperance teaching in the Sunday-school, as the lesson for Sunday week is to be on one of the strongest texts referred to above. The *Sunday-School Times* has a whole number bearing on the Temperance question, and it is to be hoped that the teaching on this lesson will be faithful in every school. No explaining away, lady and gentlemen teachers, if you please. Give a frank, fair and full lesson on the plain words of Scripture, and bring in side lights in abundance to illustrate it. There is no scarcity of them.—*N. Y. Witness.*

CROCODILE TEARS.—As long ago as the time of Herodotus (four hundred years before Christ) there existed a fabulous legend as to the crocodile's ability to snare unwary travellers by certain cries, and that it also shed tears. Shakespeare refers to the cries when he says:
"As the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers."
And of the tears of "this most deceitful of animals," an old writer (1616) says—"It is written that he will weep over a man's head when he hath devoured the body, and will then eat up the head too. Wherefore crocodiles' teares signifie such teares as are feigned and spent only with intent to deceive or do harm."—*Agriculturist.*