



DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION.

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"I'M HURRIED, CHILD!"

BY EMMA BURT.

"O Mother, look! I've found a butterfly
Hanging upon a leaf. Do tell me why
There was no butter! Oh do see its wings!
I never, never saw so pretty things—
All streaked and striped, with blue and brown
and gold.
Where is its house when all the days are cold?"
"Yes, yes," she said, in absent accents mild,
"I'm hurried, child!"

"Last night my dolly quite forgot her prayers;
An' when she thought, you had gone down the
stairs;
An' dolly was afraid, an' so I said:
Just don't you mind, but say 'em in the bed,
Because I think that God is just as near.
When dolls are 'fraid, do you s'pose He can
hear?"
The mother spoke from out the ruffles piled,
"I'm hurried, child!"

The little one grew very quiet now;
And grieved and puzzled was the childish
brow,
And then it queried: "Mother, do you know
The reason 'cause you must be hurried so?
I guess the hours are little-er than I"
So I will take my pennies and will buy
A bigger clock! Oh, big as it can be,
For you and me!"

The mother now has leisure infinite.
She sits with folded hands, and face as white
As winter. In her heart is winter's chill.
She sits at leisure, questioning of God's will.
"My child has ceased to breath, and all is
night!
Is Heaven so dark that Thou dost grudge my
light?
O Life! O God! I must discover why
Time moves so slowly by."

O mothers sweet, if cares must ever fall,
Pray do not make them stones to build a wall
Between thee and thy own; and miss thy right
To blessedness, so swift to take its flight!
While answering baby questionings, you are
But entertaining angels unaware.
The richest gifts are gathered by the way,
For darkest day

"I'm hurried, child!" —Illustrated Christian Weekly.



"SHE SITS WITH FOLDED ARMS."



"O MOTHER, LOOK."

A NEW THING IN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.
There is now to be a genuine Temperance lesson in all the Sunday-schools which use the International series of lessons. For many years it has been the anxious wish of Temperance men that total abstinence from intoxicating drinks should be inculcated in the Sunday-school whenever the portion of Scripture reviewed suggests it; and that such portions should be skipped over.
There are a great many texts where the principle of avoiding temptation instead of going voluntarily into it is incalculated, and where Christians are shut up to whatsoever things are pure, lovely and of good report. Above all there are terrible passages against these who lead others into temptation or cause them to stumble. There are also passages which inculcate abstinence from things lawful if they are dangerous to others. And finally, there are commands to avoid the strong drink which is raging, and not even to look upon the wine which at last stings like an adder.
All arguments and entreaties were, generally speaking, in vain to bring this subject before Sunday-school conventions or individual schools. All who took a little themselves, and many who did not, said the Sunday-school was not a Temperance society, and they could not introduce a subject which would insult the pastor, superintendent, or teachers, if any of them took a glass of wine occasionally. Thus it was that the professing Christian who drank, however little, prevented the rising generation from being forewarned and fore-armed against their greatest danger.
At last, however, we rejoice to see that this obstacle is no longer regarded as sufficient to stifle Temperance teaching in the Sunday-school, as the lesson for Sunday week is to be on one of the strongest texts referred to above. The *Sunday-School Times* has a whole number bearing on the Temperance question, and it is to be hoped that the teaching on this lesson will be faithful in every school. No explaining away, lady and gentlemen teachers, if you please. Give a frank, fair and full lesson on the plain words of Scripture, and bring in side lights in abundance to illustrate it. There is no scarcity of them.—*N. Y. Witness.*

CROCODILE TEARS.—As long ago as the time of Herodotus (four hundred years before Christ) there existed a fabulous legend as to the crocodile's ability to snare unwary travellers by certain cries, and that it also shed tears. Shakespeare refers to the cries when he says:
"As the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers."
And of the tears of "this most deceitful of animals," an old writer (1616) says—"It is written that he will weep over a man's head when he hath devoured the body, and will then eat up the head too. Wherefore crocodiles' teares signifie such teares as are feigned and spent only with intent to deceive or do harm."—*Agriculturist.*



Temperance Department.

ON WHICH SIDE ARE YOU?

Here is the rum curse,—a curse in its cost and a curse in its consequences,—impoverishing the nations, multiplying criminals, bringing suffering and sorrow to myriads of homes, and darkening the deepest shadows of eternity with the blackness of its never-ending woes! The struggle against it is in every land, and in every home. None can avoid the issue which is made by it. Every intelligent being is on the one side or the other of the line which divides its friends and its foes. On which side are you?

On the rum side of the line are the liquor dealers of every grade; from the bloated, foul-mouthed, brutal keeper of the reeking corner groggery, where cheap gin is peddled in a tin cup from the filthy cask, up to the proprietor of the most showy and fashionable wine-room on the principal street of the metropolis. All these dealers are included under one head in the census returns. Their profits are indistinguishably combined in the cost of \$600,000,000 per annum, which this nation pays to keep the broad road to destruction packed with the doomed army of hopeless drunkards. If you are in the "pure liquor" business, there need be no doubt as to which side of the line you must be counted on.

On the same side are all the rum drinkers, wine drinkers, beer drinkers—the drinkers of whatever is included in that annual outlay of \$600,000,000. If you are one of these drinkers you are with all the rest of them. They and example and influence in their own matters little to them whether you drink little or much of intoxicating beverages—if only you drink. You may tipple at the bar, or swig in the beer garden, or sip at the family table; it is all the same to them. You are on their side. That is enough for them.

Perhaps, however, you use strong drinks only in the kitchen. They are never found on your family table, unless they are cooked. They are in your pies, and cakes, and sauces; but never pure and simple in your glasses. What harm can there be in this? If there were no other harm in it, it puts you on the wrong side of the dividing line in the struggle with the rum curse. You are a buyer and a user of strong drinks; and are so known and counted on by those who want free rum and an end of total abstinence.

But there is harm from using liquors in the kitchen, beyond the evil of being on the wrong side of this line. If children see wine in the store room, and smell its tempting odor in the more delicious articles of food, and learn that their parents deem it an important aid to an attractive table, they naturally come to regard it with favor rather than with fear. They fail to shrink from its taste and touch and sight, as they would if it were held before them or made mention of by those whom they reverence, as only a terrible poison and a thing accursed. There have been drunkards in many a parlor through a love for liquors acquired in the kitchen store-room. "For my part," said a prominent Christian man of our acquaintance, some years ago—"For my part, I hope that mince pies will never join the temperance society." That was a bright and playful speech, and many laughed at it then. The speaker was a pledged abstainer; but he could not forego the use of wine and brandy in the kitchen. His children learned there to love these liquors. The days rolled by, and that father lived long enough to be summoned by a cry of murder into the house of one of his sons, where he grappled with him in a struggle to disarm him of a butcher's knife with which he, in a fit of drunken fury, was attempting to kill his own wife. Possibly in that hour the father would have been willing to permit mince pies to join the temperance society, if only he could have back again the early sobriety and purity of his ruined son.

If you are a total abstainer; if you neither sell intoxicating liquors nor drink them; if you let such beverages wholly alone; if you keep them out of your dining-room, your kitchen, and your bedroom; if you neither touch, taste, nor handle that which destroys with the using; if you never look upon wine but with a shudder; if you teach your children to fear and to abhor the deadly thing, then you are on the other side of the line from the rum-drinkers and the rumsellers. There will be no danger, then, of your being counted in their support. This is a good side of the line to be on. If you are already there, stay

there, and try to bring others to be with you. If you are on the other side of the line, "come over and help us."—*S. S. Times.*

WHAT SENT HENRY ROBERTS TO THE ALEHOUSE.

A brighter and a happier looking youth than Henry Roberts, it would be difficult to meet with. He was inclined to be stout, had a fine color in his cheeks, wide open blue eyes, white, regular and strong teeth, and was blessed with an excellent temper. He was the only son of his mother, and that mother was at the time of which we write, a widow, her husband having been dead about two years. But though Mrs. Roberts had no other son, she had several daughters, all younger than Henry, the youngest being only four years old. Mrs. Roberts managed to make a living, and to get on, as far as means were concerned, pretty comfortably with the help of her children. Henry was well paid for his work, and Martha, the eldest daughter, did tolerably well as a dressmaker, the younger girls being able sometimes to give her a little help. The father, after the first gush of sorrow was over, was not much missed; he had been an intemperate man, and had wasted a large portion of his earnings at the public house, causing thereby much misery and disension at home. But as Henry took after his mother's family more, in his appearance and temper, than his father's, Mrs. Roberts prided herself, and that in no small degree, that drink would never be his bane; certainly, at the time of his father's death, no one looking at Henry and seeing what a fine, spirited youth he was, and finding, moreover, that he had a great taste for reading, would have been at all inclined to prognosticate that anything so bad as his father's besetment would ever ensnare him. But yet, with everything to hope for by nature and disposition, Henry did become in danger, and actually fell for a time into the very trap which is so often laid for the feet of unwary workmen.

Would you like to know how it happened? It is a question in which mothers and sisters especially are interested. If you would, we and to give you in some sort a picture of Henry's home.

Imagine, then, Henry coming home to dinner into a room which, for confusion and litter, could scarcely be surpassed. There was a heap of dirty clothes in one corner of the room, which two young children had begun to pull about; they had been eating bread and treacle, and their hands and faces were so dirty and sticky, that Henry, who loved the little darlings very much, and wanted to nurse them during the few minutes that he had to spare at his dinner time, could hardly find a place on which to imprint a kiss. There was a smoky fire in the grate, and the fender was full of cinders, for they had not been taken away for days. The work from Julia's sewing machine was in a heap upon a small side table, and upon the only vacant chair. When Henry ventured to remove what was laid upon the chair, Julia raised her voice loudly, and "desired him to leave that alone, or he would do mischief."

"Well, then," said Henry good temperedly, but of course a little disconcerted, "clear it away yourself, Julia; a fellow must be able to sit down." So it was removed, and he waited for the not very appetizing dinner, which was served to him on a corner of the dresser, on which were piled many stray articles—the belongings of the breakfast, not yet cleared away.

"Is not your dinner ready?" said Henry. "I wish we could all have it together; it would be so much more comfortable; it is dull to eat by one's self."

"Ours is not ready," said Mrs. Roberts, "we will have ours when you are gone."

Henry was not master of the house, and he was only a youth, so he said nothing, but he was grieved and disappointed; a chilled feeling came over him, as he was very sociable, and naturally very domesticated. He ate his dinner, however, for he was very hungry; kissed little Hetty on the top of the forehead, drank a glass of water, nor wished for anything else, and went whistling down the lane to the workshop, wishing that they were a little more tidy at home, and wondering how it was that mother seemed satisfied to be always in a muddle; but yet not repining, good lad as he was, and so the day wore away until evening came.

