

Citizen and Home Guard

SUPPLEMENT TO WESTERN ADVERTISER--FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1895.

Motto for the Week:

To act nobly unconsciously, we must strive for nobility consciously. A pail spill only that of which it is full.—[Ivan Pavin.]

Floral Hints and Helps.

Notes of a Few Novelties for 1895.

Special for the "Citizen and Home Guard."

CRIMSON RAMBLER ROSE.

This figure prominently in several catalogues and is described as a new, hardy Japanese climber. It came to this country highly recommended, but has surpassed the highest expectations respecting it by the splendid results it has achieved. It has received the highest honors at the shows in Great Britain. It is a rapid and vigorous grower, and in some cases has attained a height of fifteen feet in one season. The flowers are produced in trusses, some measuring from seven to nine inches in length and five to seven across. As many as 300 blooms have been counted on one shoot. The color is a vivid crimson, which remains bright to the end. It is just the thing for a pillar, arch, or trellis, and will satisfy all who try it.

DOUBLE SWEET PEA.

This is put forward by Peter Henderson & Co. as a sterling novelty with the reservation that only part of the bloom will come double.

Certainly a good double sweet pea would be a great acquisition, but a good strain of the single variety requires a lot of beating. Those who like novelties and are not afraid of disappointment may try it.

NEW COMET ASTORS.

These are certainly an improved variety of this most valuable fall bloomer. In size and beauty of bloom some of them rival many of the Japanese Chrysanthemums, and with care in cultivation they make a most gorgeous autumn display. They are free from the formal stiffness formerly noticeable in Asters, their very double flowers being composed of long, wavy, twisted petals, arranged in dense half globes and borne on long stems, making them most desirable for cutting. Some of the flowers measure as much as four or five inches across. They are being sent out in various colors.

FUCHSIA "TRAILING QUEEN."

This is a "tried" novelty and a great success. It is entirely different from all other flowering varieties as it takes the form of a trailing vine. It is thus described, "Very robust and easy to grow, the branches reaching a length of four and five feet, blooming and growing nearly the whole year. The leaves are dark green, ribbed and rayed with red or crimson, which makes them luminous and handsome. Flowers and buds long and graceful, borne in large clusters at the ends of the vines. A good plant will show hundreds of flowers at once, and the effect when suspended in a window is truly glorious."

RICINUS ZANZIBARENSIS.

This is a new and much improved variety of the old "Castor Oil plant" and is characterized by extra large and handsome leaves, compact branching growth, forming a perfect pyramid of elegant foliage. The seeds are very large and of a different color beautifully marked and mottled. They have a very pretty effect on the plant. This class of plant makes a splendid center for a circular bed of sub-tropical plants and is also very handsome on a lawn.

PETUNIA "GIANTS OF CALIFORNIA."

This old favorite flower has been much improved of late years and it is a pity to grow the old insignificant varieties when new ones of so much better size, form, and color may be had. This latest variety is truly magnificent. Most of the flowers are exquisitely ruffled or fringed on the edges, and are of enormous dimensions (four to five inches across in some cases), but their great merit lies in the great varieties of colors, markings, blotchings and stripings, in the most grotesque and beautiful combinations; some with deep throats of yellow, white, black, green or maroon running off into intricate veins. There are both single and double varieties of this superb strain.

Choice of the Noble Man.

There are certain things which all men desire, and which all men would gladly, if they could lawfully and innocently, obtain. These things are health, wealth, ease, comfort, influence, honor, freedom from opposition and from pain; and yet if you were to place all these blessings on one side, and on the other side to place poverty, and disease, and anguish, and trouble, and contempt; yet, if on this side you were to place truth and justice, and a sense that, however densely the clouds may gather about our life, the light of God will be visible beyond them, all the noblest men that ever lived would choose, as without hesitation they always have chosen, the latter destiny. It is not that they like failure, but they

prefer failure to falsity; it is not that they love persecution, but they prefer persecution to meanness; it is not that they relish opposition, but they welcome opposition rather than guilty acquiescence; it is not that they do not shrink from agony, but they would not escape agony by crime. The selfishness of Dives in his purple is to them less enviable than the innocence of Lazarus in rags; they would be chained with John in prison rather than loll with Herod at the feast; they would fight with beasts with Paul in the arena rather than be steeped in the foul luxury of Nero on the throne.—[Archdeacon Farrar.]

