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Temperance Department.

BOB.

"Bob Noyes, do stop your racket. Nobody can have a minute's peace if you are within hearing."

Bob's face flushed scarlet, and he laid down his hammer, leaving the nail half driven. He turned the toy wagon he had been working on over and over, with a wistful look which told of a pitiful heartache. It was a pretty toy wagon in his eyes, and he made every bit of it himself, and if he could only drive six more nails it would be finished. But there must be no more racket, so he laid it away carefully, and going into one corner of the yard stretched himself under a tree, and kicking the turf with his heels pondered over his many troubles. His mother had said that there was no peace for anybody if he was in hearing; but certainly there was no peace for him anywhere about home.

He had slipped into the parlor after dinner and was having a good chat with Miss Somers, and she was telling him about three wonderful black and white spotted puppies at her house, when sister Jennie came in and asked him what he was imposing on Miss Somers for. He wasn't imposing, Miss Somers said so. Guess he could talk as well as Jennie, if she was eighteen two months ago. But Jennie made him leave the room without learning how the littlest and prettiest spotted puppy got out of the cistern when he fell in. Maybe he didn't get out. Bob kicked harder and wished he knew. After his ejection from the parlor, Bob started to the garret to console himself by rocking in the old fashioned red cradle grandmother Noyes rocked papa and Uncle John in, but Nell and the boys would not let him in; they were getting up surprise tableaux and "didn't want any little pitchers around." He sought his father's study to look at an illustrated edition of natural history. But papa objected, "he couldn't have Bob in there making a disturbance." Almost heartbroken, he turned to his mother's room. "Go right away, you'll wake the baby," met him at the threshold. He looked into the kitchen and begged to help make pies, but Bridget told him to clear out. He next went to the wood house and sought to assuage his sorrows by working on his wagon and now he was forbidden that.

He could not understand why he was driven from everything—he had not been a bad boy and lost his temper. It was beyond his six-year-old philosophy. His poor little brain puzzled over what older children called "certain inalienable rights," without finding a solution of his troubles, or coming to a conclusion. Had he been strong-minded, he might have called a convention and declared that in the present order of things little boys have no rights big folks are bound to respect, and drafted petitions for a change; but he was sensitive and submissive and let people snub him and trample on his toes without remonstrance.

The tea bell roused him from his cup of bitter puzzled thoughts.



EARL RUSSELL.

This celebrated English statesman, who as Lord John Russell is so familiar to all acquainted with the history of Reform in England, is the third son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, and was born in London, 18th August, 1792. He was educated at Westminster School and afterwards at Edinburgh, where he studied under Professor Dugald Stewart. After a continental tour he in 1821 made his debut in the world by being elected to Parliament for the family borough of Tavistock. He made his first motion in favor of parliamentary reform in 1819, and persevered in face of defeat till, as a Minister of the Crown, he stood forward to propose the great measure of 1831, which received the Royal assent, 4th June, 1832, saving the country from the throes of revolution and civil war, which at one time seemed imminent. This was the crowning achievement of his life, although he was the author of a great deal of other valuable legislation. He was Colonial Minister in 1839, when the Canadian rebellion broke out, and sent out Lord Durham, who recognized the right of Canadians to self-government. He favored the repeal of the Corn laws, though, owing to his failure to form a Government, Sir Robert Peel achieved the honor of carrying that measure. As Prime Minister he had to deal with the great Irish famine in 1847. The action of the Pope in parceling England out into dioceses drew from him a protest, first in the shape of a letter to the

Bishop of Durham, and next in the form of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill of 1851,—not a very happy piece of legislation, and which failed utterly of its purpose. Ceasing to be Prime Minister in 1852 he subsequently held lower offices in the Cabinet, a course for which he has been sharply criticised. He was again Premier from 1865 to 1866. As a foreign Secretary he has not been a success. Meddle and muddle seems to have been his policy, leading among other results to the Alabama Claims controversy, which it took Britain and America so much trouble to settle. He tried to pass several more reform bills between 1852 and 1860, but failed, and seems to have come to the conclusion that the British had got enough such legislation, giving expression to his opinion in the noted words, "Rest and be thankful." In 1861 he was raised to the peerage. He has acquired a reputation as an eloquent and bold debater, but his temperament has always been cold and chilly, and he has thereby fallen short of the full measure of popularity which was his due. He has been twice married, and has had children. His eldest son by the second marriage, Lord Amberley, has been M. P. for Nottingham. As an author he has written several historical works, including the life, diary and letters of Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, but it cannot be said that his literary talent is very great. Earl Russell still lives, hale and vigorous, and makes himself heard at times in the House of Lords, as well as on the platform and through the press, on social and political questions.

"Bob, come to supper." He wouldn't have to wait, that was some consolation.

At the table Mrs. Noyes was telling Miss Somers about a troupe of performing monkeys. "One smart monkey with a striped tail, played on a violin, and—"

"Mamma, it was ring-tailed," interrupted Bob, eager to have the account exact.

"Bob, how many times have I told you not to interrupt?"

Bob subsided, but he knew it was ring-tailed, for he had counted the rings and watched it half an hour while mamma gossiped with Mrs. Layton.

"All the monkeys turned somersaults when their keeper played Captain Jinks," continued Mrs. Noyes.

"Mamma, it wasn't Captain Jinks; it was, O vave is myve little tog."

"Bob, if you talk any more at the table I'll send you to bed."

Bob was correct, and he knew it; he could whistle like a mocking-bird, while Mrs. Noyes did not know one tune from another. The two reproofs in the presence of Miss Somers was too much for his sensitive, bashful temperament, and mortified him beyond self-control. His little fingers trembled and dropped a glass of water, spilling its contents upon the cloth.

"Bob, where's your manners? Leave the table instantly," commanded his father.

The children laughed, and Jennie called Bob an "ill-mannered little boer," and the mortified little fellow crept sadly into bed and sobbed until he fell asleep.

The day's experience was a fair sample of Bob's whole boyhood. He must not slug, whistle, shout, talk, ask questions, or pound, yet he must keep himself handy to run on errands and pick up chips. He must not talk to company, for little boys are to be seen and not heard—he must not have any company of his own, because he did not know how to behave properly. The idea that Bob had any feelings or rights was not tolerated. The family did not intend to act unjustly; they loved Bob, but they were selfish and did not want to be disturbed, and Bob was noisy, and such an inveterate talker and questioner, if given liberty. He was clothed and fed, and sent to school and to church and Sabbath-school: surely that was all duty required.

Bob made a discovery after a while. He could pound, and saw, and bang, as much as he pleased in Tom Smith's carpenter shop. Smith's wild, half-dissipated apprentice made a discovery too—that bashful Bob Noyes had a wonderful faculty for saying witty things, and for whistling and singing, when he became acquainted—and they coaxed him off more than once to enliven the evenings at the "Excelsior" and "Star" saloons.

They were blind as moles at home until a reckless, almost criminal, deed committed during the tumultuous period between boyhood and manhood, showed them that Bob's young life was being steeped in degradation and sin. They wept bitterly, but not in sackcloth and ashes. Wrapped in self-righteousness, they shifted the responsibility from their own shoulders, and as he went from bad to worse, washed their hands of that unavoidable family affliction—a black sheep.—Crusader.

THE "GOOD EXAMPLE" OF MODERATE DRINKERS.

BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

With regard to the use of intoxicating drinks, I believe a minister who used them in moderation published a sermon in which he recommended the young men to follow his example. I am not foolish enough to say here that every man who drinks must become a drunkard. There are moderate drinkers, and there are men who can be moderate drinkers. My father was a moderate drinker, and he lived to be ninety-four years of age. He

drank his glass of ale every day for dinner, and his glass of ale every night for supper. When I was a boy, once in a great while, I remember, very seldom, he would take a glass of hot spirits and water before he went to bed; but he never was intoxicated in his life. My father was a moderate drinking Christian, and if there is a heaven for Christians he is in it. There are some men who can drink moderately and some men cannot. My father drank moderately, and he could drink moderately. His son could no more drink moderately than you could blow up a powder magazine moderately, or fire a gun off with a puff. Then you will say, "You are a weak-minded man." Well, let it go at that if you like. If I am so weak-minded that I cannot drink moderately, then I am strong enough to let it alone altogether. The great fault of these ministers (and I am sure I am not the one to criticise the ministry) is in insisting that they are setting a good example. I deny it. They are not setting a good example to me. Will these men undertake to argue this question and maintain this position: "What is safe for one man is safe for another?" When I went to see that beautiful church they built in Oswego I admired the beauty of the immense spire. I saw a plank suspended on two ropes, making a little platform and then perceived a man getting out of the window of the spire, step on the platform and stand up. There was a man below who hallooed to him. He put his hands to his knees and hallooed back. Could you do that? How many of you could do it? If I set my foot out of that window, the very moment I touched my foot on the platform I would go off. No logic, no argument, no will, no intellect, could help it. You say, "You are a weak-minded man." I will keep off the plank; that is all I say to the moderate drinker. You do not set a good example; you set an example that some men cannot follow, and that is not a good example. You say that these young men can follow your example. How do you know? Suppose there is a bridge over a gulf which would hold a weight of one hundred and eighty pounds, but you are one hundred and fifty pounds. Here is a man who weighs two hundred pounds, and you say; "Follow my example, young man." "I don't like the looks of that bridge." "I have walked it forty years; it is perfectly safe." "Yes, but they say—" "Don't mind what they say; now, follow my example, prudently and in moderation; don't get excited; don't go with a rush; now, steady, with self-control, self-government, and discrimination; there you are; beautiful; you are doing it finely—" but by-and-by, his foot touches the centre, and with a crash and a shriek he goes to destruction. Did you set him a good example? No; you did not take into consideration the difference in the temperament, constitution, and nervous susceptibility of that man. It will take you a lifetime to study him before you can safely say, "I set you a good example." There are some men who can be moderate drinkers, and some who cannot. I knew a man who joined the church on profession of faith. I asked him if he would sign the pledge, and he refused. He said: "The grace of God is able to keep me; I have come out from my young companions; I want them to understand the grace of God is able to keep me." Very good idea, very pretty, very beautiful. The grace of God has no power to prevent drink from effecting a man's brain and nervous system if he drinks, any more than it has to prevent laudanum if he takes it. You can poison a Christian to death just as quickly as you can a Hottentot. Give a man brimming over with the grace of God and a man who does not believe in the grace of God prussic acid, and they will go down together. Have there been no men fallen to drunkenness who had grace in the heart? Have you never had church members disciplined for drunkenness? They have repented and confessed, and were disciplined again and again. Are they all self-deceived, or hypocrites, or what? There was a poor wretch staggering through the streets of Albany uttering Greek and Latin quotations. They put him in the station-house. Dr. Sprague, of Albany, went to see him, and recognized him as a minister of the Gospel who occupied one of the highest positions in the city of Glasgow, in Scotland, as the successor of Rev. Dr. Chalmers in the parish church of St. John's. I suppose he had no grace in his heart, I spoke in this city in the year 1848, near Madison Square, in the pulpit of an eloquent man, of whom Dr. Eddy said that in some respects he was one of the most eloquent men he ever heard, who was so drunk that he could hardly get through the prayer. Dr. Skinner, of the Presbyterian Church, asked me if I would testify in the case as they were dealing with this man, saying, "You saw the state he was in." I did; but I did not appear as a witness. That poor man before he died visited the lowest grog-shops in the city. I sat at the table of a doctor of divinity in New England, knelt at his family altar, and heard him pray in 1851, and 1862, but to-day he is a drunken hostler

in a stable at Boston. Let these men take care how they tell their brethren about example.

