

Poetry.

"FOUND DEAD IN HER BED."

No one can tell of the conflict
That passed in that solemn hour,
When body and soul were sundered
By a sudden, relentless power.

No one can tell of the hour
When the angel of death drew nigh,
And laid his finger of silence
On the heart, the pulse, the eye;

Or whether he found her sleeping,
Mid dreams of fancy's bliss;
So he hushed the weary slumberer
To an everlasting rest;

Or whether he found her waking,
With lamp all trimmed and bright,
All ready to meet the bridegroom,
Alone in the solemn night;

Or whether, with hard death-struggle,
Mid anguish of fear and pain,
She fought with the mighty conqueror
While she felt his icy chain.

For none but her Saviour saw her;
The Friend of the friendless was nigh,
And the secrets of that death chamber
Were hidden from mortal eye.

But there, in her last long slumber,
She was found in the early day,
For angels had come in the midnight
And borne the freed spirit away.

E. R. A. P.

"IF WE KNEW."

If we knew when walking thoughtless
Through the crowded noisy way,
That some pearl of wondrous whiteness
Close beside our pathway lay,
We would pause where now we hasten,
We would often look around,
Test our careless feet should trample
Some rare jewel in the ground.

If we knew what forms were fainting
For the shade that we should fling;
If we knew what lips were parching
For the water we should bring;
We would haste with eager footsteps,
We would work with willing hands,
Bearing cups of cooling water,
Planting rows of shading palms.

If we knew when friends around us
Closely press to say good-by,
Which among the lips that kiss us,
First should smother the adieu lie,
We would clasp our arms around them,
Looking on them thro' our tears;
Tender words of love eternal,
We would whisper in their ears.

If we knew what lives were darkened
By some thoughtless words of ours,
Which had ever lain among them
Like the frost among the flowers;
Oh, with what sincere repentings,
With what anguish of regret,
While our eyes were overflowing,
Would we cry—*forgive! forgive!*

If we knew? alas! and do we
Ever care or seek to know,
Whether bitter herbs or roses,
In our neighbors' gardens grow?
God forgive us! lest hereafter
Our hearts break to hear him say,
Cherished child, I never knew you,
From my presence flee away.

Some Things That Lame Us.

A man's manners count, on the average,
about as high as all the rest of him. They are his key to most of the things that he wants of his fellows, and bad manners do not manage the wards of human hearts. Nobody wants to do business or sit at meat with a brute; and the best goods will go un-sold if offered in bad light under discredit-able names.

There are some forms of bad behavior that well-meaning folks slip into for want of proper warning, and moralists mostly omit to notice this class of bad manners. We propose to ticket a few of them for the benefit of the juniors—the old sinners are in such matters past cure.

Bumptiousness. This has its ground in self-conceit, but it is quite different from a conceited manner. It is slightly self-assertive, inclined to gushiness, and very conspicuous. If we were asked to name the car-mark of bumpiness we should say that it is unnecessary gabble. The things said are well enough in themselves, only it is a social offence to say them. The court is presumed to know them, and repeating them resumes that the court is ignorant.

Bumptious people are particularly offensive in print. It is rather remarkable that how many people es-ape learning the maxims of rhetoric which prescribes a manner adapted to gain the good-will of the reader. Some of them are the bumptious clan, always blabbing about the well-known as though they had just found it out for the first time in the world, and gushing and galloping about it at the top of their lungs. The best safe-guard against it is modesty and reflection upon the principles of self-respect. A reader does not like it to be as-erted that he is a fool, whether he be one or not; and a modest person will take it for granted that other people have some elements of knowledge.

Affectation. This is a seven-headed and ten-horned brute. It snuffers, disdains, gushes, rolls the eyes, laughs loud, weeps like a crocodile, and fights as valiantly as Falstaff. And yet, there is nothing of it or in it. There is no manliness or womanliness, no faith or faithfulness, no human nature, under the mask of affectation.

