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"I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

Our engraving this issue represents a poor woman, who, wandering homeless through the streets, is attracted by the glorious promise, seen in a window by the dim light of the street lamp. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." There are many other pictures in the window, but this "motto" is worth all to her. The beating storm has no power to drive her away, and she stands immovable, contemplating the promise of "rest." In her arms, and nestling close to her for warmth, is her child; he too will need rest before this life is over. This yearning for rest is not confined to such as she, for the most prosperous business men have all their hours of burdened weariness; the idler knows not what to do with himself for *ennui*; and it is perhaps not out of the way to say those with least to do most desire rest. There appears to be a yearning in the hearts of all, a yearning for something not belonging to this life, a rest and content outside of earth's troubles.

— The medical profession is vying with the clerical in the earnestness with which it is considering the great national curse of drunkenness. The *Lancet* in its latest number calls attention to the fact that the working men of Birmingham contribute £3,000 a year towards the hospitals of that town, and £900,000 a year to the public houses. That is to say, they give thirty times as much to the institutions which are the chief cause of their diseases as they give to the institutions where those diseases are cured. It is a very discreditable state of things, and we fear that Birmingham is in this respect only a sample of most of the larger towns of this country. The *Lancet* urges that as the State gives so many facilities to the publicans to enrich themselves by ruining the health of the public, it should compel the publicans to pay a special tax towards the restoration of the public health. A hospital rate levied on drink sellers would be peculiarly appropriate and just. If they did not like it they might impose it upon their customers in the shape of an extra farthing per pot. In parts of Germany and Switzerland every one has to pay a hospital rate, and that gives the payer the right to be treated in the hospital should he desire to be so. In England the middle classes do not so commonly resort to hospitals as they do on the continent; but the English working classes alone use them. Yet they do almost nothing towards supporting them. It would be difficult to impose a rate upon lodgers who are here to-day and gone to-morrow; but a tax upon their beer would reach them in a way that they could not escape. They would feel, moreover, that just in proportion as they drank more, and thereby rendered themselves more likely to need the services of a hospital staff, would they be contributing towards its support. —*Western Morning News.*

— Dr. Hitchcock suggests a new raid on the liquor dealers, for causes which will add a novel argument to those already urged by total abstinence advocates. The vital statistics of the United States, he says, show a mortality from 7 to 16 per cent. traceable to the use of alcoholic drinks. In New York, $56 a year for each inhabitant is spent for such beverages, by which life is shortened 28 per cent. Each State should ascertain, by commission, how much loss it suffers from the traffic in liquor, and should assess that loss on the dealers equitably according to their sales.—*Scientific American.*

THE SMOKE NUISANCE.—A writer in a recent number of the London *Freeman* says:—"A great number of smokers seem to have lost sight of politeness! Their smoking makes them rude. Why should a smoker blow his smoke in my face? Why should he think it not indecent frequently to expectorate in my presence? I have as much right to scatter fine strong pepper and half-blind the passers-by or my companions in a railway carriage. I might answer it pleased me, and they must put up with it. Men have no more right to smoke in public than I have to scatter the pepper. Our pleasures ought not to be at the expense of another; all public smokers, however, break this law, and give great offence to the part of the public who hate the most distant fumes of tobacco."

"I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

Temperance Department.

AUNT LETTIE'S GOLD MEDAL.

She did not, when young, receive it at school as a token of good behavior and scholarship. But before I tell you where she got it I must tell you another story.

Nearly half a century ago a frail-looking young woman, with a bleeding wound in her forehead, fled out into the darkness and the storm with a baby in her arms. She ran over icy roads and fields till she reached her father's house, into which she rushed, saying,—

"Oh, mother, I've come back to die here! Never let me be taken away till I am carried out in my coffin!"

She was not afraid of the darkness nor the storm, nor even of death. She was afraid of nothing and of nobody in the world but her home and her husband.

Emma Nutter was the wife of a once bright and smart young mechanic, whose false friends had led him into evil ways. He had gone down, step by step, till this dreadful night, when crazed with whiskey, he had given her this cruel blow, and sent her to the old home, that had long been open to her. Suffering fears of annoyance from him the family soon removed to a Western city, where one of the sons was well settled in business.

But Jim Nutter, who was a great coward, fled before they left town, and was not seen in the place for several years. Then he wandered back, a miserable wreck, a vagrant or "tramp" of the lowest corner. He muttered to himself, and little children hid behind fences, and mothers locked their doors when they saw him.

He would dance and sing for a glass of whiskey, or failing to get it thus he would buy it with a chicken or shirt stolen from somebody's coop or clothes-line. No one dared to give him a night's shelter, so he slept in barns, sheds,—anywhere.

There was one timid little girl who was particularly afraid of "old Jim Nutter," and who would go a mile out of the way when she went to and from school, rather than meet him. Lettie Frost was a poor child, living with her grandmother in the outskirts of the town. The old woman washed and mended for half a dozen young men in a factory near by, and it was Lettie's work to fetch and carry back the clothes.

She was a sweet, gentle girl, whom strangers always spoke to on the road, and whom every schoolmate loved; and yet very little was known of her in the rich homes about. There was more known and thought of her in heaven than here, for she was one of those to whom our blessed Saviour had reference when he said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

One raw Saturday evening, when she had distributed the clothes, and was on her way home across a lonely field tangled with weeds and wild blackberry vines, she was startled by hearing a low moaning sound coming from a clump of alders that lay in her pathway.

She stood still for a moment, trembling in every limb. Still the moans fell on her ear, and she dared not run back to the public road lest some fellow creature might be left to die alone.

She thought of the Ward boys, who had more than once met with gunning accidents, and of their neighbor, Thomas Cliff, who had once fallen in a fit while working in the field.

She stood still a moment, and as she afterwards said, she "felt God," and then she dared not run away. She walked bravely up to the alder bushes, and round them, and there on the ground lay Jim Nutter! Her first impulse was to run from him, but still she "felt God very near," and thought that he would take care of her.

With great shrinking she walked to where the vagrant lay, with closed eyes, and asked in tremulous tones:

"What is the matter?"

The wretched man opened his eyes and said:

"Nobody but a child! I am sick and nobody will give me shelter from the storm. I shall die alone in the dark, with no one to pity me, no one to pray for me!"

"Oh, no!" said Lettie, pitifully, "the good people will send a carriage for you, and nurse you till you are well again, and then you'll love God and be good, to please him."

Old Jim shook his grey head, and whispered:

"God made me, and yet I must die out of doors, alone."

"I'll go right back and bring somebody," said Lettie in a cheering voice, and away she went over the briers to the village.

Her first innocent thought was of the doctor, whose headquarters were at the little apothecary shop.

"I want Dr. Lee!" she cried, bursting open the door.

"Off among his patients," replied a young man whom she had awakened from a nap behind the counter. "Is your grandmother sick?"

"No, sir; it's old Jim Nutter. I found him sick in the alder pasture. He says he's going to die."

"I hope so," said the young man. "He couldn't do a better thing."

"Oh, sir, but he's suffering."

"I hope so," was the reply. He made his poor wife suffer enough before you and I were born. Let him die, Lettie, and then you'll have nobody to be afraid of. Do you remember how you used to run in here and hide behind the counter till he got by?"

"Yes, sir; but that was a whole year ago. I'm braver now, and beside that God made him, you know, and we must help him."

"Let him alone, Lettie; he won't die," replied the young man, in a teasing tone. "Such folks never die."

Lettie went out of the shop with a sad air, and crossed over to the parsonage. She had full faith in her minister. She laid her errand before him, and he smiled and placed his hand on her head and said:

"Dear child, the miserable man is deceiving you. He is only sick from drunkenness, and is playing on your sympathies, to get money for more drink. It is growing dark now. Go home, dear, and be sure Jim will take care of himself."

Did the good man think drunkards were immortal?

Lettie lingered a moment. She was just going to say "God made him, you know," when she thought it would be rude to say so to the minister, who knew so much—who knew everything!

So she made a little courtesy, and said "Good-by, sir," and went out.

She thought of her grandmother—how she would be worrying at her delay. She thought if she went home over the pasture old Jim might spring up and frighten her. But more than all, she thought how near God was, and that He made this poor, unfortunate old man whom no one pitied.

Lettie resolved to go back to him and speak kindly, if she could do no more, and tell him that she would bring him some bread and milk from home.

This was a brave resolution for a timid child of fourteen years, who had hitherto trembled at his name.

When she came again to the alders the man still lay there, now quiet, though very pale and ill.

"I knew they wouldn't come," he said.

"I couldn't find the doctor," said Lettie, "but I can find a place for you to sleep in. Can you walk any?"

"Yes, child, with a little help," he said, making an effort to rise.

"Wait, then, till I come back for you," said Lettie.

"They will never let you come, child. The best of them will say, 'Let him die in the bushes like a dog.'"

"Oh, no! God made you and he pities you, and so will those that love God," said Lettie, as she ran off towards the cottage.

She told the story to her grandmother, and began pleading with her to take Jim Nutter in, "because, although he was so low and miserable, God made him."

"You need not urge me, dear child," said the old woman. "When your mother was a baby I was a poor, despised and unpitied sinner. I was too feeble to work, and had no spot on earth I dared to call home. I prayed God for pardon, peace, and a home; and He gave me all I asked. When my old aunt left me this cottage I promised God that no fellow-being should ever be turned from its door, and I have kept my word."

"You never sheltered old Jim Nutter, grandma," said Lettie, reproachfully.

"Yes, my dear, I have done so a score of times since you were born."

"Not in this house?"

"Yes, many a time he has come here, hungry, shoeless, half-frozen, and I have taken him to the shed chamber and cared for him till morning, when he chose to set off on a new tramp."

"Where was I?"

"Asleep in your warm bed. He knew he must never come here to frighten you, and never dared to show himself till it was dark. Then, if there was no shed or barn open to him, he would come creeping about the house, and ask me if I would shelter him one night more, 'for God's sake.' I never dared refuse him."

"Then why didn't he tell me that? He said all the people would say, 'Let him die like a dog.'"

"Because he knew I dare not take him in while you were awake, because I would not have you frightened. But if you want to take him in, we will do so."

"How can I get him here, grandma," asked Lettie.

"I don't know, child."

"I will offer Drake my fifty cents to bring him in his wagon," said Lettie.

"Yes; but he will say Jim Nutter is only drunk, and will laugh at you," said the old lady. "And maybe that is true."

"But, grandma, suppose he should be truly ill, and die out there alone in the storm! What would God think of us, after giving us this lovely home?"

"Do as you please, my dear, and I will help you all I can."

Lettie set off in the gathering darkness taking a cup of milk and two crackers to Nutter. She told him she would take him home in a few minutes. The snow was beginning to fall, and the leaves were flying off the alders around him. She took her shawl from her shoulders, and spread it over the miserable man, and then ran as if for her life.

Drake, the teamster, did laugh at her and say, "Jim is only drunk; wants a snug place to lie in till this storm is over." But he helped him up, and got him into the shed chamber, for the sake of Lettie's bright half-dollar.