#### FUMING THE PROMENADE.

We are not exactly disciples of the Traskian school, although our practice guarantees us against the necessity for any of the late anti-tobacco reformer's pungent tracts. Still, in behalf of many suffering and indignant lady friends and subscribers, as well as in our own behalf, we protest against the presence of cigars in the crowded promenade. We may not be disposed to ride a *reformade* against smokers, nevertheless—as the amiable Susan Nipper would have said—neither are we inclined to be "a Fox's Martyr." And it comes very near to a martyrdom that we are exposed to every pleasant day as we walk to and from our office. We are not exactly the victims of Smithfield fires, but we are sometimes exceedingly victimized by Chestnut street smoke! Imagine yourself, fair reader, or pipe-abhorring reader, caught in a "jam" on the promenade, wedged tightly into the surging crowd. Just before you are a colored messenger-boy, a brace of State-house loafers, and a gentlemanly-looking trio in shining silk hats and kid gloves. Every one of them has a cigar in his mouth, several of them abominably mean ones at that. The smoke rolls back into your face. Eyes, nostrils, mouth, lungs are full of it. You cough, wheeze, turn to the right, to the left, but the fuming Nemesis pursues you. The "jam" breaks; the crowd moves on. Now you will escape? Ah, no! The colored messenger lad has indeed dodged through the crowd, and taken himself off with his penny wedge. But there is a fuming quartette still swinging leisurely along just in front of you? There is no escape for a block at least, unless, indeed, you retreat into a shop-doorway, to let the smokers pass on; and then you are liable to fall upon quite as bad, or even worse a fate. Will "gentlemen" smoke cigars in a crowded street? Or perhaps we had better alter the phrasing, and ask, *Ought* "gentlemen" to smoke in a crowd? We know some gentlemen, at least, who are wedded to their post-prandial cigars, who would judge that they had committed an unpardonable offence against the plainest laws of good breeding should they carry their fumes into the public and crowded streets, and puff them into the faces of ladies. Really, the evil is a serious one. Among other centennial reforms, let us also have a promenade where citizens and strangers, ladies and gentlemen, can get a breath of clean air. If the smokers must burn their tobacco on Chestnut street, let them keep to the north side, and blow their fumes into each other's faces.—*Presbyterian*

#### A WAY TO SOFTEN HARD TIMES.

A correspondent of an Eastern paper says of the Woman's Temperance Union in Chicago. Their object is to promote the interests of temperance by every possible means. Just now they are making an effort by circular to have the pay-days of employees changed from Saturdays to Mondays. The ladies are now presenting it to employers in our large business firms. The arguments presented for this plan are, that a large amount of suffering exists among the laboring classes from the want of necessary food and clothing, and that one of the prime causes of this lack of the necessities of life is the waste of money in saloons, groceries and places of public resort where intoxicating liquors are sold. It is believed that at least \$10,000,000 are annually wasted in this way in Chicago, of which it is estimated one-half is spent on Saturday nights and Sundays; and thus, by the improvident and reckless habits of many workmen, the proceeds of labor which should go to support their families during the following week are often wholly spent at these times in rioting and drunkenness. The amount of money thus wasted far exceeds annually the entire amount of money contributed by the whole world to relieve the necessities of Chicago from the great fire of 1871.

Again, if the capital thus consumed were invested in useful articles needed by the families of employees, the demand for such articles would increase, the manufactories employed in making useful things would become more prosperous, a larger amount of capital could be profitably used in the various branches of industry, and a greater number of laborers employed—thus reviving the general business, and increasing health and prosperity in our midst. It is hardly necessary to add that the labor of an employee who commences his Monday's work, fresh from healthful rest, is worth more than that of the man who comes jaded with debaucheries and the criminal indulgences of Sabbath-breaking, far more tiresome than a whole week of labor. Several years ago Oakes Ames kept an account of the comparative value of the labor of his workmen during the enforcements of the law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors, and at those times when not enforced in the town where his workmen resided; and found their labor was worth fourteen per cent. more during the enforcement period.

In the present condition of financial and industrial pursuits, and the prostration of business depending thereon, any measure which tends to preserve the capital and wealth of the country should be favorably regarded by all business men. Money drunk up produces nothing of value, and is lost forever; while, if consumed in producing food, clothing, tools, machinery, or other articles of use and value, it is saved by reproduction, and added to the general stock of wealth in the world, and so benefits humanity.

#### LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE.

"THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE."

Until the year 1814 there was a touching and beautiful custom to be witnessed in a certain regiment of French Grenadiers, and which was meant to commemorate the heroism of a departed comrade. When the companies assembled for parade, and the rolls were called, there was one name to which its owner could not answer. It was that of La Tour d'Auvergne. When it was called, the oldest sergeant stepped a pace forward, and, raising his hand to his cap, said proudly, "Died on the field of honor." For fourteen years this custom was continued, and only ceased when the restored Bourbons, to please their foreign masters, forbade everything that was calculated to preserve the spirit of the soldiers of France.

La Tour d'Auvergne was not unworthy in life the honor thus paid him after his death. He was educated for the army, entered in 1758, and in 1781 served under the Duke de Crillon at the siege of Port Mahon. He served always with distinction, but constantly refused promotion, saying that he was only fit for the command of a company of grenadiers; but finally, the various grenadier companies being united, he found himself in command of a body of 8,000 men, while retaining only the rank of captain. But it is of one particular exploit of his that I wish to write, more than of his career in general.

When he was over forty years he went on a visit to a friend not far from a section of country that was soon to become the scene of a bloody campaign. While there, he was busy acquainting himself with the features of the country, thinking it not unlikely that this knowledge might be of use to him some day; and while there the brave grenadier was astonished to learn that the war had been rapidly shifted to this quarter, and that a regiment of Austrians were pushing on to occupy a narrow pass about ten miles from where he was staying, and the possession of which would give them an opportunity to prevent an important movement of the French which was then on foot. They hoped to surprise this post, and were moving so rapidly upon it that they were not more than two hours distant from the place where he was staying, and which they would have to pass in their march.

It matters not how he heard the news. It is sufficient to say that he determined at once to act upon it. He had no idea of being captured by the enemy in their advance, and he at once set off for the pass. He knew that the pass was defended by a stout tower and a garrison of thirty men, and he hoped to be able to warn the men of their danger. He hastened on, and, arriving there, found the tower in perfect condition. It had just been vacated by the garrison, who heard of the approach of the Austrians, and had been seized by panic thereat, and had fled, leaving even their arms, consisting of thirty excellent muskets.

La Tour d'Auvergne gnashed his teeth with rage as he discovered this. Searching in the building, he found several boxes of ammunition which the cowards had not destroyed. For a moment he was in despair, and then, with a grim smile, he began to fasten the main door, and pile against it such articles as he could find. When he had done this he loaded all the guns he could find, and placed them, together with a good supply of ammunition, near the loopholes that commanded the road by which the enemy must advance. Then he ate heartily of the provisions he had brought with him, and sat down to wait. He had absolutely formed the heroic resolution to defend the tower alone against the enemy.

There were some things in his favor in such an undertaking. The pass was steep and narrow, and the enemy's troops could enter it only in double files, and in doing this would be fully exposed to the fire from the tower. The original garrison of thirty men could easily have held it against a division, and now one man was about to attempt to hold it against a regiment.

It was dark when La Tour d'Auvergne reached the tower, and he had to wait some time for the enemy. They were longer in coming than he had expected, and for a while he was tempted to believe that they had abandoned the expedition. About midnight, however, his practised ear caught the distant tramp of feet. Every moment the sound came nearer, and at last he heard them entering the defile. Immediately he discharged a couple of muskets into the darkness to let them know

that he knew of their presence and intentions, and he heard the quick short commands of the officers, and from the sounds, he supposed the troops were retiring from the pass. Until the morning he was undisturbed. The Austrian commander, feeling sure that the garrison had been informed of his movements, and was prepared to receive him, saw that he could not surprise the post, as he had hoped to do, and deemed it prudent to wait until daylight before making the attack.

At sunrise he summoned the garrison to surrender. A grenadier answered the summons.

"Say to your commander," he said in reply to the messenger, "that the garrison will defend this post to the last extremity."

The officer who had borne the flag of truce retired, and in about ten minutes, a piece of artillery was brought into the pass, and opened on the tower. But to effect this, the piece had to be placed directly in front of the tower, and in easy musket range of it. They had scarcely gotten the gun in position, when a rapid fire was opened on it from the tower, and continued with such marked effect that the piece was withdrawn, after the second discharge, with a loss of five men.

This was a bad beginning; so, half an hour after the gun was withdrawn, the Austrian colonel ordered an assault. As the troops entered the defile they were received with a rapid and accurate fire, so that when they had passed over half the distance they had to traverse, they had lost fifteen men. Disheartened by this, they returned to the mouth of the defile.

Three more assaults were repulsed in this manner, and the enemy by sunset had lost forty-five men, of whom ten were killed.

The firing from the tower had been rapid and accurate, but the Austrian commander had noticed this peculiarity about it—every shot seemed to come from the same place. For a while this perplexed him; but at last he came to the conclusion that there were a number of loopholes close together in the tower, so constructed as to command the ravine perfectly.

At sunset the last assault was made and repulsed, and at dark the Austrian commander sent a second summons to the garrison. This time the answer was favorable. The garrison offered to surrender at sunrise the next morning if allowed to march out with their arms, and return to the army unmolested. After some hesitation, the terms were accepted.

Meanwhile La Tour d'Auvergne had passed an anxious day in the tower. He had opened the fight with an armament of thirty loaded muskets, but had not been able to discharge them all. He had fired with amazing rapidity, and with surprising accuracy; for it was well known in the army that he never threw away a shot. He had determined to stand to his post, until he had accomplished his end, which was to hold the place twenty-four hours, in order to give the French army time to complete its manoeuvre. After that he knew the pass would be of no consequence to the enemy. When the demand for a surrender came to him after the last assault, he consented to it upon the conditions I have named.

The next day, at sunrise, the Austrian troops lined the pass in two files, extending from the mouth to the tower, leaving a place between them for the garrison to pass out.

The heavy door of the tower opened slowly, and in a few minutes a bronzed and scarred grenadier, literally loaded down with muskets, came out and passed down the lines of troops. He walked with difficulty under his heavy load, but there was a proud and satisfied look on his face.

To the surprise of the Austrians no one followed him from the tower. In astonishment, the Austrian colonel rode up to him and asked in French why the garrison did not come.

"I am the garrison, colonel," said the soldier, proudly.

"What!" exclaimed the colonel, "do you mean to tell me that you alone have held that tower against me?"

"I have had that honor, colonel," was the reply.

"What possessed you to make such an attempt, grenadier?"

"The honor of France was at stake."

The colonel gazed at him for a moment with undisguised admiration. Then raising his cap, he said, warmly—

"Grenadier, I salute you. You have proved yourself to-day the bravest of the brave."

The officer caused all the arms which La Tour d'Auvergne could not carry to be collected, and sent them all with the grenadier into the French lines, together with a note relating the whole affair. When the knowledge of it came to the ears of Napoleon, he offered to promote La Tour d'Auvergne; but the latter declined to accept the promotion, saying that he preferred to remain where he was.

The brave soldier met his death in an action at Ouerhausen, in Bavaria, in June, 1800, and the simple but expressive scene at roll call in his regiment was commenced and continued by the express command of the Emperor himself.



## Agricultural Department.

### THE PREMISES.

These warm suns remind all good house-keepers that it is full time to put the entire premises under their control in perfect sanitary condition. First of all the cellar demands attention, for anything therein that can decay will send a subtle, permeating miasm through the house and poison the inmates. Old cellars are a fruitful source of disease. The drains should be looked to and put in perfect order, old barrels removed and cleansed, every sprouting tuber taken away, and a coat of whitewash, to which a quantity of copperas in solution has been added, be liberally spread upon the whole.

The sink drain is another nuisance which requires attention. This should be thoroughly cleansed, washed with a solution of strong lime water, or carbolic acid, so that no unwholesome odor can enter the kitchen from the waste-pipe. Many foods are great absorbents, and unless the air of the kitchen is kept perfectly sweet, there will be a flavor in the meats and the bread and the cookery generally, that will by no means make them more appetizing. In families where there is no laundry, and the weekly linen is ironed and aired in the kitchen, the clean clothes are perfumed in a manner not according to any formula of Lubin's. A discriminating nose can frequently detect the odor of broiled steak, roast coffee, and soap-suds in the bureau drawers; but this is an aside. We all know how perfectly delicious food is when cooked and eaten in the open air, and the more we can bring of out-doors into the kitchen and dining-room the better shall we enjoy our dinners and the more good will they do us. In the country there is no manner of excuse for nauseous smells. Dry earth is a perfect deodorizer for all kinds of impurity, and if applied in due season will destroy all seeds of typhoid fever. There must be a "trash pile" in every back yard, but it may be so managed as not to draw flies or produce ill odors. Wherever flies abound, cleanliness is in greater or less degree wanting. These are the scavengers of the air, gathering upon their wings and their bodies, as they move about, the germs of disease and the particles of filth that float in the air. When they are quite surcharged with these, which they live upon, they alight and remove the cargo to their mouths. When they are rubbing their legs and wings, as we often see them doing, they are enjoying a savory meal. Sometimes they partake directly of solid and liquid foods, but their dependence is upon what is invisible to us. The horror of flies possessed by the tidy house-keeper is thus seen to be well founded, and the only way to be clear of them is to have nothing about the house or grounds that will attract them. We may put nettings in at our windows and doors to keep them away, and in that case we need to be more particular than ever about ventilation and cleanliness, so that there will be no scavenger work for the flies to do, else by excluding them we shall only injure our own health.

In cities and villages where dry earth is not readily obtainable, sulphuric acid in a weak solution, carbolic acid, lime, and copperas, may be so used as effectually to quench all odors. Sulphuric acid must be used with care, as it destroys the fiber of textile goods, and copperas will leave an iron-rust stain on whatever cotton or woollen goods it happens to fall. Plenty of sun, abundance of fresh air, thorough cleanliness, with due attention to diet and sleep, should make medicine and doctors unnecessary.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

### WORKING COWS ON SMALL FARMS.

A correspondent of the *Buffalo Live Stock Journal*, who has a small farm of ten acres, is trying the experiment of having all his farming done with cows, thus saving the expense of keeping horses. He broke a pair of two-year-old heifers, with a view of using them when they got old enough and of sufficient strength. He finds them gentle and teachable, and from what he has used them during the past fall, just in the way of making them handy, he finds they yield as much milk as his heifers usually have done. He argues that on so small a farm it would require a large proportion of it to keep a span of horses, whereas, if cows can be made to perform the necessary team-work and at the same time yield a good supply of milk, the saving, on account of not keeping the horse, will be at least \$120 annually. He proposes to adopt the system of soiling and to keep eight cows on the ten acres. If the cows are all broken to the yoke, this would give him four teams, and thus, by a frequent change of teams, no

animal need be put to long or excessive labor during the day.

Cows are worked in Germany and other parts of Europe, but we have no statistics at hand showing how far the milk product is affected by such labor. We know that cows driven long distances daily, from and to pasture, yield less milk than when not subjected to this labor. Any labor also which overheats the blood affects the milk injuriously; and this often obtains during hot weather, simply from the rapid driving of the cows from pasture to be milked. Still, under the system of soiling, and with proper care in not subjecting the cows to excessive labor or to long periods of work, the milk product might not be very much affected. Cows turned to pasture in the usual manner roam over the grounds and perform considerable labor in obtaining food. In soiling the cows they are relieved from this exercise, and hence a certain amount of exercise under this system, it would seem, could be turned to useful labor without detriment.

The working of bulls has been often advocated, and we believe when tests have been made no injury has resulted to the animals; but, on the other hand, their usefulness as breeders has been improved. Bulls, however, are vicious and disagreeable animals to handle, while cows are certainly more gentle and tractable. The idea of working cows on small dairy farms is novel to most of our dairymen, and we are glad the experiment is to be made, as possibly some good may come of it.

We do not see how a farmer on even so small a farm as ten acres can do entirely without a horse. The horse would be needed for marketing, for doing various kinds of work requiring expedition, to say nothing of administering to the comforts of the various members of the family. But if cows can be utilized in the way proposed, one might be made to answer the purpose on a small farm, and thus the cost and keeping of one horse be saved, which of course would be something of an item to be added to the annual receipts.

### SAVE THE SLOPS.

Let every one who owns a garden, whether in town or country, bear in mind that the waste water highly impregnated with ammonia and other valuable fertilizers, that annually goes to the gutter, would make many a man rich. Now that every well-arranged kitchen has a sink, with a waste water-pipe attached, the latter should in every instance have its outlet in some portion of the vegetable garden. A tank, not necessarily large, should be the reservoir for receiving all the contents, and if no higher than the surface of the surrounding ground, and covered with a neat board floor, it will not prove unsightly. The centre of the garden is the proper place for its location, and a small force-pump will at all times enable us to use the liquid portion of the contents. The sediment, which will mostly settle at the bottom, should be taken out as often as it interferes with the working of the pump, and immediately composted as an incomparable manure for vines. After a reasonable length of time it becomes as mellow and rich as any one could desire, and causes the richest tint of green to spread over the melon and cucumber leaves. Indeed for Lima beans there is no fertilizer so well adapted as this. The liquid portion of the contents of the tank may be pumped up, and by the aid of inexpensive wooden troughs, can be conveyed to any portion of the garden where it is needed. The celery, treated to an occasional dressing of this, will outgrow any plants ever seen in the garden.

In early spring, however, is the season when its virtues are most needed. A sprinkling over the seed beds of cabbage, celery, &c., will prove equal to the best "home-made" liquid manure. The overflow pipe (for there must be such an arrangement) should lead into a neatly kept gutter, and on either side of this, if one or two rows of strawberry plants should be set, there will be an astonishing growth of foliage, followed by a surprising crop of fruit.

The best arrangement of this kind is where there are two tanks, connected near the top by a short pipe. The waste water, sediment and all, runs into the first of these, when the solid portion sinks to the bottom, while the liquid fills the tank, and passing through the communicating pipe, is held by the second tank. Over the latter should be fastened the pump for the convenience of using the stimulating fluid, but in the first tank will accumulate all the solid matter, which may remain therein for some time, or until it should fill the vessel and retard the passage of the water in the communicating pipe. As this contrivance has been successfully tested by some of the most practical gardeners of my acquaintance, it should come into more general use, as the idea of a person purchasing several dollars' worth of manure for his garden when he has an almost inexhaustible supply, without cost, at his very door, is simply ridiculous.—*Chlor*

### HOW I KILLED THISTLES.

The thistles evidently did not suspect my intentions until the latter part of July or first of August. Nothing unusual had occurred till that time. The ground—a clover sod—was ploughed in the spring, but that was only what is always done for a corn crop. It was a Londoner, I think, who objected to farming—that "land was always naturally wrong side up, and had to be turned before a crop could grow. Then the field was dragged, cultivated, rolled and marked out in the usual way, and finally planted on the 28th of May. In all this there was nothing uncommon—nothing indeed that the thistles really objected to. The field was ploughed so early that the young growth had not commenced, and though the plough did cut some roots in two, it only replanted them in mellow soil for a more vigorous growth than before. A week after planting, the field was gone over with a smoothing harrow, but that also had no reference to the thistle. If the roots were sending up new shoots, the fine tilth of the soil would make them to grow all the faster. At the first cultivation, both ways, and the being, were not expected to kill the thistles. Farmers generally do as much as that, and yet seldom, if ever, make much headway in this direction. There was no reason why this should prove an exception. If the roots suffered a slight check, it was sure to be made up by the long breathing spell commencing at haying time and continued through the remainder of the season. Most farmers drop the hoe then, and what with harvesting and preparing ground for wheat they never take it up again. Now a thistle left in mellow, rich ground at early haying time, will often ripen its seed before frost comes to cut it down. It will spread at the root and be ready to choke the next year's crop of oats or barley, and be rampant again in the wheat the year after.

So it was at harvest time that I began the real campaign against the thistles. The clover sod was rotting and the thistle roots were showing effects in their unusual vigor. The cultivator was run each way through the rows, cutting out everything except in the hill. Then every weed of any kind was carefully pulled from among the corn, and those between the rows cut up by a hoe. After this two more dressings with a cultivator at intervals of one week apart. My neighbors advised me to wait a little longer, as "the thistles were not up yet," but I was determined that they never should get up. By this time the corn formed a dense mass of foliage, completely shading the ground, and the stalks were so bent and twisted that further horse cultivation was impossible. Just then the barley had to be got in and I waited a whole week after the last cultivation. I then went through with a sharp hoe, cutting out every thistle as deep as the hoe would reach in mellow ground, and where the hoe could not go I used the thumb and finger. Taken thus young thistles are a very harmless weed, as they have no thorns worth speaking of, but they do stain the fingers badly. I went over the field once after that, bending under the crossed and twisted cornstalks. But there were few thistles. Keeping them under ground so long, together with the dense mass of foliage above them, was too much, and they never recovered. The corn was followed by barley and that by wheat, and not a thistle was to be seen in either crop, excepting close to a stone fence on one side of the field.

Now for summing up the cost and results of the operation. The field was one of the most weedy on the farm; yet it was cleaned in one season, at a cost of two cultivations each way and two hand-hoings more than every farmer gives. These came at a season of the year when labor is most expensive; but estimating it at its highest, it did not cost me \$6 per acre, or say \$50 for the nine acres in the field. This would include pay at \$1 per day for an old mare to do the cultivating, while if not so used said mare would be in pasture doing nothing. I am sure I made \$50 worth more of corn than I should if I had not tried to kill the thistles. The second hand-hoeing and pulling the weeds from the hills more than paid the cost. It came just as the corn was earing, and made the ears fill better if not grow longer. At least something caused an unusual number of stalks to produce two ears: I laid it to killing thistles. The only loss was the usual stolen crop of pumpkins, which I did not plant that year because I expected to cultivate later than is common; but the pumpkin crop grown in this way, like everything else that is stolen, always costs more than it is worth.

No farmer is excusable for having thistles on land that has been in corn. Killing them costs nothing but the use of \$5 or \$6 extra labor per acre, from July till the crop of corn can be harvested and sold and every cent repaid. But this is not the whole or the greatest advantage. The land is cleaner for all future crops. Millions of weed seeds are stimulated to growth by the unusual thoroughness of cultivation, and these are got rid of forever. Frequent stirring of the ground breaks the

crust which forms on the surface, and makes the soil absolutely more fertile than it would have been. I got ten bushels per acre more of barley than I would if the corn had not been cleaned of thistles. I am sure I got at least five bushels per acre more of wheat. And the field still shows the good effects, and is worth at least \$10 to \$20 per acre more than if covered with thistles. So then for the use of \$50 for three months, I got a return almost immediately of the capital, dividends of 100 to 200 per cent. for two years, and the capital is unimpaired and capable of yielding equal dividends for years to come. Can anything pay better than this?—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

HAMBURGS WITHOUT A HOUSE.—Small-span roof sashes, two feet high in the centre, three feet wide at the base, and of any desired length, are now used with success in the culture of the Black Hamburg grape. The vines are planted in the open garden, and the stem is bent down and trained on supports six inches above the ground, and usually with the end pointing toward the north. The sashes, supported on loose bricks to keep them clear of the soil, and to allow for a narrow air-space all round, are laid over the vines, usually with one sash to each vine, and with the ends closed by sashes at the southern end, and boarding at the northern end. As the stem grows, the sash may be extended, and under it will flourish and bear fruit precisely as in a cold graperie. In winter the sashes are removed, and the vines covered secure from frost and mice. Hamburg vines cultivated in this way, at little expenditure of time, money or trouble, have produced fine crops of good color and flavor. For ventilation, one sash is generally made loose, but it is commonly found that the opening round the bottom is sufficient. The site for such a plantation should be well protected from northerly and westerly winds.—*Scribner's.*

## DOMESTIC.

GREEN PEA SOUP.—Thicken the water with green peas run through a colander, with or without vegetables. Turnips, carrots, potatoes, parsley and tomatoes are the vegetables that best harmonize with green peas.—*Miss Culman.*

PEAS PIE-CRUST.—Stew the split peas as for dinner. Strain through a colander or coarse sieve. Then add equal parts good wheatmeal and fine cornmeal sufficient to make a soft dough. Knead well for fifteen minutes, adding mixed meal enough to make a moderately stiff dough, then roll out and use as any other pie-crust. As it cooks very quickly, it is not best to put in for a filling any fruit that requires long cooking.—*Science of Health.*

PEAS CAKE.—Cook the split peas as above directed, being sure to have it thick. Strain through a colander while warm into a flat dish with straight sides, making it at least an inch deep. Let this stand until quite cold, then cut it out in slices like cheese, say one-fourth of an inch thick by one inch or one and one-half inches square. If thick enough, it will cut solid. Serve with bread and sauce in place of cheese or other relish. Good for supper or cold lunch, harmonizing with cold gems, oatmeal crisps, and tart stewed fruits.

APPLE AND TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Put a teacupful of tapioca into a pint and-a-half of cold water over night. In the morning set it where it will be quite warm, but do not cook it. Peel about half a dozen apples, and steam them until tender: put them in the pudding-dish, add plenty of sugar, a little salt, and a teacupful of water to the soaked tapioca, and pour over the apples. Slice a lemon very thin and distribute the slices over the top of the pudding. Bake slowly three hours; at the end of that time it will be perfect jelly.

SPLIT PEA SOUP.—Prepare and cook the peas as above, precisely. When done, add water to taste, or make rather thin, and then thicken to taste with a little wheatmeal braided with water added to the soup and boiled five minutes. Use not more than half a gill of meal to one quart of soup. A small proportion of stale bread may be added instead and allowed to cook very gently until soft. Be careful not to make this too thick. Another thickening is a very small proportion of potatoes—not more than a gill of potatoes to a quart of soup, and boiled to pieces in the soup. Split peas may also be used to thicken other soups.

GREEN PEAS.—Have the hands and the dishes clean in shelling, so that the peas need not be washed before cooking. If the pods are very nice and sweet, they may be cooked in the water before the peas are put in; but usually this does not pay. Have the peas a little more than even full of water, and cook them twenty minutes after they begin to boil. As the season advances, cook them longer. Be sure to have them tender, but do not cook them after they are tender. If done too soon, let them stand hot without cooking. Serve warm, full of juice, and if you wish for the full benefit of the sweet pea flavor, serve without seasoning.

## MIKE SLATTERY; A STORY OF IRISH LIFE.

(From the *Friendly Visitor*.)

"Wisha! Miky acushla, what ails ye? Don't be coughin' that a way," said a good-humored looking Irishman one winter's day, as he sat down to a table heaped with steaming potatoes. "Is it sick ye are?" he enquired anxiously.

Mike, a pale boy of about twelve years of age, with intelligent eyes of dark blue, and rough black hair, shivered and crept closer to the turf fire, but made no reply.

"Deed thin, 'tis I that am afeard he is," said his mother, coming over to lay her hand on his forehead. Looking anxiously at his face she added sadly,—

"Och shure, 'tis thinner and whiter he's growin' every day; I dunna what ails him at all, at all."

"Oya! be aisy, Mary," said her husband, blowing his fingers as he laid down a potato he had finished peeling; "be aisy, aroon, 'tis only growin' bigger he is."

Mrs. Slattery made no reply; she bent down and began to arrange the neatly built fire on the wide hearth, thereby disturbing a small urchin of tender years, who, clad in the remains of a plaid frock, a pair of short, ragged trowsers that showed his plump, mottled legs to his knees, and a brimless hat, had been snugly ensconced in the chimney corner.

"Get along wid ye," exclaimed his mother; "'tis burnt ye'll be some day, and thin ye'll cry, and wish ye'd been a good lad and gone for wather."

The boy pushed back the shock of unkempt curly hair that hung over his mischievous blue eyes, and remarked, as he rose with a profound sigh,—

"I'd rayther be burnt than freezed any day."

"D'ye hear that," exclaimed Mrs. Slattery, winking at her husband in great delight, and then turning a grave face to the culprit, "D'ye hear that, I say, for a disobediant bi', purtendin' his ould mother would be sendin' him out to be frizzed, and thinkin' himself so sharp. Away wid ye now, and get a dhrop of wather with Corny. Rin, acushla, and maybe ye'll get a penny from daddy next fair-day. They's had their dinner," she added turning to her husband, as the two boys left the cottage; "you was so late, I gev it to them."

Mr. Slattery's face being at the



MIKE SLATTERY'S HOME.

moment lost in a huge mug of milk, she was obliged to wait till he emerged for the answer.

"Aye, was I? the misthress kep' me, Mary," he added, as he rose from the table. "If 'twould make yer mind asier why don't ye see the dochter?"

"Aye! the dochter!" she repeated, in great contempt. "What good is he? Noa thin, tish't to one of them I'd go; noa, but times I do be thinking I'll spake to the parson's lady; she does be passin' here wid Miss Kathleen—God bless her, she's raal good to the poor."

"Thru for ye," said her husband heartily; "there isn't a bether friend to the poor anywhere. She's a raal lady, too—one of the quality—and not a bit proud. Not like them Rooneys, that thinks it benaath them to ashk afther a poor man's health, and they not belongin' to the ginthry at all. And didn't Mrs. Harrison cure John Kenane's wife in the summer, God bless her, whin the dochter gev her up, and said she'd do no good, a poor craythure, and she alive and

well this minute? Och, tell her and welcome, Mary, avourneen."

"The praasht does be sayin' she's a hirritic," said Mrs. Slattery, beginning to clear the table.

"I dunna what she is, but a raal frind to any disthressed craythure," returned her husband, as he put on his hat and went to his work, while Mrs. Slattery proceeded to put the cottage in order, glancing over at the sick boy as he cowered over the fire, and sighing to herself with such expressions as "Oya! thin, 'tis a wary worald entirely; och masha! shure throuble is throuble."

At this moment the boys entered with a can of water between them, and having by their mother's directions filled the kettle and hung it over the fire, Patrick the younger provided himself with a stick, and again settled himself in his own corner while Corny, diving into the recess formed by two beds at the other side of the room, came out announcing with a triumphant shout that the speckled hen had just laid an egg in one of them, a fact instantly affirmed by the hen

herself, which, flapping her wings, hopped upon the foot-board with a burst of cackling

"Put it on the dhresser, Corny," directed his mother; "don't be turnin' it about that a way or ye'll break it. That's two this day, praise be to God!"

Corny obeyed, and again dived into obscurity.

Mrs. Slattery finished her work and put on her clean cap with the bright blue ribbon tied under her chin, and went to the door to look out. She was a comely woman, and looked a very nice specimen of an Irish peasant, as she stood there with her short petticoat of dark blue, showing her well-shod feet and white woollen stockings. The dress, turned up round her waist, was covered in front with a large checked apron; a bright-colored shawl was crossed on her bosom, sufficiently open at the neck to reveal a clean fold of white linen. She shaded her eyes with her hand and looked up the road; those she looked for were not in sight. Down in the hollow, near the railway bridge, a number of wild-looking children were

playing and shouting. Walking lamely along came two goats tied together, pulling eagerly at the straggling branches of the hedge at her side of the road, while over the low wall opposite might be seen the plough-horses, and the voice of their driver rang out cheerfully on the clear, sharp air. She waited a moment; then stepped on the straw with which the front of the cottage was spread, and passing between a wheelless cart and a newly painted wheelbarrow, entered the carpenter's shed adjoining. Two men were hard at work with a saw, and she waited for a pause in the noise to enquire,—

"Would ye have seen Mrs. Harrison passin' yet, Mither Nash?"

The carpenter laid the severed piece of wood carefully against the wall, pushed back his hat, and answered,—

"Well, thin, Mrs. Slattery, ma'am, I couldn't just tell ye. I thought maybe 'twas her walk a while ago, but I didn't leave me work to see. Does ye be wantin' her bad, bekase I'll be goin' apass the house in an hour's time?"

"Oya! don't be troublin' yer-self," said Mrs. Slattery, with genuine politness. "Shure ye're busy enough widout going' out of your way; 'tis only watchin' for her to pass I am, to spake a word to her for Miky, that—"

"There she is thin," interrupted the carpenter, pointing to a lady and her daughter, who stopped when they heard his voice and greeted him kindly.

Mrs. Slattery was rather abashed for a moment, but rallying her courage, made a curtsy, and asked whether she might "spake a word to yer honor, ma'am."

Mrs. Harrison's sympathizing attention encouraged her when she had once begun her story, and she detailed poor Miky's ailments at some length, gratified to see that even the tall, graceful Miss Kathleen, to whom all the poor looked up as to a princess, was eagerly interested, and begged that they might go in and see him at once, unheeding Mrs. Slattery's half-pleased, half-bashful exclamation, that "it wasn't much of a place for such as them to come into." Two chairs were quickly dusted and set ready, while poor Mike made an effort to rise at the entrance of the visitors.

"Don't get up, poor boy," said Mrs. Harrison kindly, as she gazed pityingly at his long, pale face and heavy eyes. "You do not indeed look well," she added; "do you suffer any pain?"

His mother answered for him: he complained of constant pain in his chest; his cough prevented him sleeping; and he could eat nothing. "I wonder whether he would like something cooked at the parsonage, if I brought it to him every day," said Mrs. Harrison; then observing a faint smile of pleased surprise on his face, she promised to do so.

Kathleen enquired whether he liked biscuits, and being answered in the affirmative, said she had been learning how to make them, and would bring some.

Miky glanced curiously at the small gloved hand of the young lady as his mother thanked her, and when the ladies departed asked his mother whether ladies cooked.

"Here him," said she laughing, "askin' such questions! In coorse they don't, asthore, exceptin' whin they does it for goodness like Miss Kathleen. God bless her handsome face, she's a fine young lady; a good she-nuffer\* to her."

This was the beginning of a

\* Husband.



THE VISIT OF MRS. HARRISON AND KATHLEEN TO MRS. SLATTERY.

series of visits. Every afternoon came the ladies, bringing a little dish of nourishing food for the invalid, who soon began to think of their visits as the great event in the day. Yet he never spoke, save to utter a quiet "Thank yer honor," or the slow answer to the enquiry for his health, "The saam way, ma'am;" and decidedly objected when his mother, one dark day that he was in bed, saw fit to bring over a candle, that the ladies might see him better.

"Mamma," said Kathleen Harrison, one day as they left the parsonage gate for their usual walk, "don't you think we might try if they would not listen to the Bible? It seems to me so sad to see that poor boy so ignorant of it; and I'm afraid he is very ill."

Mrs. Harrison, who was carrying a hot mutton-chop between two plates on her muff, waited to pick her steps carefully through a muddy part of the road before she answered. "I have been thinking of it too, dear; but I think it would not do to try. They would be afraid of the priest to listen, but I intend speaking

to him. I, too, fear he is very ill; but you know I recommended Mrs. Slattery to see the doctor; we shall hear to-day what he said."

"But, mamma, there is John our coachman; does he not read the Bible you left in the kitchen?"

"Yes, I believe he does; he thinks deeply, I know. The other day he told me he could not understand a great deal that the priest does, such as taking money at confession, and exacting Easter dues from that poor old woman who sells rabbit-skins, and who told your father that she 'found it hard to keep herself, let alone paying Father O'Shaughnessy.'"

"Yes, and don't you remember, mamma, the last time Johnnie Grace came to beg—you know he is half an idiot, and is afraid to go through the village, he is so hooted since he eat meat on a Friday—well I asked him about it, and he said, 'Shure, if I could give money to the praasht he'd say 'twas no sin at all,' and then he grew frightened at having said so much, and began praising him

as John passed. I'm sure many of them think things are not quite right, but are afraid to say so."

Mrs. Harrison had been trying to listen to her daughter through the incessant begging of a woman who was following them, and now became more importunate.

"Certainly," Mrs. Harrison began, when suddenly becoming aware of the cause of her distraction she immediately turned, and exclaimed in the tone of apology she would have used to one of her own rank,—

"I beg your pardon, my good woman, I was not listening to what you said; I have no money with me."

The poor woman praised and blessed her, even more earnestly than if she had been given money instead of the few gentle words.

"God bless and keep yer honor; ye have always a good word for the poor," she said gratefully.

A few steps more brought them to the cottage, Kathleen remarking as they jumped across the gutter and landed on the straw, "I wish we could persuade Mrs. Slattery to have her house done

up, it is so different from Nash's;—that old hat blocking up the window looks so dreadful."

They entered the house, and met Mike's silent look of pleasure; but to their enquiry as to his health, he gave his usual answer, "The saam way, ma'am."

He was in bed, and Mrs. Slattery presently crouched down on the floor by Mrs. Harrison, out of his sight, to answer her questions as to what the doctor thought of him.

"Oya' wisha," said Mrs. Slattery, putting her apron to her eyes, "shure 'tis like to break my heart whin I think of it. Miky, acushla macree."

"Does he think him very ill?" enquired Kathleen, in a suppressed voice, observing that she paused.

"Shure he does thin, Miss Kathleen," said the poor woman, trying to keep down her sobs least Mike should hear; "he tauld me—he tauld me—that he'd do no good; och wistirrus, och Miky, my darlint, mavourneen; Miky asthore, is it to lose ye?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



### The Family Circle.

"HE LEADETH US."

And so He leadeth us,  
Out of our way,  
Into the path of life  
Bright with the ray

Of His unchanging love,  
Precious and sweet;  
Guarding us all around—  
Guiding our feet.

And so He taketh us  
Each by the hand;  
Forgets not the weakest,  
Or least of the band.

And so He guideth us  
Each with His eye;  
Safely He hideth us;  
Ever He's nigh.

And if a feeble one  
Stumble and fall,  
O with what gentleness,  
Bruises and all,

Taketh He unto Him  
Such a one ever,  
Raising him tenderly,  
Chiding him never.

Whispering soothingly,  
Wiping his tears,  
Saying so lovingly,  
"Have thou no fears;

"Nothing shall happen thee,  
Nought that shall harm.  
I will watch over thee,  
Lean on mine arm."

Or if a foolish one  
Wander away,  
He knows, till He find him,  
Nor rest, nor delay.

And when He seeth him,  
Wretched and cold,  
Bringeth him back again  
Into the fold.

No word of bitterness  
For the sin done;  
No look of scorn or wrath,  
None of this—none!

But with love beaming,  
Gentle and sweet,  
Gives him the kiss of peace,  
Washes his feet.

Fills him with joyousness,  
Chases his fear,  
Tells him He cannot lose  
One that's so dear.

And so He leadeth us,  
By paths unknown,  
Unto the promised rest—  
Unto our home;

Ever to be with Him,  
Serving Him—blest;  
This—is this is happiness!  
This—is this is rest!

—Christian.

### HOW SHE FOUND IT OUT.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"Maggie, have you been over to see our new neighbors yet?" said Mr. Ray, looking up from the evening paper.

"I! No indeed, John," said Mrs. Ray. After a pause, she added, "I am not likely to go. There can be nothing in common between such fine people as they are, and plain folks like ourselves."

"But, my dear, they have come to our church, and Mr. Folsom has taken a pew in the middle aisle. It seems to me, it would be only polite, as they are new comers in the place, to extend the courtesy of a call. You and Mrs. Folsom must be about the same age, too. She might be an acquisition."

Mrs. Ray said nothing for a few moments. She sewed on steadily. Her work was coarse and homely, patching the knees of her boy Sammy's pants. That day, looking from her modest little window, to the house over the way, she had observed with a certain half unconscious bitterness, how elegantly Charlie Folsom was dressed. No patches on his knees, and his jacket and trousers had the unmistakable stylishness that bespoke the fashiona-

ble tailor. No clumsy, home-made look about them. Was it envy that stirred in her heart and almost rendered her wretched, as Mrs. Folsom, superb in black silk and lace, stepped into her carriage, and with her little son by her side rode away in the bright afternoon sunshine?

"Going to the park, of course!" Mrs. Ray had thought, as she turned back to her overflowing basket of work and her fretful year-old baby.

"John," she said at last, "you never recognize difference in circumstances. The Folsoms are very far removed from us. They move in a circle which is not like ours, and they are like the lilies of the field—they neither toil nor spin. We have to work hard, and to pinch and scrow to keep out of debt. Probably they would consider our overtures intrusive."

"Well, Maggie, you know best," said Mr. Ray, with a sigh, "but for the life of me I cannot see that a few things more or less ought to set fellow-Christians so far apart. I think you are fit company for any lady in the land, and I have seen nothing in Folsom so crushing. Certainly, in education and tastes, we might harmonize, and I hardly think it democratic to be so awed by a neighbor's wealth."

"Awed!" Mrs. Ray flashed up in a minute. "I am neither awed nor humbled, John, but I have a proper degree of pride, I hope, and while we sit under the gallery we won't go calling on the grandes of the middle aisle."

While this conversation was going on, the Folsoms, seated in their beautiful library, were talking in a slightly dissimilar strain on the same subject.

Mrs. Folsom was saying to her husband that she missed in this new city home the social freedom of the village they had left, and she dreaded lest their church relations were to remain cold and formal.

"I long so to have somebody to run in upon," she said. "There's ever so pretty a little lady in that cottage across the street, and she has a splendid boy, just Charlie's size, and a darling baby. But she don't even glance this way, and she has so much to do at home that I presume she has no time to think of gossiping."

Weeks went on. The Rays and the Folsoms continued to attend the same church, and the boys were in the same class in Sunday-school. They passed and repassed each other in the vestibule and the lecture-room and on the pavement, and the gentlemen often went down town together in the car and became quite friendly; but the ladies advanced no farther than a look of recognition, and occasionally a distant bow. Mrs. Folsom looked as if she would like to be better acquainted, but she was met by the most indifferent glances on the part of Mrs. Ray. Gradually other interests pushed the latter out of the former's thought, and she went her way without the desire she had at first felt for acquaintanceship.

Sammy Ray, however, greatly admired Charlie Folsom's mamma. He was on terms of intimacy in the Folsom house. Rex, the great St. Bernard dog, seemed to love him as well as he did his young master. Selim, Charlie's pony, bore Sammy very willingly, and many a happy hour the two boys spent in each other's society, in the workshop in Charlie's garret. Charlie liked very much to read and study in the shade of Sammy's grape arbor, and to draw baby Netta about in her pretty carriage.

It happened one day that Mrs. Ray was extremely out of temper. It was more her misfortune than her fault, for naturally she was a sunny-hearted woman without much subacid in her composition. The fact was that just then she was worn out. Half the irritability in this world is less a sin to be mourned for than an infirmity to be pitied. Half the amiability is the direct precipitate of good sleep and good digestion. The tired mother had a dreadful nervous throbbing in her temples, and it seemed as if her blood were beating like a hammer. Every sound pained her ear. The baby was uncommonly fretful, and to cap the climax of trouble, the girl had that morning taken umbrage at some slight thing and gone away. With all the work to do, and the weather hot, and a new dress half made, lying beside the machine, it is no wonder Mrs. Ray felt discouraged. When Sammy, about ten o'clock, came rushing in like a whirlwind, flinging down books and cap, and shouting, "Hurrah! Mamma, we've got a holiday!" she thought she would go out of her senses.

"Sammy!" she said, "sit right down in the corner, and keep still. I cannot stand a racket. Baby is sick."

"Can't I go over to Charlie's house?"

"No!" said Mrs. Ray, decidedly, "you can stay away from Charlie's house, one day, I hope!"

Poor Sammy heaved a groan. This holiday would be a doleful one indeed, if it must be spent sitting still in a corner, with mamma cross. He bore it awhile, but finally seeing his mother looking pleasanter, though very pale, even his eyes noticed that he ventured a petition to go out of doors.

"Yes," said Mrs. Ray this time, "but go quietly, Sammy."

Sammy started to go quietly, but just then there was heard a heavy fall on the floor above, followed by a succession of sharp clogs. Baby had fallen out of the bed. Mrs. Ray rushed up stairs, caught the child in her arms, and herself fell fainting the next moment.

When she came to herself, tender hands were busy about her, and a gentle voice said: "Lie still; don't try to rise, I will take care of the baby."

Mrs. Ray looking up, was conscious of a gentle presence, robed in some white cool dress, who took on after a little the lineaments of Mrs. Folsom. Very softly and gently she moved about the chamber, and as Mrs. Ray murmured some words of thanks and of remonstrance, she answered,

"Never mind now, only rest till you are better."

Sammy, on seeing his mother's prostration, had gone as fast as he could for Mrs. Folsom. He had a boy's faith in her goodness and capability, and now as he watched her going about, and caring so kindly for every one, his gratitude knew no bounds. From that beginning a pleasant friendship grew between the two women, who found that they had many sympathies and tastes by which to cement the union of the heart.

There is a great deal said and written about the way the rich set themselves above and apart from the poor. For my part, I am of opinion that the fault is more on the side of the poor. I am not thinking at all of abject poverty, but of respectable middle-class people, with limited incomes, who have an obstinate pride, that resents every suspicion of patronage. They hold themselves aloof sometimes from very pleasant associations, from a morbid and sensitive apprehension that they may be thought to be courting favors from more fortunately placed individuals than themselves. But men and women are greater than any accidents of circumstance, and a few dollars more or less, a different style of living, and a different scale of expenditure, should never keep congenial people apart. In the church it is not the wealthy and cultivated members who stand off and refuse to be social, half so often as it is those whose worldly surroundings are cramped or hard. She who lives in apartments, disdains to call or to be called upon, by her friend who has a whole house on a fashionable street. There are many Mrs. Rays and Mrs. Folsoms in all our congregations.

### SALT AND SNOW.

BY LUOY J. RIDER.

It was a busy time at the Browns'. Lill was in the parlor, practicing "Last Rose of Summer," Jenny was making ice-cream in the kitchen, and Benny was helping.

"Why didn't they buy their ice-cream?" Why, they lived away up among the Green Mountains, miles and miles away from any ice-cream saloon. Isn't that a good reason?"

They were going to have a party in the evening; but I'm going to tell you about the ice-cream, and not about the party, for everybody has parties and it isn't everybody that makes ice-cream. Jenny and her mother scalded the cream and stirred in the eggs and sugar and lemon, and then poured it all into a tin pail. Benny brought in a great pan of snow, made a little bed of snow and salt in a big wooden bucket, set the tin pail over it, and piled the snow and salt around the sides, while Jenny began to press it down with her fingers.

"Oh! oh!" cried she, all at once, flinging her fingers in the air and rushing toward the stove.

"What's the matter, Sis? Anything bit you?" asked her brother.

"You needn't laugh, Benny Brown," cried Jenny, dancing around. "Just put your fingers in there and see. It's colder than—" Words failed her, and she squeezed her fingers with an injured air. Benny tried it.

"Why, it's not so very cold," said he. "Fact is, Jen, you girls do scream so easy."

Just then Mrs. Brown came into the room. "Come, children," said she, "you must keep the cream whirling, or it will all be spoiled."

Jenny swallowed her wrath, seized the handle of the pail, and began whirling it in its chilly bed, punching down the snow and salt, meanwhile, with the dipper-handle.

"Well, Jenny," said her brother, with a yawn, "I see you are going to do all the rest, so I'll just see how Lill gets along." And off he went, turning back at the door to say that whenever they wanted any "sampling" done he was ready to do it.

"Sampling, indeed," thought Jenny. "He just wants an excuse to taste it. I think I can do that myself."

Whirl, whirl went the pail, while Jenny looked at her red fingers and pondered.

"Say, Mother," she broke forth, suddenly. "I couldn't hold my fingers in the snow a minute; but Benny didn't mind it at all. What makes the difference?"

"He is used to handling snow and ice, and you are not; but I think even he would have found it pretty cold if the snow and salt had been well mixed."

Jenny meditated, all the while whirling her pail.

"Salt isn't cold," said she at length, "and snow isn't very cold, and I don't see what makes them so cold when they're mixed."

"It's the melting of the snow that produces the cold," replied her mother.

"The melting of the snow?" Jenny was more puzzled than ever.

Mrs. Brown smiled; but, seeing Jenny's eagerness, she set about explaining it in earnest.

"What is cold?" asked she.

"Cold? Cold is—it's—why, it's where there isn't any warmth."

"You've hit it exactly. Cold is the absence of heat. Like the zero in arithmetic, the word is nothing in itself, but only shows the absence of something. Now, anything that will take away heat will produce cold, will it not?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, the snow must have heat in order to melt, and it takes it from whatever is most convenient, in this case from the cream, as it can draw it better through tin than through wood. After a while the cream will lose so much heat—that is, get so cold, that it will freeze."

Jenny jerked up the cover of the pail. "Sure enough," she cried, "it's beginning to freeze now around the sides. And oh! Mother," snapping up a bit on the end of her spoon, "it's just splendid. But, Mother," she resumed, shutting the pail again, "I can't see what the salt has to do with it."

"Salt has a great liking for water. You know how quickly it will dissolve in it? And when the salt is mixed with snow it seems to compel the snow to melt—that is, become water, in order that it may unite with it."

"But does the heat really go into the snow to make it water?"

"Yes, I think it's correct to say that; though we mustn't think of heat as a substance or body. I'll tell you how it might be proved. Heat is measured by the thermometer. We speak of degrees of heat, just as we speak of quarts of water or bushels of corn. Now suppose you were to put a pound of snow into a kettle and build a good fire underneath. The thermometer dipped in the snow would show just thirty-two degrees of heat, but during every minute that the snow was melting a certain number of degrees of heat would pass from the fire into the snow—say ten degrees; then it would take just four-teen minutes to melt the snow, and how much heat would pass into the snow?"

"Let me see. Ten times fourteen—a hundred and forty degrees."

"Yes; but the thermometer dipped into the water just as the last snow melts would still stand at thirty-two degrees."

"What has become of the heat, then?"

"It is all taken up in changing the snow to water. It doesn't show by the thermometer, so the wise men call it latent or hidden heat. Latent means hidden, you know. We are sure that that amount of heat has actually passed into the snow, because if a pound of water at thirty-two degrees be put into the same kettle over just as much fire the temperature will rise exactly one hundred and forty degrees in four-teen minutes."

"It doesn't make any difference about the measuring. If you should put two quarts of water into a can, you would know it was there, even though the neck should be so narrow that you couldn't get your quart cup in to measure it."

"But I could turn it out and measure it."

"So you canin this case."

"Oh, Mother!"

"Certainly you can. If thawing takes in heat, won't freezing send it out again? When water freezes it gives up every degree of the heat it took up in thawing."

"Well, then," said Jenny, struggling with the novel idea, "I should think we might boil water by it. Boil one dish of water by freezing another! Just think of it!"

"It does sound odd; but it might be done, I'm sure. Part of the water would give up its extra heat to the other part. Just as, if I were to give you my shawl on a cold day, you would be warmer, I colder."

"That's why father carries water into the apple-cellar, to keep the apples from freezing. The water will freeze first, and give out heat to make the cellar warmer for the apples."

"Right," said Mrs. Brown. "And can you tell why there's such a chilliness in the air on a bright day in spring, when the sun shines and the snow melts fast?"

"Yes, the melting snow takes the warmth out of the air," said Jenny, eagerly.

"How's the ice-cream?" cried Benny and Lill, coming noisily into the kitchen just then. "Let's try it."

I have not stopped to tell you of the many times Jenny had already tried it, during the talk with her mother. Now, upon opening the pail, it was found frozen hard, and after

they had all liberally "sampled" it, as Benny said, Mrs. Brown pronounced it "done," and it was carried to the cellar, bucket, snow, and all, to wait the evening.

Then Jenny tried to repeat what her mother told her, and got very much mixed up. Only one thing was plain, she wanted to try the snow and salt again on Benny's hand.

"Barkis is willin'," said Benny, stretching out his hand, with the air of a martyr; "but you needn't think you're going to make me scream."

Jenny spread a layer of dry snow on the back of his hand—"that's the tenderest place" she said—then a layer of salt. Benny never winced. Another layer of snow and salt was added, while the girls looked eagerly in his face for signs of yielding.

"It pricks a little; that's all," said he.

"Well, that is strange," said Jenny. "I couldn't bear it a minute. Mother, do come and see."

The moment Mrs. Brown looked at Benny's hand she noticed a peculiar whiteness spreading over it.

"Why, Benny!" she cried, brushing away the snow and salt, "your hand is freezing."

Sure enough, a large spot on his hand was perfectly bloodless.

"It can't be frozen," said he. "I haven't been two feet from the stove. Besides, it didn't feel cold."

"It froze so quickly that you didn't feel it; but it is surely frozen. Here, dip it in this cold water."

Benny obeyed, and as the blood gradually returned it began to sting and smart. It became purple and swollen and Jenny wanted to poultice it. But he declared he "wouldn't be such a baby"; so he braved it through, though the pain was quite severe for two or three days. They never tried that experiment again; but Mrs. Brown taught them another. In a tall quart cup, filled half full of dry snow, they threw half a teaspoonful of salt, then, turning a little water on the kitchen floor, they set the cup down in it, stirred the mixture, and waited for developments. First the cup became covered with frost, like the glass of a window on a cold morning, and Lill wrote her name on it—a thing she wasn't allowed to do on the window-panes. The snow began to look damp and heavy.

"See," cried Jenny, "it is melting already, and drawing in heat from all around to help it turn to water."

She tapped the cup lightly with her fingers, she gave it a vigorous pull by the handle; but it did not move. It was frozen fast to the floor. And, though there was a hot fire within two feet, it did not thaw up for hours. Indeed, I believe it was still there when the first comers of the party made their appearance; but I'm not sure.

How long do you suppose you could make a cup stay frozen to the floor in your house? —N. Y. Independent.

#### SLAVES OF BUSINESS.

In our complicated modern life a man may get together an enormous mass of property, and yet never become a king of business. There are kings and there are slaves of business, and it is not till a man has made a fortune that we can certainly tell to which of these classes he belongs.

No man is such a slave as one in whom the gentler affections are dead, and who lives only to accumulate property. The late Edwin Forrest was a melancholy instance of this. He used to din in the ears of his patriotic and generous friend, Murdoch: "Work, work while you can; money is power." It was a strange mistake for such a man, who had peculiar experience of the powerlessness of money to bring into a human life one gleam of joy. Other men, generous and good, get drawn into a roaring whirlpool of business, from which they have not the strength to escape, not the less are slaves of business. I heard one of these some time ago relate how he became a slave, and how at last he escaped from slavery. At the age of twenty-eight he began making iron and steel in Pittsburgh—made \$1,000,000 worth per annum upon a capital of \$150,000. It was that absurd disproportion between capital and production which made him a slave, always anxious, often in terror, always overworked. For fourteen years he toiled eighteen hours a day, and hardly had a personal acquaintance with his own children. At length the victory was won. He had a capital of \$3,000,000, 2,500 men employed, the finest works in America—a little town of brick cottages—and his paper gilt edged. But he had now become the slave of this vast business, because he had not taken care to train and form men to do the difficult part of the work, finding it easier to do it himself, as it was for the moment. So he kept on, called every morning at six, away to the store before seven, in the counting-room till nine, then to the works, where he remained till two. After a hasty dinner he hurried away to the mine, getting home to tea at dark. After tea, more dead than alive, he would drag

around to his office and estimate till midnight. Then to bed and instantly to sleep. But one night after such a day of toil—three fair days' work in one—sleep came not to his eyelids for hours, and when it did come it was not the deep sleep to which he was accustomed. Many such nights followed. Then one morning while he was in the midst of an abstruse calculation, suddenly his brain lost its grasp of the problem. He could not fix his attention upon it. He forgot the early steps of the process. He was obliged to give it up. A short journey seemed to restore his mental power; but a few days after his return, at the same hour—eleven in the morning—again he lost it. He tried to think of some way of amusing himself for an hour or two, but he could think of nothing but to go to the dentist's and enjoy a little refreshing agony. He failed in this attempt to obey his physician, for while waiting in the dentist's ante-room he fainted, and had to be carried home. Now for the first time, he took his case into as serious consideration as he had been accustomed to bestow upon iron. He studied the brain as if it had been a new kind of steel. He saw his error, and what is much more difficult and unusual, he reformed his life. He became intimately acquainted with his children, spent every evening at home, took time for any innocent pleasure that fell in his way, had a joyous holiday in summer, bought a nice pair of horses, drove them every fine day, and so gradually recovered his health. I caught sight of him the last time I passed through smoky Pittsburgh, seated in a light wagon, looking very well—a happy, broad-chested king of iron.

But for one man who has the resolution to conquer a fixed habit of overwork, ten die of it in the midst of their days. It is not, I repeat, till a fortune is won that we can tell whether a man is master or slave; and this is particularly true of the present time, when a mere flash-in-the-pan like Fisk can get control sometimes of large masses of property. Of our rich men we can say, by their hobbies shall ye know them. A few of the stupidest and vilest destroy themselves by luxurious living. Many destroy their children by indulgence and neglect. We had a case in New York during the war of a father who gave his son—aged twenty—\$100 every Monday morning. Nothing, indeed, tests a rich man's manhood so much as the manner in which he deals with his children. To make a fortune is not easy, but to bring up a child fit to inherit it is very difficult. Here is the touchstone which indicates with almost unerring certainty whether a man is master or servant of his fortune. Is he master? Then he uses his wealth to make it a good to his children. Is he slave? Then he permits his wealth to effeminate and sensualize them, to make them vain, selfish and helpless. A man must be exceptionally wise and strong who in the compass of one short lifetime, can both acquire riches and learn the difficult art of being rich without doing his family any harm by it.

#### THE FOOLISHNESS OF THE RICH.

By their hobbies shall ye know them. The favorite hobby at present of the wealthiest slaves of business is to give away or bequeath stunning sums of money for unnecessary or impossible objects—imposing upon posterity tasks that will not be performed. The thoughtless praise lavished upon such people as Girard ought not to mislead us as to the real merits of the men and the true character of their acts.

The wisest and greatest man that ever lived could scarcely, even if he were perfectly unshackled, execute such a will as Girard's without doing more harm than good. But that huge legacy, now worth, I suppose, \$30,000,000, has been administered by the gang of pot-house politicians, who for the past thirty years have constituted the government of Philadelphia. If Girard during the last year of his life had loaded one of his ships with all that gold scraped together by fifty years of miserly solicitude, and poured it out into the unfathomable sea, he would have rendered a better service to Philadelphia than he did by leaving it to found an orphan asylum on a scale far beyond the wit of mortals to conduct successfully—a huge boarding-school of a thousand pupils. There was a printer in New York who took it into his head to raise chickens on Staten Island for the New York market. He bought a farm, fenced it in and began with a small family of 2,000 chickens. There never was known such a time among the farmers' wives of Staten Island for selling off their old hens.

He had beautiful contrivances for feeding, watering and sheltering his numerous flock: patent nests, convenient egg receptacles, and every device of the chicken farmer. But for some reason unknown scarcely any eggs appeared, few chickens were hatched, the birds pined and drooped, and soon so many dead ones strewed the ground of a morning that they had to be collected in a wheelbarrow—the dead-cart of this chicken city. In short he discovered that chickens cannot be raised

thousands in a family. They will not thrive in masses. Nor will children. You could only have a beneficial orphan asylum on that scale by making an artificial village, with its schools, and the boys divided into groups as closely as possible resembling families. How can the Girards of the world, men who live without love, upon whose knees children never sit, who repel and drive far from their hearts and homes their own kindred, who know nothing of any kind of power except that which is connected with the signing of checks; hard men, ignorant of every phase of human existence except banking and stocks, how can such people be rationally expected to create institutions the most complicated, difficult and delicate known to civilization? Unloved in their lives, unloved in death are such slaves of business as Stephen Girard. They are foolish to make so much money, they are foolish to leave it for objects of which they know less than nothing, and the public is not wise in accepting their gifts.

Once already within the historic period Christendom has been cursed with institutions founded by mistaken benevolence—convents and monasteries—which cost nations a convulsion to suppress. Let us beware of repeating the error.—From a lecture by James Parton.

#### TEACH CHILDREN SINGING.

Every teacher who has made a practice of singing with his pupils must have witnessed the softening and humanizing effect it has upon their minds, and the power it has in cultivating the finer feelings of their nature, and in soothing the fiercer and more rugged dispositions. It strengthens and improves their voices, and creates a taste for the beautiful and sublime. Music imbues them with a higher respect for themselves, and with a greater love for their teacher. But, perhaps, one of the most pleasant features of vocal music in school is, that it forms a sort of recreation or a relaxation to our pupils when their minds become wearied and burdened, and their powers almost exhausted by arduous study. They may have been endeavoring to solve some difficult problem, and being unsuccessful they throw down book and slate, tired and discouraged, and almost wish their schooldays were ended. It is then they should be asked to lay aside their studies and engage for a few minutes in social singing; and they will then resume their work with renewed energy, and even pleasure. The variety and entertainment mingled with instruction, and the delight which the music affords will be a sufficient reward for perseverance on their part. Music will impart animation and cheerfulness which are necessary for the well working of the school, and I think that we as teachers should endeavor to be as cheerful as possible, and not be always grumbling and finding fault with our pupils. Music will also form an agreeable break in the studies of the school; it will excite an interest and have a tendency to make school a great deal more pleasant and attractive. If one class of children should participate in singing more than another, we think it should be those of the junior division. The most of them love music, and if you say to them, "Now, children, put away your books—we are going to sing for a while," you will be amused to see their young countenance beam with a smile of approbation, and their eyes sparkle with delight. They love to spin their top, and play ball, and engage in all their various sports and amusements, but equally well they love to sing, and they will go at it soul and body, evidently trying to see who can sing the loudest and make the most noise. But never mind, it will brighten their ideas or have a tendency to shake off that drowsiness and stupor which sometimes comes over them, and it will check their restlessness; for children will get noisy and impatient under the restraint and monotony of position and occupation. In teaching children to sing we would first give a short explanation of the piece selected, and read it to them, or have it written on the blackboard, where all would have an opportunity of seeing it. We would then ask for their attention while we sing the first verse two or three times, until they get an idea of the tune. We would then require all to join in concert and sing the first verse until the tune is mastered. With very small children it would be advisable to divide the verse, and let them learn to sing the first couplet, and then the last couplet, and when both are thoroughly mastered, sing the whole verse through. We would then ask them to try and sing it without our assistance, or it might be advantageous for the boys to try it alone, then the girls alone, as there would probably be some striving to see who could sing it the best. The next verse might then be taken in a similar manner, and so all through. The songs which they learn at school will make lasting impressions on their minds, which time cannot efface; and when they grow up to be men and women, and have to contend with the trials and difficulties of life, with what pleasure and delight will they look back and recall to mind those very songs! and probably

sing them in their own homes.—From a paper read by Miss Spicer at the Exeter Teacher's Institute.

#### PETTING AND LOVING.

BY "PASTOR."

"I do so much wish father would let me kiss him good-night." "Why don't you?" "He would push me away. He says it is not manly, and he doesn't like to be kissing big boys at all." This is what Ernest has just had to say about his home wishes. He is eleven, and already in the borders of that land that reaches from about ten, when parents think it hardly the right thing to be tender with them. Previous to that age they are the pets of the house—the playthings. Now with the same need of love, and loving, they are ostracised from the family arms. Of course this is not universally true; but very generally true that just when the young nature most needs warm sympathy it fails to get it, and must and will get that which most resembles it. It gathers its love in the streets and school, and is biased in its future emotional character by whom or what it just now learns to love.

Ernest never comes to my house without at once throwing himself into my arms with a kiss, and then nestles there until he has told me all his troubles, faults and temptations. Then with his arms about my neck he hides his face and talks with Jesus. His father loses a wonderful delight and rich treasure. But I can only be with him, at the most, a short time. It is the father's duty to train these affections. He can do it day by day, and year by year. Ernest is rightly his own, and he is not in possession. I am glad of the dear lad's confidence and love; but no one ought to, or can, take the place of the parent. His father is careful about the culture of his intellectual faculties; sends him to the best teachers; carefully examines his growth; and is deeply interested in the lad's success. But does not more of the future joy, power and work depend on a judicious culture of the emotions than of the intellect? From ten to fifteen is the awful crisis of the child. It is the worst of all periods to compel it to begin random loves and outside fondness. A wilful perversion of a child is hardly worse than this parental habit of neglect.—S. S. Times.

#### THE FIRST RIPE STRAWBERRIES.

A little girl once had a bed of strawberries. She was very anxious that they should ripen and be fit to eat. At last the time came.

"Now for a feast," said her brother to her one morning, as he picked some beautiful berries for her to eat.

"I can't eat these," she said, "for they are the first ripe fruit."

"Well," said her brother, "all the more reason for our making a feast, for they are so much the greater treat."

"Yes, but they are the first ripe fruit."

"Well, what of that?"

"Why, you know the Bible says we must 'honor the Lord with all our first fruits.' And dear father says that he always gives God the first out of all the money he gets, and that then he always feels happier in spending the rest, and so I wish to give God the first of my strawberries too."

"Ah! but," said her brother, "how can you give strawberries to God? And even if you could, He would not care for them."

"Oh, but I've found out a way. You remember how Jesus said: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.' So I mean to take them to Mrs. Perkin's dying child. She never gets strawberries, they're so poor."

Then away ran the children to give the strawberries to the sick child. And when they saw her put out her thin, white arms and take the ripe, round, juicy fruit in her little shrivelled fingers; and when they saw her eyes glisten, and her little faded lips smile, they felt as if they had a far richer treat than if they had kept the ripe fruit for themselves. And they were sure that God had accepted their offering.

#### BRINDLE'S LEAP.

BY P. D. F.

Years ago while still working at home, I went one day to tie up my father's cows. I opened the stable door, and the queen of the yard—old Brindle—started in, but stopped just inside the door and would go no further. Thinking it was because the stable was so dark I urged her, but to no purpose. I kicked and found two could play at that game. Her conduct was so unusual that I then began to investigate, and found that a sunbeam came through a crack and reached across the stable just before her, making the little dancing notes plainly visible, and looking—for all the world—like a bar newly put up, over which she could scarcely leap, and under which she felt it impossible to crawl. Enjoying her perplexity now that its cause was plain,



waited and laughed to see her lift her head (evidently comparing the height of the supposed obstruction with some fever over which the mischievous creature had broken in past days) and then give it up, as was plain by the fact that she began to calculate the chances of crawling under, and shook her head at it. Explanation was useless as it is in sundry like cases among more intelligent animals, and the fun was too good to spoil by coercion. At length I went round and poured the sliced turnips slowly into the manger. This was too much. Old Brindle evidently made up her mind that she must risk everything for the mess. So with a sudden leap, she cleared the obstruction without touching (though she came down just where it would have been), a feat which evidently astonished her, and took her place at the manger. She looked as if she could not see any reason for the shout that greeted her. It was serious business to her.

And ever since, if I see one delaying to do a plain duty for various reasons which seem real and formidable to him, but are only sunshine—or moonshine—to any one else, I always think of old Brindle, and endeavor to find out what is turning to him, in order to coax him on with it. But many a man makes as unnecessary and ludicrous a leap in getting clear of imaginary obstructions as did old Brindle.—*Advance.*

THE CURSE OF SEWING-MACHINES.

"A Mother," replying to some strictures in a daily paper upon the bold, even immodest conduct of "the beautifully dressed young girls, who, out of school hours, parade Fifth Avenue, Chestnut, and Beacon streets," remarks, that "the censure probably would not be so severe if it were known how many of these beautiful dresses were cut out and made on the machine by the wearers. Innocence and ignorance are the true apologies for their unseemly behavior." She lays her finger on the main-spring of all the trouble. What but vanity and grossly vulgar subservience to fashion could induce any mother to devote her child's few leisure hours to the construction of elaborate costumes, marvels of shirring, knife-plaiting, &c. &c.? The real martyrs to Fashion are, after all, the shabby-genteel, whose souls and bodies must be worn out in toiling after her whims and changes. But, leaving the moral view out of the question, there are physical reasons which should forbid the use of the sewing-machine to any but adult women. Even to them it is doubtful whether it has as yet proved more of a curse than a blessing. On an average, quite as much time is now devoted in a family to the more elaborate garments which its use has brought into fashion, as formerly was given to the needle; and the appalling increase of debility and certain diseases among women, is proved to be largely due to its use. It will be of real benefit only when garments can be made by it with steam power, of a quality and finish which will supersede its use in the family altogether. Until then, this "benignant domestic fairy," as it is poetically called, is one to be handled with caution; it has, too, its malignant errand. At least, let young girls keep clear of it; and give their leisure time to higher studies than the mysteries of stylish costumes, and they will not long remain "ignorant" of the bad taste shown in heaping shirrs and frills on their delicate young bodies, or in the "unseemly behavior" which no gaudy costumes can excuse.—"Home and Society," Scribner for July.

"So, So" AND "JUST SO."—The question was asked in an intelligent company what was the difference between having everything in a house "just so" or, "so, so," and it was agreed to be very great. Some thought the former would require double the expenditure of the latter, and that the same proportion would hold good in a garden. Here was a field for reflection, and these are some of the thoughts suggested: How few can afford to have everything about them "just so"? and what is the use of fretting self and family for want of what is impracticable? To approach as near as circumstances will permit to the ideal perfection implied in that phrase is all that can be looked for, and with that all should be content. One family's income will warrant the expenditure necessary to have everything as good as new all the time, while another family will have to put up with carpets and other articles of furnishing till they are pretty well worn. A family with no children may have everything in tidy order, but the children, with even a good deal of disorder in the house, are greatly to be preferred. In the moral sphere, however, the same rule does not hold good. No one should be contented with "so, so" morally or spiritually. The unceasing aim should be after perfection. To have holes here and stains there in one's character and conscience is inexcusable. And the difference between "just so" and "so, so" in integrity, is unmeasurable. Yet the mercy of the Lord is as grand and free that any one can be cleansed from all stains, however deep, by the blood of Christ.—N. Y. Witness.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1875, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON VI.

AUG. 8.]

JESUS AT BETHESDA. [A. D. 28.]

READ JOHN V. 5-15.—COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 10 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.—I am the Lord that healeth thee—Ex. xv., 26.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—It is "the Lord that healeth."

DAILY READINGS.—M.—John v. 5-15. T.—Luke xiii 11-17. W.—Jer. xvii. 21-27. Th.—Luke iv. 28-37. F.—Lev. xxvi. 14-28. Sa.—Matt. xii. 43-50. S.—Col. iii. 1-15.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—This lesson shows us how important it is to obey Christ, even when it seems to us impossible. This poor cripple, quite helpless for thirty-eight years, Jesus commanded to rise and take up his bed and walk like a well man. How impossible that seemed! Yet he tried, and the power was given him to obey. So when Christ commands us to break off wrong-doing by repentance, we are to obey.

HISTORICAL NOTES.—Bethesda. (—house of mercy), a pool of water at Jerusalem near the sheep-gate. Some identify it as the pool Birket Israel, near St. Stephen's gate. 360 feet long, 130 feet broad, and 75 feet deep. Dr. Robinson and others count it the same as the Fountain of the Virgin above the pool of Siloam, possibly supplied with water from a living spring beneath the altar of the temple.

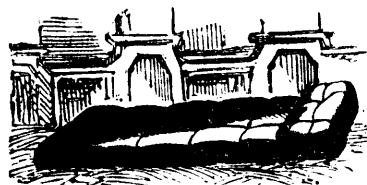
EXPLANATION.—(5.) infirmity, sickness; sick thirty-eight years. (6.) Jesus saw, looked in pity; knew, as he had divine knowledge; Will thou, or "Dost thou wish to be made whole?" (7.) impotent, feeble, helpless; no man . . . to put me in, poor sick man waiting for years, no friend to help him! (8.) Rise, with the command Jesus gave the power to obey; thy bed, couch or mat; walk, like a well man. (10.) the Jews—i. e., the rulers and scribes; not lawful, to bear burdens on the Sabbath (see Jer. xvii. 21; Neh. xiii. 19.) (11.) He, etc., one with power to heal would order what was right on the Sabbath. (13.) wist not, knew not that it was Jesus; conveyed himself, slipped away unnoticed through the crowd. (14.) sin no more, plain warning; worse thing, implying that sin caused his sickness. (15.) told the Jews, in answer to their former demand of him.

TOPICS AND QUESTIONS.

(I.) JESUS HEALS THE HELPLESS. (II.) THE HEALER UNKNOWN. (III.) THE HEALER WALKS THE HEALED.

- I. In what city was the pool of Bethesda? What was being held in the city? What was by the pool? How long had he been lying? Why had he not been healed by the waters? What did Jesus command him to do? How did he obey? Upon what day was he cured? II. What did the Jews say to the well man? How did he answer them? Why did he not know who healed him? III. Where did Jesus find the man afterward? State what he said to the man. What did the warning imply? [That sin had caused his former disease.] Whom did he now say had healed him?

Which verses of this lesson teach us— (1.) That Jesus pities the sick? (2.) That it is right to help the sick on the Sabbath? (3.) That sin causes sickness?



Eastern Bed.

LESSON VII.

AUG. 15.]

THE BREAD OF LIFE. [A. D. 29.]

READ JOHN VI. 47-58.—COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 48, 57, 58.

GOLDEN TEXT.—This is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat.—Ex. xvi., 15.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Jesus is the living bread for perishing souls.

DAILY READINGS.—M.—John vi. 47-58. T.—1 Cor. x. 3-38. W.—Ex. xvi. 4-15. Th.—Heb. iii. 7-17. F.—Matt. xxvii. 17-30. Sa.—Rom. x. 8-21. S.—John vi. 26, 41.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Carefully compare this lesson with Lesson V. Here it is the bread of life, there it is the water of life, which Jesus offered to perishing souls. Pray that you may understand how to partake of this bread and water of life, that in Jesus you may "live for ever."

HISTORICAL NOTES.—Manna.—Read Ex. xvi. 14 31. The discourse of which this lesson is a part was spoken in the synagogue at Capernaum about the time of the

passover, and just after Jesus had miraculously fed the five thousand.

EXPLANATION.—(47.) h a t h everlasting life, hath now, soon as he believes. (48.) that bread, as he had said in vs. 35 and 40. (49.) manna (see Ex. xv. 14, 15); are dead, or "they died." (50.) This is the bread—i. e., the true bread; not die, this proves it to be true bread. (51.) living bread, having life in itself; live for ever, same thought as in v. 47. (52.) strove, contended, disputed. (53.) eat the flesh, . . . drink his blood, in true spiritual manner (alluding to his death and to the Lord's Supper to be appointed). Bengel. (54.) raise him, (see Rev. xx. 6.) (55.) meat indeed, or "true meat" (56.) in me and I in him, oneness of Christ and his people (see John xvii. 21.) (57.) live by me, spiritual life, eternal life in Jesus

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Feeding on Christ. A native East Indian Christian on her death-bed exclaimed, "Happy, happy! I have Christ here (putting her hand on her Bible), and Christ here (laying her hand on her heart), and Christ there!" (pointing to heaven).

"Bread of heaven, on thee I feed, For thy flesh is meat indeed; Ever may my soul be fed With the true and living Bread. Day by day with strength supplied Through the life of Him that died."

TOPICS AND QUESTIONS.

(I.) JESUS OFFERS THE LIVING BREAD. (II.) THE BELIEVER'S LIFE.

I. Where did Jesus speak the truths of this lesson? At what place in Capernaum? What feast of the Jews was about to take place? What great miracle had Jesus just performed in the presence of the multitude? What other miracle had he also performed in the presence of his disciples? What does he call himself in v. 48? From whence comes this bread?



"Manna Tree."

II. How were the Israelites fed in the wilderness? What happened to them? v. 49. Why did they die in the wilderness? (See Num. xiv. 29.) What proof have we that many of them died a spiritual death also? (See Heb. iii. 18, 19.) What effect would eating the living bread have upon any man? v. 50. On what condition only could the Jews have life? v. 53. How only can any man now have eternal life? v. 54.

THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN.

Some weeks ago we announced that we hoped for a circulation of 30,000 for the MESSENGER before the close of the summer, and to this end we asked for the active co-operation of all our readers, and offered certain prizes for those of them who should do best. Although we have received as yet very little money in competition for the prizes, the general work goes on nobly. The circulation since the 15th of April has been as follows:—

Table with 2 columns: Date and Circulation Count. April 15th: 18,200; May 1st: 19,300; June 1st: 20,500; July 1st: 22,800.

This is splendid. We are beginning to hope to enter October with more than 30,000 subscribers. All who are competing for the prizes should state with each remittance that it is in competition for the prize, as we have no other way of keeping track of what each one sends. There is no reason why some should not begin the competition yet, as most canvassers may do all they can do this year in much less than three months. We repeat the prize list as follows:—

- To the boy or girl who sends us before the first of October the money for the largest number of subscribers.. \$25.00 To the second largest. 15.00 To the third largest. 10.00 To the fourth largest a work-box or writing-desk, furnished, worth.. 8.00 To the next ten on the list a work-box or writing desk, varying in value from \$7 to \$2. 32.00 To the next ten a book each, worth \$1 10.00 \$100.00

— An effective means of securing regularity in the attendance of S. S. teachers is the manner of roll-call, as practiced in Chicago. At a tap of the bell the teachers all rise in their places and respond to their names with sufficient vigor of voice to be heard. As very few care about having their absence thus publicly advertised, they are almost always on hand, either in person or by proxy. In this way the whole school becomes acquainted with them.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—According to an arrangement which came into operation on the 1st Sept., 1874, Post Office money orders payable in the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba and British Columbia, for any sum not exceeding four dollars (\$4.00), may be obtained at any money order office in the Dominion, at the rate of two cents for each such order.

BREAKFAST.—EPP'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoas, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Each packet is labelled—"JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, 48 Threadneedle Street, and 170 Piccadilly; Works, Euston Road and Camden Town, London."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

\$5 TO \$20 PER DAY.—AGENTS WANTED. All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Post card to States costs but one cent. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

THE ALTERED RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION

to the WITNESS, owing to the new postal law when requires the publishers to prepay postage, are as follows:—

- Daily Witness.....\$3.00 per annum. To Ministers actually in charge of congregations, and teachers actually in charge of schools....\$2.50 per annum Montreal Witness (Tri-weekly) \$2 per annum. To Ministers and teachers as above....\$1.50 per annum Weekly Witness.....\$1.10 per annum. To Ministers, &c., &c.....85 cents per annum

It will be seen that in the case of the DAILY and TRI-WEEKLY we have determined to pay the postage ourselves, making these editions, the former \$1.20 less to subscribers than hitherto, and the other 60 cents less. We regret that we cannot do the same for the WEEKLY at present, but promise to do so if our friends can raise our circulation to 35,000 subscribers, double our present circulation, which would be required to cover the deficiency which the reduction of ten cents would involve. The reduction to teachers and ministers will, of course, have to be less, as their rates for the DAILY and TRI-WEEKLY were as low as possible already. We have, however, added a special rate for ministers and teachers for the WEEKLY also. Any present subscriber can, however, get the WEEKLY WITNESS for one dollar postpaid, by securing us a new subscriber. An old subscriber remitting for a new one along with his own can get the two for two dollars, or if he sends the new subscriber on of \$1 before his own runs out, he will have his own paper continued a month. With this great reduction in cost we hope our readers will become more than ever interested in extending the circulation of the WITNESS.

Table showing new rates for the MESSENGER: 1 copy \$ 0.36, 10 copies 2.50, 25 copies 6.00, 50 copies 11.50, 100 copies 22.00, 1,000 copies 200.00. Surplus copies for distribution as tracts, 12 dozen for \$1.

The new rates for the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, on the other hand, are somewhat higher than before, as some improvements in got-up are to be introduced. They are as follows:

- 1 copy.....\$1.50 10 copies..... 12.00 25 copies..... 25.00

The DOMINION will be clubbed with the WITNESS at \$1.25, instead of \$1, as heretofore.

The new rates come into force this day, but except in the case of subscriptions received after this date the postage will not be pre-paid by us until after October first, when the new law comes fully into force.

J. DOUGALL & SON, Publishers. MONTREAL, May 1st, 1875.

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