

The Family.

FORGOTTEN WORKERS

They lived, and they were useful; this we know. And naught beside; No record of their names is left, to show How soon they died; They did their work, and then they passed away.

HEROES AND MARTYRS OF INVENTION.

ELIAS HOWE AND THE SEWING MACHINE.

In the enlightened days of the nineteenth century the great inventors enjoy a brighter and sunnier lot than did those who lived in ruder and darker times. The modern inventor is seldom the victim of ignorance. He is no longer hunted down by fierce and fanatical superstition.

A striking illustration of this fact is found in the life of the inventor of the sewing-machine. Elias Howe was a native of the beautiful town of Spencer, which is spread over the crest of high hills in central Massachusetts.

When he was eleven years old Elias was "put out," or apprenticed, to a neighbouring farmer, but in a short time, being unable to endure the hard farm-work, he returned for awhile to his father's mill.

Then he moved to Waltham, and went to work in the mills there. At Waltham was working at the same time a cousin of Elias Howe, who has since become famous both as a statesman and a soldier.

While he was in the mills Elias grew more and more interested in machinery, and he soon began to dream of being an inventor.

borne with cheerful courage by him and his young wife.

It was while their fortunes were at this low ebb that the idea struck Elias Howe which was to give him a new object in life, and which was to lead him, through many misfortunes and miseries, to fame and fortune.

This idea, when once it got fixed in his mind, never left it. He went to work at once thinking out the plan of such a machine.

He now moved to Cambridge, where his father was living, and had the good fortune to fall in with a friend, George Fisher, who lent him five hundred dollars to continue his experiments, and soon after took Howe and his family into his own house.

We see him, just as soon as he could raise as much as a pittance, taking passage in the steerage of a sailing vessel for London, cooking his own food as he made the cheerless voyage across the ocean, giving the use of his machine to a capitalist in London, who, as soon as his workmen had learned how to manage the sewing-machine, cast Howe adrift.

He arrived in New York to learn that his devoted wife was dying at Cambridge, and he had not money enough to make the journey thither.

Yet Elias Howe stoutly persevered, and rose bravely above all his difficulties. At last the sewing-machine was introduced, successfully established, and came into rapid demand on every hand.

For this millionaire, lame as he was, and wearied as he well might have been after such a life of toil and trials, was one of the first to respond to the call to arms at the outbreak of the civil war.

WHY LEAVES CHANGE COLOUR? "PROBABLY not one person in a thousand knows why leaves change their colour in the fall," remarked an eminent botanist the other day.

leaf changes to red; under different conditions it takes on a yellow or brown tint. The difference in colour is due to the difference in combination of the original constituents of the green tissue and to the varying conditions of climate, exposure and soil.

MARY'S FAITH.

WHEN the yellow fever, a few years ago, swept along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, it raged with especial virulence in a village which we shall call St. Jean's.

But two weeks shook Bandy's courage. The town was put under quarantine. No trains stopped now at the little station which lay a mile distant in the woods; they thundered past at lightning speed, the windows of the cars tightly shut, lest a breath of the poisoned air might reach the passengers.

"I will care for her as for my own," the good woman said. "She cannot escape if she stays here."

"All of the Dillayes are gone, all of the Benois—such jolly folk! No more picnics with them, Mary! And old Father Benoit's songs—you remember. We'll never hear them again.

"I can use the wires." "Do it at once!" Mr. Wyndom hurried to the telegraph office; the mayor to the Point.

One of the physicians afterwards reported to the State Board of Health: "The temper and courage of the people of St. Jean's were admirable. I found the mayor had begun to drain and disinfect the town before my arrival.

Three months later S. Jean's, clean and freed from all infection, lay smiling in the sun. The late roses bloomed in the little gardens, and the grass already covered all the graves.

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neighbours would have been at their doors, or gathered under the trees, gossiping. There was not a living creature on the street now except Louis Bilgot, who carried two little coffins under his arm.

Presently old Father Benoit's dog sneaked past, his head down. She called to him, meaning to feed him; but he ran on as though she were a murderer. The dog had been fond of her. This little thing brought the tears to her dry eyes.

"Lord!" she began to sing, Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear My voice ascending high!

"Come, Joseph, you must eat. I cannot have you ill," she said cheerfully. Bandy, who began to be ashamed of his cowardice, and who was hungry, sat down with a good appetite to his dinner.

