

THE MINISTER AND THE HAMS.

"In the last number of the *Presbyterian Depositor*, a correspondent relates the following anecdote. He says he had the narrative from a most reliable source and, as far as may be, gives it in the language of the narrator:—

"I know a man who until past the meridian of life, manifested in all his transactions a mean miserly spirit. Money was his god. He was proverbially 'a mean man.' Between forty and fifty he became a subject of 'Sovereign Grace.' His eyes were opened to see with great distinctness the truth of that word, 'A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.' In a word he was truly converted. At the period of which I speak, he was a wealthy farmer, on one of our rich prairies. He united with the people of that, he confessed, and most deeply deplored the sin of covetousness. He promised, with Divine help, to 'Live no longer unto himself.' He was sincere in his promise, and his purpose. Little did the poor man know himself, the power of habit, of temptation, or of the conflict before him between the 'Old and the New Man.'

As was then the custom in the Methodist church in the country, and is to some extent at this day, the minister in charge was in the habit of receiving his dues in provisions, &c. Soon after 'Old Covetuous' united with the class, the preacher got out of meat; so he 'harnessed up,' and rode over to Bro. C.—'s house.

"Good morning, Bro. —C."

"Good morning; glad to see you; won't you alight?"

"No, thank you, wife says we are out of meat, and I thought—"

(Old man.) "Out of meat, are ye?"

(New man.) "Well I'm glad to hear it, it will do me good to supply you. Go to my smoke-house, yonder, and take the best ham you can find—mind and take the biggest."

On went the preacher, and soon returned, bearing a ham weighing twenty pounds. He passed on to the wagon.

Now came the conflict.

(Old man in his heart, *solus*.) "You old fool? that ham weighs twenty pounds! Hams are scarce—worth one shilling per pound." (New man, *solus*.) "God loveth the cheerful giver." "What shall it profit a man, though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" O God, forgive me!

"Get thee behind me, Satan." Here, Mr. come back! come back! "Now," said he, "I'll go again to my smoke-house, and this time get two hams. Get the very best—mind you get rousers."

Soon he returned, bearing forty pounds more of the precious meat: then came over the poor man again the spirit of covetousness.

(Old man.) "Well, you are a fool! You will die in the Poor House yet! Forty, sixty pounds—worth eight dollars! Eight

dollars gone slick!" (New man.) "Honor the Lord with thy substance. Give and it shall be given unto you." "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; though I fall, I shall rise again." "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." O! I am—I am in the valley."

Poor man, he was, and like Bunyan's Christian, he sheathed his sword, and cried to him who was "able and willing"—"Lord save me."

(New man) "Here, Mr. come back! come back!" Now his manly form trembled! The water stood in his eyes, and then, like a child he wept and sobbed as he told the minister of the warfare within.

"And now, Mr. Devil," said he, "If you don't quit this business, I'll give away every ham I've got in the smoke house!"

Then "Appollyon spread his wings and left him for a season."

The London Medical Gazette gives the result of numerous experiments with roasted coffee, proving that it is the most powerful means not only of rendering animal and vegetable effluvia innocuous, but of actually destroying them. A room in an advanced degree of decomposition had been kept for some time, was instantly deprived of all smell on an open coffee roaster being carried through it, containing a pound of coffee newly roasted. In another room, exposed to the effluvia occasioned by the clearing out of a dung-pit, so that sulphuretted hydrogen and ammonia in great quantities could be chemically detected, the stench was completely removed within half a minute on the employment of three ounces of fresh roasted coffee, whilst the other parts of the house were permanently cleared of the same smell by being simply traversed with the coffee roaster, although the cleansing of the dung-pit continued for several hours after.

The best mode of using the coffee as a disinfectant is to dry the raw bean, pound it in a mortar, and then roast the powder on a moderately heated iron plate, until it assumes a dark brown tint, and it is fit for use. Then sprinkle it in sink or cesspools, or lay it on a plate in the rooms which you wish to have purified. Coffee acid or coffee oil acts more readily in minute quantities.

CURE FOR BRUCELLE.—The Salem Observer says a correspondent of an exchange paper gives the public a cure for this distressing disorder, from which he has been a great sufferer. He says "a simple poultice made of cranberries, pounded fine, and applied in a raw state, has proved in my case, and a number also in this vicinity, a certain remedy." In his case, the poultice was applied on going to bed, and the next morning, to his surprise, he found the inflammation nearly gone; and in two days he was as well as ever.

WONDERFUL STRUCTURE OF THE HEART.

The wisdom of the Creator, says a distinguished anatomist, is in nothing seen more gloriously than in the heart. And how well does it perform its office! An anatomist who understood its structure, might say beforehand that it would play; but from the complexity of its mechanism, and the delicacy of many of its parts, he must be apprehensive that it would always be liable to derangement, and that it would soon work itself out. Yet does this wonderful machine go on night and day, for eighty years together, at the rate of a hundred thousand strokes every twenty-four hours, having at every stroke a great resistance to overcome; and it continues this motion for this length of time without disorder, and weariness. That it should continue this action for this length of time without disorder, is wonderful; that it should be capable of continuing it without weariness, is still more astonishing.—Never, for a single moment, night or day, does it intermit its labor, neither through our waking nor our sleeping hours. On it goes without intermission, at the rate of a hundred thousand strokes every twenty-four hours: yet it never seems fatigued, it never seems exhausted.—Rest would have been incompatible with its functions. While it slept the whole machinery must have stopped, and the animal inevitably perish. It was necessary that it should be made capable of working forever without the cessation of a moment—without the least degree of weariness. It is so made: and the power or the Creator in so constructing it, can in nothing be exceeded but His Wisdom!

KEEPING THE TEETH CLEAN.—Microscopical examinations have been made of the matter deposited on the teeth and gums of more than forty individuals, selected from all classes of society, and in ever variety of bodily condition, and in nearly every case animal and vegetable parasites have been discovered. Of the animal parasites there were three or four species, and of the vegetable, one or two. In fact, the only persons whose mouths were found to be completely free from them, cleansed their teeth four times daily, using soap. One or two of these individuals also passed a thread between the teeth, to cleanse them more effectually. In all cases the number of parasites were greater in proportion to the neglect of cleanliness. The effect of the application of various agents was also noticed. Tobacco juice and smoke did not injure their vitality in the least. The same was true of the chlorine tooth-wash, of pulverized bark, of soda, ammonia, and various other popular detergents. The application of soap, however, appears to destroy them instantly. We may hence infer that this is the best and most proper specific for the teeth. It may also be proper to add, that none but the purest white or Castile soaps should be used.—*Scientific American*.