The safe guard is sincerity. Pray don't be spurious. Get into a habit of saying what you think or keep a close mouth. Come as near being yourself as possible. Be temperate in speech. Leave idiots to strut with an imperial air, and children to get on big men's clothes. Resolve never to use an interjection again if you can help it; the rare one that escapes your lips will be a real one with an emotion inside of it. Stop roaring and talk. Become somebody, and respect him too much to make him malicious.—*North-Western Christian Ad-vertiser.*

A Levitical City Discovered.

The Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Funds contains an account of an interesting identification of the site of the ancient Levitical city of Gezer, in the territory of the tribe of Ephraim, by M. Claremont-Ganneau. M. Ganneau had already, in 1873, communicated to the Paris Geographical Society a passage in the historian Josephus, in which an account is given of a skirmish which took place between the village of Khulda, whose site is known, and a place called Tel-el-Gezer, and identified this place with Abu Shushah on geographical grounds. On a careful examination of the ground in the year, M. Ganneau discovered two identical bilingual inscriptions, in Greek and Hebrew, cut in the rock, and probably of the Herodian period. The Hebrew inscription is translated "the limit of Gezer," the word for "limit" being that used in the Talmud in speaking of a Sabbath day's journey. One of these inscriptions lies east of Abu Shushah, and the other lies northwest of the former; and as a third inscription has been found since, to the southwest of the first, it seems too evident that we have here one of the angles of the square with sides of two thousand cubits, which as we learn Numbers xxxv. 5, formed the boundaries of the suburbs of the Levitical cities. The position of the three inscriptions in relation to the numerous remains of an ancient city which were found on the plateau of the Tel-el-Gezer, should enable us to determine the extent of the square, and further examination of the ground may bring to light other similar inscriptions. Light may possibly be thus thrown on that much vexed question, the length of the Jewish cubit.—*Athenaeum.*

Some Ulster Stories, After the Manner of Dean Ramsay.

In one of those parishes in Ulster where the people are almost exclusively Presbyterians, there once lived a Roman Catholic named Paddy McK., who was the only Roman Catholic in the parish. Owing to this circumstance, Paddy had not been very regular in the performance of his religious duties; and in particular had for many years entirely neglected that duty, the discharge of which is thought to be of paramount importance in all Churches—the payment of his "clergy." At length the time came when Paddy was to die. On his death-bed he was visited by some of his co-religionists, who, when they heard that the priest had not been to see the dying man, insisted that he should be sent for at once, which was done, and the priest came. His Reverence knew very well the extent of Paddy's short-comings in the matter of "dues," he therefore determined to take advantage of the opportunity which he thought he now had of making the defaulter pay up his arrears. For this reason, the priest, before he would do anything for Paddy, insisted upon being paid his fee, which he said was ten pounds. When Paddy was told how much money the priest wanted, he groaned, and turning himself in the bed "wondered where he was to get ten pounds, even to save his soul." For a time the priest was obdurate. Paddy was obdurate also, and the higgling lasted long. But eventually the priest was beaten down, until at length (as the story goes) he was brought to say that he would take one pound for his services, but not a farthing less. Paddy then declared his ultimatum. He produced a half-sovereign out of the old stocking in which he kept his money, and offering it to the priest, said, "If your Reverence chooses to take that, you may go on with your work. If not, I will do without you altogether, and take my chance among the Presbyterians." Whether the priest took the half-sovereign or left poor Paddy to "take his chance among the Presbyterians," the story does not say.

