

Selected Articles.

SWORD AND PLOUGH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WOLFGANG MULLER.

There once was a Count, so I've heard it said Who felt that his end drew near, And he called his sons before his bed To part their goods and care.

THE ROMANCE OF ARITHMETIC.

The most romantic of all numbers is figure nine, because it can't be multiplied away or got rid of anyhow. Whatever you do, it is as sure to turn up again as was the body of Eugene Aram's victim.

M. de Maivan found out another queer thing about this number, namely, that if you take any row of figures, and reversing their order, make a subtraction sum of it, the total is sure to be nine.

For example: Take 5071 Reverse the figures 1705

The same result is obtained if you raise the number so changed to their squares or cubes. Starting with 62, begin the sum over again. By reversing the digits, we get 26, which subtracted from 62, leaves 36, or 3 + 6 = 9.

The powerful be-nine influence of this figure is exemplified in another way. Write down any number, as for example, 7549182; subtract therefrom the sum of its digits, and no matter what figures you start with, the digits of the product will always come to 9.

7549182 = sum of digits 81

7549101 sum of digits 27, and 2 + 7 = 9.

A very good puzzle has been based on this principle, as follows: Get another person to write down a horizontal row of figures, as many as he likes, without letting you see what he is about from beginning to end of the whole performance. He is then to reckon up the sum of the digits, and subtract that from his row of figures. When he has done this, bid him cross out any figure he pleases from the product, and tell you how many the figures add up, without the crossed-out figure. From the numbers so given you will be able to tell what figure he has crossed out, by only bearing in mind the fact learned above; namely, that if no figure at all had been crossed out, the result would necessarily be 9 or a multiple of 9.

405678287 = sum of digits 42

405678102 = 45; and 45 - 8 = 37.

There is only one case in which you can be at fault; and that is in the event

of a multiple of 9 being returned to you as a product. Of course then you will know that either a 9 or a 0 must have been struck out. Had the 9 been struck out in the above instance, the result would have been 36; and if it had been 0, the product would have been 45.

That is a clever Persian story about Mohammed Ali and the camels; and though it will be familiar to many of my readers, they will scarcely be sorry to be reminded of it. A Persian died, leaving seventeen camels to be divided among his three sons in the following proportions: the eldest to have half, the second a third, and the younger a ninth.

Johann August Musaeus, one of the most popular German story writers of the last century, in his story of "Libussa," makes the Lady of Bohemia put forth the following problem to her three lovers, offering her hand and throne as a prize for the true solution: "I have here in my basket," said the Lady Libussa, "a gift of plums for each of you, picked from my garden. One of you shall have half and one more, the second shall have half and one more, and the third shall again have half and three more. This will empty my basket. Now tell me how many plums are in it?"

"No," replied the lady; "but if there were as many more, and a third as many more as there are in the basket with five more added to that, the number would be so much exceed threescore as it now falls short of it."

Prince Wladimir then decided the number of plums to be thirty; and by so doing obtained this invaluable house-keeper for his wife. The Lady Libussa thereupon counted him fifteen plums and one more, when there remained fourteen. To the second knight she gave seven and one more, and six remained. To the first knight she gave half of these and three more; and the basket was empty. The discarded lovers went off with their heads exceedingly giddy and their mouths full of plums.

Double Position or the Rule of False, by which problems of this sort are worked, ought to demolish the commonplace about two wrongs not making a right. Two wrongs do make a right, figuratively speaking, at all events. Starting with two wilfully false numbers, you work each out to its natural conclusion. Then, taking the sum of your iniquities as compared with the falsehoods with which you started, you have only to multiply them crosswise to get terms which will bring you straight to the truth.

The number thirty-seven has this strange peculiarity; multiplied by 3 or any multiply of 8 up to 27, it gives three figures all alike. Thus, three times 37 will be 111, twice three times (6 times) 37 will be 222; three times three times (9 times) 37 will be three threes; four times three times (12 times) 37, three fours; and so on.

I will wind up for the present with a rather barefaced story of how a Dublin chambermaid is said to have got twelve commercial travellers into eleven bedrooms, and yet to have given each a separate room. Here we have the eleven bedrooms:

Table with 11 columns numbered 1 to 11.

"Now," said she, "if two of you

gentlemen will go into No. 1 bedroom and wait for a few minutes, I'll find a spare room for one of you as soon as I've shown the others to their rooms."

Well, now, having thus bestowed two gentlemen in No. 1, she put the third in No. 2, the fourth in No. 3, the fifth in No. 4, the sixth in No. 5, the seventh in No. 6, the eighth in No. 7, the ninth in No. 8, the tenth in No. 9, and the eleventh in No. 10. She then came back to No. 1, where, you will remember, she had left the twelfth gentleman along with the first, and said, "I've now accommodated all the rest, and have still a room to spare; so if one of you will please to step in No. 11, you will find it empty."

DR. ORMISTON.

