

LONGINGS

Thou longest, O Lord, for the land of rest,
Land of the beautiful and the best.

Thy word is as a seed of peace and love—
Thy eyes are as waters shining from above.

The thorns are thick where thy feet have trod—
Thou longest to bring to the peace of God.

Thou breakest thorns from the pathway of sin,
Thou hastenest when they work to bring in.

And yet, O Lord, in thy stillness thou
Hast thou no thought for sweet blessings sent?

Think of the youth and the childhood's home,
See thou the path of the world did it come?

Thy father's prayer and thy mother's kiss—
Is that to be made was there not bliss?

Yet from those days thou wast away,
Another arm was thy help and stay.

Some flowers have bloomed in thy lowly lot—
Let not their fragrance be forgot.

Some stars have gleamed to lighten thy way
As thou goest on to the breaking day!

And soon the boatman shall take thee o'er
Beyond the thrills of the earthly shore.

Wait thou in hope for the welcome call,
Which cometh surely to one who will.

Wait thou in peace and labor in love!
Like to the pure ones in heaven above.

Think not of thorns or of pains and fears,
Think not of sorrows or bitter tears.

Think of the love of our Father—God—
To all who dwell on the earth's green sod.

The path He plans is the very best
For His children to walk in to their rest.

Soon will the shadows of life be gone,
Soon will thou welcome the heavenly dawn!

GOOD SORT OF MEN.

BY THE REV. WM. COCHRANE, M.A., BRANTFORD.

There is no phrase made use of more frequently than that which stands at the head of this article. If all the "good sort of men" in the world were "good men," society would be very different from what it is. The fact is, there are comparatively few good men, in the highest acceptance of the term, but very many "good sort of men." The world acknowledges the fact, in the kind of encomiums it passes upon its friends. For once that you hear a man spoken of without qualification as a good man, you hear the expression "a good sort of man" a thousand times. "He had his faults, to be sure, say the companions of such a man after his death, "but on the whole was rather a good sort of man—a generous fellow, he had a warm heart and a sociable disposition. He was not a bad sort of fellow, after all."

When we come to examine the record which these "good sort of men" leave behind, we find it in many cases the reverse of what is honorable and virtuous. The language is used indiscriminately towards the most indifferent and unworthy characters. Men who have no decided principles—who follow the customs of the majority—who are timid and craven-hearted in the presence of evil, if not positive evil-doers themselves—who have no determination to resist temptation, and who float with the current of the age—these, in most cases, are what the world calls "good sort of men." It has thus become a stereotyped phrase, to conceal defect and positive wrongdoing, which the grave cannot entirely blot out of memory.

"Good sort of men" have no positive virtues. Their character is a bundle of negatives. Where positive immorality cannot be charged against them, they are useless to all active labour on behalf of God and humanity. They are so much dead weight upon the body politic. Their influence for good is of the lowest grade. What talents they possess are unexercised. They dream existence away, regardless of individual responsibility, and imagine that "good intentions" and "doing no harm to others" entitle them to saintship.

On the other hand, what are some of the characteristics of a really good man?

A good man, in the highest sense, is a man of the strictest integrity. His word is as good as his oath; his promise as reliable as his bond. He can be trusted with the gravest responsibilities. His dealings are marked by straightforwardness and honesty. He is the very soul of honor. Meanness of every description he despises. He cannot stoop to fraud in speech or action. He takes no undue advantage of the ignorance and misfortunes of another. He speaks what he thinks, and is the same to a man's face that he is behind his back. The secrets of others, committed to him, are inviolate. If he finds occasion to rebuke a friend, it is given with candour, openly and frankly. His duties to society he regards as next in importance to those that are due his Maker. He eats honest bread. What he owes he pays. The obligations he is under to his native or adopted country he cheerfully discharges. As a citizen, recognizing his responsibilities as well as his rights, he bears his share of civil burdens, and obeys the call of authority at whatever personal sacrifice. Such a man comes up to the poet's conception of true moral heroism:

"Dare to be right | dare to be true!
All the world's scorn can never harm you,
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith,
Stand like a hero and battle till death."