"I do not know, I'm only a woman; but you know, no doubt, Joseph." The baker, when he had finished his meal, kissed his wife heartily.

"What if it, Bandy?" he called. "Any good news?" "Well—yes, sir. Things have taken a turn for the better, I think. I've been considering whether we could not use some practical means to check this trouble."

"Fires, tar fires on the streets, now!" interrupted Mr. Wyndom. "I've heard of that. Here comes the mayor," as an old man slowly approached.

"Certainly, certainly! An excellent idea! I have been so hopeless that I have done nothing. It has stunned, bewildered me! If you think the streets need cleaning, why not set those idle negroes on the Point to work?

Mr. Wyndom hurried to the telegraph office; the mayor to the Point. The next day two physicians, six nurses, and a car-load of coffins arrived at St. Jean's.

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"That and Mr. Wyndom's prompt action in bringing physicians and nurses," said another. "Joe Bandy," interrupted a third, "behaved nobly. His courage, I hear, never failed, and it was he who suggested the fires on the streets."

But no one spoke of the little woman who prayed to God, and brought from Him the spark of hope which kindled this great light. Even she herself had forgotten it, God only remembered.—The Congregationalist.

BURDETTE'S ADVICE.

My son, your brow is clouded; something has happened that didn't and does not agree with you. Were you neglected in the invitation? Didn't you get on any of the committees? Were you overlooked in the convention? Hasn't the secretary written you a personal letter asking your advice upon the campaign? Have you been coldly passed over for men of less ability? Do you feel that intentional slight has been put upon you? Can you see that everything is going wrong because you have not been consulted? Have you been directly snubbed by inferior people? I thought as much. At your time of life such things are very liable to occur.

But now, if any or all these slights have been put upon you, listen to me, my tender Telemachus. Don't show your sores. Oh, don't show your sores. They are not pleasant to look at; no body wants to see them, and they will heal much more rapidly, and naturally and healthfully, if you don't expose them. Keep them covered. Don't show them to anybody but your surgeon, and don't show them to him unless you have to, and don't look at them yourself. Leave them alone under the plaster of time and the cooling compresses of forgetfulness, and you'll be surprised, some day, when you do happen to think of them, to find that they have healed by first intention without a scar. Don't tell people when you are hurt; don't tell anybody how keenly you feel the slight, when, perhaps, no slight was intended. Don't get yourself snubbed by people who never see you, and don't know you, and never think of you. And if you really are hit, and hit hard, it beattles your manhood, and it drives away human sympathy, when you lift up your voice and howl on the streets. Keep quiet about it. Don't whine, don't yell. One day at the investment of Vicksburg—it was on the memorable 22nd of May—during a lull in the desultory skirmishes that preceded the assault, while I was lying close to the surface of the great round globe that we inhabit, and wishing I could get a little closer to it, we heard a tremendous howling and shrieking, and down the dusty road from the front came a blue-jacketed skirmisher on the trot, holding one hand up in the other, and the hand he was holding up had no thumb on it. It hurt like the mischief, I have no doubt, but it was only a thumb after all, and how the fellow was howling about it! He was a brave man, or he wouldn't have been where he could have lost that thumb. But you would have thought it was the only thumb in the whole United States army, and that no one else on the skirmish line had been hit that morning. So the soldiers saw only the funny side of the picture, and a perfect chorus of howls, in vociferous imitation of the man's own wail, went shrieking up from the sarcastic line of men who were waiting their turn to face death. In a minute another came walking back from the skirmish line. He was walking slowly and steadily, never a moan came from his compressed lips, though they were whiter than his bronzed face, and he held his hand against his breast. The silence of the death chamber fell upon the line in an instant, as the soldier moved along the road with the air of a conqueror. Half a dozen men sprang to his side. Tenderly they laid him down in the shadow of a great oak; his lips parted to speak a message to some one a thousand miles away, and the line was short one man for the coming assault. He died of his hurt, but he died like a king. Oh, my boy, don't yell the lungs out of you over a smashed thumb, when, only three files down the line, a soldier salutes his captain before he faces about to go to the rear with a death bullet in his breast. You can't help getting hurt. There isn't a safe place in the whole line. There are cruel people in the world who love to wound us, there are thoughtless, heedless people who don't think, there are people who don't care, and there are thick-skinned people who are not easily hurt themselves, and they think mankind is a thick-skinned race; in fact, the air is full of darts, and arrows, and singing bullets all the time, and it's dangerous to be safe anywhere. But when you do get hit—as hit you certainly will be—don't "hol-

low" any louder than you have to. Grin and bear it the best you may. There are some people so badly hurt they must moan; do you forget your own hurt in looking after them.—Brooklyn Eagle.