When evening did come, Henry was in good spirits; we have before said that he was very fond of reading, and a kind friend, one of his shopmates, had lent him two or three very interesting periodicals, which he had tucked under his arm. He would have liked nothing so much as to sit down in a clean, comfortable room, and read the stories aloud to his mother and Julia, for he was not a selfish lad, and he liked others to share in what gave him pleasure. Occasionally he had had the rare treat of reading aloud, but that only for a very limited time; and the interruptions were so

frequent, and the discomfort so great, that had he not been blessed with the most forbearing temper in the world, he would have lost heart altogether, and never again contemplated contributing to the pleasure of either mother or sisters, by letting them partake in what gave him so much gratification.

"Julia," said he, almost before he had found his way into the room, "here is a book that will suit you; it is the *British Workwoman*, and here is one with tales in it for the children, *The Juvenile*; shall I come and read some of the stories to you?" But his countenance fell. "You are not washed, I see, after your day's work, and there is no place to sit down—not even one chair at liberty. Can't you and mother get tidied up a little before I come home?—it looks so miserable! You never see anything like this in Martin's house; it is clean and comfortable, and a bright fire in the grate; not everything all sixes and sevens. I could have gone out with my friend Bullen, but I thought I would come and read to you."

Julia assured her brother that she would soon be dressed, and ready to hear the reading, and went upstairs for that purpose; but the dressing occupied a long time, and the room was still in a litter. Henry became impatient, and read to himself for a time with a clouded brow, scarcely knowing what he read, though his eyes wandered frequently up and down the same page. When Julia was ready, and had seated herself, the mother came in and began to clatter the fire-irons by tidying the grate. Then the children had to be washed and put to bed; and as they were very dirty, and a considerable amount of scrubbing was needed to get them clean, they did not like the process, and began to cry lustily. Then Mrs. Roberts slapped them, which did not mend matters, and the reading was at an end.

Henry tried to pacify the children, and to make the best of things; but patience has its limits, and he began to think that it would be more agreeable to spend his evenings from home. He had gone to Mr. Martin's house sometimes, but did not like to be too frequent a guest there. If this state of things continued he must think of some plan, for comfort was necessary for him. O that mothers would learn the secret of making home happy!

A few more evenings passed, and matters did not mend much, if at all. One little story was got through aloud; of course Henry had read them all, but he wanted some one to share his pleasure—some one to talk to about the things he read, instead of having nothing in common with any member of his family but comfortless meals, with dirt and disorder. When, on the third evening, after a vain attempt to read, he stood cautiously and quietly on the threshold of his mother's house before entering, and looked round the room, there was no one there.

"As usual," said he, "there is no place to sit down."

So he went out again as noiselessly as he came in; sauntered up the street, paused at Martin's door, shrank from intruding there, and in a few minutes afterwards he was seated at the ale bench in a public house, with a pot of porter before him and a pipe, which some young fellows were chaffing him into smoking.

"Where is Henry, I wonder?" said Mrs. Roberts when night came, and Henry had not returned.

"Oh, he is at Mr. Martin's," said his sister; "he is fond of going there."

"I am glad that Martin has no daughter old enough," said Mrs. Roberts, "or I should think that Henry was going courting. What can the boy find there so very attractive, I wonder?"

The conversation was cut short by the entrance of Henry, who, hastily saying "Good night, mother," went upstairs to bed.

It seemed as if from this time they were to see no more of Henry in the evenings, for he never came home; the money he brought his mother grew less and less week by week. He was always in a hurry to go to bed when he did come home, and his manner seemed short and his voice husky; still he was never drunk, and Mrs. Roberts supposed that he spent his evenings principally at Mr. Martin's, and blamed Mr. Martin accordingly, fancying—ridiculously enough—that Mr. Martin had some end of his own to answer in enticing Henry there. But she was greatly mistaken; at that time Henry was so humbled and let down in his own estimation, that he would not have called upon Mr. Martin, scarcely for a sum of money.

Troubled in mind, and wishing to find out where her son was, she put on her bonnet and shawl, and set out one evening for Mr. Martin's house. Everything was very comfortable there, certainly; no dirt, no litter; a pretty room his was, with clean curtains at the window, and flowers blooming outside it, for the sweet spring time had come; but there was no Henry there. "Mr. Martin," said Mrs. Roberts, "can you tell me where my son spends his evenings?"

"Yes," said Mr. Martin, fixing his search-

ing eyes on Mrs. Roberts. "He spends them at the ale bench, at the 'Red Lion'."

"At the 'Red Lion?'" said Mrs. Roberts, and her voice was almost a scream. "And did you know of this, and not tell me? Oh, Mr. Martin, I thought you were a friend to my boy."

"I always have been, Mrs. Roberts," said Mr. Martin, "always wished to be; but he wants a friend at home,—a friend in his mother and sister. A comfortable home, if you will excuse my saying so. Your son has, or had, domestic tastes; was fond of reading, and pined for sympathy and comfort of an evening. He could not find it at home; he could not always be intruding upon friends, though he was always welcome here. He is too young to think of marrying, and could not support a wife yet, if he were not; the public-house door was always open; that was clean and bright, any way; so he goes there;—driven in, as it were. Had your house been what it might have been,—what it ought to have been, your boy, it's my belief, would never have crossed the publicans's door-sill."

Mrs. Roberts started; Mr. Martin's outspoken, truthful words had come home to her. It was as if a strong light had suddenly been brought into a very dark place, and had lit up every corner of it. She seemed to see Henry's beaming face, as he had appeared at the window of an evening, with his books under his arm, longing for a little domestic comfort, and interchange of thought. Then she saw the cloud suddenly overspread his features, as he looked round and said, "There is no place to sit down;" then she saw him battling nobly with himself, not giving way to temper, but trying to make the best of it, and taking his seat in a comfortless corner; wet clothes in a heap, perhaps, on one side of him, and dirty unwashed plates and dishes on the other.

The general disorder and confusion of her own house in the evening, struck her most painfully, as compared with the neatness and cleanliness of Martin's, and she felt humbled and pained, and without a word to say; for she felt instinctively how cleanliness and order elevates a person, while the contrary debases and degrades. She could have cried out in her dismay, "I have done it! I have sent him to the ale bench; his ruin lies at my door; his mother's!" and then, ah, there was another most unwelcome thought that came in like a flash of lightning. "Had the want of good management at home had anything to do with sending the poor buried husband to the public-house?" Mrs. Roberts could not answer that question, but she turned very pale, and leaned against the wall for support.

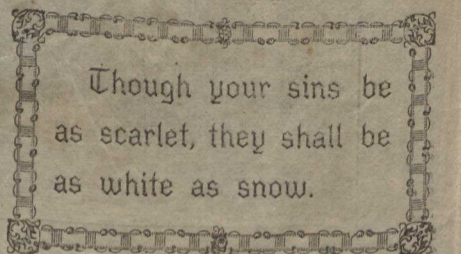
"Sit down, Mrs. Roberts," said Mr. Martin, seeing her agitation, and fearing that he had spoken too plainly; "sit down and rest yourself a bit."

"Mr. Martin," said Mrs. Roberts; "you have spoken plainly, but not a bit too plainly, and I thank you for it. I have not been sufficiently thoughtful of my boy's comfort. I have not made home what I might have made it; what I will make it, God helping me: I did not think how all this would work. I will make the house bright for him. Will it be possible to win him back?" Mrs. Roberts burst into tears.

Mr. Martin was a generous man, though a plain-spoken one, and he could not bear to see women weep; he was so concerned at the effect his words had produced, that he was about to beg Mrs. Roberts' pardon on the spot. A look from his wife, however, restrained him. "You will win him back with God's blessing, I hope," said Mr. Martin, wringing her hand. "Try and foster his taste for reading, and get him to read to you in the evening, while you mend the children's clothes. You don't know what ideas you would get, and how you and your children would be improved in every way. And as for Henry, poor lad, why it is a thousand pities that, with so fine a temper, and with such a taste for reading, he should be driven to the public house for want of a home to read in, and people to sympathize with him. I'll look after the lad, and whisper a word or two in his ear, as I have done many times before; and you, do your best."

Mrs. Roberts returned the pressure of Mr. Martin's hand for answer, and hastily left the house.

"Who would have thought that she would have taken what I said so meekly," said Mr. Martin, addressing his wife? "Yet I am glad that I said it. Poor Henry."—*British Workwoman.*





Agricultural Department.

SWINE AND THEIR HABITS.

The aggregate of swine raised in New England is quite large. No single farmer has a large number, but there is scarcely an exception among them all, where two or more are not annually slaughtered upon the farm. Properly housed, fed, preserved, and prepared for the table, there is no flesh more delicious, nutritive and wholesome. Now is the time to give them special attention. A few suggestions may serve as reminders; may afford much comfort to the animals, preserve health to the family and bring profit to the pocket.

1. Keep the sty and yard free from all offensive odors. This can be done with great profit by adding old litter, weeds which have gone to seed, and muck or loam, two or three times each week during the fall. This course will greatly increase the manure heap. The muck should be laid up this fall for next year's use.

2. Feed regularly. Perhaps three times each twenty-four hours is better than twice. When fed only once or twice, they eat too ravenously, and crowd the system so as to impair digestion and make themselves uncomfortable. They will not grow fast, or fat fast, while in this condition. Never add fresh food to any that may be left in the trough from a former meal. If worth preserving, take it out, work it up with the fresh food, and clean out the trough with clean water and an old broom. This will not seem too painstaking to those of methodical habits, and is the course in which to make money on the animals fed. Add a little salt frequently to the food, and in warm days give them as much pure, cold water as they want.

3. Be careful not to over-feed. Give them no more at one time than they will eat with a good appetite, and leave the trough clean.

4. Let them have a variety of food, so far as it can be made convenient. Give short, fresh grass or weeds every day. In a year of scarcity of grain, we knew a farmer who kept some dozen swine through the entire summer on a few potatoes, slops from the house, and four or five bushels of short, tender grass fed to them several times each day. A space near the hog house was kept smooth and clean, and the grass upon it cut when only one or two inches high. This the swine would eat readily as they would corn, and thrive as well upon it. The piece of land was rich, and was probably cut over twenty times during the summer. No lot of swine on the farm ever did better than these.

5. Classify the animals. Do not place young and old, large and small, in the same rooms. The strong will certainly abuse the weak.

6. Keep all the classes clean, dry and warm. Especially do not compel them to lie on a wet floor with cracks in it, when frosty nights come and keen November winds whistle up about their damp bodies.—N. E. Farmer.

IMPORTANCE OF PROTECTING MANURE.

The practice of keeping barnyard manure sheltered from the weather is continually gaining in favor with farmers. To accomplish this object successfully, covered sheds are found indispensable. In England this plan is very widely practised. The animals are fed and littered in covered stalls in which the manure accumulates throughout an entire season. These stalls, ten feet square, are placed in a shed of any desired length, open at each end, but when occupied closed by doors. The stalls are separated by movable bars, so that when they are taken down, a waggon can be driven through the shed to remove the manure. The floors of the stalls are sunk about three feet below the level of the ground, and the cattle are not taken out until they are sold or slaughtered. During this time the manure accumulates, mingled with litter out to a length of a few inches. As it is trodden down closely the air does not gain access, and consequently it does not heat. It decomposes gradually, being kept moist by the liquids discharged. All the fertilizing elements are thus preserved without loss from washing or evaporation.