This was poor Jim's last "tramp." The morning found him very ill with lung fever, and the doctor said it would be certain death to move him to the poorhouse. So Lettie and the old lady, with a sense of God's nearness, took this great care and labor upon themselves.

Some of the neighbors called them fools, and others thought "they were doing a very thankless work, and had better be at something that would pay better."

Others sent in delicacies, and one good woman even offered to watch at night with the poor "tramp."

The minister came and prayed with him, and said he was grieved to think how that poor child had been turned from his door without help that bleak night. He talked with the dying vagrant, and did all in his power to relieve his pain.

One dark night, while a kind neighbor kept the old woman and Lettie company in the shed chamber, Jim raised himself, looked around, and asked:

"Where's the child?"

Lettie stood before him. He looked at her eagerly, and the teachings of his childhood coming back to his quickened mind, he asked:

"Did they tell me Christ had power to forgive *all* sin?"

"Yes," replied Lettie, solemnly.

"My wasted life and dreadful sins are among *all* sin, and I will rest there. But I am so weak. Ask them not to leave me any longer in the fire of temptation. Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

A few days after this a group of villagers stood around an open grave. As it was being closed the pastor said,—

"Thanks be unto Him who knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust, that there is pardon and rest for the chief of sinners."

When all was over, those who had turned the sick vagrant from their houses and their barns felt conscience-stricken, and sought to atone in some way for their neglect of a wretched human being.

It was too late to give a cup of cold water or a kind word to him, so they expressed their gratitude by the gift of the gold medal which now lies in its faded velvet case on the centre table of our gray-haired friend, Aunt Lettie Whiting.—*Youths' Companion.*

WOMEN'S WORK TO-DAY.

Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer related the following incident in an address at Sea Cliff:

"I will relate an incident that illustrates this woman's crusade. A lady came in tears to Mrs. Dr. Leavitt, in Cincinnati (a great-hearted woman). She asked, "Will you pray for my husband?' 'Yes, I can, and I believe the Lord will hear; I'll come and see your husband, and talk and pray with him.'

"'O, don't come; he'll insult you, and won't see you.'

"'The Master was insulted, and he is the leader of the crusade; I will trust and go.' She went to an old rickety house, up the broken stairs, to a poor, mean room. She found the woman, and said, 'I've come to see you.' His little girl went to tell him, but returned, saying. 'He don't want to see you.'

"'I'm on important business; tell him I can stay till supper-time; I'll wait.' As there was nothing in the house to eat, this brought him. She said, 'Sit down in that chair.' He sat down by the rickety table. She handed him the pledge, and said, 'Read that.'

"'You need not insult me by offering me the pledge; I'm not a fool, I shan't sign away my liberty.'

"'You drink, don't you?' 'Yes.' 'Then you are a slave. Just now I came past the corner, and saw the saloon-keeper's daughter with white shoes, white dress, and an elegant blue sash. You love the saloon-keeper's daughter better than your own little Mary!' 'No, I don't.' 'Yes, you do! You take your money, while your child goes with bare feet and scanty garments, and your money goes to clothe the saloon-keeper's daughter.' 'Well; that's so!' said the man.

"'You love the saloon-keeper's wife better than you do your own.' 'No I *don't!*' 'Yes, you do! As I passed them a little while ago, I saw his wife come out of a fine house, dressed in silk, and get into a beautiful carriage which your money helped to buy. You have no carriage! your wife is compelled to dress in tattered garments, work hard all day, and then when duty calls her to go anywhere she is compelled to walk.' 'Well, that's so; but I hate him!' 'No, you don't! You love the saloon-keeper better than you do yourself.' This time no answer. 'I came by his house on my way here, and it is finely furnished; he sports a diamond pin, with diamond ring, and fine gold watch, and your money bought them.'

"'That's so! I never saw it in that light before. Do you see that hand how it trembles; I have a job of work to finish to-day, and I must have a glass to steady my nerves; but come to-morrow and I'll sign the pledge.'

"'That is a temptation of the devil. I don't ask you to sign the pledge; you are a slave; you can't keep it. But there is one who can enable you to keep it. Get down on your knees, and I will ask God to set you free.' He knelt. Mrs. Leavitt, the wife, and the children, all knelt around him. Mrs. L. prayed as few ever do. Then the wife prayed, crying out of a full heart to God, 'Save me and my poor husband.' He wept bitterly and prayed, 'My God, I'm a slave! If there is any salvation for me, let it come down! God be merciful to me a sinner—save me from this appetite.' He kept on his knees till his soul was saved, and that night an altar was established. He went to work at once. In two weeks his children were in Sabbath-school, with new dresses, blue sashes, and white shoes, and in three weeks the entire family were in church, dressed in new clothes. Shortly afterward they moved away from their miserable tenement attic to a comfortable house.

"How long did it take that Christian woman to do that? One hour and a half. An hour and a half out of her house-work, and a whole family were redeemed."—*Working Church.*

THE YOUNG MAN OF PRINCIPLE.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

A young man was in a position where his employers required him to make a false statement, by which several hundred dollars would come into their hands which did not belong to them. All depended upon this clerk's serving their purpose. To their great vexation, he utterly refused to do so. He could not be induced to sell his conscience for any one's favor. As the result, he was discharged from his place.

Not long after, he applied for a vacant situation, and the gentleman, being pleased with his address, asked him for any good reference he might have

The young man felt that his character was unsullied, and so fearlessly referred him to his last employer.

"I have just been dismissed from his employ, and you can enquire of him about me."

It was a new fashion of getting a young man's recommendations, but the gentleman called on the firm, and found that the only objection was that he was "too conscientious about trifles." The gentleman had not been greatly troubled by too conscientious employees and preferred that those entrusted with his money should have a fine sense of truth and honesty, so he engaged the young man, who rose fast in favor, and became at length a partner in one of the largest firms in Boston.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Even unscrupulous men know the worth of good principles that cannot be moved.

A gentleman turned off a man in his employ at the bank because he refused to write for him on the Sabbath. When asked afterwards to name some reliable person he might know as suitable for a cashier in another bank, he mentioned this same man.

"You can depend upon him," he said, "for he refused to work for me on the Sabbath."

A gentleman who employed many persons in his large establishment said:

"When I see one of my young men riding out for pleasure on Sunday, I dismiss him on Monday. I know such a one cannot be trusted. Nor will I employ any one who even occasionally drinks liquor of any kind."

Honor the Sabbath and all the other teachings of the Bible, and you will not fail to find favor with God and with man also.—*Banner.*

THE VICTORY OF PRAYER.—"At the time the Diet of Nuremberg was held," says Tholuck, "Luther was earnestly praying in his own dwelling; and, at the very hour when the edict granting free toleration to all Protestants was issued, he ran out of his house, crying out, 'We have gained the victory! Do you understand that?'"

Agricultural Department.

HOW TO CURE BACON, HAM, AND PORK.

BY S. O. J.

As the wintry months approach the hog gains greatly in the estimation of his friends, and many persons who would not taste of his flesh in the summer months are pleased to see the various dishes composed of it upon their tables. But bacon holds its own at all seasons of the year, and ham is always appreciated when properly cured and cooked.

Opinions differ as to the derivation of the term "bacon." Some wise heads think it to be a corruption of the Scotch baken (dried); while others believe it to come from *beechen*, as the finest flitches are furnished by animals fed upon beech-nuts.

There are also various ways of curing bacon. The Yorkshire (England) method is to burn off the bristles, rather than to scald them, then brush the carcase and wash it in cold water, and let it hang where it will not freeze for twenty-four hours. One-quarter of a pound of saltpetre and twenty-five pounds of common salt are then rubbed thoroughly into the pieces of the animal, which should be placed in a large tub and covered up closely in a cool place for a fortnight. Then turn over each piece and rub in a little more salt. Let it remain in the pickle another fortnight, and the bacon is ready to be smoked. The best way to smoke it is with corn on the cobs burned upon charcoal keeping up a slow, dense smoke, and not a fire. Then put it in a cloth and wash it over with whitewash, to preserve it from mould or fly-blows, and place where there is no moisture, and it will keep for years.

The Westphalian hams and bacon are cured by the following receipt:

To six pounds of rock salt add three ounces of saltpetre and two pounds of Coffee C sugar. Put it into three gallons of water and boil until dissolved, skimming it well while it boils and when cold pour it over the meat, keeping every part of it under the brine.

Bacon can be pickled ready to smoke in about ten days; but hams should remain in for four or five weeks. This pickle can be used again and again, if it is boiled up, skimmed, and a small portion of its ingredients added each time.

Before putting the meat into the brine it should be carefully washed and wiped cleaned from blood, as that spoils the pickle. Pickling tubs should be larger at the bottom than at the top, so that the pork can remain undisturbed in its layers until needed for use; and the bottom of the tub should be covered with coarse salt, and then a layer of meat placed upon it, and so on until the tub is filled.

A GOOD WAY TO PICKLE ONE HAM.

Take a deep stone-ware dish, just large enough to hold a ham, and mix together one pound of coarse brown sugar, one and a half pounds of fine salt, and one ounce each of saltpetre and sal prunelle. Then rub every portion of the ham, and pile the remainder of it over the top, having placed the ham skin side downward in the dish. Let it stand for two or three days; then turn it over and rub in the mixture, and ladle over it with a spoon any brine that may be found at the bottom of the pan. Do this for a fortnight, and if the ham is needed for use, it can be smoked for two or three days, and then boiled.

THE FRENCH WAY OF SALTING PORK.

Bacon is almost the only meat ever tasted by hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen, and they have become connoisseurs in the method of preparing it.

As soon as the pig is killed it is always singed, not scalded; the carcase being placed upon a bundle of straw and the fire set to it to windward. As one side is singed the pig is turned over; and if any bristles remain they are burnt off with wisps of blazing straw. Next it is brushed, and scraped with a knife, and washed clean with cold water.

After cutting it open, the "fry" is placed into water, to be cleansed from blood, and afterward it is speedily cooked. Some persons will leave the opened carcase to cool all night; while others kill by early dawn, and cut it up in the evening, by candlelight, to save time. The pig is cut up into convenient pieces of from three to five pounds each, reserving the hams, feet, heads and tails for special treats; also a few roasting pieces and some sausage-meat. The feet are then boiled tender and broiled as tid-bits.

For a pig weighing two hundred pounds take thirty pounds of common salt, a quarter of a pound of saltpetre, two ounces of ground pepper, and four ounces of ground alspice and cloves mixed together. Stir these ingredients up well and rub each piece of pork, whether it is to be salted or smoked; then sprinkle the mixture over the bottom of the tub, and put in a layer of meat, sprinkling it with the salt and spices; and do so until it is all packed, covering the upper layer thickly with the salt. Cover up closely, and it will keep perfectly and be more toothsome than pork pickled in the common way.—*N. Y. Independent.*

ON THE TREATMENT OF POULTRY.