When Women Have Votes

Dangerous Then to Insist on a Fair Witness' Age.

The unmarried woman of uncertain age was on the witness stand, and the prosecuting attorney, for some reason, was disposed to nag her.

"I believe," he said, "that you gave your name as Mary Howitly, unmarried?"

"I did," she replied stubbornly.

"And what is your age?"

"I decline to answer."

"But the court wishes to know."

"It's none of the court's business," snapped the witness.

"The witness will answer the question," frowned the judge.

"The witness will do nothing of the kind," replied the lady.

"The court insists," said the judge.

"And why?" asked the witness.

"Will I tell the truth with any less impartiality whether I am 20 or 70?"

The judge was thinking of a fitting answer when the prosecutor put in:

"May it please the court," he said severely, "this is contempt and should be punished accordingly."

The witness smiled most exasperatingly.

"May it please the court," she said in close imitation of the prosecutor, "you may fine me for contempt if you wish, but it will not make me answer. Your honor and the gentleman who asks me the question are elected to the offices you fill by the people, and you are both willing to be elected again. Imprison me if you wish, I shall not answer; but I will say to both of you now, that when the people know you have punished a woman for refusing to tell her age you will never be elected to office again in a thousand years. Women have some rights that are bound to be respected, and public sentiment has accorded us this one. So there."

The judge looked down at the prosecutor and the prosecutor looked up at the judge, and the question was passed.—[Detroit Free Press.]

And now I pray for love,

Deep love to God and man;

A love that will not fail,

However dark his plan,

—[Ednah D. Cheney.]

The Father's Example.

A young gentleman who had never been out in the world a great deal, and had never attended a banquet, was invited with his father to attend a very fashionable one in a certain city. Many kinds of wines and liquors were served, as is customary at such places.

Seated at the table by the side of his father, the waiter approached the young man with liquors and wines, and asked him what he would have. Somewhat embarrassed, and not knowing what to say, he thought awhile, looked around, and at last said to the waiter, "I'll take what father does."

The waiter passed on to the father. He had heard the answer of his boy. Up to this time he had been a moderate drinker, and was not a Prohibitionist. His boy's answer to the waiter woke him up to the fearful responsibility upon him as he was about to make choice, and brought him face to face with a question, upon the decision of which depended largely the future moral welfare of his son.

What should he do? "What would he take?"

Aroused fully to his responsible position, more than he had ever been before, he said with emphasis, "I'll take water."

The battle was fought, the victory won, and the destiny of his boy as a man of temperate habits fixed so far as he had the power to do it by his example. The father became a total abstainer, and was ever afterward a strong Prohibitionist, and his son was saved to a sober life.

The Abbe's Retort.

A good story is told of Monsignor Mioland, the predecessor of Cardinal Desprez in the Archbishopric of Toulouse. He was passing one day through the pig market, when a man shouted at him: "There are only priests and pigs in this place."

The abbe, as he then was, stopped and said to the man, "My friend, are you a priest?" "Not I," returned the other. "Then," said the abbe, "you naturally are the other thing."

A Retreat Needed

Why Are the Churches Closed All the Week—Strong Plea for Keeping Them Open Every Day—W. T. Stead, Editor of the Review of Reviews On the Necessities of the Age.

There is one question which I have often asked on public platforms which I am glad to be permitted to put before the readers of the New Age. That is, whether if any ordinary man of the world were to invest trust-money on the same principal on which Christian people invest the money collected for the service of the Lord, he would escape jail? I doubt it, and for this reason.

A trustee who was intrusted with any sum of money to invest on behalf of his ward would be held by the courts to be guilty of criminal negligence, malfeasance, and I know not what high crimes and misdemeanors if he invested it in such fashion that it only bore interest one day out of seven. Yet that, in nine cases out of ten, is the way in which money placed in trust for divine service is invested by Christian people.

What is the value of the church property of London if it were capitalized today? No one can say. Including the value of the sites it must amount to many millions. When I was in Chicago one of the evening papers published a series of elaborate articles on the money sunk in church plant and the cost of keeping it up, for the purpose of proving that the return was inadequate, and that if the man from Nazareth came to Chicago he would be dissatisfied with the investment his disciples had made in his behalf. According to the Chicago Mail, the net capital represented by the churches of the city was £4,500,000.

