

The following Parliament House ditty is in circulation in Edinburgh, and may amuse our clerical friends in Canada, as it has done many in Scotland—

THE SONS OF THE MANSE.

At—"This Brown Jug."

Oh Law is a trade that's not easy to learn, And a good many failures we daily discern; But, touching this matter, I'm anxious to mention, One fact I've observed, that may claim your attention:

If you look round the Bar you will see at a glance Not a few of the foremost are Sons of the Manse. Some glibly can speak what is not worth the speaking;

In both Heads of the Court my assertion is proved, For a Grandson is merely a Son once removed; Others names I don't mention—the task would be tedious, And perhaps may be found not a little invidious;

The Son of an Agent, his Son-in-law too, May be certain at first to have something to do; Political friends may secure one a start—

I don't know how elsewhere these matters may be, Though I daresay in England the like things they see; I remember at least that the race of the laws Had both Bishops and Judges that met with applause;

But talking of England, you'll keep it in view That the Manse has sent thither a nursing or two; Plain John through high honours successfully past, And the Woolpack sustained his Fifo "hardies" at last;

I don't mean to say that these shoots from the Church Have left all their brothers-in-law in the lurch; Good Sons of lay Sires, not a whit behind these, Have their share of the talent, their share of the fees;

Such wondrous results there's no way of explaining, If we do not ascribe them to clerical training; The trio begins with "the Chief End of Man," And "Effectual Calling" completes the great plan;

Then here's to the Manse! both Established and Free, And don't, I beseech you, leave out the U.P.; Seeders good service performed in past years, Though I'm sorry they call themselves now Volunteers;

I'm bound, too, I feel, on this joyous occasion, To remember our Scottish Prelate Forsuasion; And in justice, as well as with pleasure, to tell, How our law is indebted to George Joseph Bell;

The Manse and the Pulpit, the Bench and the Bar, With the same godless enemies ever wage war, They seek to subvert, by the pen, by the tongue, Disension, Disorder, Injustice, and Wrong.

LEFT BEHIND.

The twilight deepens round me, All alone for evermore, Still clinging to a clay-cold hand, No'er cold to me before, As I hear my children's voices

God help me! I am wicked, But I cannot bear their mirth, They all innocent of sorrow, I, the saddest soul on earth.

Love, try to look upon me, Clasp my fingers once again, For my woman's heart is breaking With its bitter load of pain, As I lay my head beside you

Never more to trouble you, Never more to hear you laugh, Never more to run to meet you Coming up the garden path I

Did I love you all too dearly? Am I punished for my sin? But I cannot live without you

Must your little ones forget you? Will they wonder when they see Their widowed mother weeping as She lifts them on her knees—

O my darling! I am weary With my weeping here below, While the moonlight through the curtains Glimmers faintly on your brow;

Yet I cannot bear to leave you, Lying there so still and white, Though I hear my baby's wailing Pierce the silence of the night,

—Cassell's.

SILENT CHRISTIANS.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

The man who says a great deal ought to have a great deal in him to say. A full man has a right to speak often in the prayer-meeting. If he comes to the family gathering of Christ's flock with a rich experience, or a glowing suggestion, or a happy elucidation of Scripture, let him out with it!

But every good man is not born with the gift of public speech. There are deep-minded, devout and earnest Christians who can do everything else better than to address a mixed assembly. They are constitutionally timid, and slow-tongued; there is pure gold within them, but they cannot coin it readily into current words.

I have a hearty liking for those shy, silent brethren—especially after I have been pestered with Brother Garulous Glib's stereotyped exhortation, which I have just heard for the forty-fifth time.

It is not the duty of pastors or of leaders of prayer-meetings to persecute these shy brethren by continually "calling them out." They will not come. It was not foreordained that every converted man should edify the brotherhood by speaking in meeting, or else conversion would bring with it the gift of fluent speech.

Take a strong rope and fasten it to a beam overhead; to the lower end of the rope attach a stick three feet long, convenient to grasp with the hands. The rope should be fastened to the centre of the stick, which should hang six or eight inches above the head.

EXPANDING THE CHEST.

Take a strong rope and fasten it to a beam overhead; to the lower end of the rope attach a stick three feet long, convenient to grasp with the hands. The rope should be fastened to the centre of the stick, which should hang six or eight inches above the head. Let a person grasp this stick with the hands two or three feet apart, and swing very moderately at first—perhaps only bear the weight, if very weak—and gradually increase, as the muscles gain strength from the exercise, until it may be used from three to five times daily.

MENTAL, AND PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

There are abundant instances of the reciprocal influence of the imagination and the physical organization. Commonplace, however, as is the doctrine, we have perhaps hardly learned to apply it as systematically as could be wished. One favorite piece of contemporary slang sets forth the advances of physical education. Our young men interpret this theory after their own fashion by endeavoring to convert themselves into finished athletes.