At the Farmers' Club of the American Institute recently a paper from Mr. Thomas Sturges, of Mattoon, Iowa, upon keeping and feeding poultry, was read. Mr. Sturges gave it as his opinion, after years of experience in keeping poultry, that the most wholesome food for fowls was onions chopped up very fine and well mixed with meal. This kind of food he found to be most beneficial, and should be given to fowls of all kinds, in order to keep them in a healthy condition. In chicken cholera and all ordinary diseases he found this to be a most effective remedy, if given in the early stages. Sulphur should also be given to poultry. During the winter season hens should be fed often upon meat, pounded bones, or oyster shells. On this treatment, combined with various kinds of grain, hens that were well housed and watered would lay about as well in winter as in the summer. If fed in this way, they would seldom eat their own eggs. Farmers who desire to have their hens lay during the winter should be careful not to allow them to roost in the trees. No matter how well fed they might be, the cold would operate injuriously upon them. They should be well sheltered from snow, sleet, and rain. He knew from experience that poultry needed large and comfortable houses. A good plan for a hen-house would be to build one upon a scale of 10 feet wide by 20 feet long and 12 feet in height. This would give two rooms, one above and the other below. The upper one would give excellent roosting accommodation. There should be an opening in the building on the south or east side, for the chickens to go in and out. A partition should run, through the lower room lengthwise, leaving an opening for the first bench in the partition two feet from the ground and three feet wide, so that half of it would be in each room. Boxes could be placed upon this, and when the hens go to set they could be removed into the other room.

The chairman said that so far as his experience went he agreed with the recommendations made by Mr. Sturges as to the housing and feeding of poultry. The greater part of the system recommended in the paper which had been read he had himself practiced, with excellent results. He believed the importance of keeping hens warm during the winter season could not be too constantly brought before the attention of the farming classes.

Mr. Bruen, of Newark, said he did not think there was anything more important to fowls in cold weather than to keep them warm and properly fed. He had a good deal of experience in the keeping of poultry, and he fully agreed with the remarks which had been made upon the subject. The scraps of meat which fell from a butcher's stall mixed with two parts of cracked corn and one part of oats, made a cheap and excellent food for hens. It was also very important that fowls should have plenty of water. By attending fowls in this way he had a yield of 667 dozen of eggs from fifty-seven hens. Fowls were, therefore, profitable if properly cared for. In reference to vermin, which were so injurious to fowls, he said a good remedy was to burn sulphur in the hen-house during the day, so that when the hens came in at night there would be a sufficient quantity of it impregnating the atmosphere to destroy the vermin without injuring the hens.

Dr Weaver made some remarks upon the importance of feeding hens upon vegetables such as cabbages and onions. If fowls were well housed and well fed, he said, they should lay as well in winter as in summer. He got more eggs during the winter months than at any other season of the year, by keeping the hens well housed and well fed.

EDUCATING HORSES.

Horses can be educated to the extent of their understandings as well as children, and can be as easily damaged or ruined by bad management. We believe that the great difference found in horses as to vicious habits or reliability comes more from the different management of men than from variance of natural disposition in the animals. Horses with high mettle are more easily educated than those of less or dull spirits, and are more susceptible to ill training, and consequently may be as good or bad, according to the education they receive.

Horses with dull spirits are not by any means proof against bad management, for in them may often be found the most provoking obstinacy; vicious habits of different characters that render them almost entirely worthless. Could the coming generations of horses in this country be kept from their days of colthood to the age of five years in the hands of good, careful managers, there would be seen a vast difference in the general characters of the noble animals.

If a colt is never allowed to get an advantage, it will never know that it possesses a power that man cannot control: and if made familiar with strange objects, it will not be skittish and nervous. If a horse is made accustomed from his early days to have objects hit him on the heel, back, and hips, he will pay no attention to the giving out of a harness or of a waggon running against him at an unexpected moment.

We once saw an aged lady drive a high-spirited horse, attached to a carriage, down a steep hill, with no hold-back straps upon the harness, and she assured us that there was no danger, for her son accustomed his horses to all kinds of usages and sights that commonly drive the animal into a frenzy of fear and excitement.

A gun can be fired from the back of a horse, an umbrella held over his head, a buffalo robe thrown over his neck, a railroad engine pass close by, his heels bumped with sticks, and the animal take it all as a natural condition of things, if only taught by careful management that he will not be injured thereby. There is great need of improvement in the management of this noble animal; less beating wanted and more of education.—*In-Door and Out.*

HOT BATHS FOR ANIMALS.—We find in the agricultural department of N.Y. *Weekly Herald* the following extract:—It is reported that at a recent meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland some interesting statements were made concerning the use of hot air or Turkish baths as a remedy for the diseases of domestic animals. Lord Scriven declared that his own experiments in the use of these baths, covering a period of over four years, proved conclusively that they would cure all ordinary diseases incidental to horses and all farm stock. This remedy is especially efficacious in cases of colic, dysentery, lung complaints, swellings and inflammations, and serves also as a protective against approaching diseases. These baths can be constructed cheaply. Those in Ireland generally consist of a close room, the walls being doubled, the steam thrown around the room in pipes, which is thus heated up to 150 or 180 degrees, and even higher, without injuring the contained air for purposes of respiration. By paying proper attention to ventilation, allowing no steam to escape into the room, but with pure, dry, heated air, a single application in the bath will cure the most severe cases of garget. In case of swelling or sprain, a vigorous rubbing adds materially to the good effect of the bath. We hear of the epizooty and cattle disease spreading in all parts of the country. Here is a chance for a big speculation to some horse or stock man who knows enough to put up a Turkish bath for horses and cattle, buy up the sick ones, cure them and sell them, if people won't use the same means to save their own stock. Every farmer who owns horses and domestic animals should have a Turkish bath apartment. Briefly stated, we may mention several reasons why its use is so commended: 1. Cure of sickness in cattle, sheep and pigs. 2. Saving of mortality in young stock. 3. Fortifying the horses engaged in ploughing and heavy work against colds.

COMFORT OF FARM STOCK.—A correspondent writing to the *Country Gentleman* says:—The idea of comfort, practically and intelligently regarded, is the key to success with all farm stock; other things equal, the most comfortable animal is the best looking and most profitable. Acting accordingly, some ten years ago, in December, I devoted a half day's work, $2, to tightening up a stable for five cows, so that no manure froze in it afterwards, and instead of having less milk every cold snap and more every thaw, it was more right along, in milk, comfort in milking, cleaning the stable, health of cows and thrift of calves, and only less in amount of feed required. One small Ayrshire coming in just then didn't vary three pounds from thirty-five pounds of milk per day, and ten pounds of butter per week, for five months. Publishing my case in the *N. E. Farmer* led others to go and do likewise, and some years after one correspondent said that one item was worth more to him than the cost of the paper—and so gave the ball another push, as all should do. I found that with a properly constructed stable, the animal heat from a cow will keep a space five times her size above freezing temperature, and still allow good ventilation about her head, regulated at pleasure by an adjustable door in front. The winter profits of dairies may be increased a third, in saving of caloric and food, and increased milk and calf product, by remembering that a kind man is kind to his beasts, and that disregarding their comfort costs money.

—A young gardener desires to know the best mode of making and marking wooden labels or stakes for plants. The first thing is to procure durable wood, and red cedar is best, both on account of its free and smooth splitting and its durability. Rubbed very lightly with a thin coat of white paint and written on while the paint is fresh with a common black lead pencil, the names will last two or three years. If the writing is done with a red-ochre pencil, the name will last still longer. For use in a single season labels may be made of pine, and if the part written on is first made wet a common pencil-mark will last two years. If the name is written dry, the first rain will wash it off. If red cedar cannot be had, make the stakes of pine. Dip or soak them in crude petroleum, and they will last nearly as long as cedar. The name may be written on the oiled surface or a little paint may be first rubbed on. If the pencil does not make a mark sufficiently black or distinct, rub a little soil on it, to impart a grit, and the letters will at once be conspicuous.—*N. Y. Independent.*

DOMESTIC.

SAVE YOUR STRENGTH.

HOW SOME WOMEN WORK.

Monday. Rise at four o'clock, wash, make yeast bread, get breakfast, clean the kitchen floor, churn, get dinner, iron the calicoes, work over the butter, get supper, and then darn stockings until after every one else in the house is in bed.

Tuesday. Rise at four and go to ironing, get breakfast, make pies and cake for the week, finish ironing, and if there are any other big jobs of housework, do them all up as far as possible, and have the remainder of the week for sewing or visiting or doing nothing at all.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Rise at half-past five or six, according to the time when breakfast is required, and as soon as the work is done up, sit down to the sewing and work with might and main; do just as little housework as possible, driving on the sedentary work until nine or ten o'clock, or even later, and perhaps sitting up on Saturday until midnight, in order to have the job done and "out of the way." She exhausts nerve and muscle in the everlasting hurry to get through, giving herself no rest until outraged nature takes the matter in hand and lays the worker up with a long fit of sickness, and not unfrequently with the long rest, right in the prime of life. A dear friend of mine has just run this course, and left her children when they most needed a mother's care.

HOW THE WISE WOMAN WORKS.

Monday. She rises at the usual hour, which is fixed to suit both personal needs and surrounding circumstances. She looks over her work for the week, and, so far as possible, she arranges a certain amount of heavy work for each day, and a certain amount of sedentary work. If baking or churning or both must be done on Monday, she puts off her washing until Tuesday, which gives her the opportunity of putting her clothes to soak over night. Then she has the ironing for Wednesday, baking again for Thursday, sweeping for Friday, and cleaning and some baking, and perhaps churning, on Saturday. Then the next week she can wash on Monday, if she prefers. If possible, she has the same jobs for each day every week; but if not, she finds some way of changing, so that she gets no more exercise than a fair proportion each day. If she gets too much any way, so much the more need of careful management. Her sewing is selected, and the wants of her family so well foreseen that she has that done first which will be most needed, though many a time she lets an old garment be worn rather than break in upon her hours of nightly repose. She has some light work (if any) for the evening, has her hour for retiring and keeps it, allowing herself the time for rest which she knows from experience to be necessary. She gets some time out of doors every day, even if she has to take her work with her. She takes things calmly, does not waste her nerve power, stops and rests if she feels exhausted, and lets the extra jobs go to the wall rather than make herself sick with trying to do them. If she really has too much to do, she studies devices for "slighting" her work, especially that part of it designed for show. If still there is too much to do, she hires help for the heaviest jobs or for the sewing, and saves money to pay for it out of the next doctor's bill. She puts some of her vitality into vivacity and companionableness for her family and friends, instead of laying it all all out on their backs or for their palates. She gives them her wise and kind companionship during a long, pleasant life. She makes them wiser and happier than they would have been without her; she bequeaths vitality, calmness and power to her children, who rise up and call her blessed. Her husband also praiseth her, and at last in a ripe old age they go home together.—*Science of Health.*

JANET MASON'S TROUBLES.

(From the Sunday Magazine.)