A good man is also a man of the severest virtue. He loathes that laxity in speech and behaviour too prevalent among so-called respectable men at the present day. He is pure in thought and chaste in conversation. He takes his stand upon the morality of the New Testament and endeavors to inculcate it upon the members of his own family—in the circle of his acquaintance and among his fellow-workmen. Foolish jesting, unseemly insinuations and covert innuendoes he loathes and spurns with holy indignation. In the society of the profane and irreverent he cannot live; if he cannot change its tone, he must withdraw.

Nothing so much tests a man's real character as his bearing among his fellow-men. Many a man who passes for a respectable citizen before the church is the reverse as known to his family and companions in the bustle of business and labour of the workshop. There is nothing so contaminating as the conversation of promiscuous workmen in some of our large manufacturing and mechanical houses. Many of them have good reason to fear as sinks of iniquity. They breathe the atmosphere of the pit and insidiously sow seeds of pollution, which ripen in after years. A man who passes through such an ordeal and not morally escapes unhurt, but is able to raise the tone and change the character of his associates by his consistent conduct and earnest counsels is a greater hero than the soldier who dares the cannon's mouth!

Such a good man is still further characterized by the strongest benevolence. There is something in his very voice and countenance that tells the generosity of his nature. He strives to live for the good of others. He is not simply a man who harms no one, but he seeks the positive good of his fellow-men. His ear is ever open to the call of the destitute, and his hand ever ready to give for their relief. To see the prosperity of others is his delight. Envy and hatred have no place in his nature. To strengthen the weak, advise the young, reclaim the fallen, restore the backslider, and bless all men, are the motives that govern his life. Such benevolence is a daily practice. It is not abnormal or spasmodic, or called into activity on extraordinary occasions, but sweetly colours and perfumes every action of his life. His sentiments are expressed in these well-known lines:—

"I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my spirit too.

"For those human ties which bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the hopes that beam within me,
And the good that I can do.

"For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Finally, a good man in the highest sense is a man of the sincerest piety. It is deep, earnest, heartfelt. It consists not only in the acceptance of doctrines, but in the practice of holiness. An abiding sense of God's presence, a reverential regard for His commands, a confident trust in His promises, and implicit reliance upon His mercy, characterize such a man. Such piety may be more or less prominent, according to gifts bestowed and opportunities given. In many cases it is retiring; but even then it wields a mighty influence for good. In every case, it is pronounced and patent to the world. It makes no secret of the choice that has been made and the Master whom it serves.

There is an opinion too common among many professedly strong-minded and intelligent men that religion is childish—fitted for weak, effeminate and superstitious natures; but not for men of maturity and culture. And yet it is not true that the noblest names in science, philosophy, statesmanship, and letters, during the last or present century, have been men of decided piety? They lived in the faith of the gospel, and died resting upon its precious promises. Such a death was that of the grand old philosopher, Sir David Brewster, of whom his physician, Sir James Simpson, wrote as follows:

"As death drew more and more nigh the one idea of his Saviour, and of his being speedily and eternally with Him, grew stronger and more absorbing. On one of these occasions he paused and seemed to gather up his strength to say, with a wonderful power of emphasis, 'I shall see Jesus—Jesus who created all things—Jesus who made the world, I shall see Him as He is.' I said, 'You will understand everything then,' and it seemed to me as if the 'Oh yes' of his answer came out of the very fullness of content. Once I said to him, 'I wish all learned men had your simple faith.' Again there was a pause, and each word was dropped out with a never-to-be-forgotten weight of meaning. 'I have had the light for many years, and, oh, how bright it is! I feel so safe, so perfectly safe, so perfectly happy!'