A farmer of Ulster had two daughters, one of whom was remarkably handsome, and the other was much the reverse. The name of the handsome daughter was Jean. The name of the other was Margaret, commonly called Peg, or Peggy. Jean had suitors plenty; Peg had none at all, and their parents were beginning to be uneasy that their ugly daughter would be left upon their hands. One evening a young man came to the house, evidently in the capacity of a sweetheart of one of the girls, and made himself as agreeable as possible to the entire family. When he had left the room, and (as the parents thought) quitted the premises altogether, the father and mother began to speculate as to the particular object of his attentions. The mother at once said that he was "after Jean," and the only question was, whether they were to let him have their handsome daughter or not. "Nae," said the father, "we'll no gie him our bonny Jean; but I'll tell you what we'll do, we'll palm Peg upon him." The young man was within earshot all the time, and overheard the entire conversation. Hearing, therefore, the plan that was laid for his benefit, he put his head inside the door, and exclaimed, "Indeed, then, you'll palm none of you ugly Peg upon me," saying which, he went off at once, to escape the infliction which was intended for him. In the neighborhood where this incident occurred, which a man carries a very plain woman, it is usual for people to say, "They have palmed Peg on him." Sometimes, of course, the plainness of the wife is made up for by compensating circumstances, as in the case of the man who, when he was told that he would have difficulty in getting a certain one of his daughters off his hands, seeing that she was "not very bonny," said that he "would make her bonny wi' queneas."

Of a Presbyterian minister in the North of Ireland is told a story somewhat similar to one which is related of Aroldson Blackburne, whilst he was a chaplain in the navy. It is said of this minister, that being one day grossly insulted on the public road by an unmannerly fellow, who shook his fist in his face, and said what he would do to him "if it were not for his coat," he deliberately took off his black coat, laid it upon the top of a ditch, and said, "Lie you there, Divinity, until I well this black-guard," and went the blackguard right well he did.

Less valcrous was the conduct of the Irishman in the rebellion of 1798, who hav-

ing been with the insurgents at the battle of Antrim, ran away home from the battlefield as fast as his legs could carry him, and hurrying his wife into a bog, said, "Lie you there, till I lift you. The Lord send me peace and oppression for the remainder of my days."

In most Presbyterian congregations new elders are appointed on the nomination of the minister and the existing elders, subject to the approval of the congregation, which approval is ascertained by the minister reading out from the pulpit the names of the persons who have been nominated, when, if no objection is made to any of them, silence is supposed to imply consent to their appointment. On most occasions this latter proceeding is merely formal, but sometimes there are exceptions to this general rule. In a certain congregation the minister was one day reading out as usual the names of persons who had been nominated by the existing session as additional elders. Most of the names passed without comment; but when the name of one of the nominees, who was a grocer and provision merchant, was read out, some one exclaimed, "I object to that man being made an elder." The minister was taken aback; for a time he did not know how to deal with such an unusual occurrence, but at length he asked the objector why he objected to Mr. So-and-so being made an elder. "Because (was the reply) his pun o' butter always wants two ounces." The elder-decl, as well as his batter had evidently been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Some congregations of Ulster were formerly not very liberal in their payment of the "supplies" who officiated for them in the occasional absence of their own ministers. A preacher was once sent on this sort of duty to a congregation such as we have described. On his return home, he was asked by a neighbor what had been the subject of the sermon. He said, "The Witch of Endor." "Well," said his friend, and "what did you make of the Witch of Endor?" "Oh! I just the old six-and-eight pence (was the reply), but they gave me a feed of oats for my horse."

Where the Shoe Pinches.

Almost everybody complains about the hard times. Everybody feels that something has gone wrong, but what is it?

The most hasty glance at the resources of the country will reveal the fact that its material prosperity is greater than it ever has been before. The crops have never been so abundant. There is a greater surplus of grain now, I believe, than has ever been known at this time of the year, after so large a foreign demand has been supplied! The mineral wealth of the country is now at a stage of development that it has never before occupied; and, look in what direction we may we cannot attribute the hard times to any failure in the productiveness of the country.

But, over against the nation's prosperity, stands the stubborn fact that the farmers, merchants, doctors, teachers and all classes of community feel a pressure upon them that forces them to shifts that they have not had to make before. So that, excepting the very wealthy, there has been a general moving down into a lower grade of living than has heretofore been indulged in.