"I say, Janet, you'll have to be a little more careful," said her uncle. "Why, at your age you don't want to be fed, do you, like a baby?"

"I'll feed her, if you like," cried Jack, and gave a great guffaw.

"We'll all feed her," cried Bill.

"Oh!" cried Janet again, and made a jump into the air, for Dick at this moment (he was the longest legged of the boys), having got his feet under her chair, gave a sudden bump to the wooden seat of it, which sent her up like an indian-rubber ball. This feat was, of course, received by Dick's brothers with a new burst of applause; but, unhappily for Dick himself, his attitude—for, in order to get himself well under Janet's chair, he had had to sink to an unnaturally low position on his own—betrayed him, and before he could bring himself back to his proper level he was greeted by his father with a box upon the ear that resounded through the room.

"Will you have done with your tricks, Dick?" cried Mr. Mason. "I tell you what, if you go on like this I'll get a horse-whip to you."

"Shall I go and buy one?" asked Dick saucily.

He had nearly lost his balance when his father struck him, but he had recovered that and his self-possession too with great rapidity.

"Now, Dick, you hold your tongue," said his mother.

"Do they always go on like this, I wonder!" poor Janet was thinking, in a terrified way, to herself. She was a quiet, shy child, who had always lived with grown up people, and had never known what it was to have rough companions. She looked at her cousins, and shrank into herself with a terror that turned her sick. She almost felt as she might have done if she had been shut up with three wild animals. She looked up once, and Dick began to make faces at her across the table-cloth, and then all the three boys began to make faces till the poor child's cheeks were crimson with distress and embarrassment. Once she dropped her fork, and when she rose to pick it up, they all began to shift it about, so as to hide it from her, and kick it this way and that till the hard heels of their boots struck her fingers; and what with shame and pain and vexation, the tears started to her eyes, and she went back to her chair again sobbing in her helpless trouble.

"Well, you are a baby, if you cry just because you've dropped something on the floor," Mrs. Mason said contemptuously when this had happened; but the boys sat still and stared at her in open-eyed amazement.

"Jolly! if two big tears didn't fall down into her plate," Dick said afterwards. "Well, she's the rummest piece of goods I ever saw. I'd like to make her cry again," cried Dick, with the natural eagerness of a great mind to enjoy the repetition of a new experiment; and indeed, to do Dick bare justice, he did not rest satisfied with the mere expression of this wish, but on many future occasions did make Janet cry again, till, in fact, that enjoyment almost palled upon him; for unhappily, even the most admirable pleasures may lose their zest for us after a time, if we indulge in them too lavishly and Dick was young yet, and had not learnt the wisdom of using his enjoyments in moderation.

It seemed a long meal to Janet; she was glad when it ended, and Mrs. Mason rose briskly from her seat.

"Now, then, boys, five minutes to two," she said. "It's time for you to be off to school."

"No it ain't," replied Jack, in answer to this admonition; "that clock's fast."

"Fast! Stuff and nonsense! If you tell lies, Jack, I'll cane you," answered his mother,

"I ain't telling lies," said Jack.

And then a little passage at arms ensued between the mother and son. But Jack, I am happy to say, got worse in the conflict, and was driven at the end of a minute, howling, to the kitchen door. This little scene had a wholesome effect upon Dick and Bill, who forthwith shouldered their books and followed their brother pretty quietly into the lobby; and then Mr. Mason took his pipe, and announced that he too was going out; and in a minute more Janet and her aunt were left alone in the kitchen.

The child had got up from her seat at the table, and was standing helplessly at the window, not knowing to what occupation to betake herself—not knowing what to do or say, or where to go to, any more than if she had been dropped into that place from the sky. Mrs. Mason was already tucking up her sleeves.

"Now, I can't have you standing there, child," she said sharply to Janet. "If you do you'll make me sick. You can't be no help to me, so all I can say is, you'd better get out of the way, and not be a hindrance. You can't mend stockings, I suppose? Ah, no! I thought as much. What do you say?—you can hem? I don't care whether you can hem or not when I want you to darn. Hemming won't darn holes, will it?"

And then, with this contemptuous enquiry, Mrs. Mason turned away and set about her afternoon's work, and Janet went away too, and wandered up-stairs again to the attic where she was to sleep, and sat down on her mattrass sad and stupefied. She was so young that she did not know how to grasp this thing that had happened to her—how to measure the bitterness of it—how to look forward to any possible change that should make the life before her more endurable. She sat down upon her mattress, and then presently laid down her head upon her pillow.

"Oh, papa! papa!" she began to sob.

What would her father have suffered if he could have seen her? Those who are dead have need often to be held safe in God's keeping, with the eyes with which they face eternity turned far from this world, I think. Was it not well for the curate that he could not see his little daughter as she lay upon her bed, crying and calling to him?

CHAPTER IV.

JANET had not known what to do with herself on the first day that she spent in her uncle's house, but after a very little while, whatever else she might have to complain of, at any rate she had not any longer to complain of having much idle time upon her hands. She was a deft little maid, with a light step and useful fingers, and Mrs. Mason, who was a stirring, woman soon began to find plenty of occupation for her. If she could not darn stockings, at any rate she could wash up cups and saucers; she could answer the door and run messages; she could do a score of odd jobs in the house or out of it; she could wash the potatos, and turn the roasts, and fill the skuttle.

"Why, you're beginning to find her quite useful," Mr Mason ventured to say to his wife rather cheerily one day. But when he said this Mrs. Mason knitted her brows, and made a reply that caused Janet to hang her head in humiliation.

"Humph! Useful, do you call her?" said Mrs. Mason. "It will be many a day before she earns her salt." And then she turned sharply to Janet, and rebuked her for something she was doing amiss, in a tone that made the poor little soul shake in her shoes.

But still, though Mrs. Mason was harsh enough to Janet, she was not a bad woman altogether; she would not have starved the child, or beaten her, or ill-treated her. If she would not acknowledge that she was of any use, that was not because she wanted to be specially unjust to Janet, but because she thought all children—or, at any rate, all girls—ought to be kept under, and have conceit well knocked out of them. Janet was not worse than other girls, perhaps, but, take them in all, they were a poor lot, and she thanked goodness she had none but boys. "For, dear me, if a boy is bothersome, you can always turn him out of the house," she would often say in a tone of selfcongratulation, "but a girl has to be kept at your apron string, as if she was tied to you." And, indeed, to do her justice, Mrs. Mason let her practice agree so thoroughly with her theory that she turned Jack and Bill and Dick out of doors whenever their condition seemed to her motherly eye to require that treatment, with a readiness and decision of touch that were quite delightful to witness.

I think, as far as Janet was concerned, the terms on which she soon got to stand with her cousins were, more than anything else I know, like the terms on which a kitten stands with three big dogs who are worrying it. When dogs are worrying kittens they only mean their worrying for play, perhaps, but it is such cruel play that the poor cat gets scared almost to death, and loses its wits with terror. And so Janet used to get scared, and to lose her wits when Jack and Dick and Bill

chose to amuse themselves in idle moments by making fun out of her.

Of course, she would not have suffered half as much as she did if she had not been such a timid child. If she could have held her own with these rough spirits things would have gone quite differently with her; she might have come in for a good many blows and bruises, but she would have given blows as well as taken them; she would have stood up for herself, and then they would not have trampled on and tyrannized over her. But alas, poor little soul, she could not hold her own; she was just like the little kitten who, when it is attacked, can only fly wildly for its life. Was she not fair game, when she was such a frightened, stupid little thing? There was nothing that the boys loved better than to make a rush at her, and chase her through the lobby and up the stairs, till her heart was in her mouth, and her legs gave way under her, and they had hunted her into a corner, where she went down upon the ground in a little heap. Often when they got her there, they used to imprison her, sitting cross-legged in a semi-circle before her and then thrhoug this barrier of flesh it was their pleasure to force her to make efforts to escape—feeble little efforts that succeeded you may fancy how rarely. Sometimes, as a cat does with a mouse, they would let her escape, or seem to escape, for a little way, and then would spring to their feet and pounce down again upon her, with a yell that would make her blood run cold. I daresay they never thought they were cruel to her; it was only their way of amusing themselves. One must get amusement somehow; and life in Camden Town is sometimes dull.

"Boys, leave the child alone; if you don't, I'll make it worse for you," Mr. Mason would occasionally shout out, in an angry tone, taking his pipe out of his mouth, or turning from his newspaper, as some sounds from Janet's voice would meet his ear of more than ordinary distress; but when Mr. Mason called out a warning of this sort, his three sons, I am obliged to confess, paid very little heed to him. For Mr. Mason was a heavy man, and slow of movement, and was a good deal fonder, as his boys had found out a long time ago, of uttering threats than of executing them. Occasionally, but only very occasionally indeed, he would rouse himself to action, and then his weight of body told, and the effect he produced was great and wholesome; but in a general way he conducted the education of his sons with words only, and not with deeds; and Dick, and Jack and Bill minded words no more than they would have minded if you had blown upon them.

When Dick would come (as he did sometimes) behind Janet's chair, and tilt it up, and upset her upon the floor, it would have been a good thing if, instead of looking scared, she could have turned upon him, and twitched his hair or boxed his ears. When Jack would seize one of her feet in his big paws, and force her, by threats of mysterious punishment if she refused, to hop round the room upon one leg, it would have been well if she could have laughed instead of going through this exercise with a look of as much terror on her face as if she had been a fly in the grip of a great spider. And when Bill, making her shut her eyes, would try to introduce strange substances into her mouth—raw onions, or cayenne pepper, or candle-grease—if she could have resisted him, or have tried to get some of these pernicious articles between his own teeth, and so have turned the tables on him, not only Dick and Jack, but Bill himself, would have had a far greater respect for her than any of them had when she only cried and entreated, and turned sick.

But alas, she could not do these things; she was too timid to do them, and so they took advantage of her, and badgered and worried her continually more and more. Would not many another boy, besides these three, have done the same? It was such fun to frighten her, and make her do what you liked, and make her believe whatever you chose to say. These boys used to tell all kinds of incredible things to her, protesting they were all as true as Gospel, till Janet, not able to believe, and yet in the face of such a solemn assertion not knowing how to doubt, would have her whole mind in a whirl.

"I saw three men drowned today," said Dick carelessly one evening, looking up from his lesson book, and bobbing his head in the direction of Janet, who was laboring hard at darning stockings, to indicate that he was addressing his information to her, but flinging it out at the same time quite lightly and airily, in the cheerful way in which one would naturally announce such a fact.

"Three men drowned!" echoed Janet, in a tone of consternation.

"Yes; tumbled head over heels—one after another—right over London Bridge."

"Oh, you didn't!" cried Janet incredulously.

"I didn't! What do you mean by saying I didn't? Tell me that again, and I'll shy something at you," cried Dick, red with indignation.

"But—what did they do it for?" asked Janet, hesitating.

"Do it for? Wanted to be drowned, I suppose. They'd all got their boots off, and they left their watches tied up on the bridge in a pocket-handkerchief."