The cattle fed in this way are not only fed with economy, but maintained in good health. They are daily carded, and kept clean, and being well supplied with water manifest entire contentment. The increased value of the manure by this plan has been repeatedly proved. The experiments of Lord Kennaird showed a result in wheat equal to 55 bushels per acre with manure thus protected, against 42 bushels with common barnyard dung; and in potatoes the yield per acre was 471 bushels

with protected manure, against 297 bushels with the usual kind. These results clearly show that the gain in manure by this method is much more than sufficient to counterbalance the extra cost.—*Christian Union*.

THE CABBAGE AS A FIELD CROP.—Among the profitable crops to be grown on the farm, cabbages hold an important place. They are not by any means so extensively cultivated as they deserve to be. In the vegetable garden they are of course indispensable for family use. But to every farmer who raises stock it is scarcely less important as a field crop. About ten thousand heads can be raised on an acre, which, at the low estimation of three cents per head, amount to three hundred dollars in value. But if taken from the field and sold at this price, there still remain the loose leaves and stalks which afford a considerable quantity of nutritious food to milch cows, at a time when grass begins to fail, promoting and keeping up a flow of milk in the fall which is not easily obtained from any other food. Where the soiling system has been adopted, cabbages should by all means be used as one of the crops in the succession. The elder Mr. Quincey, of Massachusetts, who is the highest authority on the subject, regards cabbages among the most important plants for soiling purposes. They come in play at a time when the nutritive value of grasses has been injured by frosts, and when the food of stock is changing from succulent grasses to dry fodder, and are therefore especially valuable for the dairy. Cabbages may be grown on almost any soil that is adapted to corn, if an abundance of well-rotted manure is used. The manure of the hog-pen usually produces the best results. This vegetable has been greatly improved within a few years, and some of the varieties are very superior. It is highly nutritious, and the yield is very productive. An acre will easily grow 10,000 heads, and, at an average of five pounds each, would produce twenty-five tons. It is highly probable that by selecting the larger varieties, and manuring abundantly, this product could be nearly doubled.—*Christian Union*.

SEEDING ON SANDY SOILS.—Sand is easily worked, says the *Rural New Yorker*, and farmers accustomed to ploughing and cultivating it are not easily persuaded to take and work heavier lands. The chief difficulty with sand is that of getting grass, and especially clover, to succeed well on it. While rich enough, there is no trouble, but sand needs frequent manuring, and a yearly addition of vegetable matter from some source. Ploughing under a growth of clover every third year will keep the soil up, and a "black sand" with plenty of vegetable matter is one of the most productive of all soils. But if several hoed crops have been taken in succession the vegetable matter is speedily exhausted. The fields become incapable of holding grass roots, and frequently in winter large hollows in the drifting sand are dug by the wind and blown away. What to do with these light sands is a difficult question. It is practically impossible to manure them all, and without manure, much of the most valuable part of the soil will be blown away, so that there will be nothing for clover to take root on the following spring. We will mention a method practised by some farmers who own some of this difficult soil to manage. They sow buckwheat early in July, which is ploughed under in August or first of September, and rye and timothy seed immediately sown. The decaying buckwheat keeps the soil moist, and both grain and grass get a good growth before winter. The roots hold the soil and the top of the plant keeps the wind from reaching it. In April or March following, clover is sown, which gets a better start than as though the field had been left naked.

BEST FOOD FOR SWINE.—What would be the best food for swine in summer would not answer the same purpose in winter. In summer, such food should be given as would keep the animal in an improving condition, and would cause it to lay on a little fat, but not so much as to cause it to suffer from heat, as a fat porker undoubtedly does. Cooling foods, such as plenty of young clover and bran and middling slop is what we use much of, not forgetting to give regular and abundant supplies of fresh, cool water. In putting up swine for exhibition purposes, we have tried many different kinds of food for the fall exhibitions, but have found none so desirable as a slop made of corn and oats ground together, one-third of the former, by measure, two-thirds of the latter. One of the best ways to prepare it is to scald it at night and feed next morning, put on the mass only enough hot water to thoroughly moisten it, and then cover up the barrel tight so it can steam well, and make the mass mellow and nice by morning. If it is found undesirable to scald it, moisten the mass with water and then put in one or more pans of sour milk—thick milk or clabber—to cause it to sour by the time it is used. We use both or either plan, and find them both good. As an ordinary summer feed, we have found this food to answer almost all purposes, as ex-

perience has abundantly proved that breeding stock should not be very fat, only in a healthy, growing condition, to insure healthy, vigorous offspring. The refuse from the truck patches, such as tomatoes, cabbages, &c., come nicely into play for summer food in connection with the above slop, as do apples—windfalls—pears, &c.—*Swine and Poultry Journal*.

BIG FARMS IN ENGLAND.—Reference to the big farm in Illinois—40,000 acres, 18 in corn, 5 in oats and flax, and the rest in grass—has called a notice of the *London Spectator*, from the Domesday Book of Scotland, which has a list of those landlords who each own more than 20,000 acres of land in that country. The result is that one man alone, in his own and wife's right, holds more than a fifteenth of the entire area of the Kingdom, and twelve men own nearly a third; a proportion probably exceeding anything in Western Europe. No less than 106 hold more than 50,000 each. The 11 who own the largest amounts of land are: The Duke of Sutherland, 1,176,343 acres; Duchess of Sutherland, 149,879 acres; Sir J. Matheson, 404,070 acres; Mr. A. Matheson, 220,432 acres; Duke of Buccleugh, 432,183 acres; Earl of Seafield, 306,000 acres; Mr. Evan Baillie, 306,000 acres; Earl of Stair, 270,000 acres; Duke of Athol, 134,000 acres; Sir K. McKenzie, of Grirlock, 164,680 acres; Macleod, of Macleod, 131,700 acres. The old idea that the Duke of Sutherland owns an entire county is not true, but the Duke, with his wife, the Countess of Cromartie, owns more than the entire surface of any county in England, except Yorkshire and Lincolnshire.

TO MAKE A HEDGE FENCE.—We would plant one-year-old plants, whenever we set them. We would plough and harrow the land thoroughly, until the hedgerow of six or eight feet in width, was deep and fine. Then strike a furrow a foot deep, keeping the land side of the plough exactly on the line of the hedge. Go twice in the furrow, if need be (in the same direction), until you have a deep furrow all the way, and a perpendicular land side on the line you want a hedge. Then let a man, or boy, with a bucket of thin mud in which the plants are placed, walk along the furrow and place a plant, nearly upright as may be, against the land side of the furrow, at every seven or eight inches. Have a good hand follow with a spade or shovel, and fill the furrow enough to cover the roots of the plants and hold them firm. Tramp each side of the hedge, by walking along it with short steps, and one foot on either side of the row. Then come on with steady horse and plow, and throw the earth well up against the plants. We have found no plan more satisfactory than this. If done in the fall we should throw up another furrow or two, as late as we dare leave it.—*Prairie Farmer*.

COAL AND COAL ASHES.—The sifting of the refuse coal from stoves and grates will pay well for the labor, and even twice sifting, first through a coarse sieve, and again through a finer one. The coarse coal saved is good for the cooking-stove, and the finest, as a covering for coarser coal in the stove or open grate, will keep the fire through the night. And now as to coal ashes; the ash heaps in the streets, or door-yards, or in the river-bed will soon become nuisances. And more: it is bad economy to waste coal ashes. They are the remains of carbon in the coal, and of the mineral substances of burnt stone, all elements of the soil reduced by the fire so as to become food for plants. A distinguished horticulturist, a man who makes it his business and derives a large income, uses coal ashes under his fruit trees; and the writer of this has known them to be used on grass and grain land with marked effect. Almost everybody uses a little wood with the coal, and this adds potash to the ash heap, and makes it all the better for application to the land. Well sifted coal ashes will be cheap manure at 12 1-2 cents a bushel on almost any sort of land. Keep all ashes under cover, that the lime and potash, &c., may not be leached out.

ATTEMPTING TOO MUCH.—Peter Henderson writes to the *American Agriculturist*: Twenty years ago, after the successful culture of a garden of some ten acres, combined with quite an extensive greenhouse business, my ambition led me to think that if I made \$3,000 from ten acres I might as readily make \$9,000 from thirty acres, so I undertook the cultivation of two more places, each about ten acres in extent, but about a mile apart. A trial of three years showed me that I had made a serious mistake, for I found that I was actually making less from my thirty acres than I had done from the original ten, and yet I had experience, capital, and I believe as much energy and business capacity as the average of mankind. Had the thirty acres been in one spot, the result might have been different, but it is probable that the profits might not have been in the same proportion as if ten acres only had been cultivated. This lesson was to me a salutary one, and I never hesitate to state my case to any one who informs me of his intention of attempting to carry on gardening in two or more different places at once.

DOMESTIC.

WINTER SAUCE OF TOMATOES.—One gallon of strained tomato juice, two pounds of sugar, seven tea-spoonfuls of salt, four table-spoonfuls of black pepper, half a table-spoonful of allspice, three table-spoonfuls of mustard, half a pod of red pepper, a little horse-radish. Boil well, and just before taking off the fire add one quart of good vinegar.

TOMATO SAVOY.—Have the tomatoes peeled and sliced, and boil four pounds of fruit in one pint of vinegar and two pounds of sugar. Season it with cinnamon, cloves, and mace. Boil only half an hour, and bottle, corking tightly to exclude the air. This sauce will keep for years in a dry closet, where it will not be exposed to mould.

HOW TO FRY CHICKENS.—The best way to fry chickens is this:—Scald, pick and wash your chickens thoroughly in clean water; then quarter and throw them into boiling lard. In a few minutes they will be done brown then remove them and serve them hot and dry. Do not put them in grease again. In this way the fowl is very tender and is a great delicacy. If you don't believe it, try it; and if you do, why, try it again.

TOMATO CATSUP, No. 2.—One peck of tomatoes, half a dozen onions chopped fine, two table-spoonfuls of black pepper, two table-spoonfuls of allspice, two table-spoonfuls of cloves, two ounces of celery seed, a quarter of a pound of salt, or more if liked, one pound of brown sugar, and one quart of strong vinegar. The proportions used in this recipe are particularly recommended, and it may be relied upon as being generally admired when brought upon the table.

TOMATOES AND CORN.—In a baking dish put a layer of tomatoes about an inch in depth (either fresh or canned), and on top a few pieces of butter, and a small portion of salt and pepper; then a layer of corn the same in depth, alternating with corn and tomatoes until the dish is nearly full, finishing with grated bread-crumbs and seasoning. Cover the dish closely, and place in a moderate oven for half an hour; uncover, and bake half an hour longer, with the fire a little hotter. In winter, when the variety of vegetables is so limited, this will be found quite an addition.

HOLIDAY PUDDING.—Take two large lemons, and grate off the peel of both. Use only the juice of one, unless you like quite a tart flavor. Add to the lemon half a pound of fine white sugar; the yolks of twelve and the whites of eight eggs well beaten; melt half a pound of butter in four or five table-spoonfuls of cream. Stir all together, and set the mixture over the fire, stirring it until it begins to be pretty thick. Take it off, and when cold, fill your dish a little more than half full having previously lined its bottom with fine puff paste.