The Rev. Dr. Ormiston, while on a recent visit to some friends in Canada, preached in the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Toronto, which was crowded. Dr. Ormiston was accompanied to the pulpit by Dr. Punshon. The Toronto correspondent of the London Advertiser, in speaking of these two divines, says:—"The two pulpit orators are no less different in their physical appearance than in their style of eloquence. Dr. Ormiston is more austere; Dr. Punshon more sympathetic; the one expounds and commands, and it may be threatens; the other sways the heart by his resistless appeals. Dr. Punshon's eloquence is like the steady roll of the great 'father of waters,' or the ceaseless beating of ocean waves upon some long unbroken shore. Dr. Ormiston is sometimes a rushing, tumultuous Niagara flood, and again it is a curiously winding stream with a very rapid current. His residence in New York has had some slight effect upon the worthy doctor; he is a little more theatrical, perhaps; but there is the same wealth of illustration, felicitous expression and remarkable copiousness of thought and language united with a not less remarkable rapidity of utterance and heightened by convincing earnestness that made him a power for good in this land, and now makes him not less serviceable in the American metropolis. His reading and exposition of the 121st Psalm was one of the most instructive and impressive portions of the service. The sermon was a masterpiece of eloquence; but it was of unequal proportion, varied and excellence. His text was taken from a striking passage in Isaiah; 'For I will pour water upon the thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground.' His pulpit power increased the regret still entertained that he should have gone away from us, for we have too few clerical giants; and the feeling has been deepened by the knowledge that Brooklyn has drawn from us another preacher hardly less gifted. I refer to the Rev. Prof. Inglis. The Presidency of Knox College seemed to have for him the promise of a splendid and useful career in the Education of young men for holy work—a career, the honors and successors of which would have been the well-earned fruit of long years of toil and study. But it seems to have been otherwise ordered; and the ripened vigorous faculties from which we had expected many things will be exercised in the more fashionable and attractive 'City of Churches.'"

FELIX THE MARTYR.

Felix, an African, being apprehended as a Christian, was commanded by the civil magistrates of the city to deliver up all books and writings belonging to his Church, that they might be burned. The martyr replied that it was better he himself should be burned. The magistrates therefore sent him to the proconsul at Carthage, by whom he was delivered over to the perfect of the praetorium, who was then in Africa. This supreme officer, offended at his bold and candid confession, commanded him to be loaded with heavier bolts and irons, and, after being kept in a close and miserable dungeon nine days, ordered him to be put on board a vessel, saying he should stand his trial before the Emperor.

In this voyage he lay for four days under the hatches of the ship, between the horses' feet, without eating or drinking. He was landed at Agrigentum, in Sicily, and when brought by the prefect as far as Venosa, in Apulia, his irons were knocked off, and he was again asked whether he had the Scriptures, and would deliver them up. "I have them," said he, "but will not part with them." On making this assertion he was instantly condemned to be beheaded. "I thank thee, O Lord," exclaimed his faithful and heroic martyr, "that I have lived fifty-six years, have preserved the Gospel, and have preached the faith and truth. O my Lord Jesus Christ, the God of heaven and earth, I bow my head to be sacrificed to thee, who livest to all eternity."—British Workman.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

In view of the probable union of Prince Edward Island with the Dominion, the following brief description of the Island will possess interest.

Prince Edward is an Island in the British Colonies, lying in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and extending along the Nova Scotia and New Brunswick coasts from Pictou to Richibucto. It is about one hundred and fifty miles long, of various widths, from one mile to thirty. Take a long boat and lay it on its side and you have a general outline of the Island, with the toe pointing northward towards Newfoundland, the heel westward to Richibucto, and the top or leg to the Island of Cape Breton. On closer examination, however, the boat-shaped Island would seem to have been cut out with an uldsteady hand, for it is indented with countless bays, harbors, rivers and creeks, and in several places it is all but severed by the deep, broad rivers.

In the summer, Prince Edward Island has a most prepossessing appearance, when viewed by the visitor from the deck of a steamer. The scarlet banks along the coast, looking in the distance like an endless piece of red cloth, or brought out in relief against the dark green of the sea and the light green grass and foliage. The scenery is not grand, as tourists understand the term, but it is most impressive, and as we glance along the coast, dotted with farm cottages, the sweet monotonous scene suggests to us that the farmers who live there must surely be happy. The soil of the Island is very fertile with nearly every acre under cultivation, and an absence of every kind of stone, except sandstone, renders it in a measure easy for the farmer to till the ground.

The country is comparatively level, just undulating enough to drain the land, and the turnpike roads, in fine weather are fine and hard, excellent to travel on, but in spring and fall the rains reduce the sandy soil of which they are made, to mortar, rendering travelling with vehicles next to impossible. A trip through the Island in July or August is charming, and the keleidoscopic view presented of many colored fields is beyond the power of the pen to picture. The sky is generally without a cloud, and the singing of the birds, the sweet smelling hay and clover, the well cultivated farms and cosy cottages, all tend to charm the beholder.