The nation is like a man who digs a cistern, arranges the spout, and when it has rained enough to fill it, goes to get water and finds none. The water went in, for there's the spout, all right, and it has rained abundantly, but still there is no water. It leaked out! It is probable the man would think of that before long and go to work to find the leak, and stop it.

I think we may safely say we have got the water in our national cistern and that it has leaked out; and it ought to be our next business to find the leak, or leaks, and then if possible to stop them. It is not, then, because the country does not produce enough, not because there is not money enough to do the business of the country, but because it is not legitimately applied, that we are suffering from the hard times. I do not know how many leaks might be found in our financial cistern, by a close scrutiny; but let us go down, and with the light of observation, look around a little and find some of the worst ones.

First, there is the whiskey traffic leak! That takes \$1,533,491,315 annually!

That is twice as much as the flour, and the meal, and cotton goods, and the woollen goods, and the boots, and the shoes, and the clothing, and the newspapers of the country cost. Or, to put it in another form, we could, by dispensing with whisky, board and clothe very decently another nation as big as ours, and have just as much for ourselves as we do, and have none of the evil effects of whiskey to combat!

Again: Men might see the magnitude of this whiskey leak better now, as it is about tax-paying time, if they were to remember that one-half of the tax they pay is on account of the whiskey traffic. If, therefore, as you walk up to the clerk's desk, and count out \$200 to pay this year's tax, could you do away with whiskey the clerk would count out \$100 and hand it back to you. I know the whiskey men say that those who do not drink are not interested parties in the license controversy, but this looks as if they were.

Or again: If the money that is spent on account of whiskey were applied to the payment of our immense national debt, it would be entirely liquidated in less than three years. Let lovers of national honor think about this. Well, that is quite a leak and no wonder it has been so hard to stop. We have been trying to plug it up with paper (law) but there has been no way found to keep the plug in, (execute the law) and the leak has been growing bigger all the time, until the women commenced using prayer cement, and that is lessening the leak already. God grant that they may never stop till it is closed tight and fast. Let men pray for them that their faith fail not.

God gives feed to every bird but He does not bring it to the nest; in like manner He gives us our daily bread, but by means of our daily work.

We must row with the oars we have; and as we cannot order the wind we are obliged to sail with the wind that God gives.

Failure or Success in Life.

Here are useful suggestions from a member of the British Parliament, Lord Dorby, who is a robust manly man. He says:

"Take two men, if they could be found, exactly alike in mental and bodily aptitudes, and let one go on carelessly and idly, indulging his appetites and generally leading a life of pleasure, and let the other train himself by early hours, by temperate habits, and by giving to muscles and brain each their fair share of employment, and at the end of two or three years they will be as wide apart in their capacity for exertion as if they had been born with wholly different constitutions. Without a normal healthy condition there can be no rule be no good work; and though that qualification cannot absolutely be secured or preserved by any rules, a little common sense and care will go a long way both in securing and preserving it. On that point I would give you these hints: First, That it is not mental labor that hurts anybody, unless the excess be very great, but rather fretting and fretting over the prospect of labor to be gone through; so that the man who can accustom himself to take things coolly, which is as quite as much a matter of discipline as of nature, and who, by keeping beforehand with what he has to do, avoids undue hurry and nervous excitement, has a great advantage over one who follows a different practice. Next I would warn you that those students who think they have no time for bodily exercise will sooner or later have to find time for illness. Third, when an opportunity of choice is given, morning work is generally better than night work; and lastly—a matter which I should not stop to allude to but that I know the dangers of an over-driven existence in a crowded town—if a man cannot get through his day's labor, of whatever kind it may be, without artificial support, it should be a serious consideration for him whether that kind of labor is fit for him at all."—*From the Phrenological Journal for December.*

The Reign of the Revolver.