Considering that London is more than twice the size of Chicago, and that the churches are far more costly structures than those built on the shores of Lake Michigan, it would not be out of the way to put the money locked up in church buildings and sites at nearer £20,000,000 than £15,000,000. Every penny of that immense sum is trust-money for God Almighty. Is it well invested?

The first principle of investing money is that it should bear interest all the time it is invested. Rain or shine, week in, week out, all the days of the week the man of the world expects his money to bear interest. At present the rate of interest is low. Few count themselves lucky if he can get a safe 3 per cent per annum. But what business man would lock up his capital in any undertaking that only yielded a return one day in seven? If he invests it in a public house Boniface earns his dividend seven days a week. If he puts it in any other business the investment bears harvest six days a week. But if the saints invest it for God Almighty it only bears fruit one day in seven. This is not very good business for the Children of Light, who in this respect have much to learn from the children of the world.

The practice of shutting up churches from Sunday to Sunday is the rule in Protestant countries. I don't think the Catholics make all the use of their churches that they might do. But they are miles ahead of the Protestants in this as in many another department of Christian effort. The church in a Catholic district—say in Switzerland or Bavaria—is always open. It is the common home of the parishioners. They can go there at any time to pray, to read, to meditate, to talk and at times to sleep; for although the church is not a dormitory—save during somnolent sermons—it is a means of grace to be able to take 40 winks in a cool church after a long walk in the blazing sun. The church is the poor man's opera house, as Voltaire long ago very truly observed; it is also his picture gallery and his museum of art. It is his best specimen of architecture, and it houses his only collection of statuary. Its tombs tell the story of the families whose lives made the history of the district. On its walls are inscribed the pious tributes of grateful survivors to the heroes of the hamlet—valiant men who hazarded their lives in the high places of the field in defense of faith and fatherland. High overhead the banners moulder into dust, eloquent even in the decay of the heroic deeds of derring-do of the days that are gone. Music, painting, architecture, sculpture, history—all combine to make the church the center and pivot of the life of the town. Its doors from sun-up to sun-down are never closed. No attendant haunts the sacred edifice. All are free to come and go. Nor is the simple faith of the rustic unjustified by fact; sacrilege is unknown, theft unfearful.

What a contrast is this to the jealously locked and bolted sanctuaries in which popular Protestantism has sunk who can say how many millions of hard cash! In rural village, in busy town, in crowded city, it is the one

house whose doors are closed all the livelong working week. And yet, when you come to look into the matter, what good would come of leaving the doors open? What is there inside most of our churches and chapels to tempt outsiders inside when no service is going on and there is neither preaching nor praying? That is true enough. Merely to open the doors would be of little use. It is necessary to go further if any good is to be done with the capital locked up in our empty churches.

There is one thing that needs to be done, and that covers all things. These edifices, which are now locked up to the glory of God, must be opened for the service of man. In most communities the first thing every active social worker will tell you is that there is great need of a common hall, of a parish drawing-room, of a social clubhouse, of a public reading-room, of a public gymnasium, and of covered playgrounds for the children. They will deplore the lack of any place where they can give popular concerts and entertainments, and where the working man can meet under cover to have his snack and hear some good music. They want a building, they will tell you, for a score of different social services, but they cannot afford to build one. They cannot rent one, and so they go without.

And all the while, in the very heart and center of the population that is craving for a building in which to have its clamant social needs ministered to by its brethren, there stands a building—commodious, well lighted, well ventilated, capable of being well warmed—empty, idle, useless, the playground of mice and the workshop of spiders. There it stands, dark and silent, locked, bolted, and barred. And when you ask why, in the name of the All-Merciful Nazarene, this building cannot be devoted to the service of the least of these his brethren, you are met with a shudder of indignant horror, as if you had uttered some rude blasphemy. "What! How dare you propose to desecrate, by devoting to the secular needs of the workman, the child, and the servant, the building consecrated to the service of prayer and praise, to the hearing of sermons and the singing of hymns?"