TO MAKE CHEESE-CAKES WITHOUT CURDS.—Take a pint of sweet cream and put it in into a skillet on the fire; beat up two eggs very well, and then add to them enough flour to make them into a very thick batter. Do not stir the eggs and flour into the cream until it is boiling hot; but when arrived at that point, stir them gradually into it, and let them boil together afterward for a few minutes. Then remove them from the fire, and while warm, stir in half a pound of butter. In the meantime have ready three eggs more, well beaten; these must be added, together with half a pound of sugar, a little salt and nutmeg. Put in a few currants, and bake in little tin pattypans lined with pastry.

HEYDAY PUDDING.—Lay a thin puff paste in the bottom of your dish, or rather pie plate, taking care to lay a thicker strip around the outer edge, moistening the bottom piece with a little cold water to make the layers stick together. Then take of candied orange peel, lemon peel, and citron each an ounce; slice them very thin, and lay them on the paste. Beat the yolks of eight eggs and the whites of two; add a light half pound of melted butter and a good half pound of sugar, blend all the ingredients smoothly and thoroughly together. When you are sure that your oven is properly heated for baking pastry, pour the pudding mixture into the plates prepared, and bake carefully, not letting the puddings brown too much.

MAKING SOUP.—Place over the fire as much stock as you will need for a soup for your family. Season it with such condiments as suit the family taste. Then, if you wish vegetable soup, cut them fine and boil slowly till all are as soft as to mash up smoothly. Pass through a coarse sieve or colander and serve hot. Nicely browned, but not scorched, toasted bread, cut in dice or any fancy shape, thrown in as the soup goes to the table is an improvement. Or if you wish the vegetables as ornaments to your soup, boil in this rich stock only till well done, and serve in the soup without straining. In that case strain the stock before adding the vegetables. Almost any soup but shell fish is better warmed over and served the second day.—*Christian Union*.

THE HOLY WELL AT OUGHTERARD.

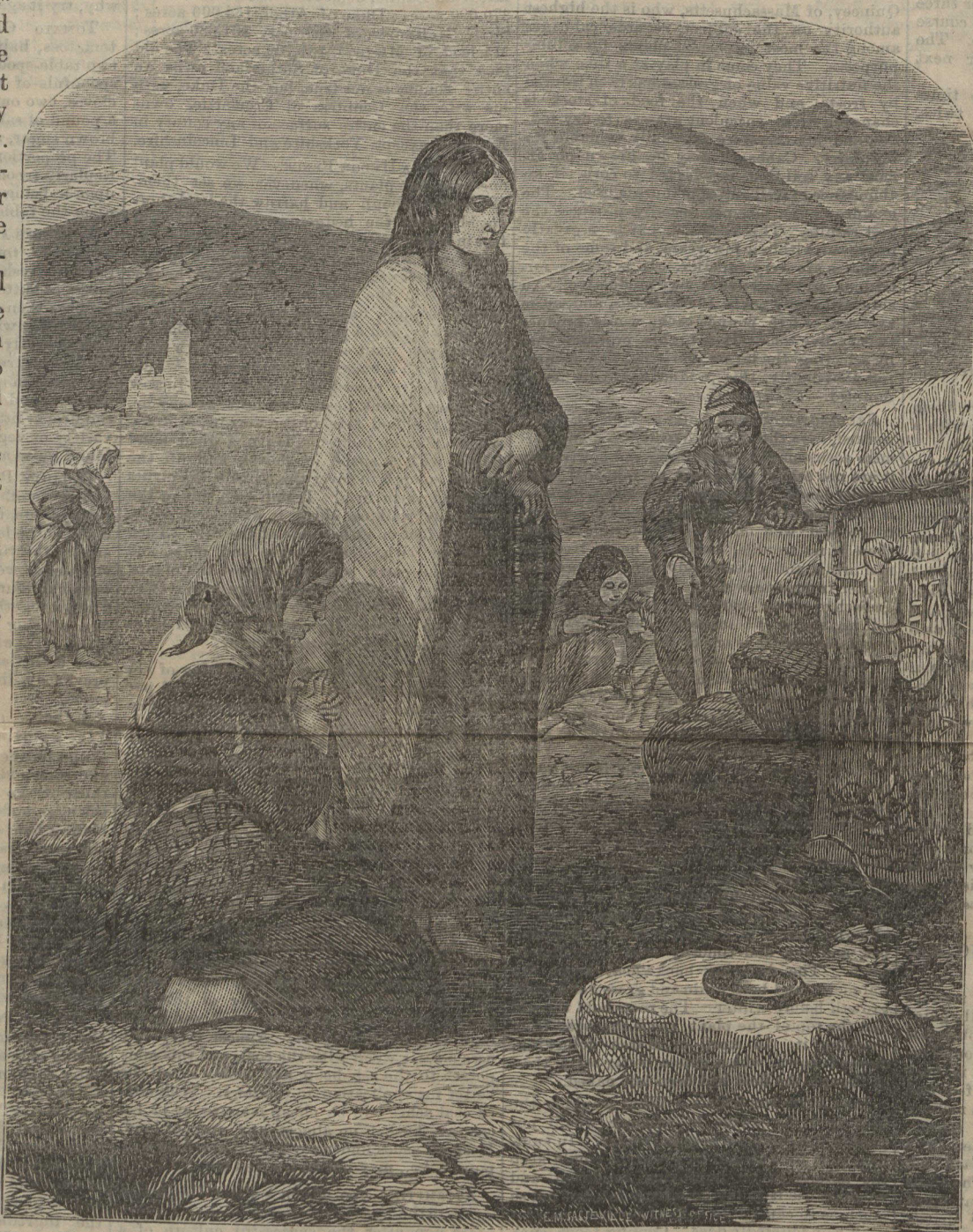
I then opened the Bible, uncertain as to what part of it I should turn for the subject of my lecture, when in the distance, close by the door, I caught sight of the girl I had seen but a short time before in the field of the "Holy Well," and my choice was at once made. Turning to the 55th chapter of Isaiah, I read the first verse, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." And I tried to explain what these waters were, and what the thirst was which they were sure to satisfy. Passing on to the distinctions drawn by our Saviour between the waters of which whosoever drinketh "shall thirst again," and the "well of water" which should spring up "into everlasting life," and adverting to the scene we had witnessed by the "Holy Well," I dwelt upon the impossibility of these earthly waters washing away sin or healing disease; and going on to the Book of the Revelation I quoted the passage, "And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." I then touched upon the memorial rags which were hung up to attract the notice of the saints, and drew the attention of my hearers to the all-consoling fact that "the Angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him;" and that the promise standeth sure, "My presence shall go with thee," for that He whose eyes take in the universe has said that "Where two or three are gathered together in My

learnt by rote, and by the help of the rosaries hanging round their necks, of which every bead notifies one off the long list. Once more the vast waters of Lough Corrib opened on my sight; and as I again passed through the little village of Oughterard I, as before, approached the "Holy Well" which I have described. But now I could only discern kneeling on the grey and worn stones one old woman; and as I came closer I was struck with the sad and heartbroken expression of her face, tears streaming down her wrinkled cheeks, as

machree! What will I do at all?" I waited a little till the wild paroxysm of despair passed away, and then learned from sentences often interrupted by tears the history of this broken heart. The poor old woman was a widow; her husband had perished in the dreadful famine, the remembrance of which lingers in so many memories yet,—yes, strange as it may seem in a Christian land, perished of starvation! I had been in the country at the time, and now when I heard his name from the old woman I

wife and his daughter (a widow also), and her child. Deprived now of all means of subsistence by the deaths of her husband and father, the poor young woman drooped and died, leaving her child—little Mary—to the care of its grandmother, who struggled on through poverty and trouble; her one object now being to support this girl so totally dependent upon her. But always delicate, disease had latterly prostrated on a bed of sickness this darling of her grandmother. The doctor came, charitable ladies visited the cabin and brought many delicacies to tempt the failing appetite, without success, and now the poor old woman—crutch in hand—had tottered to the "Holy Well," in hopes that the saints might pity her and restore the child of her love to health.

I could not help feeling touched by such a tale; for the particulars of it brought vividly back the horrors of the Irish famine to my mind, never to be forgotten by those who as in my case, had witnessed its ravages: I at once determined to visit this child of many prayers, blindly but earnestly offered up to the saints supposed to be patrons of this "Holy Well"—so I followed the poor old woman to the cabin which she called her home. Her tottering limbs seemed hardly able to support her. At first, the imperfect light and thick smoke concealed the inhabitants of this wretched abode; but guided by a hollow cough I discovered close by the turf fire the form of a young girl, worn and emaciated. Still she possessed remains of considerable beauty, and I recognized her at once



Name, there am I in the midst of them." I concluded with a prayer that the Lamb of God would lead us to fountains of living waters, even "the still waters of comfort."

A few months rolled by, during which I had travelled through several of the wilds of Connemara, and seen by many a lone lake other "Holy Wells," round which pilgrims on aching knees told the weary and unintelligible prayers which they had

with real devotion she raised her wasted hands in supplication, words of anxious entreaty trembling on her aged lips.

As gently as I could (for the presence of sorrow is a sacred thing), I enquired the cause of her grief, but for answer she only murmured, "She was all I had left. Himself is gone, and the child that was in my arms when the Lord took him, and she was all I had left. Oh! ochone, ochone, the Colleen dhas,

remembered having heard of the man's tragic death—setting out weak and famishing to try to make his way to some far distant work, only to stagger and fall before many steps had been taken. A few hours afterwards death released him, and I trust he entered a land where "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat."

At the time of his death there were living in his little cabin his

as the girl I had seen some time before, first at the "Holy Well," and afterwards in the school-house at Oughterard. She, too, recollected me, and looked in my face with the earnest, wistful, questioning glance we often see in the countenances of the dying—a glance which shows that though the body is fast yielding to the unrelenting grasp of death, the mind is busy discussing with itself the future destination of the undying

spirit. I took my seat beside her, and asked her how she felt.

"I am glad to see you, sir," she said, "but I'm dying fast;" and I knew, as I glanced at the bright eye and looked at the struggling respiration, it was "but a step" and she would be in the grassy chapel-yard which I could see from the cottage-door. So I did not contradict her; but taking the wasted hand in my own, I opened the Bible which I had with me, and almost instinctively turn to the text, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

"Oh! sir, that's like what I heard you say at the lecture; and many a time when I am lying parched and hot in the long nights, which seem as if they would never end, I think of what you read—"Every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters;" and I thought if any one would show me those waters, I would go to them and not to the 'Holy Well' that never did me any good."

"No," I said; "for whosoever drinketh of that water shall thirst again." I then turned to the beautiful description given by St. John of our Lord's interview with the woman of Samaria, and directed her attention to the fact, that as soon as the woman heard that Jesus was Christ, she left her pitcher with which she had intended to bring back water from the Well of Jacob, and went to publish the glad tidings, saying, "Is not this the Christ?" "And so," I added, "you should trust no more to the 'Holy Well;' but leaving it, drink 'of the living water springing up into everlasting life.'"