A paragraph recently went the rounds of the Canadian Press, originating we believe with the Toronto Globe, which treated of a serious subject in a tone of levity which we thought at the time uncalled for and unwise. It also commended, where it would have been far better to deprecate or blame. A female was walking on one of the streets of Toronto, when she passed a group of roughs who made some observation regarding her of which she did not approve. She immediately produced a revolver, for what purpose we leave to the imagination of the reader. At any rate it was not used, for the time being it was the novelty of the thing that matters not. At any rate the act was mentioned by the newspaper press with approval. We think decidedly that it was unwise and in bad taste to mention the occurrence in that way. It tends towards making the carrying of fire-arms popular, a growing passion among our people which should be systematically frowned down! No lady with a particle of self-respect, or with a grain of intelligent regard for the laws of her country, would be guilty of insulting them by asserting so broadly their inability to protect her. Neither would she be guilty of the gross vulgarity of lowering herself to the level of a crowd of ruffians by paying any attention to what they might say, or what is far worse, producing a lawless weapon. The practice of carrying fire-arms should be determinedly discouraged by all who have the good of their country at heart. It carries great evils in its train, inasmuch as it gives instant expression to every gust of passion that may be incident to the person who undertakes to exercise such a fearful responsibility. The Washington tragedy is an exemplification of the danger of carrying fire-arms. One victim of the practice lies in a bloody grave, and the other wanders with the brand of Cain on his brow, a fugitive from justice, afraid to face his fellows, and bearing in his bosom the hell of an unavailing regret for an act which can never be undone. Young men of Canada, never carry these dangerous weapons, and withal shun the "curse" that nerves the murderer's arm.—*Orillia Expositor.*

Value of Models in the Study of Geology.

The use of models as a means of conveying geographical instruction has been too much neglected in our schools. If anyone considers the difficulty a pupil has in understanding the drawing of a steam engine, and the ease with which he grasps the meaning of the working model, and how from studying the model and comparing it with the drawing he gradually learns to comprehend the latter, he will see that a model of ground may be used in a similar manner to teach the reading of a map of the same area. Relief maps of large areas on a small scale have their uses, but they are unsuitable for educational purposes on account of the manner in which heights must be exaggerated to make them appear at all; this objection, however, does not apply to models of limited areas on a sufficient scale, which always give a truthful and effective representation of the ground. One reason why models have not been more used is their cost, but the means of constructing them with ease, rapidly, and at slight expense are quickly accumulating as the six-inch coloured sheets of the Ordnance Survey are published. Instruction in geography should begin at home; and I would suggest that, as the six-inch survey progresses, each decent school throughout the country should be provided with a model and a map of the district in which it is situated. If this were done the pupils would soon learn to read the model, and having once succeeded in doing this, it would not be long before they were able to understand the conventional manner in which topographical features are represented on a plane surface, and acquire the power of reading not only the map of their own neighborhood, but any map which was placed before them.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Scientific and Useful.

TO CLEANSE TAPESTRY CARPETS.

Beat and sweep them thoroughly, remove all grease spots with ox-gall mixed with water, put on with a scrubbing brush, then wipe the whole carpet with a mop or cloth wrung from a weak solution of ox-gall in warm water. This removes the dust and brightens the colors.

REMEDY FOR DYPHTHERIA.

One tea-spoonful of table salt and one teaspoonful of powdered alum in a cup of water sweetened with honey, used as a gargle every half hour or oftener.

FELON CURE.

Take yellow clay and moisten it with water; make a plaster and apply it to the place affected. Renew the plaster every time it becomes dry. Fester sores can be cured by the same application by using the clay when dry.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

A correspondent of *The Garden* gives a recipe for this popular sauce. He says: "I do not offer it as *Lea & Perrin's*, but I do say that it is equal, if not superior to it, in my opinion. It is not a recipe copied out of a book, but one I have known for a long time. Half a pound shallots; one ounce pimento, powdered; one half ounce mace, powdered; one-quarter ounce cayenne; one-half nutmeg, powdered; one-quarter pound anchovy fish; one ounce salt; three pints vinegar; six ounces soy; chop or bruise the shallots, beat up the anchovy fish; mix all together; let it stand for a month or two, and, lastly, strain through a coarse sieve.