"Oh!" exclaimed Janet quite overcome by the thoughtful consideration of this act.

"Oh, they generally do that," said Dick, in an off-hand way. "There's no use in taking their watches with them you know."

"N——no, of course not. But—but these men weren't really drowned, were they?" asked Janet anxiously after a moment.

"Weren't drowned? Of course they were! Drowned as dead as a door nail. Saw them pulled out, and they were purple all over, and swollen as round as a pudding."

"Oh!" cried Janet again, with a face of horror and anguish.

"They were three brothers."

'Oh, dear!"

"Fishmongers."

"All three of them?"

"Yes—down in the Borough. I know the shop."

"Do you really?"

And then Janet sat staring blankly in Dick's face, who whistled for a minute, while he arranged the continuation of his story, and at the end of that time threw out a few more crumbs of information.

"They're going to bury them all in one coffin!"

"What do they do that for?" asked Janet precipitately, naturally astonished at this novel arrangement

"Comes cheap. I've seen—why, I've seen six men buried in one coffin before now."

"And—and were they all drowned too?" asked Janet, quite aghast at the peculiar nature of Dick's experiences.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Family Circle.

WHERE DO THEY LEARN?

BY CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

In the yard of the tenement over the way
Four wee little children are busy at play:
On the step of the door they have spread out a feast
That is fit for—the daintiest chickens at least.

The oldest plays "mother," and *very* severe;
The youngest plays "baby," so cunning and dear
That I am quite sure she has practised the part
For so many years that she has it by heart.

There's one who plays "son," and is willful and wild;
The other plays "daughter," a very bad child!
Small comforts such housekeeping surely must bring,
For scolding and whipping's the principal thing.

Oh, where did they learn it, these wee little ones?
From their mothers' own ill-behaved daughters and sons?
In their innocent glee displaying the gloom
Where Discord presides as the Goddess of Home.

Ah! mothers, so busy with broom and with brush,
Come, listen a moment, and not to cry "Hush!"
But to take to your hearts the lesson to-day
That is taught by the little ones over the way.
—*Christian Union.*

"GIVING UP."

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

"I would, Miss Mary, I would like to be a Christian, ever so much; I know I should be a great deal happier, and it seems so ungrateful not to be willing to serve Him who has done so much for me; but, whenever I think of it, something seems to hold me back: I always remember how much I will have to give up,—I am so young, and I do so love to have fun. When you asked all the girls, last Sunday, if they were not willing to give up all for Jesus, and talked so sweetly about how much He gave up for us, I wanted to say yes; but suddenly thought about Mrs. Jones' masquerade party that is to come off week after next, and I couldn't. Why, Miss Mary, they are to have a band up from the city, and the house all decorated with flowers, and such a supper! —and I'm to be Cinderella; my dress is almost ready, only I don't know how I am to manage about the glass slipper. Amanda is to be Red Ridinghood; her mother has made her the cunningest little scarlet cloak you ever saw; I am almost sorry I didn't take that character myself, now. I couldn't give it all up. Could you?" And Alice, having talked herself out of breath, as is apt to be the case when we are arguing with conscience, ended by saying, somewhat mournfully, "Yet I would like to be a Christian."

Miss Mary did not answer; the masquerade seemed all glitter and tinsel to her; yet she knew that, to a lively, imaginative girl of fourteen, its prospect must present many attractions; she had, moreover, great sympathy with the girls of her charge, who, she knew, were hedged in with the manifold temptations of the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, and she offered a silent prayer that God's Holy Spirit would so reveal Jesus to Alice, as that all other things would pale in the splendor of His glory. Then she spoke:

"Alice, let me tell you a story as a friend of mine once told it to me. My friend was a young man living in England, and one day he took his little brother to a neighboring town to attend the 'fair' which was held there in the open market-place. They stopped to buy some apples from a countryman, who had covered them with thorny sticks for protection against the inquisitive noses of the donkeys and the pilfering fingers of the boys.

"'I want one of those sticks,' said Johnnie, seizing one and holding on to it in spite of the representations of his brother and the countryman that he would certainly hurt himself or some one else with an ugly-looking crooked stick whose thorns were an inch long. What was to be done? To take it away from him by force would have torn his poor little hands to pieces, and no promise of candy or picture-books would induce the obstinate little fellow to give it up.

"So the wise elder brother walked quietly along by the side of his dangerous companion, till, on the outskirts of the town, they came to a toy-store.

"'Would you like a drum?' said my friend, stopping suddenly at the door.

"'Oh! yes,' said Johnnie, quite delighted.

The drum was bought and hung by a string round the little boy's neck, and one drumstick put into his empty left hand, with which he immediately began to make a fearful din.

"'What shall I do with the other stick, sir?' said the shopman; 'the little man's hands seem quite full.'

"'Oh! here; you may take this ugly old thorny stick, if you want it,' said Johnnie; 'I don't;' and, throwing away the dangerous weapon, he seized the other drumstick and marched delightedly homeward, making the fields and lanes ring with the music of his new possession."

Miss Mary was too wise to draw any moral from her story; most children are quite capable of doing this, and prefer doing it for themselves; but, dismissing Alice with an earnest "God bless you, darling," followed her homeward with a prayer that God would write the lesson on her heart.

And Alice thought a great deal about it. The Spirit of God was moving in the hearts of her companions, and He did not pass Alice by. Day by day she grew more and more thoughtful, and, at last, was able to say with several of her classmates, "I hope I have found Jesus."

I need not tell you who know how precious this hope is, and how our dear, loving Saviour fills the hearts of His children, just as full as they can hold, with his own pure joy, that Alice was happier than she had ever been before. She was talking with her teacher about it one morning and laying plans for usefulness in the service of Christ, when Miss Mary said:

"Alice, what of the masquerade? I thought it was to be this week."

"Why, Miss Mary, so it was—last night. I absolutely forgot all about it. I went to prayer meeting, you know, and we had such a splendid time. I believe I'm just like Johnnie: I've got the drumsticks and I don't want the thorny sticks any more."

That is it, dear friends, young or old: don't let us talk about "giving up;" but, with our hearts full of God's wonderful love, our souls full of His transcendent joy, and our hands full of His gifts and His work, we shall gladly let the "beggarly elements" of this world's dangerous pleasures go to those who want them.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S ECONOMY

In an article of some length upon German affairs, the Cleveland *Leader* says that the conduct of the Emperor William during his recent visit to Italy has occasioned both indignation and surprise in the aristocratic circles of Europe. His tour was the occasion of but little show on his part, accompanied by no lavish expenditure of money, or pompous display of regal power. He caused a credit of 1,400,000 francs, in gold, to be opened for his expenses in Milan, of which he expended but 100,000 francs, or $20,000. The remaining 1,300,000 francs were returned to Berlin. Because the German Emperor did not scatter this money around at random, he is looked upon as a sceptred miser. All the European papers, not wedded to his interests, accuse him of stinginess, and many fair-minded journals express their opinion that a greater degree of liberality would have been more in keeping with the character of the Emperor of Germany.

This action of Kaiser Wilhelm reveals a trait that has always characterized the chiefs of the Hohenzollern family. In the chaotic mass formed by a multitude of feudal chiefs, it was this economy, coupled with stern courage, industry and far-seeing sagacity that enabled the Burgraves of Nuremburg to make successive purchases of lands, until, by loans to the rollicking Emperor Sigismond, one of them was made the Elector of Brandenburg. Frederick II., called *Dentibus Ferratis* (iron teeth) on account of his indomitable energy, was able to purchase Pritz Wernigerode and other principalities, and one of the Queens, while planting the grand park and drive, where now stand the statues of Frederick and Blucher, increased the revenue of the State by supplying the people of Berlin with milk from her farm. When the twelfth elector was raised to the dignity of King of Prussia, the economy of the Court had been such that he was able to purchase Quedlinburg, the counties of Lingen and Tecklimburg. The second King left his successor nearly $7,000,000 in the treasury, with no debts. The third swelled this sum to $52,000,000, and left the nation in such condition that all travellers were astonished at the comfort of its houses, and the smoothness and regularity of its roads. The economy of the king in his tour to Italy, is but an exhibition of the great ruling trait in his family; of an influence that his family has communicated to a whole nation, from the silent and ceaseless operation of which have emanated the wealth, power and heroism which won Sadowa and Sedan.

A PERCENTAGE FOR CHARITY.

A proportionate giving of one's annual income, for charity, carries God into the workshop and into the counting room, sanctifies toil and traffic, and makes Jesus Christ a silent but effective partner in every business interest of life.

"To invest the pursuit of truth," says Dean Stanley, "with the sanctity of religious duty, is the true reconciliation of religion and science." So to invest the business of every day with the sacredness of the Sabbath day, because done in the name of the Lord Jesus, is the only possible harmony of worldly engagements with religious experiences. Christianity is not exclusively for the Sabbath and the sanctuary. The gospel requires men to buy and sell, and transact all their business, with as keen a sense of religious obligation as that with which they offer their supplications at a throne of grace. The infidel dogma that religion is one thing and business another thing, will not obtain currency with men who are reckoning their gains for the Lord, and who are struggling to make more money, not for pride or power, but that they may have a larger percentage of income for the Master's cause. They will also be saved from that absorbing worldly spirit which gradually freezes all Christian charity out of men's hearts, and converts them into mere automatic machines for the accumulation of property.

The business man who would retain his Christian fervor must guard against an absorbing worldliness. A lawful occupation, honorably conducted, may prove a snare to the soul, if it require so much time and attention as to prevent activity in the service of God. In the main, American business life is an anxious, feverish, care-worn, and self-consuming life. It engrosses every thought, energy, power, and passion of our immortal natures; it pants in hot haste to be rich; it sacrifices, on the altars of Mammon, health, home, the society of friends, intercourse with one's own family, opportunity for travel and culture, leisure for works of charity and religion; everything, in a word, which might seem valuable or important to a being made in the image of God. Such a life is entirely inconsistent with Christian character; it is idolatrous and infidel; it denies God, dishonors man, and leads to a practical abrogation of all the claims of humanity and holiness; the closet is forsaken, the family altar broken down, the week-day prayer or conference meeting deserted, the necessities of the sick or sorrowing disregarded, the impenitent and disorderly left unwarned and uncorrected, and the whole work of God shamefully and persistently neglected; and all because time cannot be spared from business.

From this servitude, which is idolatry, and from this idolatry, which is oppression; from this contempt of the creature which is so dishonoring to God, and from this infidelity towards God, which is so degrading to the creature; from these they are mercifully exempted who toil and traffic, scheme and save, with a high purpose of beneficence, who have a constant regard to the Divine mind in every transaction in which they are engaged, and who find that their whole secular life is dignified and made sacred by the recognized presence of their invisible but omnipotent partner, who takes his share in every profit and leaves his blessing with whatever remains.—*Rev. A. C. George, D. D.*

POVERTY OF BARON ROTHSCHILD.