"I said to him that it had been given to him to show forth much of God's great and marvellous works; and he answered, 'Yes, and I have found them to be great and marvellous, and I have felt them to be His.' As a physician I have often watched by the dying, but I have never seen a death-bed scene more full of pure love and faith than our late president's was. His death-bed was indeed a sermon of unapproachable eloquence and pathos. For there lay this grand and gifted old philosopher, this hoary, loving votary and arch-priest of science, passing fearlessly through the valley of death, sustained and gladdened with the all-simple and all-sufficient faith of a very child and looking forward with unclouded intellect and bright and happy prospects to the mighty change that was about to carry him from time to eternity."

FLOWER GARDEN AND PLEASURE GROUND

The gardener's Monthly, a most excellent periodical, devoted to horticultural and rural affairs and published by Charles H. Mart, 814 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, gives, in the September number, the following timely hints on autumn gardening:

So soon as the leaves begin to fall, and the hot dry summer weather passes away, people begin to think of planting Dutch bulbous roots.

Of all fertilizers, well rotted cow manure has been found best for them, and especially if mixed with a portion of fine sand. They should be set about four inches beneath the surface of the ground, and a little sand put about the roots when being planted. A very wet soil usually rots the roots, and a dry one detracts from the size of the bloom. A soil in which garden vegetables do well is one of the best for these plants.

In selecting kinds to plant, the hyacinths have of course the first place. They are

usually set in beds where the summer flowers have bloomed, and are best set wide enough to allow of the summer bedding plants being put between them. They do soon after the spring flowers are set out and can easily be taken out before the summer flowers grow strong enough to crowd them.

In selecting a very good show of bloom can be had from the moderate priced mixed kinds. These, where one has not much acquaintance with them, will look nearly as well as the choice named kinds. The last, however, are indispensable to those whose taste has been somewhat cultivated by years of hyacinth growing. For winter blooming, the bulbs are usually set in four inch pots, about level with the surface of the soil, and the pots buried under ashes or sand until they begin to push. It is also as well, before hard frost sets in to cover the bulbs in the open ground with a little light litter. They are hardy enough; but the litter keeps the ground from thawing, which, oft repeated, draws the bulbs out of the ground. When the bulbs are to be grown in glasses of water, it is best to set the whole concern in dark places for some weeks, as darkness always favors the production of roots. When the tops are to grow, then all the light possible is necessary. But we want roots before we can have tops. Beside hyacinths, other bulbs which are hardy and can be set out in the fall are tulips, narcissus, squills, jonquils, crown imperials, crocus, snowdrops, and Jahan lilies. The gladioli are sometimes seen in these catalogues, but these summer flowering things are planted in spring.

In many parts of the Northern States, the leaves will have changed color previous to the incoming of winter, and the planting of trees and shrubs will commence as soon as the first fall showers shall have cooled the atmosphere and moistened the soil. Further south, where the season will still remain "summer" awhile longer, the soil may at any rate be prepared that all may be in readiness when the right season does come. When there is likely to be a great deal of planting to be done and only a limited number of hands employed, planting may commence early in the month. What leaves remain on should be stripped off, and the man shoots shortened. They will then do better than if planted very late. In fact, if planting cannot be finished before the middle of November in the Northern and Middle States, it is better, as a rule, deferred till spring. In those States where little frost occurs, this rule will not apply. The roots of plants grow all winter, and a plant set out in the fall has this advantage, over spring set trees, that its roots are in position to supply the tree at once with food. This is, indeed, the theory fall planters rely on, but in practice it is found that severe cold dries up the wood, and the frosts draw out the roots, and thus more than counterbalance any advantage from the pushing of new roots. Very small plants are, therefore, best left till spring for their final planting. The large things, of which we recommend planting in the fall, should be pruned in somewhat at planting. The larger the tree the greater in proportion should it be cut away.

