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CANADIAN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION.

VOLUME X., NO 4.

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 15, 1875.

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NOTICE.

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Temperance Department.

THE END.

BY JACOB PRICE.

Past twelve Oh, no, barkeep,
Can't be the here asleep
On this settle on to-day;
Don't, I'll get up. Drunk, did you say?
'Tis not the first time. I say, Joe,
Give me a drop before I go.

Let's see my coin! O Joe, just think
What I've given you for drink—
Wealth—strength—children—wife,
All—all man holds dear in life;
And must I beg of you in vain
One drop to ease my throbbing brain?

Don't push me that way; don't now, Joe,
Hands off, I say! Before I go
I must have rum. For God's sake, man,
Spare me this torture if you can;
His horrible thirst, this raging hell
Within, rum alone can quell.

Here, see, I've fallen! (Oh, so low)
You didn't strike me, did you, Joe?

Save, or I'll get another one;
Another blow? Joe! Joe! beware—
That—what—is that?—just over there!

Great God Almighty! Let me go!
Help! keep him off! O save me, Joe!
Spare—spare—he's gone—why Joe, I swear
'Is you! There's snakes coiled in your hair,
And in your bosom there's one!
Hey're in mine too! Great God, I'm gone.

Dead on the sidewalk! Lo, the end
Of him who was a genial friend,
A husband fond, a father kind:
A man of culture, learned, refined;
A gentleman true hearted and brave—
Alas! alas! a drunkard's grave.

JIM'S MINUTES.

BY M. HARTWELL.

Jim stared around after he shut the door. Slum's saloon had greatly changed, thought Jim. Was that the bar—that round thing with books on the top? But where were the glasses, and bottles, and rows of kegs, and the background of billiard-tables? And why were the men all sitting in sleek, respectable rows, listening so attentively to Slum? Was that Slum, spreading his arms and speaking in a tender voice? The fact of the speaker's tenderness convinced Jim that it was not Slum, and that he had stumbled into another edifice than a saloon.

Jim's head whirled, and he seemed to catch only a brief glimpse of the place at each revolution. He had shut the door and groped along the wall some distance, and felt utterly incapable of finding that door again without help. His desire was to withdraw. A gentleman, catching sight of him, rose hastily and beckoned him to a seat. Jim opened his mouth to make enquiries concerning the present situation of Slum's saloon, but the floor proved so unsteady that he was glad to sink into the seat and breathe a moment.



MR. ADAIR, AUTHOR OF THE OHIO CIVIL DAMAGE LAW.

Very much has been said in Canada about the Ohio Liquor Law, but little attention has ever been given to the author of it—Mr. Adair,—whose portrait appears above. According to this law, which has done much good, and has already been copied by several other States the liquor-seller is held responsible for the evil he does and liable to fine and imprisonment. In the framing of this law the operative clauses have not been overlooked, as is too often the case, and the owner of the property from which liquor is sold is held responsible for the damage done by the latter's business to his customers, and in case of any dispute as to the ownership, the property itself is used to pay

the damages. Although this law is inferior to a prohibitory liquor law, inasmuch as by it the doer of evil is punished for his ill deeds while by the latter the evil is prevented, it is a step in the right direction and may lead to something more efficient. It has this advantage of being supported by the sympathies of the people more than almost any other law would, from the fact that when any injury is done to husband, wife or children by the use of intoxicants the public sympathy is with them, while in the case of seizure or punishment under a prohibitory law the public sympathy nearly always is with the man deprived of his goods or otherwise punished.

Jim was unfamiliar with the inside of churches. His strongest impression concerning the same had been received from a barn-like place, whither older hands used to draw his unwilling juvenile hand; where he watched tallow drip from candles in tin sockets. So Jim did not perceive that he was in a church; but a voice grew upon his ear till it filled all his sense of hearing. "We take upon our weak shoulders," said the voice, "all the burdens which belong to yesterday and forever, forgetting that we were made to live minutes, and not ages at a time!" "There was One upon a mountain, whom, for a season, the devil tempted and tormented. Yet moment by moment he stood against the tempter, although when his trial was over he lay an exhausted victor upon the mountain."

"I've heard 'bout that," muttered Jim, roll-

ing his head. "I've been 't Sunday-school mister."

"You are on the mountain of temptation," pursued the voice, "and no man can help you. You cannot resist temptation. You have been down a thousand times; you feel that you will fall again."

"Children, he is on the mountain of temptation with you. Though all men forsake, he presses closer. He knows how the lions rise and rage in you, and He only knows how to hold them. Children, hold to His hand. And while He steadies you, give Him the minutes of your lives, one by one! Don't try to live more than a minute in a minute's time. The yesterdays are gone. No man has to-morrows. Just stand against temptation this minute. He asks you to—this Man who loves you!"

The voice, through such few words as it could seize, pushed its plea deeper and deeper.

You have seen a sky which was spread thick and dark part suddenly, and show you the moon and stars sitting in state far up the blue sky.

Through such a gap in the fog of his head Jim caught sight of a Man on a mountain; and though Jim was a drunken wretch, lost to the world, the slow destroyer of his own family, and so besotted at that instant that the remainder of the service was never clear to him, he kept that picture of the Man on the mountain till it grew vivid in his weakened mind.

"I'll give him this minute," muttered Jim next morning, pulling his feet past Slum's door.

"And I'll hang on to this minute for him," said Jim, tightening to his work in the rolling-mill, when thirst woke up and burned him inwardly worse than the furnace-fires could burn him outwardly.

"And this here minute likewise I'll give him," continued Jim, holding to an iron post while he ate his dinner, to give weak resolution some visible anchor.

Perhaps he could not have saved one day had not the Man on the mountain watched him with eyes which melted his heart down—that Man who was nearer than the men in the mill, notwithstanding he was lifted up on a mountain!

At the end of this saved day Jim went out of his rough lodging-house, and uncovered his head in a shamefaced, unaccustomed fashion, to whisper that "here was one day's minute, and he'd try to hold on."