In the life of J. J. Audubon a good story is told of Baron Rothschild, showing how mean a rich man may be, and how deficient in estimation of noble character or works of art. Mr. Audubon carried a letter of introduction from an eminent banker. He says:

"The Baron was not present, but we were told by a good-looking young gentleman that he would be in in a few minutes, and so he was. Soon a corpulent man appeared, hitching up his trousers, and a face red with the exertion of walking, and without noticing any one present, dropped into a comfortable chair, as if caring for no one else in this wide world but himself. While the Baron sat we stood, with our hats held respectfully in our hands. I stepped forward, and with a bow tendered him my credentials. 'Pray, sir,' said the man of golden consequence,' is this a letter of business, or is it a mere letter of introduction?' This I could not well answer, for I had not read the contents of it, and I was forced to answer rather awkwardly that I could not tell. The banker then opened the letter, read it with the manner of one who was looking only at the temporal side of things, and after reading it said, 'This is only a letter of introduction, and I suspect from its contents that you are the publisher of some book or other, and need my subscription.'

"Had a man the size of a mountain spoken to me in this arrogant style in America, I should have indignantly resented it; but where I then was, it seemed best to swallow and digest it as well as I could. So in reply to the offensive arrogance of this banker, I said I should be honored by his subscription to the 'Birds of America.' 'Sir,' he said, 'I never sign my name to any subscription list, but you may send in your work, and I will pay for a copy of it. Gentlemen, I am busy, I wish you good-morning.' We were busy men, too, and so bowing respectfully, we retired, pretty well satisfied with the small slice of his opulence which our labor was likely to attain.

"A few days afterwards I sent the first volume of my work half-bound, and all the numbers besides, then published. On seeing them we were told that he ordered the bearer to take them to his house, which was done directly. Number after number was sent and delivered to the Baron, and after eight or ten months my son made out his account and sent it by Mr. Havell, my engraver, to his banking house. The Baron looked at it in amazement, and cried out, 'What, a hundred pounds for birds! Why, sir, I will give you five pounds, and not a farthing more!'

"Representations were made to him of the magnitude and expense of the work, and how pleased the Baroness and wealthy children would be to have a copy: but the great financier was unrelenting. The copy of the work was actually sent back to Mr. Havell's shop, and as I found that instituting legal proceedings against him would cost more than it would come to, I kept the work, and afterwards sold it to a man with less money and a nobler heart."

HARD WORK IN YOUTH.

Many young people are impatient of the hard work to be done as clerks, or in subordinate positions, and are eager to make fortunes without the long and painful toil which is essential to success. They may learn something from the experience of Vice-President Wilson. He says of himself:

I feel that I have a right to speak for toiling and to toiling men. I was born here in your county of Strafford. I was born in poverty; Want sat by my cradle. I know what it is to ask a mother for bread when she has none to give. I left my home at ten years of age, and served an apprenticeship of eleven years, receiving a month's schooling each year, and at the end of eleven years of hard work, a yoke of oxen and six sheep, which brought me eighty-four dollars.

Eighty-four dollars for eleven years of hard toil!

I never spent the amount of one dollar of money, counting every penny, from the time I was born until I was twenty-one years of age. I know what it is to travel weary miles, and ask my fellow-men to give me leave to toil.

I remember that in October, 1833, I walked into your village from my native town, went through your mills seeking employment. If anybody had offered me nine dollars a month I should have accepted it gladly. I went to Salmon Falls, I went to Dover, I went to Newmarket and tried to get work, without success, and returned home footsore and weary, but not discouraged.

I put my pack on my back and walked to where I now live in Massachusetts, and learned a mechanic's trade. I know the hard lot that toiling men have to endure in this world, and every pulsation of my heart, every conviction of my judgment, every aspiration of my soul, puts me on the side of the toiling men of my country—aye, of all countries.

The first month I worked after I was twenty-one years of age, I went into the woods, drove team, cut mill logs and wood, rose in the morning before daylight, and worked hard until after dark at night, and I received the magnificent sum of six dollars! Each of these dollars looked as large to me as the moon looks to-night.

SITTING STILL.

Last night, I had a half waking dream, and I thought I stood out along the Hudson River Railroad track, and I saw a man sitting on that track. I went up to him and said, "My friend, don't you know you are in peril? The Chicago express will be along in a few moments." I found he was deaf, and did not hear. I tried to pull him away from that peril, and he resisted me and said, "What do you mean by bothering me? I am doing nothing. Am I disturbing you? I am doing nothing at all. I am just sitting here." At that moment I heard in the distance the thunder of the express train. A moment afterwards I saw the headlight of the locomotive flash around the corner. I held fast the rocks that I might not be caught in the rush of the train. Like a horizontal thunderbolt it hurled past. When the flagman came, five minutes after, with his lantern, there was not so much as a vestige left to show that a man had perished there. What had the victim been doing there? Nothing at all. He was only sitting still,—sitting still to die. So I find men in my audience to-night. I tell them the

peril of living without God and without hope in the world. They say, "I am not doing anything. I don't lie. I don't swear. I don't steal. I don't break the Sabbath day. I am sitting here to-night, in my indifference, and what you say has no effect upon my soul at all. I am just sitting here." Meanwhile the long train of eternal disaster is nearing the crossing, and the bridges groan, and the cinders fly, and the brakes clank, and the driving wheel speeds on, and there is a blinding rush, and in the twinkling of an eye they "perish from the way when God's wrath is kindled but a little."

To win life there must be a struggle, there must be a prayer, there must be a repentance, there must be a speed like that of a hunted deer running for the water brooks; but to lose heaven, there is nothing to be done. Absolutely nothing. Breathe no prayer. Ask for no counsel. Fold your arms. Look down. Still! altogether still! and your destiny is decided, and your doom is fixed, and your fate is but a dismal echo of the lepers' lamentation, "If we sit still here, we die."—*De Witt Talmage.*

A BRAVE WOMAN MISSIONARY.

No women, and but few men, have been able to do as much for Protestant missions as Miss Melinda Rankin. It is seldom indeed that a single life has accomplished such great results as have been obtained in Mexico through this woman's labors. She was born and educated in New England, but since 1840 her time has been spent in missionary work among the Catholics of Mississippi, Texas, and Mexico. The story of her life,* as she has told it—simply, modestly, and unaffectedly—has an interest and a lesson for all. In 1840 she felt that she was called to labor among the Catholics of the Mississippi Valley, who were rapidly increasing in numbers and influence from European immigration. While engaged in this work the war with Mexico broke out, and learning from returned soldiers something of the spiritual condition of the poor Mexicans, her sympathies were enlisted in their behalf. Failing to interest others by tongue or pen in the evangelization of Mexico, she resolved to devote herself to the work. Although she could not preach, she could teach and circulate the Bible. Her self-imposed mission was not an easy or a pleasant one. Texas was then overrun with outlaws and robbers, and a lone woman might well shrink from the dangers of life in their midst. Miss Rankin went, however, and opened a school at Huntsville, remaining there until 1852. She then went to Brownsville, on the border of Mexico, which for several reasons was not likely to be a pleasant place to live in. The next morning after her arrival in the town she gathered five children into a school, soon increasing the number to forty. Although the laws of Mexico forbade the introduction of Protestantism in any form into the country, Miss Rankin managed to have Bibles secretly carried over to Matamoras. She found that the people were ready to receive the truth everywhere, and they treasured their Bibles and studied them with great care. Hearing that a party of French nuns were about to establish themselves at Brownsville, Miss Rankin resolved that she would have means to compete with them in the education of the children. So she came North, and, after hard work and many discouragements, raised enough money to build a seminary. She opened it in 1854, and made many converts of parents through their children. She diligently circulated the Bible and publications of the Tract Society, for which a demand was soon created, orders with money coming from as far as Monterey. She saw the opportunity opened to a Bible distributor, and endeavored to secure the services of one through Dr. Kirk. Disappointed in this, and still undaunted by persecution, sickness, discouragements, and many perils, Miss Rankin prepared to go herself. Her life in Matamoras, her experience in Brownsville at the breaking out of the rebellion, her ejection from the seminary by Southern authorities, her trips to the North to obtain money to forward the evangelical work in Mexico, her attempts to interest men in her enterprise and to obtain helpers, are striking features of her story. After engaging several colporteurs to travel in Mexico, two of them became faint-hearted when about to start out. Miss Rankin, equal to every emergency, put courage into their hearts and inspired them with zeal, and these young men eventually carried the Gospel to Oaxaca.

Thousands of Bibles and tracts were circulated, many sermons were preached, and converts multiplied. Miss Rankin superintended the work and organized the fruits of the mission into congregations. She fixed the headquarters of the mission for Northern Mexico at Monterey, and by her own exertions raised $15,000 at the North to buy a suitable building in that city.

At last, when this brave woman had established the mission securely, worn by disease and incessant labor, she turned it over to the American Board, with regret that she could no longer aid and direct it.

She now retires from missionary life with the satisfaction of seeing several societies laboring for the evangelization of Mexico. She sees an independent evangelical church, with fifty-six congregations, established in the centre of the republic, while zealous missionaries are carrying the Gospel to the distant and dark corners of the country. It must rejoice her to know that the years she consecrated to Mexico were not spent in vain, but resulted in planting Protestant Christianity firmly in that country, and in drawing the attention of the Christian world to so promising a field of missionary enterprise.—*Methodist.*

* "Twenty Years Among the Mexicans: A Narrative of Missionary Labor." By Miss Melinda Rankin. Cincinnati: Chase & Hall, 1875.

EVIDENCE OF LONGEVITY.

We shall now advert to one of the most difficult features of this curious study, viz.: the lack of reliable evidence in the cases of abnormal longevity. Perhaps this paragraph should have preceded what has already been said, for, if we cannot believe what has been written, any story of the romancer might prove far more interesting. But, though a very large degree of faith must be exercised in these matters, we cannot agree with Sir G. Cornewall Lewis, that no person ever lived one hundred years. Nor do we sympathize with a late writer, Mr. William J. Thoms, who will credit no centenarian, unless his story is supported by the evidence of statistics. Mr. Thoms, in reviewing the subject of longevity, claims that there have existed in latter days but four cases which have been satisfactorily proved: Mrs. Williams, of Bridehead, died 1841, aged 102; age proved by parish statistics and family records; William Plank, of Harrow, died 1867, aged 100; age proved by being in school with late Lord Lyndhurst, in 1780; bound apprentice in 1782, and received indentures of freedom in the Salters Company in 1789; Jacob William Luning, died 1870, aged 103; age proved by statistics of birth, baptism, and testimony of disinterested friends, while his identity (the most difficult of all things to prove) has been established by statistics from the Equitable Assurance Society in London, where, at the age of 36, in 1803, he was insured for £200. This is the only case on record of an insured life extending to 100 years. The fourth was Catherine Duncombe Shafto, who died in 1872, aged 101; age proved by parish statistics, and identity established by the fact that, in 1790, she (being then 19 years of age) was selected as one of the Government nominees in the tontine of that year. Her husband and many of her sons were representatives in Parliament. Thus, the greatest skeptic with whom we meet, in the discussion of our subject, admits the fact of centenarianism. Some cases are proved. Records are not always kept of birth, or baptism, or marriage, nor do all men insure their lives. The early companions of the extremely aged are all dead, and their testimony cannot be procured. Shall we therefore say, that none pass the hundredth nor the hundred and tenth birthday, but the select four referred to by Mr. Thoms?