Familiar as the observation is in theory, it is strange to observe how completely it is neglected in practice. Mr. W. G. Greg has lately published an interesting essay on the Non-survival of the Fittest. If we examine into the meaning of his rather melancholy forebodings, we find that they rest chiefly on the neglect of which we are speaking. We will take one instance. The "fittest," in one sense of the word, are the men of highly-developed brains. Now it is said that in America, for example, the most intelligent and cultivated classes scarcely increase at all; while they are being gradually swallowed up by the comparatively brutal and ignorant, but more prolific masses.

If we ask how far our modern methods are favorable to such a result, the answer does not at first sight appear to be encouraging. Granting the general proposition that physical and spiritual health are closely connected, the doctrine scarcely seems to be verified in individual cases. There is an obvious limitation to Mr. Galton's doctrine of hereditary genius. It has often been said since the time of Bacon—though we do not know that any one has collected statistics to prove the fact—that great men seldom leave descendants. If we run over a few of the most eminent names in English literature, it certainly strikes one that the doctrine has at least a prima facie justification.

"NEVER AN ENCOURAGING WORD."

"He never speaks an encouraging word to us," said a servant of Mr. Towne. "Is that so?" "You may try your life out to please him, and he never speaks an encouraging word. It is life under the harrow there, and I've left."

His children cannot leave home. He has two boys. They are sometimes at work in the garden, pulling up weeds, cutting the grass, making martin houses and windmills. They put no heart in their work; it is dull and spiritless. They are forever haunted with a furtive fear. Try as they may, and try they do, their father never encourages them. Nothing but a dismal

drizzle of fault-finding falls from his lips. A sound scolding, a genuine cuffing when they deserve it—and children know they deserve it sometimes—like a thunderstorm, purifies the air and makes everything the better and brighter. Then the clouds clear away, and the gladdest sunshine follows. That is not Mr. Towne's way. He is never thunder and lightning and over with it, not so; but a perpetual drizzle, dark, damp, murky. Nothing pleases, nothing suits him.

"There is no use telling it before father," the boys say, in bringing home a bit of news or a tale of adventures.

But, worst of all, "There is no use in trying," as they often say. And the disappointment will presently merge into indifference, possibly into something more active. Evil "speaks pleasantly" at last, and many a young person has turned from home and sought other companions for no other reason. The heart, with all its warm impulses, and with them its sense of shortcoming and incompleteness, needs enlargement—must have it in order to grow strong.

Nor can his wife leave. Poor woman! She is a brave woman, too. What a hopeful smile she often wears. It is because she will bear up; and smile she must, an answering smile to the love of friends, the courtesy of society, the beauty of flower and grass, and the slant sunshine, through the trees.

There is a sense of misery in the house which no stranger can detect; perhaps this is too positively expressed; it is rather an absence of joy; everything spontaneous, and cheerful, and glad held in check. A minor tone runs through the family life, depressing to every one. The prints of an iron hand are on every heart. "Never a word to encourage!" slipped unawares from her lips one day. It does not seem much; but who that has felt it does not know that it is the secret of many a joyless childhood, many a broken spirit.

PIETY OF SCHILLER'S FATHER.

With the father's return out of war, there came a new element into the family, which had been so long deprived of its natural guardian and counsellor. To be house-father in the full sense of the word, was not all the more Captain Schiller's need and duty, the longer his war service had kept him excluded from the sacred vocation of husband and father.

True Watcher of Israel! To Thee be praise, thanks, and honor. Praying aloud, I praise Thee, That earth and heaven may hear."

TO MAKE SCREWS HOLD.

In driving screws into soft wood, do not use a bit to make a hole. For the bit use the gimlet screw, and make a hole with the broadawl, just enough to allow the screw to start. The screw will cut its own way, as the wood is all there; it becomes compressed, and the threads are well filled and solid. In hard wood, bore a hole no larger than the core of the screw, leaving the screws to cut their full depth. A little linseed oil will assist the running of the screw in and prevent the breaking of the thread in the wood; it will also preserve the screw against rust.

RISKY.

Judge Dobbin, of the Supreme Court in Baltimore, recently declared a policy for life insurance void, as the man to whom it was issued died of delirium tremens. Husbands and fathers who wish to make this provision for their surviving families, must be careful how they form habits that may lead to this end.

Scientific and Useful.

FLAVOR OF AMERICAN CHEESE.

We observe that the principal objection to the cheese made in this country is its rank flavor. It is richer and more buttery than English made cheese, but it is "too strong." We have carefully looked at the reported transactions of our cheese makers here, in order to learn what causes this rank flavor, and find it imputed to "ripening the cheese too rapidly." This may cause its tone in some degree, but we are inclined to think it is the use of the rennet. That is used in too large quantity, or it has in itself at the time of using, the germs which soon ripen into the objectionable flavor.

NEW SYSTEM OF BREADMAKING.

Very interesting apparatus has been introduced into Edinburgh by Mr. Henderson, baker, Fountainbridge, which promises to effect a complete revolution in the manufacture of bread. We had the other day the pleasure of visiting the premises while the manufacture was going on, and found a large clean, well-ventilated factory, situated near Grove Street. By this new system, fermentation, sponging, and doughing are done away with, so that the bread never turns sour or sodden. In the centre of the bakehouse is a large, beautiful, and elaborate machine. The flour, salt, and water being introduced into iron vessels, they are immediately closed, the atmospheric air exhausted, and prepared air introduced, and by means of powerful mixers is thoroughly incorporated with the dough; thus, untouched by the hand, the bread is prepared in an hour and a half for the oven, the machines weighing the bread and preparing it in every way. It is then received into small pans, and still untouched by the hand, put into the oven. By this new system the bread is kept clean and pure. The new system was brought to perfection by Dr. Daughlin, and its merits were acknowledged by the British Association and many eminent medical gentlemen. To the journeyman baker it is an inestimable boon, giving him regular and shorter hours, a more healthy atmosphere to live in, and more pleasant work. To the public it is also invaluable. They need have no disagreeable feelings in looking into the baking process as beforetime, when the kneading, sponging, and other operations might give rise to unpleasant sensations to any one privileged to get behind the scenes.

TO COOK RICE.

In the American Grocer we find a new method of cooking rice which may be worth a trial—"Take a nice clean stew pan, with a closely fitting top. Then take a nice clean piece of white cloth, large enough to cover over the top of the stewpan, and hang down inside nearly to, but not in contact with, the bottom, and thus form a sort of a sack into which you put your rice (or anybody else's, it will cook as well). Then pour over it two cupsfull of water, and put on the top of the top of the stewpan so as to hold up the cloth inside and fit tight all around. Put it on the fire, and the steam generated by the water will cook the rice beautifully. More water may be added, if necessary, but only enough to keep the steam up. You need not heat it so hot as to cause the steam to blow the top of the boiler off. If you do, put it on again."

CURE, NOT COVER UP.

The odor of burning coffee or feathers does not purify the air in a room, it only disguises ill-odors. The only true way to get rid of a bad smell is to get rid of the cause, and replace the impure air with fresh. The same principle applies in every department of life, the evil must be cured, not covered up. For invalids and children who spend most or all of their time within walls it is of the greatest importance, as everybody by this time ought to know, that the supply of lung food should be abundant and of the best quality. There are constantly at work multitudes of vitiating forces, and only wisdom and vigilance can outwit them.

The nose stands as sentinel and cries, "Danger!" when it detects the enemy. But it can be bribed, and an injudicious draught of perfume will intoxicate it so that it cries "All right," while the foe creeps into the citadel. Let nothing about the person, the clothing, the apartment, or the domicile, remain to offend a sensitive nostril.

ACTION AND REST OF THE BRAIN.

The brain, the organ of the highest manifestations of life, performs its action like the spinal cord, and an elaborate network of blood-vessels distributes the nutritive fluid throughout all its parts. Yet, the mass of the brain does not keep its functional activity constantly at work. The whole organism rests after the day's labor; the brain, when not walking, preserves only its life of nutrition; therefore the religions of ancient Greece, not without reason, regarded Sleep as the brother of Death. The quantity of blood transferred into the organ during these two conditions, so different of sleep and wakefulness, is not the same. Dr. Pierquin had the opportunity of making observations upon a woman in whom disease had destroyed a large part of the bones of the skull, and deprived the brain of its membranous covering, the nerve-mass, quite exposed, shone with that brilliant lustre observed in all living tissue. While at rest in sleep, the substance of the brain was pink, almost pale; it was depressed, not protruding beyond its bony case. At once, when all the organs were quiet, the patient uttered a few words in a low voice; she was dreaming, and in a few seconds the appearance of the brain completely changed; the nerve-mass was lifted, and prominent externally; the blood-vessels grown turgid, were doubled in size; the whitish tinge no longer prevailed; the eye sees an intensely red surface. The tide of blood increases or lessens in its flow, according to the vividness of the dream. When the whole organism returns to quiet, the lively colors of the infused blood fade away by degrees, and the former paleness of the organ is observed again. The succession of these phenomena permitted the conclusion that increasing action of the cerebral cells attracts a considerable quantity of blood to them.—Popular Science Monthly.