The minutes filed on past Jim, some black with the world's shadow, and some white with sunshine; some found him working joyfully; some found him twisting on the ground in lonely places; some brought him friends who saw the outside of his endeavor, and tried to help him reform; some brought him stinging jokes from mouths he used to "treat."

Each night he humbly told the Man on the Mountain of Temptation that "here was an hour's minute, and he'd try to hold on." "I'll give you that hour's minute, and I'll give you whose light it walks, and follow that fine and terrible creation, the human soul; through its struggles, its remorseful manias, its varying emotions and growth in power.

Jim's acquaintances commented on his change. They knew he wouldn't hold out. Why, it's a physical impossibility for any drunkard to reform! He was a complete wreck. He'd come round staggering presently. How often had he quit drinking and begun again? Twenty times at least. Had a long sober spell just after his wife and child died, and then rewarded himself by a three months' spree! Poor fellow! He couldn't keep from drinking! You'll see him come round staggering one of these days.

Yet every night Jim went out under the star-altar, and offered up his day's tale of minutes. He grew stout upon his legs, moreover, and strong in his stomach. And the next time these men saw him stagger, he reeled with an intoxication for which they cheered him with all the might of their brazen throats—the intoxication of saving life.

He was hurrying to his work across a network of railroad tracks, when a little child, with smeared face and dirty petticoats, wandering and crying in the maze of rails, caught its copper-toed shoe and fell before the rushing switch-engine. I suppose any man sure of his ability would have leaped to save it. But Jim, doubting the body so long weakened by drink, yet dared to do it.

"Here's this minute!" muttered Jim, staggering with his exertion, and setting the child down in safety—"this minute and sumpin' else with it!"

Then his witnesses lifted a shout, but Jim saw above their approval the approval of the Man upon the mountain, to whom he will look up to-night (Jim the "drunkard," the "bloat," "old, ragged Jim," now clothed in his right mind, simple and strong), to whom he will whisper, "Here's another day's minutes, and I'm obliged, and hope the next minute won't floor me."—*National Temperance Advocate.*

MR. GRUBB'S EXPERIENCE.

\$1,000 SAVED.

At a temperance meeting in the Trades Hall, Glasgow, in the course of a long address Mr. Jonathan Grubb said of temperance men:

They were often misunderstood, and he had sometimes been asked, "With all your efforts, how many drunkards have you reclaimed?" They would reclaim every drunkard this night if it were in their power, and they ought not to omit every effort to compass the desired end. But that was all dealing with consequences. This was not the main object. The main object was to alter the customs which produced the drunkard. Let them undoubtedly strike a blow at the cause, while for the present they dealt to the best of their ability with the effects. If they could reclaim every drunkard, it was no remedy, for a fresh crop would arise; but let them divide society into two classes—total abstainers and drunkards. They had a remedy very quickly. The present drunkards would soon be gone or converted, and there could be no other supply. Therefore, if they could get rid of the moderate drinking their success would soon arrive. Their warfare was not against drunkards, it was against the drink which made the drunkards. They mourn over the drunkard, and sympathize with him, for his appetite was all but uncontrollable, and they who felt themselves very strong, ought not to be above bearing the infirmities of the weak. Our blessed Lord did not please Himself, but served; therefore, following His example, they who were strong should help to bear the infirmities of the weak. With himself it was a religious concern. He had been an abstainer for more than 30 years, with the exception of once or twice when his medical man, under a great mistake, ordered him stimulants, but he made a greater mistake, in taking them. He did not become an abstainer for his own sake; he did so for the sake of others. He had at one time a man who was such a drunkard that he said to him, he must either quit his service or become an abstainer. The man replied that he worked very hard, and needed something. His master had it upon his table, and if it was necessary for his master, it was also necessary for him. The speaker thought himself to be very strong, but he was not bearing the infirmities of the weak. He felt in fact that he was in the position of the man who, while in a glass house, threw stones, and he thought it better to get out of the glass house and so become a total abstainer. That took place 31 years ago. He thanked God that He had made that man the instrument of bringing him to his senses.

When he was about to be married his wife made a bargain with him before they were united, "May it be a teetotal house?" He answered "Yes, if we can do it." She quietly said, "Let us try." He had seen wondrous things done by that little word try. They had been married for 31 years and had had a large family. They had not tempted their servants, or anyone. If they knew what he knew of domestic servants, and the numbers who fell through drink, they would see it was indeed an evil thing to place that stumbling-block in their way. He and his wife had never yielded visitors. He would tell them how he had yielded to the doctor's orders. They said he must have bitter ale to build him up. He reluctantly yielded, and soon saw, coming through his garden, a square basket with bottles stuck in it. It looked uglier to him than it had ever done before. He felt very reluctant to obey the injunction of the doctor, although he had been taught that to take something was a good thing by his dear father and mother, who were God-fearing people, and who, he believed, had gone to heaven. Well, the old taste revived, and the ale seemed very reviving, but week after week he got no benefit, and he felt that he was going to be like one of those peculiar persons that could not get on without what they called "support." He felt he could not travel and take a drop in every house, as he was sure he would be building up Satan's kingdom with one hand while trying to pull it down with the other. He said, "Lord, deliver me from this thing." Since that prayer he had not let a single drop enter his mouth. (Hear) In fact, he abandoned it when he thought it the most necessary. In six weeks after he had completely abandoned it he was perfectly well. The Lord had condescended to hear his prayer, and had restored his strength. That was ten years ago, and here he was, at the age of 67 years, able, through the mercy of his Heavenly Father, to get through his labor, mental and physical, every day of his life without the drink. In his domestic life, his abstinence had been next to his religion the greatest blessing to his family. When they had visitors, they forgot there was such a thing as drink. He had three sons seeking their livelihood in the world, and all were teetotalers like himself. If one of his sons had fallen through drink, and he had set the example, he did not know he would have been able to lift up his head or open his mouth as a minister of the Gospel, the remembrance of it would have had such a

discouraging effect upon his mind. He had been calculating what there would have been spent in his establishment if they had followed the practice of moderate drinking, and he had computed that the amount would be as high as one thousand pounds.

BOARDS OF HEALTH AND INTEMPERANCE.