Before the summer flowers are gone, make notes for the best things to be had for the next year, and arrange now what are to go in the beds then. There will then be time to get all together. A friend has a bed of the early flowering canna which have made a pretty show on his grounds, but last year he thought there was hardly a pretty enough with the curious leaves. He planted a few scarlet gladioli amongst them, and found they grew very well together. The leaves of gladioli hardly showed amongst the canna, so there was no incongruity. The effect was as if the canna bore the scarlet flowers. It is such ideas as these which give interest to a flower garden. So with leaf plants. The colors, acanthus, belgonas, and such like, have much the best effect in partially shady places. There are other things which do best in the sun—such as the canna and gladioli aforesaid.

The best way to propagate all the common kinds of bedding plants is to take a frame or hand glass and set it on a bed of very sandy soil made in a shady place in the open air. The sand should be fine and sharp, and there is perhaps, nothing better than river sand for the purpose. The glass may be whitewashed on the inside, so as to afford additional security against injury from the sun's rays. Into this bed of sand, cuttings of half ripened wood for the desirable plants may be set and, after putting in, slightly watered. Even very rare plants often do better this way than when under treatment in a regular propagating house. In making cuttings, it is best to cut the shoots just under a bud—they root better, and are not so likely to rot off and decay. A cutting of about three eyes is long enough for most strong growing things, such as geraniums, fuchsias, etc.

Small growing things, of course, will take more buds to the one cutting. From one to three inches is, however, long enough for most cuttings. They should be inserted about one-third of their way under the sand, which latter should be pressed firmly against the row of cuttings with a flat piece of board—not, however, hard enough to force the particles of sand into the young and tender bark, which is often the first step to decay. For a few cuttings, they may be inserted with a dibble; but where many are to be put in, it is better, and then cut down a face into the sand, say one or two inches deep when the cuttings can be set against the face like box edging. All amateurs should practice the art of propagating plants. There is nothing connected with gardening so interesting.

The roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the bow of him who plucks them, and they are the only roses which do not retain their sweetness after they have lost their beauty.—Blair.

I should desire never to outlive the ability to expound something from the Word of God, something from the unsearchable riches of Christ, more fresh, more clear, more instructive, as the result of personal experience of the power, the excellence, and the glory of this divine revelation.—Dr. Tyng.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS, OR THE OLD WOMAN'S RAILWAY SIGNAL.

BY ALVIN DUBRETT.

The most effective working force in the world in which we live is the law of kindness. For it is the only moral force that operates with the same effect upon man, kind, and beast, and bird and fish. From time immemorial, music has wonderfully attracted all beings, reasoning or unreasoning, that have ears to hear. The prettiest and most charming of ancient literature relate to Orpheus playing his lyre to animate the dead, in enraptured silence to its strains. Well, kindness is the spontaneous music of good-will to men and beasts. And both listen to it with their hearts instead of their ears, and the hearts of both are affected by it in the same way, it is not to the same degree. Volumes might be written filled with beautiful illustrations of its effects upon both. The music of kindness, not only the power to charm, but to transform both the savage heart of man and beast, and on this harp the smallest fingers in the world may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

Some time ago we read of an incident that will serve as an illustration of this beautiful law. It was substantially to this effect. A poor, coarse-featured old woman lived on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, where it passes through a wild unpeopled district of West Virginia. She was a widow with only one daughter, living with her in a log hut, near a deep, precipitous gorge, crossed by the railway bridge. Here she contrived to support themselves by raising and selling poultry and eggs, adding berries in their season and other little articles for the market. She had to make a long, weary walk of many miles to a town where she could sell her basket of produce. The railway passed by her cabin to this town, but the ride would cost too much of the profits of her small sales, so she trudged on generally to the market on foot. The conductor came finally to notice her walking by the side of the line or between the rails, and, being a good natured benevolent man he would often give her a ride to and fro without charge. The engine men and brakemen were also good to the old woman, and felt they were not wronging the interests of the railway company by giving her these free rides. And soon an accident occurred that proved they were quite right in this view of the matter.

