

'You may argue N——'s case as you please,' replied Mrs. C——, 'but be assured of one thing.'

'What is that?' asked Mr. C—— with confident fear.

In about three weeks after this conversation, N—— was informed by the postmaster that he had a paper in office. He was highly pleased at this announcement, but could not think who was so very kind as to send him a paper. After many conjectures, however, came to the conclusion that it was from the

One year had passed; the paper continued to come and N— was still ignorant from whence it came; but one day at a 'banlieu' he informed his neighbors of his good fortune and expressed some fears that he would have to do without a paper soon.

N—who had previous to the announcement been remarkably cheerful and talkative—became suddenly silent, while a deep red color, the emblem of shame, mantled his brow. The

REARING CALVES.—My method is to
Take them from the cow at two days
and learn them to drink out of a

they have learned well, mix a little warm skimmed milk with the sow, adding a little more until they will drink all skimmed and that without warming. Then I add a little sour milk, and gradually increase the quantity until they will take all sow. They will generally do by the time they are two or three weeks old. I have temporary

for each calf; so the boggish gluttons do not rob his more considerate and sensible neighbor. A little trouble, with good treatment, will learn each calf to know stall as well as the "ox." There is no advantage in tying them up; it makes the familiar with confinement in the best possible manner. I think the stalls are decided

provement upon the long trough and system, to admonish the more greedy they have "had their share." Many calves are over fed for the few first weeks, much to their detriment, in my opinion. I think one-third or one-half of the milk of an ordinary cow is ample food for the first few weeks. The quantity should then be increased until the calves are able to take

milk; and if you add more in the latter part of summer, all the better. A calf fed sour milk until fall, will show a decided improvement over the half-fed "root" that "weaned" at six weeks or two months and with equal good keep through the winter, the well fed one will buy a half dozen of the lean ones, even if you must

sider uniformity in the quantity given, punctuality in the time of feeding, of importance in the successful rearing of calves. I have tried letting a calf "run with a cow," but that is poor policy, I think; for if you not keep up high feeding through the winter you have a miserable looking animal in spring; and if you do, you have an over-

grown beast of little practical utility. have been awarded the first premium on five heifer calves twice, by the "Jefferson County Agricultural Society," that were entirely on sour milk; and one year it was a very large competition. If any one raise a better calf than I can, with less expense, let him tell how he does it.—E. M. N. and Limerick, Ind. Co., N. Y.

**FRUITS OF MISSIONARY LABOUR
IN SOUTHERN INDIA AND IN
CEYLON.**

We extract the following encouraging statistics from the statement and appeal from a General Conference of missionaries, representing nearly all Protestant Evangelical Societies laboring in South India and North Ceylon, to the parent Societies in Churches in Europe and America.

We have as the fruits of missionary labor in Southern India and the entire island of Ceylon:

1. More than one hundred thousand persons have abandoned idolatry, and are gathered into congregations receiving Christ an instruction.
2. More than sixty five thousands who have been baptized into the name of Christ, and have thus publicly made a profession of their Christian discipleship.
3. More than fifteen thousand who have been received as communicants, in the belief that they

4. More than five hundred native exclusive school masters who are employed as Christian teachers of their countrymen, and who are generally voted and successful in their work.
5. More than forty one thousand boys in the mission schools, learning to read and understand Holy Scriptures, which are able to make them w unto salvation.
6. More than eleven thousand girls rescued from that gross ignorance and deep degradation to wh nations of their sex in India owe so much

Looking at these leading results, may we not claim, "What hath God wrought?" Surely "the finger of God?" Here are the palpable evidences of the Divine power of the Gospel—evidences which are yet destined to constrain many a heathen to abandon his idols, and turn to the now despised and hated name of Jesus. A great work yet remains to be done even in Southern India, the scene of the most and most successful missions; while in Central

RIDING THE IRON HORSE.

Let any one, who believes the day of the fastest express train, some cold winter morning, on wave of the conductor's hand, and the live engines snorting beneath you, as no Arab steed ever rushed over the desert, it is not like being blown on an arrow, for that motion would be smoother; it is not like being hurled upon an ocean coast,

that would be slower. For the bridge is not a bridge; you are powerless; that is all. The frosty air gives such a brittle and slippery look to the two iron rails which lie between you and destruction, that you appreciate the Mohammedan fable of the bridge that is thinner than a hair, surper than a scimitar, which stretches over hell and leads to paradise. Nothing has passed over that perilous track for thousands of hours; the cliffs may have fallen and buried it, the frail bridges may have sunk beneath it, or diabolical malice put obstruction on it, no matter how high

may hide unknown horrors, from which, though others escape, you, on the engine, cannot; and still the surging locomotive bounds onward, bearing you in its mad career. You draw a long breath, you dismount at last, a hundred miles away, as you had been riding with Manxpea or Brannock, and yet escaped alive. And there, by your side stands the quiet, grumpy engineer, leaning in his tobacco and his newspaper, and, unconcerned, while you read of the charge at Balklava, that his life, too,

CASTE IN INDIA EXEMPLIFIED.—I was amused at a story Mrs. C. related to me of her uncle, a civilian, who was extremely partial about high caste servants, and who treated his magnificently dressed them in English broadcloth etc. This pearl of masters once gave a dinner and the dinner being delayed long after the guests were assembled, proceeded at once to the kitchen to discover the reason. There he found the kitchen all in a row in a row, and the high caste servants

doxy by solemnly spitting onto the high altar
about to be served up to the company of the
the doors on the