DR. TALMAGE AND AN ENGLISH MADMAN.

DR. TALMAGE, in the New York Observer, says that in the summer of 1879, on his way from Wales to London, he met with one of the most exciting scenes he ever witnessed. "We were in a railway train going at a terrific velocity. There were five of us—four gentlemen and a lady—in the car. We halted at the depot. A gentleman came to the door, and stood a moment as if not knowing whether to come in or to stay out. The conductor compelling him to decide immediately, he got in. He was finely gloved and every way well dressed. Seated, he took out his knife and began the attempt of splitting a sheet of paper edgewise, and at this sat intently engaged for, perhaps, an hour. The suspicion of all was aroused in regard to him, when suddenly he arose and looked around at his fellow passengers, and the fact was revealed by his eye and manner that he was a maniac. The lady in the car (she was travelling unaccompanied) became frenzied with fright and rushed to the door as if about to jump out. Planting my feet against the door, I made that death leap impossible. A look of horror was on all the faces, and the question with each was 'What will the madman do next?' A madman unarmed is alarming, but a madman with an open knife is terrific. In the demoniac strength that comes to such a one, he might make sad havoc in that flying railway train, or he might spring out of the door, as once or twice he attempted. It was a question between retaining the foaming fury in our company or letting him dash his life out on the rocks. Our own safety said, 'Let him go.' Our humanity said, 'Keep him back from instant death,' and humanity triumphed. I gave the bell rope two or three stout pulls, but there was no slackening of speed. Another passenger repeated the attempt without getting any recognition. We might as well have tried to stop a whirlwind by pulling a boy's kite-string. To rid ourselves of our dangerous associate seemed impossible. Then there came a struggle as to which should have supremacy of that car, right reason or dementia. The demoniac moved around the car as if it belonged to him and all the rest of us were intruders. Then he dropped in convulsions across the lap of one of the passengers. At this moment, when we thought the horror had climaxed, the tragedy was intensified. We plunged into the midnight darkness of one of those long tunnels for which English railway travel is celebrated. Minutes seemed hours. We waited for the light, and waited while the hair lifted upon the scalp and the blood ran cold. When, at last, the light looked in through the windows, we found the afflicted man lying helpless across the lap of one of the passengers. When the train halted it did not take us long, after handing over the unfortunate for medical treatment, to disembark and move into another car. We never before realised how much one loses when he loses his reason. No wonder that the Man of Sorrows had His deepest sympathies stirred for the demoniac of Gadara. Morning, noon and night, thank God for the equipage of your mental faculties."

VISITS TO INVALIDS.

I READ many practical articles about Christmas gifts, household decorations, the care of plants in winter, how to be an agreeable guest or hostess, how to prepare for ocean travel, how to live on ten dollars a week, or five hundred a year, and have everything that is needed, how to preserve one's health; but how seldom is anything said about the way in which a person really ill should be treated by outside friends.

In cook books we have general hints on caring and cooking for invalids; we have tempting dishes for convalescents, and are advised to keep the air fresh and pure, but guard against draughts, avoiding noise, keeping medicines out of sight, getting as much sunshine into the room as possible. All this is essential, but, after all, the friends who enter the sick room have quite as much influence on the patient as all these combined for either good or injury. Yet how little is said on this important matter? The horribly brutal speeches that are made by visitors apparently friendly and apparently sane, are inexcusable. Some of them are so horrible that one must laugh at the very remembrance of them.

To a dear old gentleman who had been confined to the house for some time, came the cheerful inquiry: "Does the grave look pleasant to you, Mr. —?"

A lady sorely and dangerously afflicted with dropsy, unable to breathe except in a sitting position, worn out by sleeplessness and suffering, was thus comforted by a sympathetic neighbour after viewing her with eager curiosity: "Well, Mrs. —, you do look awfully burst!"

To a nervous old man, depressed by a long struggle with disease, and feeble, yet very anxious to recover, came this cheering observation: "Dear me, how