PROF. MILO P. JEWETT, LL.D., OF MILWAUKEE.

Our Boards ought to shut up at once and forever all places where ardent spirits are sold as a beverage. These tipping-shops are the occasion, if not the origin and cause, of nine-tenths of all the drunkenness that afflicts our country. They are the generators and propagators of idiocy, insanity, disease, and death, and ought to be instantly suppressed.

Of course, this measure would encounter the most determined opposition. The manufacturers and vendors of intoxicating drinks, with a host of patrons, dependents, and flatterers, and with an enormous capital at their command, will denounce every attempt to abate these most outrageous of all nuisances as an attack on the rights of property, an invasion of personal liberty. "Personal liberty leagues" would be formed, and organized resistance to the sanitary police would stop short of nothing but mob violence in their hostility to the proposed action.

But these Boards, composed of intelligent, honorable, and public-spirited citizens, actuated by nothing but a disinterested concern for the public good, should not be intimidated by the threats of a class of men who are governed solely by self-interest; who enrich themselves by bringing others to poverty; who flourish most when most they scatter abroad firebrands, arrows, and death. In the case under consideration, the Boards have only to exercise their power as they are accustomed to use it, where the danger is less imminent and appalling. The cholera breaks out in some of our cities. Hundreds of homeless, homeless denizens are struck down. The hospitals are not contain them. The Health Board meet on any public hall, warehouse, or church, and fill them with patients. A single quarter of the city is crowded with dense masses of human beings, packed in underground cellars, reeking in the morning for breath in the fetid atmosphere, and hundreds. Here the plague originates, and from this focus of contagion is spreading throughout the city. By a summary process the Board of Health removes the wretched inmates, and sends down the infected tenements, or burns the torch and burns up whole blocks. In Philadelphia, instead of the 3,000 pest-houses in Philadelphia, which are dealing out "pest-poll," there were 8,000 butchers shops which sold pork charged with trichina, and that thousands of citizens, under the pretence of a morbid appetite, purchased and ate the diseased meat, and multitudes were dying from this cause, would the Philadelphia Board hesitate to abolish these pest-houses? But in all these cases the property-holders would remonstrate; the dealers in trichina spiralis would be furious in their denunciation of this arbitrary interference with vested rights, this destruction of a most respectable business protected by law. The reply is at hand: The safety of the State is the supreme law. So in regard to intemperance: Let its manifold and monstrous evils once firmly possess the public mind, and the conservators of public health would be able to enforce the most stringent requisitions.

Ardent spirits should be put on the shelf of the druggist, and sold by him as other dangerous drugs are sold, on the order of a physician, for medicinal purposes only, and to responsible persons.

As a substitute for dram-shops, "Holly Tree" houses should be established, where nutritious and palatable food, with tea and coffee, should be supplied at cheap rates.

Boards of Health should urge on physicians the greatest care in prescribing alcoholic compounds. The medical faculty are not agreed as to the expediency of using alcohol in medicines. It would be out of place, perhaps, to discuss the subject in this paper, but it is pertinent to quote the opinions of some high authorities who support the negative of the question:

The eminent physician and physiologist, Dr. Carpenter, declares: "Nothing in the annals of quackery can be more truly empirical than the mode in which fermented liquors are directed or permitted to be taken by a large proportion of medical practitioners." In 1804, Dr. Higginbottom, the venerable surgeon of Nottingham, England, published the following: "For about thirty years I have not once prescribed alcohol as a medicine. I should consider myself criminal if I again recommend alcohol, either as food or medicine. During my long practice I have not known or seen a single disease cured by alcohol; on the contrary, it is the most fertile producer of disease." In December, 1871, nearly three

hundred of the most eminent members of the faculty in London, headed by Dr. Burrows, president of the Royal College of Surgeons, subscribed the subjoined medical declaration: "As it is believed that the inconsiderate prescription of large quantities of alcoholic liquors by medical men for their patients has given rise in many instances to the formation of intemperate habits, the undersigned, while unable to abandon the use of alcohol in the treatment of certain cases of disease, are yet of opinion that no medical practitioner should prescribe it without a sense of grave responsibility. They believe that alcohol, in whatever form, should be prescribed with as much care as any powerful drug, and that the directions for its use should be so framed as not to be interpreted as a sanction for excess, or necessarily for the continuance of its use when the occasion is past."

These citations sufficiently fortify the position that our sanitary boards should endeavor to secure on the part of medical men a greater degree of caution, in view of the danger of stimulating to frenzy an appetite which the prescription may create, or which the patient may have previously acquired.—Standard.

THE ECONOMIC ASPECT—FARMERS AND THE LIQUOR-TRAFFIC.

An English correspondent of the Christian News calls attention to, and gives an extract from, a work entitled "British Farming," from which we quote:

It is, however, in the production of malt liquor and ardent spirits, and in the fattening of live-stock, that our barley crops are chiefly consumed. We have no doubt that it would be better for the whole community if this grain were more largely used in the form of butcher's meat, and greatly less in that of beer or whiskey. It has been customary for farmers to look upon distillation as beneficial to them, from the ready market which it affords for barley, and more especially for the lighter qualities of this and other grain crops. But this is a very short-sighted view of the matter, for a careful calculation shows that, when the farmer spends a shilling in the dram-shop, and a penny of it goes for the produce (barley) from which gin or whiskey is made; whereas when he spends the same with the butcher or baker, nearly the whole amount goes for the raw material, and only a fraction for the tradesman's profit. And not only so, but the man who spends his wages upon strong drink, is not only directly, but indirectly, his own enemy, for he is unable to buy wholesome food or clothing; so that, besides the moral and social bearing of the question, it can abundantly be shown that whiskey or beer is the very worst form for the farmer in which his grain can be consumed. Were the \$50,000,000 at present annually spent in Great Britain upon ardent spirits (not in spirit of beer) employed in purchasing bread, meat, dairy produce, vegetables, woollen and linen clothing, farmers would, on the one hand, be relieved from oppressive rates, and, on the other, have such an increased demand for their staple products as would far more than compensate for the closing of what is at present the chief outlet for their barley.