Water navigation is open, which is from first of May till the first part of December, steamboats may make three trips a week to Shediac, connecting with rail to St. John; three trips a week to Pictou, connecting with Halifax, and one or two trips to Cape Breton. A line of Montreal steamships also run to the Island, a line to Boston, and a line to England, but in winter the scene changes and all life and animation lies dormant. For nearly six months, as far as the eye can reach on every side, is nothing but one vast field of moving ice, with no other means of reaching or leaving the Island, or transmitting mails, than an ice-boat, which runs, (weather permitting) across the Straits of Northumberland, between Cape Tormentine and Traverse. The ice-boat is constructed after the manner of a common row-boat, strong enough to stand an indefinite amount of bumping, thumping and knocking about by the ice-bergs. A pair of steel-shod runners are placed on the bottom of the boat, so that it can easily be drawn over the ice-cakes, and when the open water is reached, the crew launch the boat and row for the next cake.

The manner in which a trip is made across the straits is this: A man of great experience, Captain Irving, has charge of the ice-boats, and goes to the shore every morning to ascertain if the weather is safe to cross, and if all seems satisfactory he notifies the passengers (some of whom, perhaps, have been waiting a week for a good crossing-day) of his intention. The mails are placed in the boat together with the passengers' luggage, and all is ready. The passengers as well as the crew arrange themselves on either side of the boat, and a strap from the davit is fastened around each man's waist to prevent his falling through the ice, and assist him in pulling the boat along. They jog along on the ice till they come to open water, when they take to the oars. When another cake is reached the boat is drawn up on it and they proceed as before, alternating the travelling on the ice and water a score of times ere they complete the journey, sometimes breaking the ice and going down to the waist in water. On coming out, their clothes freeze stiff on their backs, and have to be worn so for sometimes seven or eight hours. The opposite shore is reached at length, and a team is on hand waiting to convey them in post haste to an inn where their clothes can be changed and dried, and where a good meal is provided for the hungry crew. After working their passage at the peril of their lives, the passengers are obliged to pay \$2 fare for the privilege they have enjoyed.

A GLANCE AT IRELAND, NORTH AND SOUTH.

BY REV. WALTER CONDUCT.

If you land at Queenstown you will feel that you are no stranger. The familiar faces of Patrick and Bridget greet you everywhere, and you will think that you have met them all before. You will recognize even their voices. I think it was Everett who said, "the sound of my native tongue in lands beyond the sea is a sweetness to my ear, etc. And if you don't hear exactly your native tongue, you will hear what is just as familiar."

And the first thing that strikes you is the architecture of the Hibernian private house. You know you travel partly to study architecture, and here is a style that has never yet been classified. You remember how this same race builds upon the vacant lots about Fiftieth street in New York. Now here you find the originals after which those lines of grace and beauty (?) were modelled. The Irishman never forgets his native country, and he has carried these forms with him to New York in all their purity.

Next, the beggary. You are beset as by a pack of hungry wolves. Let your American nationality once be known, and you will scarcely dare put your head into the street after that. Do Witt Talmage told me I should find more beggary and squalor about Cork in one day than I had seen in all my life before. And he was a true prophet. The poverty of the city was really its greatest wonder, and so I determined to see it. I threaded my way through dark lanes and filthy, horrible human burrows, until my heart was sick to think there was such a city.

And next the drunkenness. Why should drunkenness and poverty be such good friends? You so often see them keeping company. Look sharp to that fellow approaching you on this narrow siding. He is navigating without his rudder. From a collision with the like of him, the day before yesterday, I got the blackest eye I ever had in my life. I understand Carlyle is out in a declaration for total abstinence. What Britain want is more such declarations. The lower classes look up—and if, when they do so, they always see a decanter, it is no wonder that they follow suit.

Of the natural beauties here, all the world has heard. "Only man is vile." Let us then pass north, and soon a great change. From Cork to Dublin you ride through an almost unpeopled country. Vast herds of hundreds of cattle range the fields once covered with various harvests. Hedges are broken down, and the miserable hovels of the former inhabitants are empty. "Gone to America." These are the former homes of Tweed's constituency.

Dublin is sandwiched between the north and the south. Its glory is on the wane. It wakes up late every morning, goes drowsily to work, and subsides into quiet again at night, like a feeble old man. Let us pass on still further north.

Now we are in Belfast, Ireland's northern commercial mart. And here we have a city that fairly roars with business—early, late, and all day long. Every foot-fall upon these pavements is a brisk one, and every show-window tells you there is lively competition. If you had no ears with which to detect the peculiar Irish roll upon every tongue, you would think you were in some smart New England city. And even New England cannot produce a brighter, more cheery one. Not a man or woman begged of me in all Belfast. Even the native architecture had here lost its squalid look.

EARNESTNESS.

The late Rev. Rowland Hill, in once addressing the people of Wotton, raising himself, exclaimed: "Because I am in earnest men call me an enthusiast. When I first came into this part of the country, I was walking on yonder hill, and saw a gravel-pit fall in and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help so loud, that I was heard in the town below, at a distance of near a mile; help came and rescued two of the sufferers. No one called me an enthusiast then; and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall on poor sinners, and about to entomb them irrecoverably in an eternal mass of woe, and call aloud on them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast now? No, sinner, I am no enthusiast in so doing; and I call on thee aloud to fly for refuge to the hope set before thee in the Gospel."

We all have a direct personal relation towards God, and cannot avoid its responsibility.

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