The dying girl listened with growing interest to the bright promise of a happy future held before her failing sight; and turning to the old woman, she said to her, "Oh! grannie, listen to what the gentleman says, for sure the ould well could never bring my soul to heaven, or keep it on earth either. And grannie, it's short till I'll be lying in the chapel-yard on the top of the hill, and my last words to you are, ask the grate God to forgive you your sins, and never mind the saints, or kill yourself going the rounds of the 'Holy Well;' for it's truth I'm telling you with my dying lips. Every word that gentleman read went straight to my heart, and I know that Jesus Christ alone can save me." She sunk back worn out by the exertion of speaking, and

over her wasted features a holy calm stole, so that the words "He giveth His beloved sleep" seemed to come instinctively to my lips. I never saw her again, but I heard from the local clergyman that her end was peace, and that for her the valley of the shadow of death had been made bright, and she had herself been led to the waters of which whosoever drinketh "shall never die."—*M., in Friendly Visitor.*

THE BROKEN VASE.

It was twilight in the large handsome parlor of Mr. Weston. The boy sitting in the window reading some charmed story of other boys closed his book regretfully, and rose to leave the room, when a door opened gently, and a little girl entered, walking slowly and with outstretched arms, as if feeling her way through the darkness. It was indeed darkness to her—a darkness through which no ray of light had ever glimmered, for little Agnes Weston had been blind from infancy. She could go to any part of the house by carefully groping her way, and it was seldom she ran against any furniture, or missed the particular door or room for which she was seeking.

On this occasion, however, she seemed to be less fortunate, for as she reached the spot where Charlie stood a loud crash terrified her, and brought Mrs. Weston in haste to the spot, where she found a vase of rare china shattered to atoms.

Charlie had retreated a step or two, but Agnes stood the picture of sorrowful amazement, with the broken ornament at her feet. She did not even know what damage she had done, but felt that it was not slight.

Mrs. Weston had a particular regard for the vase, for it had been a parting gift from a young brother who had gone to sea and died in foreign lands. She was also a high-tempered woman, though with a naturally kind heart. She seized Agnes by the shoulder and shook her severely, at the same uttering reproaches. "Careless child!" she said, angrily; "why did you not walk more carefully? And what were you doing, Charlie, not to seize it in time to prevent its fall? I am half tempted to punish you both. Go to your room, Agnes, and let me hope this will teach you to be more careful. You need not come down to-night again."

Poor little Agnes! Motherless child—for she was the niece of Mrs. Weston, being the daughter of her husband's brother and an orphan from her birth. It seemed too harsh a punishment for one so helpless and dependent, but no one saw the tears that dashed over her cheeks as she turned away silently, without an effort to defend herself. No one, did I say? Oh yes, One saw her, who pitied the poor orphan, and whose promise she had often heard read.

That night, when Charles was sitting with his mother in their comfortable pleasant room, he suddenly asked, "Why did you punish Agnes, mother?"

"A strange question to ask," replied his mother; "do I not punish you when you are careless and naughty?"

"Yes, 'm," said Charlie, faintly, and then he hung his head, and played no more that night.

When he went up to bed he could plainly hear the sobs of Agnes, who lay on her little bed in the next room. Never had he felt so cowardly as he did then. He undressed and lay down in his white soft bed, significant of childhood and innocence, but to him then a very bed of thorns. He looked up at the bright twinkling stars that seemed to know his secret, and wondered if his uncle Harry was there, and did he know; but if he did not, surely God did.

And Agnes, alone in her solitude, lay with her face buried in the pillow, and wished—oh, so eagerly—that she had a mother to come and soothe her, and touch lip and brow with a soft caress that would take all the pain out of her heart. Her aunt, Mrs. Weston, was kind to her, and even affectionate, but there is a mother-love born of fear and hope and anguish that no other affection can counterfeit, and it was for this the sad heart of little Agnes yearned.

In a day or two Mrs. Weston had forgotten all about the vase, and taken Agnes into her favor again; but the child herself wondered if that good and gentle brother Harry, of whom she had heard her aunt speak so much, was pleased to have seen the bitter tears she shed on account of it, and she comforted herself with the thought that, if he knew aught of it, he knew all.

It was strange, but both Mr. and Mrs. Weston noticed soon after this a change in Charlie;

he became fretful and impatient with his cousin, indeed would scarcely play with her at all, when before they had been the best of friends; and she, left alone in her bewildering darkness, with only the occasional companionship of her aunt or other friends, became sad and drooping, too.

One day Mr. Weston came in to tea with a very thoughtful countenance; he had that day had a letter from a relative of Agnes's father, who told him of the arrival of a celebrated oculist in that city, and requested him to bring the child there and have a trial made to restore her sight. It was a very important matter, and he talked it over with his wife in the absence of the children.

"It will do Charlie good too," he said, "to take a trip to the city; and we will all accompany Agnes, and do what we can for her in this trial, which after all may leave the poor child in as great darkness as ever."

"I hope not," said Mrs. Weston; "she is such a sensitive child that I should fear the result if she were disappointed, and I could almost as easily part with Charlie as Agnes now."

And Mrs. Weston spoke truly; but, alas, she did not tell Agnes so. She did not know how the tender heart of the child hungered after loving words and caresses such as she knew a mother could give.

"I have thought since," said Mrs. Weston, "that perhaps I was too harsh with Agnes when she broke the vase poor Harry gave. I am not sure that I should have found fault with her at all, since she could not see; but she had learned to go about the house so well, and knew just where the vase stood, that I thought her careless."

"Well that is all past now," answered her husband; "but I wish it had been Charlie who did the damage, and you had punished him."

There the matter was dropped.

The next day Agnes was informed of her contemplated trial, and the weeks following were spent in preparation for the journey, and then they went—Agnes patient, prayerful, ready for whatever was to happen; Charlie perfectly incomprehensible, sometimes so cross as to draw upon himself a reprimand, and again kind and with a gentle, subdued air, quite at variance with his former boyish spirit.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



The Family Circle.

SOMETIME.

BY MRS. MAY RILEY SMITH.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's working see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key!

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew the best!"

—Boston Transcript.

ONLY A DOG; OR, TRIM AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.

I first opened my eyes to the light of day on a beautiful sunny morning in the month of June. Through the open door of the stable in which I was born I could see the blue sky, and the yellow cornricks, and the green, green grass. I could hear the quacking of the white ducks on the glittering pond, and the "peep-peep" of the young chicks who were scudding among the golden ricks with such eagerness and such a capacity for enjoyment as astonished me, for I thought to myself, "Those little mites are only half the age of myself and my brothers and sisters, and yet they run about and help themselves as if they were three times as old!"—by which it will be seen that even at that early age I was a dog of some discernment.

As I lay thus in the sweet hay amid my brethren, who were writhing and kicking and whining around me, our mamma came bounding in, and immediately the kicking and whining became tremendous as each one of us endeavored to procure his breakfast regardless of the convenience of the others.

While I lay watching my ravenous little relations and awaiting a favorable opening to put in a claim for my own share of the repast, a curly brown head was put in at the stable door, and a merry young voice cried out "Flora!"

Our mamma immediately barked in answer, "Pray come in, sir; you are quite welcome, I'm sure." Whereupon the young gentleman ran in eagerly and looked at us where we lay quite snugly among the bundles of hay.

"Get off, Flora dear, and let me look at your little babies," he said coaxingly, and our mamma immediately obeyed, whining her pleasure at the honor done her by the visit.

"Oh dear!" he cried when he saw us. "What a beautiful lot; and they've got their eyes open too! And there's a handsome little fellow, all black as jet!" This last encomium was passed upon myself. From that moment dates my love and respect for Master Willie; "Oh, Flora, you dear, good dog to have such beautiful puppies. I must go and bring papa;" and having patted our mamma affectionately on the head, the little gentleman ran out.

"There, my dears," our parent began when the visitor had disappeared, "that is Master Willie, the nicest, kindest young gentleman that ever breathed, and a true friend to all animals—but to dogs in particular. If he should select any one of you for his friend and companion, as he intends to do I think, I hope that one will ever remember to do honor to his family by serving his master with affectionate fidelity."

These words of my kind mamma greatly impressed me, and I conceived a firm hope that Master Willie would select me for his playmate and companion, in which case I resolved to show myself a model of affection and fidelity. While I lay a-thinking in this manner footsteps approached the stable, and Master Willie and a tall gentleman entered the building. Our mamma jumped up immediately and received the visitors with the most joyful respect.

"See, papa!" cried Master Willie, leading the gentleman to our snugery. "Are they not a beautiful family? And look, papa dear, at that little black beauty with the curly hair!" It was myself again to whom he alluded, and I cannot sufficiently express the joy I felt at the time.

"Is that your choice, Willie?" the gentleman demanded.

"Oh yes, papa! He is the prettiest of the whole lot. I intend to call him Trim. Do you think he will like to be called Trim?"

"I have no doubt, my child, that Trim will suit him admirably."

"Then I will call him Trim, papa."

I tried to bark the pleasure and gratification I felt at this decision of my future master; but I was yet too young to do so appropriately, so I deferred the expression of my thanks to a future occasion.

"May I take him now, papa?" enquired Master Willie anxiously.

"Oh no, my child. He is yet too young. In another month you may take him with safety."

I felt a little disappointed at this decision; but I saw that my own mamma was wagging her tail with gratitude, so I concluded that Willie's papa knew what was best to be done.

"Good-bye, little Trim!" said Willie, patting me gently on the head—a compliment which I endeavored to return by wagging my exceedingly little tail and licking the young gentleman's hand.

Having complimented my mamma once more, and assured her that he would come every day to see how she and her family were getting on, Master Willie departed.

CHAPTER II.

True to his promise the young gentleman came every day to see us, and was pleased to say that at each visit I looked bigger and handsomer than at the preceding one—which of course was very gratifying to my feelings.

At length the eventful day arrived when I was to leave my family and attach myself exclusively to the fortunes of my master. I am afraid I did not feel as much concern as I should have done on leaving my kind parent and my less fortunate brothers and sisters, but I trust that will be pardoned me on the score of my tender age.

I was carried away lovingly in my young master's arms and suddenly introduced into the great world. Everything was astonishingly big; and the yellow sunlight made me blink my eyes, while the fresh breeze tickled my nose and caused me to sneeze. But I soon recovered from my temporary discomposure and was transported to a magnificent house—into a wonderful apartment which filled me with admiration and surprise.

Master Willie put me down upon the thick soft carpet of the room, and clapping his hands cried out, "There, mamma! Is he not a beauty?"

"Very pretty indeed," assented the young gentleman's mamma, who was a handsome lady seated in a chair by the window.

I conceived it was proper to pay my respects to her, and I endeavored to proceed towards her for that purpose, but my legs failed me in the most perplexing manner, and I felt myself tilted backwards as if by the weight of my own tail.

"Poor little thing! he is scarcely able to walk yet. Do you not think, Willie, that you have taken him from his mother too soon?"

"Oh no, mamma, I think not," replied my young master, looking at me wistfully.