Benzine and common clay will clean marble. Castor oil is an excellent thing to soften leather. Lemon juice and glycerine will remove tan and freckles. Lemon juice and glycerine will cleanse and soften the hands. Spirits of ammonia, diluted a little, will cleanse the head very thoroughly. Lunar caustic, carefully applied so as not to touch the skin, will destroy warts. Powdered nitre is good for removing freckles. Apply with a rag dipped in glycerine. To obviate offensive perspiration, wash your feet with soap and diluted spirits of ammonia. The juice of ripe tomatoes will remove the stains of warts from the hands without injury to the skin.

TO KEEP EGGS OVER WINTER.

The *Farmers' Advocate*, London, Ontario, offered a prize for the best method of keeping eggs over winter. This recipe took the prize: "Whatever excludes the air prevents the decay of the eggs. What that of found to be the most quantity of salt butter (the palm of the left hand, and turn the egg round in it, so that every pore of the shell is closed; then dry a sufficient quantity of bran in an oven (be sure you have the bran well dried, or it will rust.) Then pack them with the small ends down, a layer of bran and another of eggs, fill your box is full; then place in a cool dry place. If done when laid, they will retain the sweet milk and curd of a new laid egg for at least eight or ten months. Any oil will do, but salt butter never becomes rancid, and a very small quantity of butter will do a very large quantity of eggs. To insure freshness, I rub them when gathered in from the nests; then pack when there is a sufficient quantity."

OATMEAL vs. BEEFSTEAK.

At the British Association, in the section of Biology, Professor R. Allen, in the course of a paper of a valuable character on the food of plants and animals, went on to point out that there were few social problems more important than how to acquaint the wife of the labourer or artisan, or even the wives and servants of the middle classes how to expend a large share of their income upon food to the greatest advantage, and how to prepare it without destroying its nutritive properties. A savory dish of meat was often prepared by mincing, or cutting the meat into small and more or less cubical blocks. It was then stewed, or more frequently boiled. The outer surface of each little block had its albumen firmly coagulated, and the whole was converted into about as indigestible a mass as could well be imagined—the high-priced and highly-nutritious meat having been destroyed for the purposes of nutrition, and the action of the digestive organs probably injured for some time to come; or good, and valuable fresh meat was subjected to the process of salting, which first of all abstracted the juices of meat, and then hardened the fibres, so as to destroy or greatly deteriorate its digestibility. No doubt it was convenient to have a hardened, dry mass of meat, incapable of much change for months, and ready to be used for the purpose of filling the stomach and effectually satisfying the appetite; but these were not the purposes for which food was intended to be used. It ought to be capable of supplying the waste of the body, and of being easily converted into heat and motion. If it failed in these particulars it would also fail in nourishing the brain and aiding in the evolution of intelligence, and thus intellect and bodily power was lost to the community, and deterioration of race was promoted. His colleague, Dr. Gordon, said that he recollected running races, eating stones, wrestling, and other athletic exercises being the favorite amusements of the sons and servants of the farmers in the County Down. Now nothing of the sort was ever heard of. These young men found a short day's work almost too much for them, and at the end of it they were to be seen lying about indulging in idle conversation. Coincidentally with this they imagined themselves the equals of their masters and mistresses, and the healthful oatmeal porridge and buttermilk twice daily, with beans and bacon for dinner, was too strong and coarse. They insisted on more delicate fare, and demanded a supply of tea and white bread. They were unconscious that persons in their position but a few years ago possessed amazing vigor, and performed twice the amount of labor with greatest ease—and when the day's work was over actually revelled in the display of super strength, which nothing but their better and more rational diet could have yielded them.—*London Medical Record.*