I would dare, although it involved remodeling the whole interior of my church from ceiling to basement. And I do not think that he who never sought his own honor and glory while on earth would think the service of the sanctuary one whit less fragrant or acceptable because it was rendered on Sunday in a building sanctified the remaining six days of the week by being dedicated to helpful ministries to men, his brethren. "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me;" "Inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these my brethren, ye did it not unto me"—these two sayings of our Lord would be an all-sufficient warrant for any bold innovator who, breaking down a false and cruel tradition, rededicated the house of the Lord to the service of man, and made the church in every parish a center as busy and as useful all the days of the week as are the Polytechnic and Oxford House.—[The New Age.]

The Camphor Language.

One of the strangest languages in the world, used for the queerest of purposes, is the "camphor language" of Johore, a country of the Malay Peninsula. It has lately been studied and reported upon by Mr. Lake, an English engineer in the service of the Sultan of Johore. This language is called the "Pantang Kapor," or camphor language, and is used by the natives and all others who are engaged in gathering the product of the Maylayan camphor tree, and only at that time. If they used either of the languages of the region, the Malay or the aboriginal Jakun, the natives believe that they could not obtain any camphor; and for a most curious reason. The camphor tree, Dryobalanops camphora, grows abundantly in certain parts of the peninsula, but only occasionally contains camphor crystals. The camphor is not the same as that obtained from the camphor laurel of Formosa and Japan, which is the source of the ordinary camphor of commerce. It is of a sort very highly prized by the Chinese in the embalming of their dead, in incense and in medicine, and the gum brings much more than the common camphor. The Malays and other Johore natives believe that each species of tree has a spirit or divinity that presides over its affairs. The spirit of the camphor tree is known by the name of Bisan—literally "a woman." Her resting-place is near the trees; and when at night a pe-

culiar noise is heard in the woods, resembling that of a cicada, the Bisan is believed to be singing, and camphor will surely be found in the neighborhood. But the spirit of the camphor trees seems to be jealous of the precious gum, and must be propitiated, and if she knows that hunters are in quest of it, she will endeavor to turn their steps aside. So it is necessary to speak in a tongue she does not understand. For this purpose the "camphor language" has been invented. It consists of a mixture of Jakun and Malay words, but these are curiously altered or reversed; and the natives possibly believe that the divinity of the camphor tree is completely confused. The Jakuns who hunt the camphor are one of the wildest of people, but inoffensive. They live, together with monkeys, dogs, cats, innumerable fowls, and perhaps a tame hornbill, in perfect harmony, under movable leaf-shelters built on poles in the woods.—[Life among the Jakuns.]

Advice to a Young Man.

Never whip your brain. All high pressure is dangerous. Study to think as quietly and as easily as you breathe. Never force yourself to learn what you have no talent for. Knowledge without love will remain a lifeless manufacture, not a living growth. Be content to be ignorant of many things that you may know one thing well, and that the thing which God especially endowed you to know. It requires fire to fuse the materials of thinking, no less than to melt the iron in the foundry. But remember this, however strong you may be, physically, to strike a blow, and however sharp, intellectually, to recognize a fact and discern a difference, your success in the game of life depends on the serious culture which you give to the third formative force in human character, your moral nature, and of this element a comprehensive expression is found in the right simple word love. On this all prophets, poets and philosophers are agreed.—[Prof. Blackie.]

Strings of Thought.

It is not easy to imagine ourselves without the means of communication furnished by the 24 letters of the alphabet. How could we carry on our business? And, indeed, those races who are ignorant of writing have remained in a state of barbarism. The ancient Peruvians were an exception to this rule, but they were not altogether without a means to communicate their thoughts to those absent. They transmitted their ideas by means of the guipu. The Panama Star and Herald says: "The instrument was a cord about two feet long, composed of threads of different colors tightly twisted together, and with a number of smaller threads suspended from it in the manner of a fringe. The colors denoted sensible objects and even abstract ideas. Arithmetical purposes were served by knots tied in the threads, indicating ciphers; they could be associated so as to work out complex calculations. Combined with oral tradition, and working by the laws of association, the guipu preserved the annals of the Peruvian Empire. Yet with this imperfect substitute for writing and notation, the Peruvians advanced to a degree of civilization which, though in some respects inferior to that of their Spanish conquerors, was in others decidedly superior. They constructed magnificent roads, they maintained an elaborate religion, they constructed solid and elegant buildings, they overcame the difficulties of their arid climate by means of a stupendous system of irrigation, their aqueducts being among the wonders of the world, and they cultivated the fine arts with some success. One proof of their advanced civilization is the fact that the population of Peru under the Incas was twelve times greater than it is at the present day."