In the wild month of March, the rain descended, and the mountains sent down their rolling roaring torrents of melted snow and ice into this gorge near the woman's hut. The flood arose with the darkness of the night, until she heard the crash of the railway bridge, as it was swept from its abutments, and dashed its broken timbers against the craggy sides of the precipice on either side. It was nearly midnight. The rain fell in a flood, and the darkness was deep and howling with the storm. In another half-hour the express train would be due. What could she do to warn it against the awful destruction it was approaching? She had hardly a whole tallow candle in her house, and no light she could make of tallow or oil, if she had it, would live a moment in that tempest of wind and rain. Not a moment was to be lost; and her thought was equal to the moment. She cut the cord of her only beststead, and shouldered the dry posts, side-piece, and head-piece. Her daughter followed her with their two wooden chairs. Up the steep embankment they climbed, and piled all their household furniture upon the line a few rods before the black awful chasm, gurgling with the flood. The distant rumbling of the train came upon them just as they fired the well-dried combustibles. The pile blazed up into the night, throwing its red, swaling, booming light a long way up the track. In fifteen minutes it would begin to wane, and she could not revive it with green wet wood. The thunder of the train grew louder. It was within five miles of the fire. Would they see it in time? They might not put on the brake soon enough. Awful thought! She tore her red flannel gown from her in a moment, and tying it to the end of a stick, ran up the track, waving it in both hands, while her daughter swung round her head a blazing chair-post a little before. The lives of a hundred unconscious passengers hung on the issue of the next minute. The ground trembled at the old woman's feet. The great red eye of the engine burst upon her as it came round a curve. Like a huge, sharp sighted lion coming suddenly upon a fire, it sent forth a thrilling roar, that filled all the wild heights and ravines around. The train was at full speed; but the brakemen wrestled at their leverage with all the strength of desperation. The wheels ground along on the heated rails slower and slower, until the engine stopped at the decaying fire. It still blazed enough to show them the heaving edge of the black abyss into which the train and all its passengers would have plunged, and into a death destruction too horrible to think of, had it not been for the old woman's signal. They did not stop to thank her first for the deliverance. The conductor knelt down by the side of the engine, the engine-driver and the brakemen came and knelt by him; all the passengers came and knelt down by them, and there, in the expiring light of the burnt out pile, in the rain and the wind, they thanked God for the salvation of their lives. All in a hush the knees and prayers sent up into the dark heavens such a midnight voice of thanksgiving as seldom, if ever ascended from the earth to Him who seeth in darkness as well as in secret.

Kindness is the music of good-will to men; and on this harp the smallest fingers may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

In one of his town Elder John Leland came up at night to a public house where he was acquainted, and where he proposed to pass the night. The landlord met him with a smiling countenance, and told him that, having built a new barn, he was nicely prepared to accommodate the clergy. "I have," said he, "a very good stable, with all the improvements, for Episcopal horses, a comfortable sort of stable for Presbyterian horses, while I keep the old barn for Baptist horses; the feed is according to the style of the stable." "Well," he replied, "everybody knows that I am a Baptist, but my horse is an Episcopalian."—Baptist Quarterly.

APPRENTICES AND JOURNEYMEN.