I felt the imputation on my strength so keenly that by a supreme effort I succeeded in toddling over to the lady, and was actually enabled to put my fore-paw on her knee. "There, mamma dear! He knows you already, I declare!" cried Master Willie joyfully.

"Oh, he is indeed a nice little fellow," rejoined the handsome lady, and she stroked my glossy black forehead very kindly.

I had a comfortable little bed made for me in Master Willie's own room and a regular supply of delicious bread and milk, with some meat occasionally—not much at first, for master said it was not yet good for me and though I longed for it very much after I had once tasted it, I believed what he told me.

I grew and threw rapidly, and in a very few weeks I was able to accompany the young gentleman in his walks, when he taught me all kinds of tricks, which—though I did not see the use of many of them, and they were very fatiguing—I used to perform gladly for his entertainment.

Had I been a weak-minded dog, my head must infallibly have been turned by the praise and flattery lavished upon me wherever I visited for my size and beauty; and in both, my master assured me, I increased every day. Perhaps it does not become me to speak thus of myself, and if so, I trust I may be excused, as dogs can never hope to quite understand the usages of mankind in this respect.

It was but natural that I should endeavor to repay the kindness with which I was treated by devoting myself with all my heart to my good master. I pass over the adventure with the tramps who wished to extort money from my young owner by means of threats—little dreaming that I was behind the hedge listening to their vile language (how they did shout when I sprang out: I worried one of them nearly into fits!); as well as my little affair with the burglar who popped his head through my young master's window one evening at dusk, and whom I seized by the nose (Ha! ha! it makes me bark for joy now to think of it!); and I will come at once to the chief adventure of my life which, indeed, nearly proved fatal to me. But stay, that shall commence another chapter.

CHAPTER III.

I was roaming the garden by myself one fine summer day, more than twelve months after my first birthday, when my attention was attracted by a large disreputable-looking dog who passed along the high road towards the turnip-field on the side of the hill. His appearance was so very suspicious that I determined to watch him. I traced his reddish-brown body and bushy tail (something like my own, but not so well cared for) meandering along for some distance in a little cloud of dust, when suddenly I saw him creep through a gap in the hedge and trot straight over to the sheep who were gathered in the shade of the wood at the further end of the field. A dark suspicion entered my mind. I crept through the garden gate and set off rapidly in pursuit of the disreputable-looking vagrant.

I had lost sight of his proceedings during my rapid journey along the highway, but when I reached the field I saw at once that my suspicion was correct. The sheep were flying in all directions, and I beheld the red vagabond fasten upon one poor animal and drag it to the ground. Putting the speed of lightning into my pace I was upon him before he knew of my presence; but directly he saw me he rose from his defenceless prey and flew at me with a fierce snarl.

The encounter was a terrible one, but I at length succeeded in overpowering him and drove him into the adjoining wood. I followed him for some distance, but at length deeming that I had effectually scared him, I returned to the field and looked at the poor sheep. It was lying upon the ground with blood streaming from a wound in its neck, and with its eyes fast glazing. This alarmed me, and I rushed off at once to acquaint my young master.

When I approached the house I saw Master Willie's papa in earnest conversation with the shepherd, and as I drew near them they both turned and looked at me in so stern and unusual a manner that I felt abashed and slunk away terrified. "It certainly looks suspicious," I heard my master's papa say as I retired; "he must be watched."

I noticed considerable dejection in Master Willie's face that evening, and he looked at me very earnestly from time to time in a manner that I could not understand. That evening passed away, and at daylight next morning I arose. I determined to keep a sharp look-out upon the flock in the turnip-field in case the marauder should see fit to return.

Ah! what is that commotion among the woolly flock? He is there again! With a bark of indignant anger I sprang once more into the high road and set off towards the turnip-field. My antagonist became aware of my presence this time before I could succeed in reaching him; and abandoning his mangled victim he sprang into the wood. But I

was close upon him, and finding that he could not escape me he turned to the combat.

We rushed upon each other furiously, and for sometime the issue was doubtful; but soon my superior strength, arising from my regular and judicious feeding, gained the victory, and my antagonist fell to the ground with my sharp teeth fixed in his throat. He gave a convulsive struggle, stretched out his limbs, and lay bleeding and dying upon the ground. With a bark of exultant triumph I retraced my steps, and springing jubilantly out of the wood, found myself in the presence of Master Willie's papa and the shepherd, who were regarding the mangled sheep.

CHAPTER IV.

"There he be, sir. I know'd it was him!" cried the shepherd as I appeared.

"Dear, dear, I am really grieved," replied my master's papa in a very sorrowful tone. "He must be shot! Poor Willie will be deeply afflicted;" and he gave me a stern look. In a moment the truth flashed upon me—I was suspected! My legs seemed to fail me suddenly, my tail brushed the ground, and I hung out of my tongue in abject humiliation.

"He knows as he's done wrong, sir," said the shepherd.

"Yes, there's no doubt of it," replied his master.

I waited to hear no more, but with a despairing howl I fled from the spot. I never rested till I gained my bed, and slunk into it dazed, and grieved to the heart. By-and-by Master Willie came in suddenly, and rushing up to my resting place, he threw himself down beside me, and putting his arms round my neck he said with grief and compassion in his eyes, "Oh, Trim! Oh, you poor foolish, foolish dog, what have you been doing? Did you not get enough to eat? Were you not treated kindly enough, that you should go and do such a cruel action! They're going to shoot you, Trim. My dear old Trim! What shall I do! what shall I do!"

I tried to look comfort into his eyes. I licked his face and hands, and in every way sought to testify my innocence; but, alas! men are so slow of understanding! I could understand my master's looks even to the slightest turn of his eye, but he could not understand mine. Presently footsteps approached the door, and the gardener and his master entered the room.

"Oh, papa, papa, so soon!" cried Willie, starting up.

"Yes, my boy. It must be done; therefore the sooner it is done the better. Don't be so afflicted. It's only a dog, you know. You can get another one very soon—"

"Oh no, papa! Never another one after Trim—never another one. Oh, I was so fond of him. And to think that he— Oh, papa, are you sure—are you quite sure it is true?"

"Quite sure, my child. There is no other dog in the neighborhood capable of doing it. Flora and all the other dogs are miles away. Besides, we caught him almost in the very act. Bring the animal to the coach-house, James."

The gardener approached for the purpose of obeying this command, when my young master threw himself once more upon my neck, crying, "Oh, my poor Trim! my dear, faithful, loving old Trim! Papa, papa!" But the poor boy was lifted from his wild embrace, and I was led out to execution.

In a state of apathetic despair I was led to the space in front of the coach-house and tied to a post; then the gardener procured a gun and raised it to his shoulder. I looked reproachfully at Willie's papa—who looked at me sorrowfully in return—and prepared to die.

The piece was levelled full at my head, and I expected every moment to see the flash and fall beneath the deadly bullet, when a loud shout was heard at the bottom of the garden, and the shepherd came running up in a state of the greatest excitement. There was an animated conference between the three men, and in a few moments Willie's papa rushed up to me and released me from the post, saying, "Poor old dog! you were nearly the victim of a mistake. We were near sacrificing you for your courage and devotion. Come with me to Willie, old fellow, and let us tell him the good news."

It is needless to say I understood at once that they had discovered my real share in the affair, and I bounded away to my young master, whom I found with his head buried beneath the bed-clothes to shut out the dreadful detonation which was to have proclaimed my death. I am not equal to the task of adequately describing his joy when he learned the discovery of my innocence—all I can say is that his extravagant antics were quite equal to my own.

"He is only a dog, papa, I know," he explained to his parent in excuse for his transports, "but he is such a dear, faithful old fellow!"

I have not since that time met with any adventure worth recording. I live in a state

of the greatest happiness, and, believe me, my admiration for my young master and my appreciation of his kindness is very keen indeed. I am ready at any moment to lay down my life for him, and if anything should happen to him it would surely break my heart, though, as has been twice remarked already, I am only a poor dog.—Roger Quidam in *Animal World*.

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL.

I do not allude to thefts on an audacious and grand scale, but to something infinitely more vexing—borrowing, by your friends, your books and music for an unlimited number of years, or forever, as best suits them.

Have people entirely stilled their consciences on this subject? I am sure we are all taught in childhood that

"It is a sin
To steal a pin."

How much worse, then, to appropriate a book! I speak with feeling, having lost at least half of a valuable library of books and music, including some European publications that can not easily be replaced in this country.

I will not allude to such trifles as paper-covered novels; when I lend them, it is with my eyes opened to the fact that I shall never see them again, and seldom am I mistaken. I have now arrived at such a point of despair that I have my name printed upon any book I especially value, and propose for the future to embellish the fly-leaves with the time-honored rhyme:

"Take not this book
For fear of shame,
For here you see
The owner's name."

A friend of mine possesses a very extensive library, chiefly of fiction. I asked her once how many volumes she usually lost per annum. "Seldom one," she said, "for every book on my shelves is numbered, and when I lend one I write it down in my catalogue with the name and address of the party in possession of it. After a reasonable lapse of time, if the book is not returned, I send for it."

I have not yet had the time nor the patience to catalogue my library, and doubt much if I should have the moral courage of my friend to send boldly after the abstracted volumes. I presume, therefore, it will be my fate to suffer for the rest of my life.

I have or had certain books that I need constantly for reference, and such as I should never think of asking any one to lend to me; I should as soon think of requesting the loan of the family Bible. These volumes, however, possess peculiar fascination for some of my friends, and one was kept so long that, in despair, I decided that Miss — was writing an article on the same subject that I had in contemplation.

Horace Greeley once wrote in a presentation copy of some author: "I deem it quite as exceptionable in one to ask the loan of a book as of a man's hat, coat, or any other necessary article of clothing."

When a book is returned to me it is usually, if unbound, bereft of its paper cover; if the cover is too substantial for easy destruction, some of the leaves are missing or loosened. I well remember lending an elegantly bound and illustrated copy of the *Sketch Book* to a very intellectual German gentleman. Strange to say he returned the book, accompanied by warm praises of the beauty of style, &c., adding:

"You will excuse me that in the enthusiasm of the moment I ventured to mark a few passages that particularly impressed me."

What could I do but patiently smile at an act of vandalism that I would not have tolerated from a member of my own family? This man, who was almost a stranger to me, had literally destroyed (for me) a great portion of this choice volume. I possess some books so precious that I scarce can bear to have them touched by other hands, and so have entire pages covered with rough dashes of the pencil was really too much for my patience. It was quite as hard as to say cheerfully, "Never mind," when a clumsy foot destroys one's dress at a ball.

As for music, I should not care to estimate the amount I have spent in replacing the songs and pianoforte pieces that my dear friends have borrowed, they having chosen to retain them altogether, or to return them so mutilated that they were unfit for further use. I have owned, for instance, no less than five copies of the "Moonlight Sonata"—a piece that I can not imagine any one borrowing. I think, however, that all other injuries sink into insignificance before this one: when your most intimate friend borrows "this lovely piece," or "that sweet song," keeps it long enough to learn it thoroughly, then fetches it back embellished with her fingering or reaching places—of course, very different from yours—and calmly performs it to an admiring audience at your "kettle-drum" or *soirée chantante*. Words fail me to do justice to this circumstance.—*Harper's Bazar*.