Indeed there is a remarkable concurrence of all testimony in assigning 130 to 150 years to the most aged of various races and times. Dr. Van Oven, an authority of great ability, has given seventeen examples of age exceeding 150 years. So have written and believed Hufeland and Haller, the latter asserting that the vital forces of man are capable of reaching, in some cases, 200 years. Therefore, those kindly disposed toward history, and not anxious to examine the records too minutely, may, by an extraordinary effort of faith, believe the assertion that Thomas Parr lived to be 152, and that Henry Jenkins died at the age of 169. But it will take a good many grains of salt to confirm the world in the belief that Peter Zartan, the Hungarian peasant, lived to be 185, or that Thomas Cam (notwithstanding the parish register of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch) died January 28, 1588, aged 207 years. Indeed the great age of the latter resulted from the trick of some wag, who, with venerable intent, fashioned the figure "1" on his tombstone into a "2," thus jumping a century in a few minutes. The friends of Thomas Damme, who died 1648, aged 154, provided against similar trickery, and had his age cut on the tombstone in words at length. It might be supposed that statistics would furnish very valuable evidence on this subject. But, in the first place, it is only within certain European areas and a part of America that tables relating to age are prepared, and the qualifications to which these are subject from the shifting of population are of a very complex character. These records show that extreme age is almost uniformly found among the poor and the degraded. And although one might suppose that the possession of wealth, education and intelligence, would contribute to long life, the evidence seems to point the other way. The cases that are handed down to us from the earlier centuries of the Christian era are often but tradition. In later days more positive evidence exists; and yet the dusty parish registers are not above question, and the family records and familiar obituary notices frequently come to us unverified. It is also a strange feature that miraculous length of days occurs in obscure villages, where no evidence exists but the mere *ipse dixit* of Old Mortality, and that as soon as we draw near the cities, where science can handle the case, the wonderful story flies the light. The fact is, aged people have their full share of the marvellous appetite, they have too frequently lost their memories; and so, from ignorance or deceit, do not tell the truth. And then a vanity which never grows old affects equally the statements of old and young. The register, to which we are often referred, is a record, not of birth or baptism, but of death, and merely contains a statement of the age as derived from the friends of the deceased, and which will soon be found carved and unquestioned on the tombstone. This is valueless in proof of longevity. Then in villages, where many of the same name are found, a confusion in identity has often taken place, and, where nobody will rise up to prove the contrary, some octogenarian has doubtless felt himself called upon to assume the years of both his father and his grandfather. If we bear these things in mind, it will not appear very marvellous that negroes live long. Louisa Truxo, at the age of 175, was living in Cordova in South America in 1780, and another negress, aged 120, was called in evidence to prove the case. Of course to ignorant folk and innocent statisticians this was satisfactory.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

THE SAFE SIDE.

An excellent lady, for many years a member of a society near the city of Pittsburg, related to me the following incident: "Her father was a captain and owner of a passenger ship from Baltimore to ports in Europe, at the time of the trouble in France. On his return to this country he took on board Thomas Paine, the great infidel, escaping to the United States for his life. The old captain was also an infidel. On board this vessel was the captain's daughter. She had been converted at a Methodist revival in the city of Baltimore, and, as her father said, to save her from utter melancholy, he took her to France, and on the return he requested Paine to enter into a controversy with his daughter; and, as he was a subtle reasoner, he could easily drive the young lady from her moorings. He approached her blandly and said: 'I learn, young lady, you are a professor of the religion of Jesus.' She said: 'I am, sir;' and just then she felt the power of the Divine Spirit in her heart. Said he: 'Allow me to ask you a question.' 'Certainly, Mr. Paine.' He then proceeded to say: 'You Christians are looking for a day of judgment?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Now, young lady, suppose the long-looked-for day does not come, what then? Where are all your false alarms and fear of a great day, and the future of which you dream and dread so much?' 'True, Mr. Paine. Let me answer your question by asking another. 'Proceed, lady.' 'If, sir, the Bible is true, and if there will come a judgment day and a great future, what then, Mr. Paine—what then?' 'Young lady, it is a noble answer and true. If I am wrong, I lose all; if you are wrong, you have nothing more than I to lose. Lady, stick to your profession, I have not another word to say. I am taken in my own net.'"—*Christian Friend.*

MY TIME IS NOT MY OWN.

"Go with me to the matinee, this afternoon?" once asked a fashionable city salesman of a new clerk.

"I cannot."

"Why?"

"My time is not my own; it belongs to another."

"To whom?"

"To the firm, by whom I have been instructed not to leave without permission."

The next Sabbath afternoon the same salesman said to this clerk,—

"Will you go to ride with us this evening?"

"I cannot."

"Why?"

"My time is not my own; it belongs to another."

"To whom?"

"To Him who has said 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.'"

Some years passed, and that clerk lay upon his bed of death. His honesty and fidelity had raised him to a creditable position in business and in society, and, ere his sickness, life lay fair before him.

"Are you reconciled to your situation?" asked an attendant.

"Yes, reconciled; I have endeavored to do the work that God has allotted me, in His fear. He has directed me thus far; I am in His hands, and my time is not my own."—*Working Church.*

AN EXAMPLE.

The following story is told of the late Dr. Hook, Dean of Chichester. His great interest in the working classes was shown, among other acts, by his signing the temperance pledge in order to save a man whom he saw to be giving way to drinking. Telling the story in his own words, in speaking of the time when he was Dean of Leeds, he said:

"I had in my parish at Leeds a man who earned 18*s.* a week; out of this he used to give 7*s.* to his wife, and to spend the rest in drink, but for all that he was a good sort of man. I went to him and said:

"'Now, suppose you abstain altogether for six months.'

"'Well, if I will, will you, sir?' was his reply.

"'Yes,' I said, 'I will.'

"'What!' said he, 'from beer, from spirits, and from wine?'

"'Yes.'

"'And how shall I know if you keep your promise?'

"'Why, you ask my missus and I'll ask yours.'

"It was agreed between us for six months at first; and afterwards we renewed the promise. He never resumed the bad habit that he had left off, and is now a prosperous and happy man in business at St. Petersburg, and I am Dean of Chichester."

SELECTIONS.

— As old Mr.——heaved the last scuttle of four tons of coal into his cellar, he was heard to remark: "If they had been boys instead of girls, it wouldn't have been thus. One ton would last all winter."

— A Lancaster youth sent a dollar to a New York firm, who advertised that for that sum they would send a recipe to prevent bad dreams. In reply to his letter the country lad received a card with the words, "Don't go to sleep," plainly printed upon it.

— "Pull on this rope and you will find me" is the careful written direction left by a Pennsylvania man who drowned himself. Such men should be encouraged, for few suicides appear to care how much trouble and expense relatives are put to in hunting them up.

— A Boston schoolgirl of tender years thus writes to her bosom friend: "Dear Susie: I shan't attend school agin until I Get some new cuffs, collars, and Jewelry—dear Mama agrees with me that is my dooty to take the shine out of that Upstart Mamy Jones, and I'll do it if I never learn nothing."

— A Paris paper says: A gentleman was seated before the Cafe Riche, when a young artist passed with a companion. "I will bet you," said the artist to his friend, "I will drink that gentleman's coffee, and he will thank me for doing it." "You are crazy." "You will see." "You know him then." "Come and see the proceeding then." Very solemnly they approached the gentleman. "Sir," said the artist, "I am an inspector of the Board of Health. If I ask for coffee they will give me without doubt a very good cup, for they know me. You, sir, whom they do not know, are served like the rest of the world. Will you allow me to taste your coffee?" "Certainly," said the gentleman. "This is really good. The government has great care over the people. The police cannot be too watchful over the public health." The artist drank the coffee, and having finished it said politely, "They do things properly at this cafe; this is excellent coffee." He bowed, and left the gentleman to pay for the coffee he had not had, but profoundly grateful for the care of the government.

"COMIN' THRO' THE RYE."

A New York pictorial publishes an illustration of 'Comin' thro' the Rye,' and blunders into what we presume is the popular misconception of the ditty, giving a laddie and lassie meeting and kissing in a field of grain. The lines:

"If a laddie meet a lassie
Comin' thro' the rye,"

and especially the other couplet:

"A' the lads they smile on me
When comin' thro' the rye,"

seem to imply that traversing the rye was an habitual or common thing, but what in the name of the Royal Agricultural Society could be the object in tramping down a crop of grain in that style? The song perhaps suggests a harvest scene, where both sexes, as is the custom in Great Britain, are at work reaping, and where they would come and go through the field indeed, but not through the rye itself, so as to meet and kiss in it. The truth is the rye in this case is no more grain than Rye Beach is, it being the name of a small, shallow stream near Ayr, in Scotland, which, having neither bridge nor ferry, was forded by people going to and from the market, custom allowing a lad to steal a kiss from any lass of his acquaintance whom he met midstream. Our contemporary will see that this is the true explanation, if he will refer to Burns's original ballad, in the first verse which refers to the lass wetting her clothes in the stream.

"Jennie is a' wat, puir bodie;
Jenny's seldom dry;
She drag'lt a' her petticoatie,
Comin' thro' the rye."

—*Newburyport Herald.*

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

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

CONNECTED HISTORY.—David's victory over Goli th caused the king to enquire carefully in regard to his family, and to call him and honor him at court.

LESSON IV.

JANUARY 23.]

DAVID IN THE PALACE. About 1073 B. C.

READ 1 Sam. xviii. 1-16. RECITE vs. 14. 15.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—The danger of hating to see others prosper, of envying them, is clearly shown in this lesson. Saul was angry because David was praised for slaying Goliath, and from being a friend to David he turned into a bitter enemy.

GOLDEN TEXT.—When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.—Prov. xvi. 7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Purity and peace go together.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—1 Sam. xviii. 1-16. *T.*—1 Sam. xx. 1-23. *W.*—Eccles. iv. 1-16. *Th.*—1 Sam. xix 4-17. *F.*—Prov. xxii. 1-25. *Sa.*—Ps. cxl. 1-13. *S*—Ps. xiv. 1-7.

NOTES.—*David at court.* It is not easy to explain Saul's enquiries about David, chap. xvii. 55-58. Some suppose that this was David's first appearance in court, and that his visit as a harper (chap. xvi. 14-23) came after his combat with Goliath. Others think he was at court a very short time, hence Saul's questions. Wordsworth suggests that as Saul's enquiry was as to David's *parentage*, it does not imply that he did not know David. *Javelin*, a long spear, made of a long staff of wood, and tipped with some sharp-pointed and hard metal. *Captain over a thousand*, King Saul had made David commander-in-chief of his army (v. 5), but now he removes him from that position and sets him over 1,000 men, something like a colonel in our army.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) DAVID'S FRIENDS. (II.) DAVID'S ENEMY.