No more startling business fact has found recent publication, than that in Philadelphia there are only 3,500 apprentices among 92,112 journeymen, distributed in 8,000 establishments, or one apprentice to every two and a quarter shops and every twenty-six workmen, while at the same time there are 22,000 boys in that city between the ages of 16 and 21 out of useful employment. The fact is a startling one, and the people of the great cities and towns ought to think of it. The system which gives volume and shape to these discouraging statistics is that adopted by most of the trades unions, which are well enough when legitimately applied to the protection of labor, but which become positively pernicious when they selfishly attempt to discourage not only the branches of industry in which they are engaged, but those who must be its future promoters. We can only account for the adoption of such a narrow, restricted policy by the fact that in most labor organizations unmarried and childless men predominate, and give tone to all law and conduct. For surely fathers with hearts would not shut the door to the business training of their children! They are directly interested in their sons acquiring trades, and the policy which shuts them out cannot surely be suggested by those who owe them most encouragement. Complaint has been made in all sections and by all classes of the great scarcity of skilled workmen, a fact due to this policy; also, of the preponderance of clerks and those disposed to follow easy callings, a fact partially due to the same policy, for if shops were open to a reasonable number of apprentices, as one proportion increases the other must diminish. The correction of this evil can neither be found in law nor threat; it is within the unions, and those anxious to promote a more liberal, a less selfish policy, can at any time control the question by systematically directing attention to both the future as well as present wants of the workmen. American mechanics and artisans are too intelligent not to see the force of this position, if once finally taken, and for their own credit and profit they should take it.—New Jersey Mechanic.

NOTES ABOUT RATS.

A gentleman, who has passed many years of his life at St. Helena, told me lately several stories about rats, so curious that I thought them worthy of record. He said that at one time the common brown rat was extremely common all over the island, in fact, a perfect pest; and to avoid its attacks his father had constructed a large store, rat proof, namely, a rat once in could not get out again. A number, however, came in with produce and goods from the ships, and bred there. Around this store were enethan blinds to the windows, and one day one of his men, when it was raining, watched a rat sitting on the venetian and putting out his tail to collect on it the drippings of water at the edge; he then withdrew it and licked it. The servant told his master, who immediately understood that the rats could get no water inside the store, and therefore directed that a gutter firm should be cut down to four or five inches, and in the top a large circular wire rat cage trap should be fixed. Several small planks were placed for the rats to get up to the entrance to the cage, which exactly fitted the firm. No food could have induced the rats to enter the trap, but water did, and many were thus captured. There is one peculiarity with these rats, namely, their very often building or making their nests in the trees. I have in India several times found rats' nests in trees, but they have always been stolen nests, such as deserted abodes of the squirrel or sparrow; but here my friend, who is no naturalist, tells me that they construct them principally of fir spines, on the ends of the boughs some twelve or fifteen feet from the ground, in the common fir trees. The spots selected are just where the overlapping bough nearly meets the lower one. He said that all know the rats' nests, and that he had seen them fired at, where many rats were killed and fell out of the ground. He could tell me no more, and I think that, if original nests, as he held them to be, some grass must be woven in their construction, as fir spines have but little power of cohesion. The situation of these nests was worthy of notice, although there is scarcely a situation where a rat's nest has not been found.—Science Gossip.

AN ASTRONOMICAL FACT.

Two persons were born at the same place, at the same moment of time. After an age of fifty years they both died, also at the same place, and at the same instant, yet one had lived one hundred days more than the other. How was this possible? Not to keep our friends in suspense, the solution turns on a curious, but with a little reflection, a very obvious point in circumnavigation. A person going around the world towards the west loses a day and towards the east he gains one. Supposing, then, two persons born together at the Cape of Good Hope, whence a voyage round the world may be performed in a year. If one person thus constantly toward the west, in fifty years he will be fifty days behind the stationary inhabitants; and if the other sail usually toward the east, he will be fifty days in advance of them. One, therefore, will have seen one hundred days more than the other, though they were born and died in the same place, and at the same moment, and even lived continually in the same latitude, and reckoned time by the same calendar.

Good, kind, true, holy words dropped in conversation may be little thought of; but they are like seeds of flowers or fruitful trees falling by the wayside borne by some bird afar, haply thereafter to fructify with beauty some barren mountain-side, or make glad some lonely wilderness.

The only way to meet affliction is to pass through it solemnly, slowly, with humility and faith, as the Israelites passed through the sea. Then its very waves of misery will divide, and become to us a wall on the right side and on the left, until the gall of sorrows and narrowness before our eyes, and the land safe on the opposite shore.—New Malack.