



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XVIII., No. 19.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, OCTOBER 1, 1883.

SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

MRS. FULLER'S BOY.

The Fullers—we do not give the real name—were an influential family. They were wealthy, cultured people, and among the most prominent members of the principal church in the Western town in which they lived. Every Sunday they filled their pew, gave liberally to church and other charities, and the minister was always welcomed to their table.

Mrs. Fuller was a sincere Christian woman. No one acquainted with her daily life could question her sincerity. But she was peculiarly reserved and sensitive, with an extreme dislike of obtruding on the reserve of other people. Her son was her constant companion as he grew to early manhood—a clever, spirited boy; keen of apprehension and eager for knowledge. His mother discussed every subject but that of religion freely with him. He had been sent constantly to Sunday-school and had been taught the chief facts in Jewish history, and that relating to the life and mission of Christ. But she had never asked him to consider the relation in which he himself stood to God, or urged him to take Christ as the guide and model of his life—his Friend and Master. There had been times when she felt almost driven to do this, but when the lad was at her side, and they were surrounded by the atmosphere of every-day life, her courage had failed her and the subject had been deferred. He was a handsome, perfectly healthy young man, a noted athlete, with a life full of plans and hopes before him; there was plenty of time, she felt, for such counsel and entreaties.

Last October the boy was struck down with diphtheria. On the second day the physician told him he had not an hour to live. While he lay stunned and silent, some one spoke to him of Christ as a Saviour.

"Saviour? Why, I never thought about him!" he cried. "He is no Saviour of

mine. Mother, why didn't you talk to me of him?"

These were his last words. In a few moments his senses were clouded, and before the hour was over, he was dead.

Every mother will understand the intolerable legacy of remorse that was left by these words. Yet how many mothers, although religious women in their profession and habits of life, never break the silence between themselves and their sons on this subject! They defer it to a more

convenient season, and soon the tender boy is a hardened man, and has left home and passed from under their influence. If a man's mother has not cared for his soul, who will?—*Youth's Companion*.

SOME THINGS BOYS SHOULD KNOW.

Boys should never go through life satisfied to be always borrowing other people's brains. There are some things they should find out for themselves. There is always

something waiting to be found out. An apple dropped at the feet of Newton, and he took it as an invitation to study the forces of nature, and thereby discovered the law of gravitation. Every boy should think some thought, or do some good deed, that shall live after him. A farmer's boy should discover for himself what timber will bear the most weight, what is the most elastic, what will last longest in the water, what out of the water, what is the best time to cut down trees for firewood. How many kinds of oaks grow in our region; and what is each especially good for? How does a bird fly without moving a wing or a feather? How does a snake climb a tree or a brick wall? Is there a difference between a deer's track and a hog's track? What is it? How often does a deer shed his horns, and what becomes of them? In building a chimney, which should be the largest, the throat or the funnel? Should it be wider at the top or drawn in? The boys see many horses. Did they ever see a white colt? Do they know how old a twig must be to bear peaches, and how old the vine is when grapes first hang upon it? There is a bird in the forest which never builds a nest, but lays her eggs in the nests of other birds. Can the boys tell what bird it is? Do they know that a hop-vine always winds with the course of the sun, but a bean-vine always winds the other way? Do they know that when a horse crops grass he eats back towards him; but that a cow eats outwards from her, because she has no teeth upon her upper jaw, and has to gum it?—*Chatterbox*.



THE ALBATROSS.*

BY CELIA TEAXTER.

He spreads his wings like banners to the breeze,
He cleaves the air, afloat on pinions wide;
Leagues upon leagues, across the lonely seas,
He sweeps above the vast, uneasy tide.

For days together through the trackless skies,
Steadfast, without a quiver of his plumes,
Without a moment's pause for rest, he flies
Through dazzling sunshine and through cloudy glooms.

Down the green gulfs he glides, or skims the foam,
Searching for booty with an eager eye,
Hovering aloft where the long breakers comb
O'er wrecks forlorn, that topple helplessly.

He loves the tempest he is glad to see
The roaring gale to heaven the billows toss,
For strong to battle with the storm is he,
The mystic bird, the wandering albatross!

* "This fine bird is possessed of wondrous powers of wing, sailing along for days together without requiring rest, hardly ever flapping its wings, merely swaying itself leisurely from side to side with extended pinions."—*Wood's Natural History*.

"How they propel themselves in the air is difficult to understand; for they scarcely ever flap their wings, but sail gracefully along, swaying from side to side, sometimes skimming the water so closely that the point of one wing dips into it, then rising up like a boomerang into the air, then descending again and flying with the wind or against it with equal facility."—*Rambles of a Naturalist, (Outhbert Collingwood)*.

WE REPROVE each other unconsciously by our own behavior. Our very carriage and demeanor in the streets should be a reprimand that will go to the conscience of every beholder. An infusion of love from a great soul gives a color to our faults which will discover them as lunar caustic detects impurities in water.—*Thoreau*.