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NOTICE

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RICHARD S. STORRS, D.D.

Richard S. Storrs, D.D., is the son of the late Dr. Storrs, of Braintree, Mass., who died a few years since at the advanced age of ninety-four years, and who for over sixty years was pastor of the Congregational Church of Braintree. Dr. Richard S. Storrs comes from the great Puritan stock of New England. His academic education was completed at Amherst, Mass., his collegiate at Amherst, and theological at Andover. For over a quarter of a century Dr. Storrs has occupied the pulpit of the Puritan Church, Brooklyn. His congregation is considered one of the most influential in the State. The edifice is beautifully adorned with rich gilding and striking colors, very much in the Alhambra style. The order of service comprises chants and anthems by a trained choir, while hymns are most beautifully sung by the whole congregation. In Bible-reading the congregation read alternate verses with the pastor, and all unite in the Lord's Prayer. Dr. Storrs occupies a prominent position in the Congregational Church, and has long stood in the front rank of the Christian ministry of America for culture, eloquence and influence. As a platform speaker he is among the best in the United States. His preaching, though not sensational, is earnest, clear and eloquent in style, scholarly and dignified. His whole energies are devoted to the Christian work with which he is identified, as a pastor he is greatly beloved, and as a public man exerts a commanding influence.



RICHARD S. STORRS, D. D.

THE RECTORS CALL.

"Good morning, Mrs. Minty," observed the Rector, as the door opened to his knock. The door seemed to have a surly way with it, and opened scarcely wide enough to let the Rector in, although Mrs. Minty invited him to enter, and brushing some invisible dust from a chair with her apron, asked him to sit down. The Rector saw at a glance that Mrs. Minty was not pleased, but he could not surmise what was the matter. He had accidentally heard that day of the sickness of her daughter, and at the first opportunity had called to see the young girl. Not seeming to notice the mother's manner, he said, "I hear that Miss Maria is sick."

"Yes," and she might have died for all she cared of you," replied Mrs. Minty with an energy that almost shook the good Rector out of his seat. The Rector was a meek man, and overlooking the rudeness of her reply, he asked, "How long has she been sick?"

"Two weeks, and over," said the mother. "Have you had a physician?" inquired the Rector.

"Had a physician. What a creature! Why the girl has been almost dead. I wonder you got here before she was dead. Had a physician?" These last words Mr. Minty fairly ground out between his teeth, such suppressed scorn.

It now became evident that Mrs. Minty on each day of her daughter's sickness, and the Rector's delay in calling, had added to her wrath, and it had now reached a degree of intensity that suggested strategy or flight. The Rector resolved to try the former first.

"Ah, you have had a physician," he observed. "How did it happen to call?"

"How did he happen to call? Well, did any one ever hear such a question as that?"

"Perhaps some one told him Miss Maria was sick, or, perhaps he was passing and dropped in," interjected the Rector.

"Do you suppose I'd let my own daughter be sick in the house and not send for the doctor?" fairly screamed Mrs. Minty.

"Oh, you sent for him," said the Rector.

"Do you think he'd come if we didn't send for him? How'd he know Maria was sick?" replied the mother looking at the Rector as though she pitied his stupidity.

"Do you always send for the physician when you want him?" asked the Rector with provoking mildness.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed Mrs. Minty. "What do you ask such a question as that for?"

"I did not know," said the Rector, "but that as you expected the clergyman to find out as how he could that your daughter was sick, without sending for him, you might do the same with the physician."

Something had gradually been dawning upon Mrs. Minty's mind, which the last words of the Rector, uttered with unimitable good-nature, resolved into a full intellectual

surmise. Her severe face relaxed into a broad smile. "Oh, I see! I see!" she exclaimed. "I thought there was mighty queer questions. Well, I had ought to have sent for you too, seeing as how I sent for the doctor." And you didn't know Maria was sick?"

"No," observed the Rector, "if I had I should certainly have called before this. I accidentally heard of her illness this morning for the first time."

"Well, really, I hope you'll excuse me. Step this way, Maria's in the back room. She'll be all sorts of glad to see you." S. J. L. C. 1876.

EASY TIMES

There is one simple rule that will always convert hard times into easy times. Never buy what you have not money to pay for. This does not necessarily imply that you must always buy for cash. It is often more convenient to keep an open account. But it does mean that your savings-bank account must always keep a little ahead of your baker's, and grocer's, and butcher's. Most of us keep it a little behind, many of us a great way behind.

Any industrious, sober man, with a regular vocation and a home, can easily get credit. The temptation is strong to use it. He will have money next month, he can pay them. So we go on trading on our expectations of the future, and spending our money before we earn it. This makes easy times hard when the whole community

does it the times are hard for us all. And that is the trouble now. We have been discounting on the future. Now our paper is coming back on us faster than we like to take it up.

There are two ways of adjusting our purchases: one is to buy what we need; the other is to buy what we now have the means to pay for. There are no limits to need, there are very narrow limits to payment. He who buys what he needs is in perpetual debt. He who buys what he can pay for, lives in sunshine. It is better to wear your own shabby coat than your tailor's glossy one, to walk on your own legs than to ride in a beggar's carriage, to eat a rump steak that you have paid for, than to eat a tenderloin and owe for it.

Thrift is only another name for self-denial. Whatever your income is, you can always have plenty of money if you will only resolutely refuse to spend money till after you have received it. - *L. Christian Weekly*

A ROYAL JOKE.

One does not think of Frederick the Great primarily as a joker. His life was anything but humorous, and was the cause of more tears than smiles. But Frederick loved a joke, especially if there was a spice of maliciousness in it. His whole intercourse with Voltaire was a great comedy, — a burlesque of friendship and literary patronage. On one occasion Voltaire requested the privilege of reading a new poem to him. Frederick was delighted, and named an hour when he would graciously listen to the latest production of the great French genius. At the appointed time Voltaire appeared, manuscript in hand, and read the poem. The king had meantime secreted behind a screen in the same room a man of a wonderful memory, who had the gift of repeating any composition, however lengthy, to which he had once listened. When Voltaire had concluded his recital Frederick expressed great admiration, but declared he had heard the poem before. The poet was indignant, repelling the charge of plagiarism with great warmth. The king, however, insisted that the poem was by no means of recent origin, and said there was a man in his Court who could repeat it from beginning to end. He sent for the man who had been concealed behind the screen and who had listened to the reading, and requested him to repeat a certain poem, quoting the first lines. The man instantly, and to the great astonishment of Voltaire, repeated the poem word for word. The indignation of the poet, when he discovered the trick, may be more easily imagined than described.

TWO FRIENDS.

It seems that in London some months ago, a poor dog, having been pelted with sticks and stones by cruel boys, until his flesh was bruised and his leg fractured, limped into a stable. In one of the stalls was an intelligent young horse. He seemed touched at the distress of the dog, and, looking down, inspected the broken leg. Then, with his fore-feet, he pushed some straw into a corner of the stall, and made a bed for the dog. The dog lay down there and slept all night, and the horse took good care not to hurt him. When some bran mash, which formed a part of his food, was brought to the horse, he gently caught the dog by the neck, and with his teeth lifted him into the trough, as much as to say, "There, help yourself, eat as much as you want." For weeks the two friends fed together, and the invalid grew strong. At night, the horse arranged a soft bed for the dog, and encircled him with one of his fore-feet, showing the utmost carefulness. Such kindness might well be copied by the human race. - *Dani's Animals*