We commend the above to the thoughtful consideration of these farmers in this country—we could wish there were none such—who are either indifferent or opposed to the temperance reform, lest it should interfere with the sale of their corn or rye, which is now so largely consumed by distillers.—Advocate.

THE FAILURE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

BY MRS. SUSAN E. GRAVES.

Governor Gaston, of Massachusetts, in his message to the Legislature of his State, makes the assertion that the prohibitory law, which has, with various amendments, been upon the statute books of that Commonwealth for some score of years, has proved a failure.

With all due deference to His Excellency, I beg leave to state that I know better! Residing in the Old Bay State for quite a length of time, and being actively and earnestly engaged in the cause of temperance, speaking frequently from the platform, and assiduously engaged in the minor spheres of action in this work, as well as being a member of several temperance organizations, and in constant contact with many leading persons deeply interested in the morals of that State, I feel as competent to speak upon this issue as even Governor Gaston. That gentleman was elected as an exponent of the license party—a party in a large minority in that State, but who, by clap-trap cries of various kinds, one of which was that the truly Christian Governor Talbot was a rigid, overbearing, religious fanatic, managed to unseat that great and good man, and to elect a Legislature whom they hope will march under their banner of "Free Rum!"

Governor Gaston is a man of much talent, education and experience, and he knows as well as I do, that the great, sound heart of the people of his State beats responsive to the onward march of temperance and morality,

and that in so far as he may act in opposition to that sentiment, his future, as a public and honored man, is sealed, and we opine that in this matter, he will tread "gingerly," and that it will be by excessive pressure of the money-bought influence of the liquor traffic that he will, if he dare, act at all, though I believe that he dare not so act.

Travel through the many thriving towns, villages and hamlets of that fair State, and note in how few of them are to be found the open rumshop and the reeling drunkard, and tell me that the prohibitory law has been of none effect! The Governor knows better. In twenty years—and there has been a vast increase in population during that time—the State has been completely revolutionized as regards the temperance cause. Then, the liquor-dealer was considered fully the equal, if not the superior of his townsmen. Then the village landlord, whose principal profit was from the sale of rum, aspired to and held many of the prominent positions of his town. How stands the case to-day? In the estimation of his fellow-citizens is his position a high or low one? The Governor knows! With the exception of a few blear-eyed followers, none so poor as to do the rumseller reverence. I know whereof I speak, and I speak warmly, because I do know. A failure for twenty years! He or she who has watched or studied the effect of the prohibitory law in Massachusetts, knows that the statement is false, knows that the reverse has been the case, knows that the tide of temperance has been an ever on-growing one, knows that in no State in our confederation have such rapid and giant strides been made in the cause of morality and truth as in the grand Old Bay State.—N. Y. Witness, January, 1875.

WHY DON'T YOU PRAY?—The Congregationalist of Boston has the following editorial item: "Said a lady the other day to some visiting friends for a few weeks: 'Don't you pray for the temperance cause either on Sunday nor on week days, neither in the pulpit nor out of it, do I hear that great cause remembered in prayer.' And her question, we are afraid, might be asked with the same reason in many of our churches. A cause so identified with good order and the temporal, spiritual, and eternal interests of the family and the entire community, has too strong claims to be forgotten, and certainly no week ought to pass when the great issues involved in the temperance question are not remembered in prayer in the pulpit as well as the prayer-meeting."

—The managers of the Lake Shore Railway have issued an order declaring that in future the company will not retain in their employ men in the habit of using intoxicating liquor as a beverage, and that the frequenting of places where the same is retailed will be considered prima facie evidence of its use and discharge will follow. Where the lives of so many individuals are involved, as in the case of nearly all railroad employees, to say nothing of the property interests involved, it is perfectly right to require strict sobriety on the part of the men employed, and that ensured by requiring total abstinence from intoxicating drinks.—Standard.

—In Brooklyn, where the work of Christian Temperance Reform has effected such wonderful results the past year, an advance step has been taken in the formation of the "Temperance Brotherhood of Christian Churches," which will supplement the efforts of the ladies and others engaged in the suppression of intemperance and its resulting evils. Hon. B. E. Hale was chosen President, Rev. Dr. Cuyler and W. R. Davis Vice-Presidents, with an Executive Committee from the churches of the different denominations.

—A respected military correspondent, in India, in a communication received this week, says:—"You will be glad to learn that the movement is spreading in the Indian Army. The returns for last month show about 5,500 abstaining soldiers, besides women and children, and the general committee of about 50 officers and clergymen. Our numbers have been steadily increasing every month since the re-formation of the Association in June, 1873, and we now probably muster an army of 6,000 registered teetotalers."—League Journal.

—Over a hundred ministers of Liverpool of all denominations, recently met to consider the appalling prevalence of drunkenness, crime, and death in that city. They appointed April 30 as a day of humiliation and special prayer for the deliverance of the nation from the curse of intemperance, and called on all Christians to unite in endeavoring to secure reduced numbers of public and beer houses, entire Sunday closing and shortened hours of sale.

—Under the present stringent license law in Delaware, the number of places licensed to sell intoxicating liquors has been cut down from about 400 to 130.

—In Winconsin, a Women's Temperance Alliance was organized last month.



Agricultural Department.

HINTS ABOUT WORK.

The *American Agriculturist* says the commencement of a new year is the most appropriate time to open a day-book and begin to keep not only accounts, but a record of events. Such a record for the past year would be profitable reading now, and many hints for one's guidance would be always at hand. What a man knows is but little compared with what he has forgotten. When the year's experiences are written down and indexed at the end of each year, the needed information is ready at a moment's notice. This is the appropriate season for laying out plans. To have a well-digested plan is the best preparation for a successful year's work. A methodical man, whether farmer or not, is a man of comparative leisure, and yet he accomplishes much more work than the one who is without plan of system.

The following hints about work, which are extracted from the above publication, will be found reasonable:—

Roofs should be removed from weak or flat roofs every storm, lest the weight should be too much for them. It should be also removed from doorways and yards as soon as it stops snowing.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—Manure is the keystone, the king-bolt, the beginning, middle, and end in a successful garden or farm. It is the one thing of which a wide awake gardener never has enough. The home supply is usually supplemented by arrangements with stable keepers, express drivers, and all who keep many horses for the year. The farmer's garden depends upon home supplies. It is too often the case that the best manure goes to the fields, and the garden gets what is left. It will pay to give the best manure to the garden. Unless the heap is so large, that the heat of its fermentation will prevent freezing, the manure should be kept under cover. Private gardeners may well follow in some things the example of those who grow vegetables for a living. Muck, if frozen one winter, and then allowed to dry, makes an excellent absorbent in the stables, and if composted with lime, is useful on light lands, deficient in vegetable matter. So with leaves, which is one of those things of which the gardener can never have too many, and in some localities they can yet be collected. Used as bedding, they make a valuable addition to the manure heap, and mixed with stable manure, for hot-beds, they are of great use. One-third leaves and two-thirds manure will hardly diminish the activity of the manure, and make it more lasting; reversing the proportions, makes a mild and enduring heat. Hot-beds, for sowing seeds, will be needed soon and as the time for making these will differ in each locality, we need only repeat the general rule that they should be started about six weeks before it will be safe to set the plants in the open ground.

SUNDAY MATTERS.—Look to the horses in time, and keep them rough shod. See that cellars, cisterns, and root pits are safe from frost. Procure seeds for the spring, before the busy time of the seedsmen arrives, when there may be delay or disappointment. Select seeds from the granary while there is opportunity to choose the heaviest and largest grain. Keep all seeds in a dry, cool place. Watch the outlets of the drains, that they do not become closed up. Lay up a stock of fuel for the whole year, in a weather-proof shed, cut and prepared for use. Although a man's work lies chiefly out of doors, let him not neglect to give every possible aid to those who keep the house, and relieve them from work which may expose them to the inclemencies of the weather.

FEDDING STRAW.—Straw is too valuable to be used for bedding, whenever other absorbents, such as sand, swamp muck, leaves, or sawdust can be procured. Horses working moderately may be kept in good condition upon clean, bright straw, cut and mixed with six quarts of meal daily. A feed of long hay and oats may be given on Sundays, to save labor, and as a welcome change. Common sheep will do well fed on straw, with a pint of corn, or a quart of bran daily; the heavier bodied breeds will require a pound of oil-cake meal, or some roots, and at least one feed of hay daily in addition. Sheep are not early feeders, and love to lie late. They need not be fed until after breakfast. Other stock should be fed before breakfast. For cows straw is very poor feed.

WATER.—The consumption of dry fodder makes an ample supply of water necessary for the stock. Green fodder contains about 80 per cent (or four pounds out of five), of water.

Dry fodder contains about 16 per cent (or one pound only, out of six of fodder) of water. If a cow consumes 20 lbs. of dry, solid matter, a day, in the shape of green fodder, she takes with it 80 lbs., or nearly 10 gallons of water; if this 20 lbs. is in the shape of hay or corn-stalks, she takes with it only 4 pounds, or half a gallon of water, and the remainder must be supplied. Many poor animals cruelly suffer from want of water in the winter season, as neglect in watering is common enough, and likely to be more so this year owing to a general scarcity.

CARE OF STOCK.—Liberal feeding will be found of benefit to all kinds of stock. Observe caution with cows in high condition; as they near the period of calving, let their feed be gently laxative, and not stimulating. No corn-meal should be given to such cows. Bran is safe feed, and if there is any sign of fever, a pint of linseed oil, or a dose of salts, should be given, as a precaution against milk-fever. Pure air is of vital consequence to stock confined in stables. Animals will maintain their natural heat better in pure cold air, than in a warm foul one.

SCRAPING and washing the trunks and larger limbs, as soon as they can be got at, will destroy many eggs of injurious insects. Use a wash of common soft soap, thinned to apply readily. The best implement for scraping off the loose bark, is a triangular plate of iron, having 3 inch sides and the edges ground. This may be fastened by its centre to a handle 2 to 3 feet long. The eggs of the tent caterpillar may be readily seen on the ends of last year's twigs, and removed now, thus saving much work in destroying their nest next spring.

ORCHARD TREES.—If new orchards are to be set in the spring, the trees should be ordered this winter, when there is abundant time to consider the matter and to secure a proper selection of trees. Our opinion of the pedlars and agents, has often been given. First-class nurserymen have a reputation which they desire to keep; they are careful not to send out any trees not true to name.

CORN STALKS.—Cows will thrive upon well-cured corn stalks. As good butter, both in color and flavor, has been made in winter from cows fed wholly upon cut stalks, with bran and meal, as when they had the best hay. But the stalks should be cured green, and well saved. One bundle of stalks, cut less than half an inch long, will go as far as four bundles thrown whole to the cows.

DWARF TREES may be broken by snow and ice, and should be after severe storms, if the branches are broken, pare the wound smooth, and then cover with grafting wax, paint, or shellac varnish.

A WINDOW GARDEN.

Miss. J. C. Bateham writes to the *Ohio Farmer*: A few house plants we can not dispense with, even if they do fill up the room somewhat. The great objection I have had to them has been, that even with oil-cloth under the pots, the carpet would be damaged; but I have learned a better way, and now I wish you could see my window garden, for we give up one double window to the plants. I have bought a zinc pan, four feet long, twenty inches wide and four deep, and have this put on a board raised a foot or more from the floor. Of course, if the window is single, and does not come to the floor, the pan should be smaller and raised higher. In this pan I have arranged my plant pots, and all the intervening spaces are filled with rich dirt, in which are growing little fern plants, vines and little bits of moss. The pots are mostly hidden, the space is all used, the whole is more attractive, and the plants can be sprinkled and kept more evenly damp.

On the floor at the end of each pan there is a large garden vase of luxuriant plants, that of course did not need repotting. In fact I usually leave some of my house plants in the pots all summer, sinking the pots in the ground, and the result is entirely satisfactory. The rest of the tender plants are now put in boxes, ready to place in a frost-proof cellar as soon as necessary. A few winter-blooming plants, a sprinkling of ferns or pretty foliage plants, and plenty of vines, are what I want in the sitting or dining-room, and of course the vines are prettiest, trained all about the walls, pictures and windows. Of these, the English ivy, which is hardy and retains its foliage in sheltered positions out of doors, is the most valuable, as it will bear more changes of temperature than others. Equally pretty, though not so hardy, are the passion vine and smilax. The German ivy, Madeira vine and vines are also good.

A VERY POWERFUL SQUASH.—The *Hartford Daily Times* says: "The lifting power of plants is something marvellous when one considers the chemic laws and subtle principles of plant growth. The power of growing trees to displace huge rocks is often illustrated, and seldom more strikingly than in the case of an oak tree in South Hadley, Mass. This tree, says a local account, is opposite the residence of Nelson W. Burnett. A rock had a seam

in it, and a fibrous root from the oak crept in to the seam, grew, and lifted the rock, weighing over a ton, to the height of one foot. The thickest and heaviest of our Hartford flagging stones, as shown in the case of several on Main street, has been lifted out of position by the growth of tree roots; and on the corner of Main and Pleasant streets one of these roots has thrown up the solid half-foot thick flags of freestone there imbedded. Here is an account of the action of forces in vegetable growths in the case of a squash—the locality being Amherst, Mass. The squash in the Durfee plant-house is now lifting 4,000 pounds. It is now ten weeks since it was harnessed, and something has been continually breaking loose. Five levers have been used, each larger than the preceding, and a set of larger irons, overlapping the first, was found necessary. The leverage is a curiosity, the seven weights comprising buckets of sand, boxes of paint, an anvil, a chain, a pipe-stake, and innumerable other miscellanies. The vine is between 50 and 60 feet long, and this dynamic squash is the only fruit it is allowed to bear."

DWARF CHERRY TREES.—Lack of success with the dwarf pear has prevented general trial of dwarfed trees of other kinds of fruit. But the dwarfed cherry is well worthy of being largely planted. It is beautiful as a shrub, in or out of blossom; but when in spring it peeps out in one rich white ball of bloom it is unsurpassed for beauty. When, again, it is studded full of scarlet fruit it is a charming object. Those who have but little space can hardly do better than to plant a few dwarf cherries. The tree need not occupy more than a square of eight feet, allowing for interspaces as well as trees. They should branch from the very ground and be headed in so as to assume a globular shape. The height will be about four to six feet. The borders can be kept out by packing coal-ashes about the trees and by a strip of tarred paper, occasionally renewed. The curculio can be watched with great ease and from one or two trees be kept off by hand-picking. The amount of fruit will be very large for the space occupied. Success, however, will not be obtained with dwarf cherries, any more than with dwarf pears, without mulching. Give them a good surface dressing of coal-ashes, and occasionally of manure.—*N. Y. Independent.*

APPLES FOR COWS.—There is a prejudice against feeding apples to cows which, according to the *Newburyport Herald*, does not always hold good. A writer in this journal says that the cows will eat them heartily and dry up less. It is a common belief that if fed in moderation. One experimenter gave out his small apples at the rate of half a bushel a day for each milk cow, and reports a marked improvement as to color and flavor in the butter made during the winter months. Another who tried a like experiment found that his cows yielded a third more milk than those of his neighbors, while he was suspected of using anatto on account of the deep yellow color of his butter. Still another declares that cider apples are worth much more for feed than for cider, and as the crop all over the country is very abundant, this year, the time is favorable for testing the truth of the foregoing statement. At least it is easy to try with one or two animals and note the result.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.—I am not able to see what benefit agricultural colleges will be to the farming community, unless they have experimental farms attached to them, and the various questions as to the best and cheapest mode of feeding live stock, and manures and crops, &c., are solved by a series of careful experiments which farmers have not the means, time or knowledge to prepare and carry on. Students should not be admitted until they have acquired a good general education, and their time at the college should be devoted to special training in the theory and practice of the most improved system of farming, so that they might, when they returned home, enlighten their respective neighborhoods. Merely to give a few farmers' sons a good general education, is not conferring any benefit on the farming interest.—*S. W., in Cultivator and Country Gentleman.*

CARBOLIC ACID FOR HOUSE PLANTS.—"Farmer's wife" writes: Several of my nice geraniums began to look sickly, and upon examination I found little worms at the roots. I applied a solution of weak carbohc acid quite freely to the earth, and found it restored the plants to health and beauty in a very short time. It will also kill lice upon the stalks, if applied with a swab or feather to the plants, without injuring the foliage.

PARIS-GREEN AND THE POTATO BUG.—At a meeting of the Academy of Sciences, held at Philadelphia, in the beginning of last month, Dr. Le Conte showed that the use of Paris-green for destroying insects injures the soil, and poisons growing vegetables. This confirms the suggestions we recently threw out regarding the effects of this poison, besides the danger of its accidentally killing cattle.—*Canada Farmer.*

DOMESTIC.

TO MAKE PEPPER VINEGAR.—Take six large red peppers, slit them up, and boil them in three pints of strong vinegar down to one quart. Strain it, and bottle for use. It will keep for years.

PLAIN PUDDINGS.—Bread crumbled and put into a pie-dish with alternate layers of stewed apples and a little sugar, when baked makes an excellent pudding, the juice of the apples making the bread-crumbs quite moist.

APPLE CHARLOTTE.—Line a pie-dish with thin slices of bread, buttered on both sides; fill it up with layers of apples, cut up very small, placing a little apricot jam between each layer, some grated lemon-rind, and plenty of brown sugar; cover the dish up with slices of bread in the same way, and bake it till the bread is well browned.

BEEFSTEAK SAUSAGE.—Take coarse, lean beef, with a small quantity of suet, run it through a sausage cutter, or chop it very finely; add pepper and salt, make into cakes three-quarters of an inch thick, and cook as you would beefsteak. To those whose masticating powers are deficient this mode is well adapted.

OYSTER SOUP.—Take one hundred oysters out of the liquor. To half of the liquor add an equal quantity of water. Boil it with one teaspoonful of crushed allspice, a little mace, some cayenne pepper and salt. Let it boil twenty minutes, then strain it, put it back in the stew-pan, and add the oysters. As soon as it begins to boil, add a teaspoonful of cream, and a little grated cracker, rubbed in one ounce of butter. As soon as the oysters are plump, serve them.

TO DO RED CABBAGE.—Slice right across perfect ones, and put into a tray or jar, first a layer of cabbage well salted, then salt, then cabbage salted, layer upon layer. Then after draining off the brine, heat vinegar enough to cover, adding an ounce of mace to each quart of vinegar and a handful of whole pepper. Just let it heat well—not boil. Then pour it over the cabbage. When it is cool, tie it up. Use white wine vinegar; about six quarts of vinegar will be sufficient for eight good sized cabbages.

GOOD CHILDREN'S CAKE.—Mix a quarter of a pound of butter, or good, fresh dripping into two pounds of flour; add half a pound of pounded sugar, one pound of currants, well washed and dried, half an ounce of caraway seeds, and a quarter of an ounce of bicarbonate of soda, or allspice, and mix all thoroughly. Make warm a pint of new milk, but do not let it get hot; stir into it three teaspoonfuls of good yeast, and with this make up your dough lightly, and knead it well. Line your cake-tins with buttered paper, and put in the dough; let it remain in a warm place to rise for an hour and a quarter, or more if necessary, and then bake in a well-heated oven. This quantity will make two moderately-sized cakes; thus divided, they will take from an hour and a half to two hours baking. Let the paper inside your tins be about six inches higher than the top of the tin itself.

QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.—1. Soak a pint of bread-crumbs in boiling milk, add the yolks of four eggs, well beaten, and sugar to taste; bake in a pie-dish; when cold, spread jam over the top, and over that the whites of four eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, with four table-spoonfuls of white sugar; put into the oven, and bake to a very light brown; flavor with essence of vanilla or lemon.

2.—Cut stale bread into slices, butter them, and lay them in a pie-dish; sprinkle them with a little brown sugar and a few currants. Repeat this until the dish is quite full; then pour on the bread boiled milk mixed with one beat-up egg, until the bread is soaked; bake it light brown. You can make a still plainer bread-pudding of odds and ends, when too stale to use otherwise, by soaking them in skim milk, then beating the bread to a pap, adding a few currants, and a little brown sugar, and boiling in a cloth. Or another very palatable and economical pudding may be made as follows:—Boil the pieces of bread, crust and crumb together, until so soft that it can be beaten up with a fork; add a little chopped suet, some skim milk, and a few spoonfuls of molasses; put it into a pie-dish, and bake it brown; leave the top of it quite rough, or scratch it rough with a fork.

3.—Put the scraps of bread, crust, and crumb, into a basin with sufficient milk to cover them well. Cover the basin with a saucer-lid or a plate, and put it into the oven to soak for about half an hour. Take it out and mash the bread with a fork till it is almost a pulp; then add a handful of raisins, and as many currants, a teaspoonful of brown sugar, some candied lemon-peel, and one egg. Stir it up well, grease a pie-dish, and pour the pudding in. Grate over a little nutmeg, put it into a moderate oven, and let it bake for an hour and a half or two hours.

DAPH.

(From the Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

CLOUDS.

The children were quietly slumbering near her; she had extinguished the candle, that it might not waste its feeble light, and, with her head on her hand, she began to consider seriously the situation in which she found herself. The present was dark enough, but what was she to think of the gloomy future?

Where should she look for the work she would so willingly do? How could she leave her little charge, even if that work were found.

A sense of utter helplessness came over the poor negress, and hot tears poured down her cheeks.

A sudden thought struck her: there was One all-powerful, and to Him she would go. She fell on her knees, and uttered her first simple prayer: "Will de great Lord gib poor Daph something to do?"

Overpowered by the effort she had made, and fearful there was something presuming in a poor creature like herself daring to speak to the Lord, she so revered, Daph sank down on the floor, in a position of silent humility. A conviction that she had been heard and forgiven for the boldness of her prayer stole over her, and she stretched herself as usual on the bare floor, and was soon in a sound sleep.

CHAPTER VII.

A NEW PATH.

Daph rose the following morning, at her usual early hour, and went to perform her customary ablutions beside the well, keeping, however, a sharp look out for Mrs. Ray, to be ready to beat a retreat as soon as that formidable person should make herself heard. No Mrs. Ray appeared, and Daph's curiosity tempted her to take a peep into the room which served as kitchen, parlor, and general abiding-place for Mrs. Ray and Mary, though they slept in the loft above.

Mary was diligently ironing, at this early hour, giving from time to time dolorous glances at a great basketful of damp clothes, which seemed to diminish but slowly under her efforts.

"Where's your ma?" said Daph, as she thrust her head



"DAPH, REVIVED BY THE WELCOME HEAT, WAS IRONING AWAY."

fairly in at the door, regardless of consequences.

"Mother's very sick this morning," said Mary, sorrowfully; "she can't even turn herself in bed, and all these clothes must go home to-night; we have had to keep them too long now, it has been so wet."

"Nebber fret 'bout de close," said Daph, cheerily; "I'se held a flat 'fore dis! Do Daph good to work a little,—she mighty tired, sittin' up all day like a lady. Spose I jus steps up to look at your ma. Maybe I might do somewhat for her, to make her feel some better."

"Oh, don't!" exclaimed Mary, hastily; "she might not like it."

"Nebber you mind dat!" said Daph; "you jus show me de way."

Mary pointed to the door that led to the narrow staircase, and Daph needed no further guidance.

"Ye's mighty sick, isn't ye, Miss' Ray!" said Daph, compassionately, as she stepped to the bedside of the sufferer,

Mrs. Ray turned her head to the wall and groaned, but Daph was not to be easily disconcerted.

"Spose I jus' makes you a little warm drink, and kinder helps you to frow off dis ere sickness?" said Daph, insinuatingly.

"Oh, my back! my bones!—they ache so!" said the poor woman.

"It's jus bein' out in dis wet wedder, jus a-comin' from dat awful hot fire into de swash down rain," said Daph. "White folks isn't used to such hard work. You jus' can't bear it, dat's it."

Daph had struck the right chord, and Mrs. Ray answered, "No, I ain't used to it, that's true enough; but who have I got to help me, but just that slip of a girl? Oh, if my boy had only lived!"

Daph did not wait to hear more of the complaints, which were the burden of Mrs. Ray's daily talk. She hastened to the kitchen, and, with Mary's help, she soon prepared a steaming

bowl of herb-tea, which Mrs. Ray took from her hand without a word. She would have resisted, when Daph proceeded to bathe her feet in warm water; but the kind-hearted negress went steadily on, regardless of opposition, saying, "You'se so very sick, we's mus jus take care of you, same as if you were a bit of a baby. There now, let me jus put the cubber over you," she said, as she released the restive foot. "Now, if you could jus git a little sleep, while I go dress de babies, I'se do believe you would feel mighty better."

Mrs. Ray did into a quiet sleep, the more sound from the night of wakefulness and pain she had just passed. When she awoke, she heard unusual sounds in the kitchen below, and if she could have peeped down the stair-way a pleasant scene would have met her eyes. A cheerful fire roared up the wide chimney. Daph, revived by the welcome heat, was ironing away at the great table, with real heartiness, while little Mary, at her side, tried to move her slender arms in the same

energetic manner. Charlie was seated on the table, a happy spectator of these proceedings, while Louise stood by him, sprinkling and folding a bit of rag again and again, not doubting that she was amazingly useful.

"Mary! Mary!" said a voice from above, feebler and a little less sharp than usual, "who's down there with you?"

"It's jus me and de children, Miss' Ray," said Daph, putting her head fearlessly up the stair-way. "Dat big basket o' clothes wants 'tention, and I'se jus thought I'se better be ironin' a bit, to git de tings out ob de way."

Mrs. Ray made no answer, and Daph, after satisfying herself that the patient was a little better, stepped quietly back into the kitchen.

Daph really enjoyed her busy day, and it was followed by sound, natural sleep, instead of hours of wakefulness and anxious thought.

It was more than a week before Mrs. Ray recovered from the violent cold which had so sud-

denly removed her from the scene of operations; meanwhile Daph and Mary had become excellent friends. The little girl exchanged her hard work for the pleasant care of the children, and Daph's strong arms had the exercise they needed. Daph's busy brain had not meanwhile been idle; the sight of the great oven in the wide chimney-corner had suggested to her a plan, which she was impatient to carry out.

When Mrs. Ray first appeared in the kitchen, she gave an anxious look about her, as if she expected to see nothing but disorder and dirt; but the well-scoured floor and shining plates on the dresser had another tale to tell. Of Daph's skill in cookery, she had tasted several striking specimens, since her appetite had in a measure returned; and she looked on somewhat curiously, as Daph busied herself about the fire, preparing what she called, "Jus a bit relish, to strengthen up Miss' Ray, now she's on her two feet again."

Mary was with the children, and Mrs. Ray took the opportunity to say, "You have been very good to me, Daph, and I am sure you had no reason;" and tears of shame actually came into the poor woman's eyes.

"Now don't, Miss' Ray!" said Daph. "I se isn't been and done anything at all. Come, take a little breakfast, and ye'll feel better, I'm sure."

"What can I do for you, Daph?" continued Mrs. Ray, who had been really touched by the persevering kindness of the honest negress.

"Well now, Miss' Ray," said Daph, "I wants to make a little money. I jus thinks I might do de ironin' for you ebery week, for you can't stand such hard work, and then, maybe, you'd jus let me hab de use ob dat beauty oven, for somewhat I wants to do. I se jus used to cookin', and maybe, if I makes some ob de cakes missus used to like so much, I might sell them, at some ob de grand houses, and so make a pretty sum, by-and-by."

This arrangement was easily made, for Mrs. Ray felt within her but little strength for work, and she was also anxious to show her sense of Daph's late kindness.

One bright June morning, Daph put herself in what she called "splinker order," and the children shouted with delight when her toilette was made. With the help of Mrs. Ray and Mary she had cut out and completed a good calico dress, and a



A REMARKABLE SCENE.

full white apron, and these, with her snowy turban, made a most respectable appearance. A new basket, covered with a clean cloth, was on her head, and within it was stored a variety of nice cakes, which she was proud to show as a specimen of her cookery.

Mary stood at the window with the children, as Daph went off, and the little ones kissed their hands to her until she was fairly out of sight.

Daph had learned her way about the city with ease, for she had quick observation, and a ready memory, and she now found no difficulty in reaching what she called the "grand houses," which were ranged in imposing rows, on what is now one of the business streets.

At door after door she tried to gain admittance, but the consequential servants turned her off with a contemptuous word, and her heart began to sink within her. At last, as an imperative footman was ordering her away from a great family mansion, two ladies passed out,

to enter a carriage. Daph was desperate. She dropped a curtsy and said, "Ladies, like some nice cakes?" and at the same moment she lowered her basket, uncovered it, and displayed its tempting array.

The frank, good face of the negress, and the attractive appearance of her wares, secured the attention of the ladies, and they purchased largely. Encouraged by their kindness, Daph said, "If de ladies would jus' speak for Daph to some ob de great folks, to buy from her Tuesdays and Fridays, Daph would try to please dem."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A REMARKABLE SCENE.

Mrs. R. R. Wallace writes from Stryker, Ohio, U. S. A., April 18, to the *Western Advocate*:

"The ladies of our village have organized themselves into a 'Woman's Temperance League.' We have not as yet visited the saloons, but are laboring in a different way. We meet

as a band every Tuesday and Friday afternoon for prayer and speaking, and once a week prepare an entertainment or general mass meeting for all interested in temperance. We held our first meeting on Friday evening, April 17, and a more impressive scene was never witnessed in Stryker. The room was crowded to its utmost capacity. Several of our most prominent saloon-keepers were present. Our meeting was opened by singing and prayer, then a short address by Mrs. