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## Religious Miscellany.

### PULPIT FLOWERS.

BY WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

I love the flowers, I love their tints and grace,  
Their radiant beauty, and their odors sweet;  
And every where I look on their bright faces,  
I hold their presence as a precious gem.

Poor is the home, though grand, that has no spring,  
Where spring's first breath in the pale snow-drops  
And when the perfect June to its fair warden  
Pays fee in blushing rose.

Dear to my sight are blossoms at Love's altar,  
That drop their fragrance on the timid bride,  
White seal of faith, too strong and pure to  
faller.  
Whatever lot betide.

Nor welcome less pale flowers before the chancel,  
That quivering hands upon the coffin spread,  
Where their celestial beauty seem to cancel  
The dust-doom of the dead.

O, beautiful alike in joy and sadness,  
To crown the pallid bride of Love or death,  
Earth has no gloom beyond the spell of gladness  
In their dear bloom and breath.

And so my heart falls not out with the fashion,  
That lifts the rose and lily to the place  
Where reverent eyes gaze dimly on Christ's  
passion.

And faint hearts seek Christ's grace—  
On either side the consecrated preacher—  
Like priests of old that Moses' hands sustained—  
These pulpit flowers recalled the perfect Teacher—  
By his own hand ordained.

With tearful eyes the lilies I consider,  
Sweet symbols of my Father's love for me,  
That make the world beside a false, vain bidder,  
My end and crown to be.

The odors that are poured from each rare  
chalice,  
My ardent soul makes incense clouds that rise  
Beneath my prayers up to my King's fair palace,  
In heaven's untarnished skies.

Each perfect crest and crown of floral beauty,  
By faith transmitted to my soul, becomes  
A blossom on the barren rock of duty,  
And covers it with blooms.

And if, then, empty speech, I choose them  
rather,  
That sweet, dumb lips to eloquence shall  
break;  
And from the lilies of my Lord I'll gather  
Sweet lessons for his sake.

So, for the pulpit flowers that bloom on Sunday,  
To whose sweet thought provision comes,  
thanks and love:  
I pray their hands twice brighter garlands one  
day,  
In paradise above.

—Harper's for September.

REV. E. H. DEWART, Editor of the *Christian Guardian* has been writing of scenes in England. We take the liberty of appropriating one of his letters in part:—

At Sunderland I met and became acquainted with Mr. Squance, a son of Mr. Squance the missionary, who was one of those who went out to India with Dr. Coke on his last voyage. He showed me some interesting letters of Dr. Coke, and the ordination parchment which he gave his father, in which he styles himself "a bishop in the Church of God," and not of the Methodist Church. It will be remembered that the missionaries who went out with Dr. Coke reached India in a state of destitution, and found unexpected relief in the liberality of a merchant, who advanced them what money they needed. Mr. Squance was accustomed to say that they had a promissory note, "call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee," and in their extremity they spread this note before the Lord, and the answer came almost immediately: "you can have just what money you want." In his old age Mr. Squance was quite blind. When some one beneamed his blindness, he replied:

"'Bless shall I see and learn to know,  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of glory.'"

During my stay at Newcastle, through the kindness of Mr. Bainbridge in securing an order of admission for a small party and inviting me to be one. I visited the celebrated gun works of Sir William Armstrong. It is about a mile out of the town, and the works extend a mile in length. The machinery for accomplishing the different parts of the work is ponderous, varied and ingenious to an extent that baffles my powers of description. Some of the largest of the works are formed from the fact that 3,000 men are employed there. The furnaces in which the crude ore is smelted look like two vast round towers. The fly-wheel of the engine which blows the furnace is twenty-five feet in diameter, and the great steam hammer for the heavy forging strikes with a weight of sixty tons, and yet so delicately adjusted that it can crack a nut without crushing the nut or break the cylinder without crushing the cylinder.

There are large guns in the different stages of progress. The iron is curled round in spiral fashion to form the barrels; then these are encased in larger barrels and pressed into one by heat, until the gun is made the requisite strength and thickness. The thickness and strength at the breech of these heavy guns are such that they are taken into the finishing enormous. We were lay on their frames scores of these vast monsters, brilliantly polished and terribly suggestive of destruction and death. The weight marked upon two of them respectively was 28,265 and 28,660 lbs., I could not contemplate the vast amount of labor, capital and skill consumed in this one establishment in

making these terrible machines of ruin, without deep regret that still, in this advanced age of the world, so much of human energy and skill should be spent on implements avowedly designed for the destruction of life and property. Surely this is a reproach to our boasted progress and civilization.

From Newcastle I went with my friend, Mr. Charles Forster, to visit Durham Cathedral and the ruins of Finchale Abbey, about fifteen miles distant. The Cathedral is a noble structure, and is finely situated on a high, befitting cliff which rises over the serpentine River Wear. It is this wonder, the Wear that Edgar Allan Poe calls "The Ghoul-haunted Wear?"

As I have written nothing about the English Cathedrals yet, I shall not here attempt any description of that of Durham. Its historic associations are, however, deeply interesting. All the Cathedral services are of the High Anglican type. In Durham, two tall wax candles stood upon an altar similar to those in Roman churches. In the library of the Cathedral is sacredly preserved some of the venerable Bede's manuscripts of the gospel, and a copy of the account for the expense of making St. Cuthbert. The venerable Bede lived at Jarrow on the Tyne, and several memorials of him are preserved in this neighborhood.

I saw also a portrait from life of Bishop Butler, and a great many old books and manuscripts. Leaving old-fashioned Durham, I started with Mr. Forster to walk four miles to the ruins of Finchale Abbey. Our walk was a good part of the way through an old country lane, now little traveled, and past the cottages of miners. On the whole, I think the laboring classes are better paid in England and are more comfortable than in generally supposed in Canada. Finchale Abbey was situated in a picturesque spot on the River Wear, and faced on the other side of the river by a high, rocky bank. At first we felt disappointed, as the Abbey seemed such a complete ruin that little or nothing remained; but on more fully exploring it we found much to interest us. The outline of the nave and side aisles of the Abbey Church can be distinctly traced; portions of columns are still in good preservation. We were disappointed to find that the crypt and found the arches of the perfect. The style of these arches was peculiar. From each column that supported the stone ceiling, eight arches branched out, meeting similar branches from other columns. The effect is very graceful and striking. The same style I afterwards saw in the old hospital of St. Andrews, at York, and in the crypt of the Minster. It must be strong and enduring, for in ten cases, at least, it has outlived the ruins of nearly all other portions of the buildings of which it was a part. I could not sit upon the top of a broken pillar without trying to re-people this strange old ruin. Here the chapel bell called the monks to prayers, and here was once a centre of life and influence of which nothing but these ivy-covered ruins remained.

It is strange how the ivy claims all these old ruins as its rightful possession. A picnic party from the rural district were holding their festivity on the spot that was once the nave of the church, playing at some game of forfeits, in which kisses rewarded the boys and punished the girls, as merrily as if no remnants of decay were around them. Is there not in these ruined towers and churches a symbol of the broken power of the system of credulity and superstition which they represented? No temporary galvanism of Ritualism can ever bring back its departed life and power. All that God and nature did for that beautiful spot remains. The river bends and ripples as *Christus, Christus!* The one blessing that wraps and contains all blessing for us is Jesus.

The personal Jesus, person to persons, the divine Jesus to the human soul—this alone is salvific. So all that was good and true in the religion that once made its home here still lives and blesses the earth by its life-giving streams. I write this amid the roar and stir of London. This is a wonderful place. The surge of modern life and memories of olden times are both at their strongest here. I have visited St. Paul's, Westminster, City Road Chapel, the Tower, both Houses of Parliament, &c., but I shrink from attempting to describe London. I will make the attempt in my next.

E. H. D.

### THE LAST PRAYER IN THE BIBLE.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CYLER.

The word of God begins with a story, and ends with a prayer. It begins with the sublime story of the creation's six day's work, and concludes with an invitation to the Lord Jesus to come and possess the world which he redeemed by his blood. "Even so come Lord Jesus."

This is the shortest, and yet it is the sweetest and most comprehensive request that devout hearts are taught to utter. It would seem as if the beloved John, when he came to the close of the inspired book, might have cast about him to find the words which would express the most of his love to his dear Master and to his fellow men. So he utters three words of prayer. And in these words he optimizes all the richest blessings which could come into his soul, and into the souls of all who should ever utter it.

We have a great deal of repetitions and rambling verbiage in our average social prayers. Everything is mentioned, and often very little is really sought. But suppose we were allowed to us to agree upon one special request which our Father should promise to grant to us.

What would it be? One might urge the case of a sick child; another the case of an unconverted husband; another's heart is yearning for the Sabbath School, and still another for the coming of a revival; a prayer for backsliders might be urged as most needed, and the pastor might claim that the blessing of God upon the preached word was the crying want.

Suddenly some one leaps up and says, "Let us pray for Jesus!" And we all agree that this prayer covers the whole ground, and meets every case. For if we get Christ we shall get everything. Health, light, strength, pardon for the guilty, comfort for aching hearts, converting power, all these, and more, will come if Jesus only comes himself. Suppose that any one of our Church praying circles should agree to merge their whole united desires into this single one. "Come, Lord Jesus!" Here

would be a "prayer-god" different from any other sphere, but it will not be able to force the civil power to homologate it. Enquiry must be made into every case, and where it appears that a priest or clergyman has been suspended for sufficient cause, such as immorality, infirmity, or any disqualification that may unfit him as much for a school minister as a minister of religion, then the board after giving both parties a fair hearing may concur with the ecclesiastical authority in his dismissal. This is a very satisfactory arrangement, and should prove most acceptable to the clergy of all denominations, as forming a considerable check upon any arbitrary proceedings that might be contemplated by their superiors. To complete the victory thus gained, Mr. Bourvier, who had a motion for censure of the Irish Board of education on the paper, precluded its withdrawal by asking whether Father O'Keefe, who had been admitted treated with injustice, would have the retrospective benefit of the new rule which Mr. Gladstone at once replied that the new rule had been adopted fully and frankly by the commissioners of National education in Ireland, and that he could state from information on which he could rely, that they would give to the Rev. Father O'Keefe its full benefit if he should renew his application.

It will be seen that a very important step has been taken here in setting bounds to papal encroachment in Ireland, which, in the well-known endeavor that have, for some time been making to remove ecclesiastical as well as other grievances, has been allowed to obtain considerable headway. The principle involved in an important one, implying, as it does that ecclesiastical sentences are powerless to affect the civil status of the individual against whom they are directed without a concurrent action of the civil power. It is to be hoped that this result of course will be exceedingly distasteful to Cardinal Cullen and the Papal Legate who have been reputed to be the virtual rulers of Ireland, and shows how vaulting ambition sometimes overleaps itself.

The situation now is this:—Father O'Keefe has been suspended by Cardinal Cullen; his parishioners believing him tyrannically dealt with, have repudiated the Cardinal's action, and here to his pastorate; the civil power at first followed the Cardinal, but had afterwards to acknowledge its error, and retrace its steps; so that His Eminence, even though fortified by a Papal rescript, has not only been virtually foiled in his attempt to crush a poor priest, but has brought about the erection of a strong barrier to similar action on his part, or that of others, in the future. It may be hoped that as education progresses in Ireland, we shall see of this manly and independent spirit among her people.—*Montreal Daily Witness.*

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### THE POOR IN HEAVEN.

Here comes a great column of the *Christian poor*. They have always walked on earth. The only ride they ever had was in the bears that took them to the Potter's Field. They went day by day poorly clad, and meanly fed, and insufficiently sheltered. They were jostled out of houses whose rent they could not pay, and out of churches where their presence was an offense. Considering the insignificant way in which they were treated, it is not surprising that many of these wretched creatures, in the last of their earthly journey, were so ready to accept of a vulgar superstition, which held out to them the prospect of a better life in the next world.

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precious seed is borne with weeping. Be faithful; you must give account to God at last.—*The Christian.*

### THE SCHOLAR IN POLITICS.

A COMMENTARY ADDRESS.

(From Scribner's Monthly.)

I wish, under favor of your patience, to depart a little from the accepted custom of the occasion. I venture to ask you, on this high day of the Dartmouth year, to abandon scholastic themes for the hour, and pass to the broader plane of public affairs. The topic has not, indeed, been always grateful to academic ears. The scholar has been assumed to dwell apart, and to concentrate himself to higher than every-day affairs. He was to do noble thinking; he was to rule in the realm of ideas; he was to adorn the learned professions. But I am emboldened to a more practical discussion of duties more vital, by an address delivered before these very societies, perhaps in this very building, by an American scholar and thinker, who could not mind his business and keep out of politics. But now they all fall out in the splendid fame of the Martyr-President! Respectability mourned long and sore over the promising Cincinnati lawyer who threw himself away on fugitive-slave cases and futile attempts to organize political parties on humanitarian ideas, and could only get recognition from negroes for his pains; yet that same respectability mourns again, and just as sincerely as the whole country besides, at the open grave of the great Chief Justice. We are all of us ready enough to honor the politician, like the prophet, "when we have got through stoning and come to know him."

And after all it is very natural, this low opinion of politics in the abstract. A pursuit certain to be long judged by the average character of the men who follow it; and the average character of your ward politician cannot be drawn in attractive colors. He is nearly sure to be a demagogue. He is apt to take liberties with the truth. He is in great danger of taking liberties with the public purse—if he can get a chance. Good or bad himself, he is reasonably certain to be often figuring in what is not to be had situations. There can be no question about the bad company he keeps, especially when he belongs to the opposition. Generally he is apt to see a politician in that bad sense which, as one of our essayists has pointed out, has actually degraded the meaning of the word from which the name is derived, and led to look upon a politician as merely a cunning man, largely endowed with caution instead of feeling. Of this average bad company manager, this township wire-puller or ward demagogue, you shall see no word of approval which we cannot all heartily re-echo. It is precisely because the men whose duties and whose interests demand from them an active participation in political affairs have fastidiously ignored duty and interest alike, that in the common mind, politics has come to mean "office-seeker" and the "Man Inside Politics," whom *The Nation* is so fond of maturing, is universally understood to be a man professing an anxiety for the good of the country or the good of the party—in his mind convertible terms—in order that he may the more conveniently fill his pockets.

It is at once the weakness of our form of government and the shame of our intelligence, that the demagogue, at the outset, has the advantage, and that the office-seekers mainly give the impulse to political movements. It is a bad impulse. They are a bad set who give it, and not a much better set who, in Congress, and especially in State legislatures and small elective offices in great cities, constitute the average outcome. The fastidious father of the Republic, who has been so long of politics is altogether right, if he means by politics only this vulgar struggle of vulgar men through vulgar means for petty offices and plethoric but questionable gains. Looking only at such agencies, and such results, we may well marvel at the national prosperity, and fall back on our bewilderment upon Heinrich Heine's witty adaptation of Boaccaccio's epigram for an explanation: "The same fact may be offered in support of a republic as of religion—it exists, in spite of its ministers."

Yet where is the government that does so well? And no matter whether it does well or ill,—paint our politics as black as you will, the more I say you make it the duty of the better men, in their own interest, to enter in and take possession.

What I wish, first of all, to insist upon, is the essential worth, nobility, primacy indeed of the liberal pursuit of politics. It is simply the highest, the most dignified, the most important of all earthly objects of human study. Next to the relation of man to God, there is nothing so deserving his best attention as his relation to his fellow men. The welfare of the community is always more important than the welfare of any individual, or number of individuals; and the welfare of the community is the highest object of the science of politics. The course and extent of men in masses,—that is the most exalted of human studies, and that is the study of the politician. To help individuals is the business of the learned professions. To do the same for communities is the business of politics. To aid in developing a single career may task the best efforts of the teacher. To shape the policy of a nation, to fix the fate of generations,—is this not as much higher as the heavens are high above the earth? Make the actual politician as despised as you may, but the business of politics remains the highest of human concerns.

There is a special reason, why, in our country and time, it should more than ever command a single career may task the best efforts of the teacher. To shape the policy of a nation, to fix the fate of generations,—is this not as much higher as the heavens are high above the earth? Make the actual politician as despised as you may, but the business of politics remains the highest of human concerns.

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recognized throughout the world as one of the few first-rate men of his century—perhaps the one supremely great actor and thinker whom this continent in the eighteenth century produced. The men of respectable pursuits—the mere physicians, lawyers, bankers, gentlemen, and scholars of that time—how do they rate now in the estimate of our fastidious friends who despise politics and politicians, by the side of the laid of eighteen who used to desert their worshipful company to write political pamphlets, or share in local political struggles? Illinois has had many showy, far-seeing men through the half-century of her history,—profound jurists, accomplished scholars, incomparable men of business,—the miraculous work of whose hands is to-day the wonder of the whole country. Thousands of them have raised through most of their lives, in the estimate of this politics-despising aristocracy, far above the rank, smooth Springfield lawyer who couldn't mind his business and keep out of politics. But now they all fall out in the splendid fame of the Martyr-President! Respectability mourned long and sore over the promising Cincinnati lawyer who threw himself away on fugitive-slave cases and futile attempts to organize political parties on humanitarian ideas, and could only get recognition from negroes for his pains; yet that same respectability mourns again, and just as sincerely as the whole country besides, at the open grave of the great Chief Justice. We are all of us ready enough to honor the politician, like the prophet, "when we have got through stoning and come to know him."

And after all it is very natural, this low opinion of politics in the abstract. A pursuit certain to be long judged by the average character of the men who follow it; and the average character of your ward politician cannot be drawn in attractive colors. He is nearly sure to be a demagogue. He is apt to take liberties with the truth. He is in great danger of taking liberties with the public purse—if he can get a chance. Good or bad himself, he is reasonably certain to be often figuring in what is not to be had situations. There can be no question about the bad company he keeps, especially when he belongs to the opposition. Generally he is apt to see a politician in that bad sense which, as one of our essayists has pointed out, has actually degraded the meaning of the word from which the name is derived, and led to look upon a politician as merely a cunning man, largely endowed with caution instead of feeling. Of this average bad company manager, this township wire-puller or ward demagogue, you shall see no word of approval which we cannot all heartily re-echo. It is precisely because the men whose duties and whose interests demand from them an active participation in political affairs have fastidiously ignored duty and interest alike, that in the common mind, politics has come to mean "office-seeker" and the "Man Inside Politics," whom *The Nation* is so fond of maturing, is universally understood to be a man professing an anxiety for the good of the country or the good of the party—in his mind convertible terms—in order that he may the more conveniently fill his pockets.

It is at once the weakness of our form of government and the shame of our intelligence, that the demagogue, at the outset, has the advantage, and that the office-seekers mainly give the impulse to political movements. It is a bad impulse. They are a bad set who give it, and not a much better set who, in Congress, and especially in State legislatures and small elective offices in great cities, constitute the average outcome. The fastidious father of the Republic, who has been so long of politics is altogether right, if he means by politics only this vulgar struggle of vulgar men through vulgar means for petty offices and plethoric but questionable gains. Looking only at such agencies, and such results, we may well marvel at the national prosperity, and fall back on our bewilderment upon Heinrich Heine's witty adaptation of Boaccaccio's epigram for an explanation: "The same fact may be offered in support of a republic as of religion—it exists, in spite of its ministers."

Yet where is the government that does so well? And no matter whether it does well or ill,—paint our politics as black as you will, the more I say you make it the duty of the better men, in their own interest, to enter in and take possession.

What I wish, first of all, to insist upon, is the essential worth, nobility, primacy indeed of the liberal pursuit of politics. It is simply the highest, the most dignified, the most important of all earthly objects of human study. Next to the relation of man to God, there is nothing so deserving his best attention as his relation to his fellow men. The welfare of the community is always more important than the welfare of any individual, or number of individuals; and the welfare of the community is the highest object of the science of politics. The course and extent of men in masses,—that is the most exalted of human studies, and that is the study of the politician. To help individuals is the business of the learned professions. To do the same for communities is the business of politics. To aid in developing a single career may task the best efforts of the teacher. To shape the policy of a nation, to fix the fate of generations,—is this not

SUBSCRIBERS.

We are prepared to receive names for the subscription list of next year for the Wesleyan. We will send the paper from this date to any subscriber till 1st of January, 1874, at \$2.25.

THE BOOK ROOM.

The Executive Book Committee met on Friday afternoon last. The principal matter under consideration was the sale of the Conference property in Argyle street, and the occupation of other premises.

The Book-room will consequently be removed to 125 Granville Street, on the 1st of October, where we hope to use our new advantages for the benefit of our brother ministers and the community at large.

THE RECEPTION MEETING AT BRUNSWICK STREET.—After singing and prayer by Rev. John Reed, the meeting was addressed by the President of the Conference. He expressed gratitude for journeying mercies.

He briefly alluded to the Newcastle Conference. They had heard men from all quarters of the great mission field, men eminent for learning, piety and good works.

The business which our Conference had entrusted to them was cordially taken up. A committee of the best men was appointed to take our union measures into mature consideration.

After a few words of introduction, each of the young men spoke in turn. Their remarks were confined to a line of thought familiar to our readers from reports of ordination services.

Several conclusions were easily reached in listening to those brethren. The importance of a change of heart, so conclusive as to beyond temptation or cavil, was at the root of their education.

Dr. Pickard spoke briefly. He confirmed much that Dr. Stewart had said of the English work and our own prospects. The impetus given by Halifax laymen to Home Missions, and the connection of that work with the present meeting, were happily presented.

THOMAS MILLER IN HALIFAX.—This noble veteran in the Christian service was with us on Monday evening last, at a meeting in Temperance Hall, he and Mr. McBurnie of the New York Y. M. C. Association, delivered addresses. There was much in common with their own American meetings.

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The rate of appointment shall be £25 per minister, and it shall be laid upon both circuits and mission stations; the balance required shall be contributed by the Home Mission and Contingent Fund.

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American visitors, if not their own public speakers, will be especially grateful to them.

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THE "TIMES" ON THE WESLEYANS.

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The Family

PRAYER AND POTATOES.

If a brother or sister be asked, and destitute daily food, be ye warned and filled; notwithstanding ye give them no more than that which is needful to the body; what doth it profit?—James ii, 15, 16.

And she sat there in her old arm-chair. Had been potatoes. But now they were gone; of bad or good. Not one was left for the old lady's food.

Where shall I send and to whom shall I go? For more potatoes? And she thought of the deacon over the way. The deacon so ready to worship and pray.

He prayed for patience, and wisdom, and grace; but when he prayed—"Lord give her peace."

And at the end of each prayer, which he said, he heard, or thought that he heard, in its stead, That same request for potatoes.

The deacon was troubled: knew not what to do; 'Twas very embarrassing to have her act so about "those carnal potatoes."

So, ending his prayer, he started for home: But, as the door closed, he heard a deep groan, "O give to the hungry, potatoes!"

And that groan followed him all the way home. In the midst of the night it haunted his room—"O give to the hungry, potatoes!"

He could bear it no longer; arose and dressed, From his well-filled cask taking in haste A bag of his best potatoes.

Again he went to the widow's lone hut; Her sleepless eyes she had not yet shut; But there she sat in that old arm-chair.

With the same features, the same sad air, And, entering in, he poured on the floor A bushel or more from his goodly store.

The widow's heart leaped up for joy, Her face was haggard and wan no more; "Now, said the deacon, 'shall we pray?'"

"Yes," said the widow, "now you may!" And he knelt him down on the sanded floor, Where he had poured his goodly store.

And such a prayer the deacon prayed As never before his lips essayed.

No longer embarrassed, but free and full, He poured out the voice of a liberal soul, And the widow responded aloud, "Amen!"

But said no more of potatoes.

I thought that many my bladders came and looked at it at the iron grating, and shook their heads in pity for me and sighed; but they could not help me. Then came horrible grinning faces at the grating, and mocked me.

My sins, I cried, "my sins, my Lord!" Then a strange light and peace broke out on me, and I woke up with the words upon my lips—John Tregnoweth: his mark.

Whether you hold with dreams or not, Sir, I've been a new man ever since. 'Tis true that verse of the hymn,—different perhaps for different men, but true for all of us,—

"Thou knowest the way to bring me back, My fallen spirit to restore."

I've been in a new world ever since. "I'm not a blind man any more," I said to Betty next day, "but all full of light. Like a house on the moors in a winter's night—dark enough and stormy outside; a blustering wind, perhaps, and a pitchy darkness; but inside, bless the Lord, a good fire, and a cheerful heart, and plenty of light."

Since that time the whole house has been converted. Bless you, Sir,—you would hardly have known my kitchen—"twas turned from a lile hell to a little heaven; and for many a year I don't think there's been a happier place on the face of the earth. Not but what we've been pinched a bit now and then, and pinched sharp too,—but a hymn of praise and a bit of prayer be wonderful things to keep a man happy. It always put in mind of windows up the parson's musical box—away it goes again, with the music as fresh and as sweet as if it never had run down.

THE LOST DINNER. In the town of Newcastle, in England, there was a man who went by the name of Patient Joe. He worked in a coal-mine. He was called Patient Joe, because, if grief came to him, he would say, "It's all for the best; those who love God shall find that all things work together for good."

It things went well with him, Joe would praise God; and if things went ill with him he would praise God still, and say, "God knows best what is for my good. We must not judge of things by this life alone; there's a life to come after this; and things that we do not seem good for us here may be good for us there."

In the coal-pit where Joe worked, some of the men would jeer and laugh at him when he said, "It's all for the best." There was a man by the name of Tim, who would miss no chance to laugh at Joe.

One day as Tim and Joe were getting ready to go down into the deep pit, Joe, who had brought his dinner of bacon and bread with him, laid it out on the ground for a moment. Before he could take it up, a hungry dog seized it, and ran off.

"Ha, ha!" cried Tim; "that's all for the best, is it, man? Now stick to thy creed and say, 'Yes.'"

"Well, I do say, 'Yes,'" said Joe; "but as I must eat, it is my duty to try to get back my dinner. If I get it back, it will be all for the best; and if I don't get it back, why, it will be all for the best just the same. God is so great, that he can rule the smallest things as well as the largest."

So Joe ran after the dog, and Tim, with a laugh and an oath, went down into the coal-pit. Joe ran a long way, but could not catch the dog. At last, Joe gave up the chase, and came back to the mine, thinking to himself that the men would all have a good laugh at him.

But he found them all pale with alarm and awe. "What a narrow escape you have had, Joe!" said one of them. "The pit has caved in and poor Tim is killed! If it had not run off with your dinner, you would have gone down with Tim into the pit and been killed too."

Joe took off his hat; and while his breast heaved, and his cheeks grew pale, and the tears came to his eyes, he looked up to heaven, but said not a word.

A MORBID RELIGION. A wrong kind of self-examination is a frequent cause of religious depression. Examine yourself by all means; but do it in the Scripture way, by examining the fruits of your life. Character is determined by its root, but it is to be measured by its fruit. Do not try to search upon your heart for the fruits of the Spirit. Do not lay your soul on the dissecting-table, and with a spiritual scalpel, cut and carve into it to see what is the condition of its vital organs. Such self-examination makes not a strong Christian, but a religious hypochondriac.

the house pinching itself to see if indentations were left in the flesh. By that time I became convinced that when I got through the alphabet there would be no hope for me; so I shut up my medical dictionary, went off to the country and never have examined myself for disease since. There are many who pursue a similar course in spiritual matters. He reads all the books of morbid experience, he pores over the pages of Bunyan and Cowper, he inspects all their observations and discourses on conjugal, and he wonders that he does not get peace. Peace! It is none of my business whether I have peace or no. Peace is God's gift, and he will give it in his own time and way. His message to me is, "Run with patience the race that is set before you." Leave your heart alone, lead it best naturally. If it is diseased, thinking about it won't make it better. Get up, Get out into the sunlight. Take up the common, plain, practical, prosaic duty of the hour. Live to make others happy. And leave God to give you peace or no, as he chooses. It is your business to make the choice of life by his chart and compass. It is his business to determine whether you shall have clear weather or fog.—Selected.

HOW THE WIFE FELT.

A man at whose house I was a guest told me that he had been a hard drinker and a cruel husband; had beaten his poor wife, till she had become used to it. "But," said he, "the very moment I signed the pledge I thought of my wife—what will my wife say to this? Strange that I should think of my wife for the first time, but I did, and as I was going home, I said to myself: 'Now, if I go home and tell her all on a sudden that I have signed the pledge, she'll faint away, or she'll be by degrees, and I must break it to her by degrees.' Only think of it; why, the night before I'd knocked her down, just as she was going to bed, I thought of her, and now I'm planning to break good news to her, for fear it would upset her."

As near as I could gather from what he told me, he found his wife sitting over the embers, waiting for him. As he came into the house he said, "Nancy, I think that—"

"Well, Ned, what is it?" "Well, I think I shall—that is—I mean to—to—Nancy, I mean—"

"What is the matter, Ned? Anything the matter?" "Yes," said he, "the matter's just this—I have signed the temperance pledge, and so help me God I'll keep it!"

"She started to her feet, and she did faint away. I was just in time to catch her; and as she lay in my arms, her eyes shut and her face so pale, I think I, she'd dead, and I've done it now. But she wasn't dead; she opened her eyes, and then she put her arms around my neck; and I didn't know she was so strong, as she pulled and pulled till she got me down where I had not been for thirty years—on my knees. Then she said, 'O God help me, and I and I.' And she said, 'O God, help my poor Ned, and strengthen him to keep his pledge!' and I hollered 'Amen!' just as loud as I could holler. That was the first time we ever knelt together, but it was not the last."—Baptist Union.

APPETITE.

At certain seasons, as in spring and summer the appetite of even the most robust is apt to fail, and the relish for meats and heavy food to wane. This is all right enough, for animal diet in warm weather heats the blood, tends to headache, and is generally unwholesome, unless sparingly used. On the other hand, fresh vegetables, berries, fruit, and bread are cooling, corrective, and what the palate most craves. Don't be afraid to go without meat for a month or so, if you like life purely on a vegetable regimen. We will warrant that you will lose no more strength than is common to the time, and that you will not suffer from regulated tract, as when during on the regulation road.

Many persons regard a hearty desire for food as something unrefined, indelicate, and to be constantly discouraged. This is a greater and more harmful mistake than that of counting the appetite. It is just as necessary for the man who works with his brain to eat beef and mutton as for the man who labors solely with his hands. The stomach and the brain are twins; the former being the elder, and having prior right to care. Let that be well provided and it will sustain its brother. The people who strive to create a wholesome and natural appetite are the people who regard dinner merely as a feed, not the centre of an agreeable social custom, and as the domestic event of the day. We are sorry for them, as they must regard eating at all as a prosaic duty, obligatory on them because they have a bias in favor of living. We all know that we must eat to live; but by no means live to eat simply because we enjoy what we eat. We are not gourmands because we relish chops, nor are we invalids because we relish strawberries.

A good appetite is a good thing; but not if it is to be wrought by urging or neglect.—Scribner's Argonaut.

HOW TO COOK A BEEFSTEAK.

A beefsteak is always best broiled; but the following method is recommended by a lady trying, when broiling is not convenient. "The frying pan being wiped dry, place it on the stove to become hot. In the mean time, the steak—if it chance to be a sirloin so much the better—pepper and salt it, then lay it on the hot pan which instantly cover as soon as possible. When the raw flesh touches the heated pan of course it seethes and adheres to it, in a few seconds becomes loosened and juicy. Every half minute turn the steak, but be careful to keep it as much as possible under cover. When nearly done lay a small piece of butter upon it, and you want much gravy add a tablespoonful of strong coffee. This makes the most delicious delicately broiled steak, full of juice yet retaining the healthy, beefy flavor which a John Bull could require. The same method may be applied to mutton-chops or ham—they require more cooking to prevent them from being so excellent much. A good gravy may be made by adding a little cream thickened by a pinch of flour, into which when off the fire and partially cool, stir the yolk of an egg well beaten.

LEMONS FOR FEVER.

Says that walking cyclopedia of health knowledge, Dr. Hall: When persons are feverish and thirsty beyond what is natural, in dented in some cases by a metallic taste in the mouth, especially after drinking water, or by whitish appearance of the greatest part of the surface of the tongue, one of the best cool-

ers, internal or external, is to take a lemon-put out of the top, sprinkle over it some loaf sugar, working it down into the lemon with a spoon, and then suck it slowly, squeezing the lemon and adding more sugar as the acidity increases from being brought up from a lower point. Invalids with feverishness may take two or three lemons a day in this manner, with most marked benefit, as testified by a sense of coolness, comfort, and invigoration. A lemon or two thus taken at tea-time, as an entire substitute for the ordinary supper of summer, would give many a comfortable night's sleep, and an awakening after rest and invigoration, with an appetite for breakfast to which they are strangers who will have their cup of tea for supper or "relish" and "cake," and their berries or peaches or cream.

BAD AIR.

A paper on "Ventilation of Ships," presented by Dr. Rattray, R. N., was read at the meeting of the Medical-Chirurgical Society, and referred to in the London Lancet. He stated that in the "inherent parts" (wherever they may be) of some of "Her Majesty's" ships thirty-three volumes of carbonic acid in the 1,000 cubic feet. Parkes tells us that carbonic acid "produces fatal results when the amount reaches from fifty to 100 per 1,000 volumes, and at an amount much below this, fifteen or twenty per 1,000, it produces, in some persons at any rate, severe headache." Angus Smith found "that thirty volumes per 1,000 caused great feebleness of the circulation, with unusual slowness of the heart's action, the respiration, and the contrary, quickened, but were sometimes gasping." And we are told that ammonia from the urine, sulphuretted hydrogen, and other noxious matters, solid and gaseous, are all constantly going to intensify the mischief.

The Farm.

HEALTH OF FARMERS.

Agriculture should be the most ennobling of all vocations. It would be, if farmers cultivated the earth as teachers develop the head and preachers educate the heart. Teachers and preachers aim to train the thoughts and feelings to truth and happiness. Farmers should train the earth to produce such crops and fruits and such only, as are conducive to the best and the truest welfare of human beings. Then would their calling be transformed from one of degrading crudelity and interminable toil to one of refinement and luxury. The germinating seeds, the waving grains, the luscious fruits, so suggestive of the source of all life and all blessing, and the harvest season, so typical of a resurrection and immortality, ought to make the life of an agriculturist a continual pastime. And this would be the farmer's life if farming was managed as it should be.

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AGRICULTURE.

Farmers have unequalled advantages for health, strength, and longevity. The statistics of disease and the tables of mortality, however, are against them. This is not due to their vocation, but to their misuse of it. No class, as a whole, is probably so utterly reckless of health conditions. So far as our acquaintance with the habits of farmers is concerned—and it has been extensive—it compels the conclusion, as a rule, the dietetic habits of farmers are worse than those of any other class who have the means of choosing for themselves. Fried dishes several times a day, with several fried articles at each of the three meals is one of their common abominations; dried beef, old cheese and pickles are among the common relishes, which lard and saleratus make their richer dainties inferior and caustic. We have seen on a farmer's table fried pork, fried eggs, fried potatoes, and fried griddle cakes for breakfast; fried ham, fried herring, and fried parsnips for dinner, and fried sausages and fried doughnuts for supper—all the frying done in lard. No class is so troubled with cancer, erysipelas, tumors, cancers, and humors, as farmers; and the excessive use of pork, lard, five-hour, rich cakes and greasy pastry is enough to account for it. In dietetic habits our farmers are sadly misled by the agricultural journals, nearly all of which pander to their prejudices, and flatter their morbid appetites by recommending and commending swine-breeder and pork eating, while they fill their kitchen with recipes for making "rich and palatable" puddings, pies, cakes, and other complicated dishes, which no stomach every carried inside a human body could long tolerate without dizziness or dyspepsia.

THE ESSENTIAL NEED OF OUR FARMERS IS PLAIN, WHOLESOME FOOD, PROPERLY COOKED. This would give them much more available strength for work, relieve them of many of the distresses and expenses of sickness, add many years to their life, and render old age "green" and normal instead of dry and decrepit, as it is in most cases under existing habits.—Science of Health.

TRUE WAY TO WATER TREES.

If trees standing in grass ground are watered, the surface around about the body, for three or four feet in each direction, should be covered with mulch of some sort, to retard evaporation. It will be labor lost to water trees on the lawn without exercising this precaution, as the water will disappear before a hundredth part of it has reached the roots. Straw, hay, lawn grass, weeds, shavings, or any other material will make an excellent mulch. Spread the mulch three or four inches deep, put two or three pails of water around each tree, and the water will permeate the entire soil, keep it damp, and supply the moisture which the tree must have or die. If the soil is in a tillable condition, draw the earth away from the tree to the depth of one or two inches, pour in two or three pails of water, and return the mellow earth, which will keep the surface from baking. Yet much is far preferable to the latter mode.

When the soil appears nearly dry to the touch, the root will make an excellent mulch, and a plentiful supply of water to keep the leaves and branches from injury during the rapid evaporation which is going on at night and day. When the atmosphere is as dry and hot as the air in a huge lumber kiln, it will have the moisture in every tree and plant and the moisture of our bodies even, "if it (the hot air) has taken it (the moisture) out of the hide." Hence, we must drink, and the roots of the trees and plants must be supplied with water or they wither and die.

A great many people scatter the grass from their gardens in the highway, which is bad horticulture in many respects. If they would spread such grass or weeds around their growing flowers or around any garden vegetable, the mulch would save the labor of carrying many hogsheads of water to supply the plants with the necessary moisture, and the covering would keep the weeds down, and save a vast deal of manual labor, and the crops would be heavier.—Our Home Monthly.

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