The Decline of Family Worship.

Archdeacon Sinclair, of London, preaching in Edinburgh lately, complimented Scotland on her holding of family prayers, and expressed the wish that the practice would spread in England. But the Glasgow Christian Leader criticises the compliment and asserts that in Edinburgh at least family worship, even on the Lord's day, appears to be almost entirely a thing of the past. "On that evening," it says, "you might send out a dozen men to walk the residential streets between the hours of 8 and 12, without one of them returning with the report of anything indicative of the observance of the good old custom. Perhaps, however, a back room is used, or the psalm is discarded least offense be given to modern musical culture." The decline of family worship in Scotland will be bad for the land of heather and for all the world besides. Her sons have gone out into all portions of the earth with their religious consciences and customs, and if the latter fall into desuetude the former will soon follow suit, and then Scotchmen will be no better than any other men.

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A Good Creed.

Life appears to me to be too short to be spent in nursing animosity, or in registering wrongs. We are and we must be, one and all, burdened with faults in this world; but the time will soon come when, I trust, we shall put them off in putting off our corruptible bodies; when debasement and sin will fall from us with this cumbrous frame of flesh, and only the spark will remain—the impalpable principle of life, pure as when it left the Creator to inspire the creature; whence it came it will return, perhaps to pass through gradations of glory—from the pale human soul to brighten to the seraph. . . . It is a creed in which I delight, to which I cling. It makes eternity a rest, a mighty home, not a terror and an abyss. Besides, with this creed, revenge never worries my heart, degradation never too deeply disgusts me, injustice never crushes me too low, I live in calm, looking to the end.—[Charlotte Bronte.]

Life is God's plan, not ours. For often on the ruins of visionary hope rises the kingdom of our substantial possessions and our true peace; and under the shadow of earthly disappointment, all unconsciously to ourselves, our Divine Redeemer is walking by our side.—[Chapin.]

Still On the Threshold.

The wisest natural philosophers will tell you that they seem to stand on the threshold alone of knowledge. We have only approached the questions of education, of the healing of crime, of bringing classes together, of capital and labor; we have scarcely touched the vaster questions of international union, of confederated nations. We are, still, like barbarians, unable to settle questions which involve nations and the whole welfare of the human race, except by the ruinous way of war. In the case of our own religion, Christianity itself, after eighteen centuries, and centuries of activity of thought, is still wholly undeveloped. Men talk of its being effete. It has scarcely got out of its stormy and blundering youth; all kinds of old tags of superstition, derived from heathenism and philosophy still cling to it; it cannot as yet get rid of intolerance, and bluster, and narrowness and bigotry, and rigid standards of opinion—the natural sins of youth. It has not got out of its shell yet and moved into the great world, so as to take part in all questions. Its principles have not yet been formulated towards universal action, and applied to social, municipal, state, national and international life, as they will be by-and-by, when it is freed from the curse of churches that claim to be its sole depositories.—[Stopford Brooke.]

A Birdless World.

What would our woods and fields be without their charming feathered inhabitants? How dreary the silence would be where once the song of the skylark rose above the corn!—and when it becomes a vain thing to listen for the whistle of the blackbird, the thrill of the thrush or the warble of the nightingale, how we shall long to have them back again! Yet if skylarks are sold at 18 pence a dozen for epicures to eat, or at 3 pence apiece for caging, can we expect to keep any for our meadows? And if nightingales, thrushes and blackbirds are huddled into the bird catcher's net by hundreds, while every plowboy may crush their eggs, is it not a certainty that soon none will be left?—to say nothing of the chorus of twitterings, that pretty innocent bird-talk from the linnet, robin, wren and tit, which we must lose when, in a few years' time it is too late for saving them. Birds are the property of the nation, not of the bird catcher or any other private individual. Let the people protect their rights—and a free concert hall, music, with fresh air, health and enjoyment under the blue sky. Let no the whole community suffer for the sake of a handful of merciless marauders who take delight in spoiling and ruin, or are too ignorant to know what they do.—[English Exchange.]

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption. a