ABOUT PUNISHING THE CHILDREN.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

In spite of "H. H." and many people who have plenty of leisure, I think busy mothers must whip their children at times.

I hope you have read of the little boy who would not say the letter G, and whose lovely, patient mamma spent two days alone with him helping him to conquer himself. I have no doubt every word of the tale is true; for I remember spending hours disciplining my first boy. What would that mother have done, however, if she had two or three younger children requiring her constant attention; if Bridget had suddenly taken a week's holiday, and still the boy's obstinate fit had to be met and conquered? Each mother must judge for herself what mode of punishment is best suited to her child. Some way or another it must be taught obedience. Would that I could distinctly sound this truth in every young mother's ears!

I entered a rail-car the other day with my baby, and took a seat behind a young mother, who was evidently proud of her baby boy. As I expected, the little men, though neither could speak a word, made friends at once; and we mothers compared notes as to the manner of bringing up.

"I don't know what I shall do with him in a few years, for even now he throws himself on the floor and screams for any thing he wants."

"Why do you not tell him he must not scream?"

"But he wouldn't mind me."

"Then whip him." How horrified she looked! "Yes, I whip my little children, who cannot understand reasoning about things, and I have not a burning sense of shame about it; but after a child is five years old, if properly trained, he will very seldom need a whipping, and indeed should never get one, without having it clearly explained to him why it is administered. I promise you, if you do not punish that stout little fellow within six months, that when he is six or eight years old, you or his father will whip him in anger, and only harden him."

We talked on a while; and then both sat thinking, when suddenly her baby seized her veil and tore it.

"Naughty baby," said she.

Now, he was not naughty; he was just "baby;" and we mothers, for our own sakes, to keep us from a bad habit, if for nothing else, should never say "naughty" to a child unless he is naughty. A little child of two to three or four years old will often have wilful fits, just when we are busiest; we must make two rules about this. First, let what will go to the wall, I must take a few moments with my child alone when I punish him; and second, I shall, God helping me, never punish him in anger; better let them go unpunished.

Now see how this works. Biddy has de-camped. You have settled the sitting-room and left the three boys to play together. Willie, as oldest, is reminded to be gentle to Robbie, and watch over baby. Your dishes are washed and you are in the midst of bread-mixing when you hear a scuffle, screams, and Willie rushes out.

"Mamma, Robbie hit me."

"Willie caught cold and spitted at me!"

"I only sneezed, mamma, and you said Robbie mustn't hit me."

Your hands are in the dough, safe from dealing sudden punishment, even if you felt vexed, which one can hardly be as the little rogue, watching your face, steals in; but because Robbie has happened to make you smile, at his description of a sneeze, you must not forget he has disobeyed. He is told to sit alone while Willie rolls a little dough to bake for himself, but at a hint from you he promises it to Robbie. That young man, however, pouts and mutters some little rebellious words to himself.

"Robbie, if you strike Willie or throw anything at him to-day, I shall whip you, and put you to bed—remember."

The day wears on, and you have forgotten the threatened punishment; every moment is busy, when, just as you are about to prepare some dainty for tea, Willie comes again—"Robbie is throwing sticks, mamma."

You are provoked. Why cannot your children play an hour or two in peace? Why does Willie tell tales? Take a moment to yourself; then give up the nice dish for tea, and take Robbie upstairs, alone. The little fellow is pretty sober, and ready to cry, if he thinks it a wise move.

"Robbie sit on mamma's lap—so. What did mamma tell you she would do, if you threw sticks?"

"Whip me."

"Anything else? What did I say you must do?"

"Go to bed."

"Yes, now darling, mother loves you very much, and she wants to help you grow up a good man. Do you want to be a good, brave, strong, man?" (Better say more than good, for little boys often rebel at being merely good.)

"Yes."

"Well, I'm going to help you to be good, by whipping you for what you did wrong, so that you will not forget so soon again; and then you must lie still in bed till supper time."

You whip him, not very hard to be sure; but it is the fact that mamma does it, that is the punishment, and then you give him a good petting.

Some people seem to think that when they have punished a child, they have got to keep it up, and hide their love till the child has had his cry out. I think we should try to copy our heavenly Father's treatment of us, in our dealings with our children. When he punishes us we do not creep close to him for comfort to bear the wound? So you pet the little one a moment; talk a little about how David, perhaps, threw sticks at his brother (Robbie wishes he had a giant to throw at!) and was punished; how Jesse forgave him, and God forgave him, too. "Now Robbie, if you want God to forgive you, you can ask him; and then you can show him you are really sorry and mean to be a good boy, by lying still, because that will help you remember." He is ready to ask forgiveness, and you say a word or two of simple prayer with him, and put him to bed. It has taken altogether twenty minutes to punish him this way; and you have made an impression on Robbie's mind. He lies still, only asking for a book to hold, singing his songs and hymns, and "telling Satan he won't throw any more sticks for him."

If Willie were the offender, he would be sent to sit alone up stairs; and, busy as you are, let your mind be with your boy. Think of the days when you were "locked up." How clearly the children's voices came in at the open window; how fresh everything looked out doors; and, oh, how dreary that cozy little room—which, when you were good was your delight—looked that summer afternoon!

Do you remember as your mother locked the door, your anger at not being trusted? Your rebellious heart made you cry hot angry tears; but, as the quiet of the room made itself felt, you hushed your sobs, and began to think; soon gentler tears came, and with a blind seeking for relief, you knelt and said "Our Father," and resolved to be very quiet and good till mother came. But she was busy, and the time stretched on; and as at length her step sounded along the hall, your face grew sullen, partly from sheer weariness, and partly from foolish shame at your punishment.

"Are you sorry, Miss?" is asked through the closed door, and your heart hardens. "If you are sorry, you may go down stairs."

Well, you were very tired and so you muttered, "I'm sorry," and rushed down, away from all of them, perhaps, with your doll or cat, to tell your grief to. Your mother called you "hard," and you cried a little as you repeated "Our Father" at night, and wondered if you could ever be a real Christian child, like the little girl in your last Sunday-school book. Oh, if you were only the minister's little girl!

Yes, think of those days now, as Willie sits alone up stairs, and calculate your time nicely; remember that half an hour alone is a very long time to a child, and with a prayer to your Father go to your little son.

"Willie, darling, I know you feel very sorry for what you did. You forgot for a little while, didn't you? Mother forgets too, sometimes; but we both can tell God how sorry we are."

"But you are not put in a room, all alone."

"The only difference is, I have to punish myself about little things. You see big people can't have mothers to remind them and punish them. You are like that little peach tree papa was propping up with a strong post. Now is the time to make you, like a little tree, grow straight, but we can't change big trees."

"You prune them."

"Yes, and I think mamma has learnt a lesson as well as Willie."

I never ask a child if he is sorry. What is the use? If they are they will show you, but always show them how sorry you are. My boy always says when I am forced to punish him, "Aren't you sorry, mamma?" And often we cry together over the hasty temper that mamma can trace so clearly back to herself.

As a last word, let me say, that when you have forgiven a child, let that be the end of it. We give our children such mistaken notions of God by wishing them to keep on being sorry for a fault.

HOW SHOULD YOU DISPOSE OF YOUR PROPERTY.

In all ordinary cases it is very desirable for every man to be his own executor, rather than to defer his beneficence till after his death. Still, if men have estates that cannot be disposed of during their life, or if for any good reason they prefer to distribute their substance by will, they should be careful to do so with the strictest Christian integrity.

In discharging your testamentary duties, you naturally remember those persons and objects which hold the dearest place in your affec-

tions. Your supreme Friend, Christ, will therefore undoubtedly occupy the first place in this most important and solemn moment of apportioning the wealth which he has bestowed upon you.

Whatever disposal you make of your wealth is the expression of your will; not a mere passing thought, not a precipitate, unconsidered act; but an act which you formally preface with saying that you perform it "being in sound mind." In a word, it is the deliberate act of the sovereign part of your nature, your will. You have during life enjoyed the wealth God has placed in your hands, and all the comforts and advantages it has brought; and now, at your death, the Christian principle which prompts you to provide generously for your loved ones also requires you so to divide the remainder as to accomplish the most good to the greatest number of God's own children, and to the advancement of his cause in the earth. You actually give this to Christ, with the full consent of all the powers of your mind, and impress it with the sovereign seal of your will!

Your will is a part of your preparation for death. You make it avowedly, that the subject of your property may not disturb you in that solemn hour, that you may then be able to think of your business affairs with peace. You take it as a part of your preparation for that awful moment when it shall be said to you, "Give an account of thy stewardship," and on the way to that judgment-seat where one of the first enquiries will relate to the use which you have made of your various talents. Make it then with Christ in it from beginning to end, for Christ's cause, for Christ's poor, for Christ's sake.

What your death-bed would be had your attention never been called to this subject, it is not for a man to surmise; but if your will is made with an enlightened conscience and a consecrated spirit, it will plant no thorns in your dying pillow. Think then, Christian professor, we beseech you, to whom you, and all you call your own, belong, and make large bequests to the cause of mercy; or, better still, become your own executor, and enjoy at once the luxury of doing good; or, last of all, do both; if the nature of your property admit, do both.—*Christian Weekly*.

CLOSET PRAYER.—When the tide is out, you may find among the dry and naked rocks, beneath the burning summer sun, marine creatures in a state of vigorous life, so that when you touch them they manifest a wonderful activity; but they live only because, when the waves come foaming over them, they open their "shelly mouths" and drink in water enough to last them all through the hours of ebb. Even so, we can preserve our spiritual strength, during the business day, only by seeking at stated seasons to replenish our souls from the ocean of mercy that flows in upon us through Jesus Christ. Or, to take an illustration from business itself. During the busy forenoon, we may have occasion to send frequent telegrams to our partner in a distant city, but these can only continue so long as they are supplemented by the fuller correspondence of the evening mail, whereby a cordial understanding is kept up between him and us; and in a similar way, it is the duty, as it is the privilege, of the believer all through the day to send to his Father brief telegram-like despatches, such as that which Nehemiah transmitted to him when the king's cup was in his hand; but we shall be sustained in this ejaculatory habit, only by maintaining unbroken the fuller and more confidential correspondence of the closet. Hence, if the men on our exchanges, and in our stores, would only bring their business sagacity to bear upon the subject of prayer, they would form Daniel's habit of having set times for devotion.—*W. Taylor, D. D.*

HOW TO GET ALONG.—The *Interior* relates the following concerning a Western Presbyterian church, which, being too heavily in debt to support a pastor, procured a volume of Talmage's sermons; and this is what was done with it: A young gentleman who was a fine reader was asked to read a sermon each Sabbath to the congregation and consented, though his views were somewhat rationalistic, and he was not a professing Christian; but he was a valuable member of society. The result was that the young man himself was converted, the church strengthened in numbers and zeal, the debt paid off, and now they want a pastor, and are able to pay him a support of \$1,200. It then adds: "More commonly such a church would hire a cheap preacher, and at the end of the year be in a worse state than at the beginning."

Seek ye the Lord while
he may be found.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1876 by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Our former lessons in Acts closed with "The Seven Chosen." Stephen, one of the seven, had spoken with such wisdom and power of Jesus and true piety that the Jews were not able to answer him. So they had him arrested, and charged with speaking against Moses, the temple, and the law. He now defends himself against these charges.

LESSON I.

OCTOBER 1.]

STEPHEN'S DEFENCE. [About 35 A. D.]

READ Acts vii. 1-19. RECITE vs. 1-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Whose are the fathers, and of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever. Amen.—Rom. ix. 5.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—"The Lord sent redemption unto his people."

DAILY READINGS.—M.—Acts vii. 1-19. T.—Gen. xii. 1-9. W.—Rom. iv. 1-25. Th.—Gen. xlvii. 1-20. F.—Ps. xxxiv. 1-22. Sa.—Gen. i. 1-14. S.—Ex. i. 6-22.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Notice how Stephen proves that all God's dealings with his people point to the very changes which the Jews accused Stephen of proposing to make, and so shows them that they are fighting against God.

NOTES.—Mesopotamia (between the rivers), a country between the Tigris and the Euphrates Rivers, about 700 miles long by 20 to 250 broad. Only the north-western portion of it is commonly spoken of in the Bible. In Hebrew the name was "Syria of the two rivers."—Charan, the Greek word for "Harran." Dr. Beke locates it near Damascus, in Mesopotamia or Padan-aram (Gen. xi. 32), about 150 miles north-west of Ur.—Chaldeans, people of Chaldea, of which Babylon was the capital.—Sychem—Shechem, and perhaps Sychar, now called Nablus, a city between Mounts Ebal and Gerizim, about seven miles south of Samaria.—Threescore and fifteen souls, Stephen was probably a Greek, and quoted the Greek Bible, which reads 75. The Hebrew reads 70. Gen. xlvii. 27. This has been explained—(1.) By saying that the Greek version and Stephen counted three wives of Jacob and two sons of Judah. (2.) That to the 66 of Gen. xlvii. 26 it adds the wives of Jacob's sons, except Judah's, who was dead; or (3.) That in Gen. xlvii. 20 the Greek version adds the sons of Ephraim and Manasseh from 1 Chron. vii. 14-21, while the Hebrew omits them because not born until afterward. In either of these ways the difference is easily explained.—(Alexander.)—Four hundred years, round numbers as in Gen. xv. 16.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) GOD'S COMMAND TO ABRAM. (II.) GOD'S CARE OF JACOB.

I. GOD'S COMMAND TO ABRAM. (1.) high priest, as president of the Sanhedrim or court; are these things so? guilty or not guilty. Men, brethren, the crowd or audience; fathers, probably the members of the Sanhedrim, his judges; God of glory, these words show his reverence; Mesopotamia . . . Charan. See Notes. (3.) thy country. Gen. xii. 1. (4.) dwell. Gen. xi. 31. (5.) inheritance, possession; foot on, "not a foot," a common proverb or remark. (6.) strange land, Egypt (Gen. xv. 14). (7.) entreat, use them ill. (7.) judge, do justice to, punish; serve me, worship me. (8.) covenant, Gen. xvii. 10.

I. Questions.—Of what was Stephen accused? Acts vi. 11. Before what court was he brought? How were witnesses found? How did Stephen's face appear? State the question of the high priest. What does Stephen try to show? How? Where does he begin his account of God's dealings with Israel? Relate the facts he states in regard to Abram.

II. GOD'S CARE OF JACOB. (9.) patriarchs, sons of Jacob; sold Joseph (Gen. xxxvii. 27, 36); God was with him. Gen. xxxix. 2, 21, 23. (10.) favor . . . of Pharaoh. Gen. xli. 41. (11.) dearth, drouth, famine; sustenance, food. (12.) our fathers, Gen. xlii. 1, 2. (13.) second time. Gen. xlv. 3. (14.) threescore and fifteen. See Note. (16.) Sychem (see Note); Abraham, some read Jacob for Abraham; Emmor, Greek word for Hamor. Gen. xxxiii. 19. (18.) another king. Ex. i. 8. (19.) subtilly, deceitfully, artfully; cast out. Ex. i. 22.

II. Questions.—How was Joseph sent into Egypt? Who was with Joseph? How was he favored? How honored? What great calamity soon followed? How was Jacob distressed by it? Where did he send for food? How many times? When did Joseph make himself known to his brothers? To whom were they then made known? v. 13. Who invited Jacob and his family into Egypt? How long were they there? How prospered? How oppressed? By whom? How did all this prove that God was leading them? How does this speech show Stephen's reverence for God?

Illustration.—God's promises. Where is thy casket of promises? Open the jar of jewels. Count over the diamonds that flash in thy hand like stars. Compute the worth of that single jewel. "Ask and ye shall receive;" or that other ruby. "All things shall work together for good to them that love God." Bring forth that royal Kohinoor. "He that believeth shall be saved." Then remember who it is that gave them, and to what an unworthy sinner, and tell me if they are not exceeding great and precious. When Caesar once gave a man great reward, he exclaimed, "This is too great a gift for me to receive." But Caesar said, "It is not too great a gift for me to give." So the smallest promise in thy casket is too much for thee to deserve; yet the most magnificent promise is not too much for the Kings of kings to bestow.—(Spurgeon.)

CONNECTED HISTORY.—After giving a brief account of God's dealings with Abraham, Jacob, and Joseph, and the oppression in Egypt, Stephen speaks of the way God delivered Israel by Moses; of Israel's rebellion and idol-worship; of the tabernacle and temple to witness for the true worship.

LESSON II.

OCTOBER 8.]

STEPHEN'S DEFENCE. [About 35 A. D.]

READ Acts vii. 35-50. RECITE vs. 47-50.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Lo, I come to do thy will, O God. He taketh away the first, that he may establish the second.—Heb. x. 9. CENTRAL TRUTH.—"The law is a shadow of good things to come."

DAILY READINGS.—M.—Acts vii. 20-50. T.—Ex. iii. 1-22. W.—Deut. xviii. 9-22. Th.—John v. 36-47. F.—Ex. xxxii. 7-24. Sa.—Ex. xl. 1-19. S.—Ps. lxxviii. 51-72.

NOTES.—Red Sea, east of Egypt, and about 1,400 miles long; its greatest width is 200 miles; divided at its northern end by the Sinaitic peninsula into two arms or gulfs, the eastern one about 130 miles long by 15 wide, the western (the one spoken of in this lesson) about 180 miles long and about 20 wide.—Moloch, the fire-god or idol of the Ammonites. Jewish rabbins say the image was of brass, with the head of an ox and the members of a man. It was hollow, was heated from below, the children offered to it being placed in its arms, and drums beaten to drown their cries. Jer. vii. 31; Lev. xviii. 21; 2 Kings xxiii. 10.—Remphan, the image of the star-god Saturn, or of the sun. Some, with less probability, understand Remphan (Arabic, chiron) to mean a framework for carrying the idol.—Babylon, first called Babel (Gen. xi. 9), afterward a famous city, the great capital of the Chaldean (Assyrian) kingdom. It flourished from about 2,000 B. C. to about 500 B. C. It was of vast size and grandeur, having wide streets crossing each other at right angles, hanging-gardens, great towers, brazen gates, a wall around it said by Herodotus to be 300 feet high and 85 broad. It was taken by Cyrus; again by Darius Hystaspes, and the wall destroyed 510 B. C.; by Xerxes, who destroyed the temple of Belus 29 years later; by Alexander, who completed the destruction of the city about 325 B. C. See Jer. xxv. 12 and 21.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) ISRAEL'S REBELLION UNDER MOSES. (II.) THE TABERNACLE AND TEMPLE FOR TRUE WORSHIP.

I. ISRAEL'S REBELLION. (35.) refused, rejected; the same, this very rejected one; deliverer. Ex. xiv. 19. (37.) prophet, meaning Jesus. Acts iii. 29. (38.) spoke to him (Ex. xix. 3, 17); lively oracles, the law. Rom. ii. 2. (39.) would not obey. Ex. xvi. 2. Num. xx. 3. (40.) Make us gods: Ex. xxxii. 1. (41.) calf, image of the Egyptian god Apis; wot not, know not. (42.) gave them up. (Ps. lxxxv. 12); host of heaven, sun, Saturn, Mars and the stars (see v. 43); prophets. Amos v. 25. (43.) Moloch (see Notes); Remphan. See Notes.

I. Questions.—Of whom did Stephen now speak? Why did the Israelites reject Moses? How did God use him? How many wonders or plagues were sent upon Egypt before Pharaoh let Israel go? Describe the miracle at the Red Sea. How long were the people in the wilderness? Why so long? Of whom did Moses speak to Israel? What did Moses give to Israel at Sinai? How did they sin under Aaron? How did God punish them? To what worship were they given up? Of what other sin were they guilty? [Of unbelief.] Of what sin were the Jews guilty in Stephen's time?

II. THE TABERNACLE AND TEMPLE FOR TRUE WORSHIP.

(46.) tabernacle. Ex. xxv. 40; Heb. viii. 5-7; fashion, pattern, plan. Ex. xxvi. 30. (45.) Jesus, Greek form of "Joshua" not Christ, but Joshua is here spoken of (46.) desired, wished. 1 Chron. xxii. 7. (47.) Solomon built 1 Kings vi. 1. (48.) Howbeit, yet, however; dwelt. Acts xvii. 24. (49.) my throne. Is. lvi. 1, 2.—The division of the text into verses here confuses the meaning. (Alexander.)

II. Questions.—What place of true worship had the Israelites in the wilderness? By whom given? How made? After what plan? By whom brought into Canaan? By whom brought to Jerusalem? Where from? 2 Sam. vi. 2. Who died on the way? Why? What did David wish to build for God? Why forbidden? 1 Chron. xxii. 8. Who did build it? In what does God not dwell? Where is He said to dwell? 2 Chron. vi. 39; Isa. lvii. 15. How may we have Him dwell with us?

Illustration.—Weakness of idols. A little boy once took a stick and broke all the idols in the house except the largest, into the hands of which he put a stick. When the man of the house saw this, he angrily asked, "Who has done this?" "Perhaps," said the boy, "the big idol has been beating his little brothers." "Nonsense!" said the man; "don't talk such stuff! Do you think I'm a fool? It was you, you little rascal! And I'll beat you to death with the same stick!" "But," replied the boy, "how can you trust a god so weak that a child's hand can destroy him? If he cannot take care of himself, how can he take care of you and the world, let alone making you?" The heathen stopped to think, broke his idol, and sought the true God.—(Biblical Museum.)

Tabernacle of Moloch, some think the word translated tabernacle means the pole upon which the image of this idol was carried; others say it was a kind of palanquin or covered litter or carriage in which the image was carried by being borne upon the shoulders of servants, as persons of state now are in the East.

HEAVEN GOD'S THRONE. EARTH GOD'S FOOTSTOOL.

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