I. DAVID'S FRIENDS. (1.) **was knit**, or "bound to," Gen. xliv. 30. (2.) **took him**, the king also his friend. (3.) **covenant**, a pledge of friendship. (4.) **robe**, or "coat" (1 Sam. ii. 19); **garments**, means his military dress. (5.) **Saul set him**, king further honors him; **the people**, David the hero of the people. (6.) **tabrets**, timbrels or tambourines, played upon like a drum; **instruments**, or "three-stringed instruments." (6.) **women answered**, the singing responsive. See Ex. xv. 20,21.

I. Questions.—What effect had David's speech on the king's son. What was his name? How is their friendship described? How did the king show his friendship for David? v. 2. How did Jonathan treat David? What power did Saul confer upon David? v. 5. How did the people regard him? Describe the return from the battle? How did the women praise Saul? How did they speak of David? Why did David prosper? v. 14. Who loved him? v. 16. Why?

II. DAVID'S ENEMY. (8.) **displeased**, (Heb.) "was evil in his eyes." (9.) **eyed**, with envy. (10.) **evil spirit** (see chap. xvi 14; **prophesied**, as wicked spirits and men prophesied. See 1 Kings xxii. 6. 22. (12.) **afraid**, feared David would become king in his place. (14.) **behaved** or "prospered" in all his ways.

II. Questions.—What made Saul angry? Against whom was he angry? How did he regard David now? What again came upon Saul? v. 10. With what effect? What did he try to do to David? Why did he not do it? Why was he afraid of David? Where did he place David? v. 18. How did David act toward his enemy? v. 15. How should we treat our enemies?

Illustration.—*Envy.* As a moth gnaws a garment, says Chrysostom, so does envy consume a man. *Evil of envy.* Caligula slew his brother because he was a beautiful young man. Dionysius the tyrant punished Philoxenus the musician, because he could sing; and Plato the philosopher, because he could reason better than himself. Cambyses killed his brother because he could draw a stronger bow than himself. The poets imagined envy dwelt in a dark cave, being pale, lean, full of gall, with black teeth, never rejoicing but in the misfortune of others.

Careless Sinners. Sinners are like idle swimmers that go carelessly floating down stream rather than swim against the current and gain the shore. They will reach the sea at last; and when they hear the breakers and see the dashing waves, they will be alarmed, but too late: they are quickly hurried into the ocean of eternity. So men thoughtlessly indulge in envy until their peace of mind is gone, and their soul destroyed.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Saul hated David, and to entrap him offered to him his daughter for a wife. Jonathan and Saul's daughter saved David's life twice; and David fled to Samuel at Ramah. Saul sent to take him, but David escaped to Gibeah, and was advised again by Jonahan of Saul's wish to slay him.

LESSON V.

JANUARY 30.]

DAVID AND JONATHAN. [About 1061 B. C.]

READ 1 Sam. xx. 35-42. RECITE vs. 41-42.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—1 Sam. xx. 35-42. *T.*—1 Sam. xx. 18-35. *W.*—1 Sam. xvii. 17-31. *Th.*—Ps. xlii. 1-11. *F.*—Ps. lxiii. 1-11. *Sa.*—Num. vi. 22-27. *S.*—1 Sam. xxii. 1-23.

GOLDEN TEXT.—There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. —Prov. xviii. 24.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—True saints make true friends.

NOTES.—*Artillery*, or "instruments"—that is, his bow, arrows, and quiver. *Towards the south.* This phrase is generally supposed to refer to the same place as "Ezel" in v. 19. The Greek version reads "a heap of stones" in v. 41. "*Ezel*" means "going," or "travelling"—that is, a stone which directed travellers in the way, as our guide-boards.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) JONATHAN AND THE LAD. (II.) JONATHAN AND DAVID.

I. JONATHAN AND THE LAD (35.) **morning**, (see v. 19); **field** (see v. 19); **appointed**, agreed upon as in vs. 19-23. (36.) **beyond**, or "to pass over him." (37.) **beyond thee**, the sign he was to give. See v. 22. (38.) **cried**, called after the lad; "**make speed**," this was meant for David as well as for the lad. (39.) **not anything**, the lad did not know why Jonathan acted thus; David knew. (40.) **artillery** (see Notes); **to the city**, Jonathan wanted to be alone with David so he sent the lad away.

I. Questions.—Where was Jonathan to meet David? For what purpose? v. 13. What signals had they agreed upon? vs. 20-22. What time was appointed? v. 19. Who was with Jonathan? What was the lad to do? State how David was shown Saul's wish to kill him? Who alone understood the matter? How did this prove Jonathan's love for David?

II. JONATHAN AND DAVID (41.) **the south** (see Notes); **bowed himself three times**, to show his love for Jonathan (see Gen. xxxiii. 3); **exceeded**, David's sorrow and expressions of love were greater than Jonathan's. (42.) **Go in peace**, the Lord has saved you; **the city**—that is, "Gibeah;" its location is unknown.

II. Questions.—When did David openly join Jonathan in the field? Why not before? How did he meet Jonathan? Why were they so sorrowful? Whose sorrow was the greatest? How did Jonathan bid him farewell? Of what pledge did he speak? How long was this friendship to continue? What shows that Jonathan's friendship was real? See vs. 32-34. Why do we prize friends most in trouble?

ANCIENT ARCHER.

Illustration.—*True Friendship.* "So long as there is blossom on the trees and honey in the blossom the bees will frequent them in crowds and fill the place with music; but when the blossom is over and the honey is gone the bees too will all disappear. So it is with some friends: they flock around us in our prosperous days; but when fortune flies, they fly with it."—*Gotthold.*

CONNECTED HISTORY.—After parting with Jonathan, David fled to the priest at Nob, then to Gath, next to the cave Adullam, and thence to Mizpeh, in Moab. Warned by the prophet Gad, he returns to Judea, defeats the Philistines at Keilah, escapes to Ziph, then to Maon, and next to Engedi.

LESSON VI.

FEBRUARY 6.]

DAVID SPARING SAUL. [About 1060 B.C.]

READ 1 Sam. xxiv. 1-16. RECITE vs. 14, 15.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Recompense to no man evil for evil.—Rom. xii. 17.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—We must shew mercy as we expect it.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—1 Sam. xxiv. 1-16. *T.*—Ps. xxxviii. 1-22. *W.*—Rom. xii. 9-21. *Th.*—Matt. v. 38-48. *F.*—Ps. xxxvii. 1-25. *Sa.*—Ps. xxxv. 1-2. *S.*—Ps. xliii. 1-5.

NOTES.—*Engedi*, "fountain of the goats," a town on the west coast of the Dead Sea, now called "Ain Jidy," from a spring of that name, and from the number of wild goats found there. The limestone cliffs about it are full of caves, still used as sheepcotes. They are very dark, and the "keenest eye looking *inward* cannot see five paces; but one being within and looking *outward* toward the entrance could see plainly." So David and his men, concealed within the cave, could not be seen by Saul as he entered, but they could watch him without being discovered.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) DAVID SPARES SAUL. (II.) DAVID REPROVES SAUL.

I. DAVID SPARES SAUL. (1.) **following**, pursuing the Philistines (see chap. xxiii. 28): **Engedi** (see Notes). (2.) **chosen men**, carefully picked. (3.) **sheepcotes**, sheep pens; **sides**, holes in the side. (4.) **Lord said**, the Lord had not said this was the day; **skirt**, his robe. (5.) **smote him**, he felt sorry. (6.) **this thing**, kill Saul, as you advised; **Lord's anointed** 1 Sam. x. 1. (7.) **stayed**, held back.

I. Questions.—Why did Saul pursue David? where was David hid? State how Saul sought to take him His failure. Describe Saul's danger. Why did David spare his life?

II. DAVID REPROVES SAUL. (8.) **stooped . . . bowed**, to show respect to Saul. (9.) **hearest**, yieldest to them; (11.) **father**, David was Saul's son-in-law (see 1 Sam. xviii. 27); **know thou**, from my sparing thy life. (12.) **Lord avenge**, (see Rom xii. 19); **upon thee**, to kill or hurt thee. (14.) **dead dog**, David seemed as weak as a dog or a flea compared with the king. (15.) **deliver**, David strong in God.

II. Questions.—For what did David reprove Saul? What had David's men advised? Why had David spared Saul? What proof of his words did he show to Saul? Who would avenge David? How would he be delivered? What was the effect on Saul? How does David's conduct teach us to act toward our enemies?

Illustration.—*David and Saul.* The cliffs in that region are so near together, and have such deep chasms between them, that in the clear air Saul, standing on one rock, could hear David distinctly speaking from another rock, without being able to take him prisoner. Jewish Rabbins have a story to account for David's safety. They say, "God, foreseeing that Saul would come to this cave caused a spider to weave her web across its mouth, which Saul perceived, and supposed from it, that the cave was empty."

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.—It has been said by one who once appeared "almost a Christian," Let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen unto day, lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of invaluable service: Do the duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a duty, thy second duty will already have become clearer.—*Carlisle.*

GOOD WORDS.

It does seem something like self-praise for a paper to make room for talk about itself, but the MESSENGER is in a peculiar position. It has, as it were, been carried on the shoulders of its friends, and they all like to hear good opinions of it, and besides the column is useful to those who are commending the paper to their friends. We, of course, only give specimens of these letters, with which we might fill the paper. Mr. L. D. Martin, of Toronto, writes: "I have subscribed for the MESSENGER for two years, and feel so well pleased with the pure and useful reading matter it contains that I heartily recommend it to my friends." We may add that the recommendation has not been without effect. A friend from Tweed, Ont., says, "I have taken it this last year and would not do without it for twice the money." We have this from Mass Town, N. S.:—"I sent you six names the first of October, and they are well pleased with the paper. The MESSENGER is a paper that should be in every family and read by both old and young. A gentleman told me the other day that he had been taking the MESSENGER for ten years and would not do without it." The following from Bayview is especially pleasing:—"The school children are quite pleased with their papers." Wallace Plotten, Scugog, says:—"I take the MESSENGER. I am twelve years old. I like the MESSENGER first-rate, there is such nice reading matter in it. I noticed your prize list in the first December number, but I think it is no use for me to try for a prize, so I will try to get as many as I can at the offer you make in the same paper."

NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 2 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

THE PRIZES.—Our competitors for the January prizes need not be troubled because the names of those who were successful are not recorded in the present number, for the day on which this is written is December 29th, 1875. It is a question if they will be all in in time for next number, as some are coming from San Francisco and British Columbia.

RENEWALS.—This is about the time of the year that most of our old subscriptions are to be renewed. It is pleasant to obtain new subscribers, but still more so to retain old ones. We would, therefore, request all our old subscribers whose time expires in February, and who have not done so before, to renew their subscriptions at once, so that there will be no numbers missed. If they can send along another subscription with their own so much the better.

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