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CORNELIA'S JEWELS.

A Roman lady was one day showing her jewels to the noble Cornelia, and displaying strings of pearls and rubies, which she may have thought the greatest treasures a woman could possess, and asked her friend to show her jewels also. At this moment Cornelia's two sons, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, came in from school, and their mother, pointing to them fondly, said: "These are my jewels!"

Cornelia was the daughter of Scipio Africanus, the noted Roman General who conquered the Carthaginian General Hannibal and broke the power of that great and magnificent city in the North of Africa, at one time a centre from which spread the knowledge of the Gospel of Christ. Her husband, Tiberius Sempronius, was also greatly distinguished, gaining for himself an important place in the history of his country as warrior and ruler. It was natural, therefore, that she should look with confidence into the future of her sons as jewels well worthy of her pride, and it is pleasing to know that she was not mistaken. Although belonging to one of the noblest Roman families they both became successful champions of the poor and oppressed against the tyrannical nobles of Rome. But while each of them was at one time the idol of the people, both experienced that the favor of the multitude is fickle, and the elder was slain while seeking re-election for the tribuneship, while the younger, in a similar struggle, was compelled to flee from Rome, and, escaping to the grove of the Furies, demanded of his slave to slay him. This the unhappy slave did, and, with the same sword, immediately took his own life. Thus died this friend of the people, a sacrifice to the intrigues of the nobles.

The people saw, when too late, the folly of which they had been guilty in abandoning their best friend in the hour of need, and endeavored to atone for their crime by erecting statues to the brothers, declaring sacred the spots where their blood had been shed and by offering sacrifices to them as deities. They also erected a statue to Cornelia, whose sons did her so much honor, and on it carved, "Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi."

The Romans at that time, as some heathen nations now do, worshiped their dead whose lives were spent in the public good, thus showing the demand within them to worship something higher and better than themselves. In this country, where the full light of the Gospel is shed, we can go straight to God as the only one whom

THAT NEGLECTED NEIGHBOR.

BY THE REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

And you did not know he was so seriously sick, though you had seen the dispensary physician going in there? And you did not know he and his family were so very destitute, though the children were so shabbily dressed, and one, you think, came to the

increasing, distressing weakness!

Poor—with a hard bed, with scanty food, with little fuel, with children meanly clothed, the winter so long and cold and dreary?

Dead—with a handful at the funeral, a pauper's hearse to take him away, a pauper's lot to hold his body after burial!

Sick, poor, dead, and you—one of his nearest neighbors—never visited him, never relieved a single necessity, never enquired even for him at the door! You did not suppose the case was so pressing? But for what are Christian eyes given us, unless they are to look through the neighborhood and discover the needy? For what are Christian hands, unless they are to carry food and raiment to the destitute? What is the significance of a Christian purse, unless it is consecrated?

Say, friend, one who once was a poor man will judge us all one day. May his words to us not include this charge of neglect, "Naked, and ye clothed me not; sick and in prison, and ye visited me not."—*Church and Home.*

RARE BUT HONORABLE PRIDE.

A carter in Scotland had the misfortune to back his horse and cart into the river. The horse was drowned and the cart broken. When the merchants of the town heard of the accident, they kindly resolved to assist the poor man to obtain another horse and cart, because he had always been steady and industrious. But, lo! when they told him they were about to raise a subscription for him, the honest man scratched his head, and said: "Na, gentlemen, I'm muckle obleeged to ye for your gude wull; but I canna consent to be beggit for yet. Ye see, the wheels o' the cart are no broken, nor a bit the waur, and the sheen (shoes) of the horse are a' four as good as new; and I have just ta'en aff his skin and sold it in a



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we can worship without sin; but we cannot but admire the noble spirit of those benefactors who sacrificed their lives for the benefit of their countrymen.

HE WHO TALKS but little may be suspected of knowing more than he says.

door with a mean, hungry-looking basket and asked for cold victuals once? And you did not know they were so very friendless, though you were aware they were newcomers and hardly any one called there?

Sick—with that cough, that racking pain, that night-sweat, that emaciated frame, that

gude market; and with the siller for it, and a little that I laid by for a rainy day, I'd just try to do for myself aince mair. But I'm as muckle obleeged to ye as if I could tak' your siller. It's no pride, ye see, but just that I diinna like anything in the shape of alms."—*N. Y. Observer.*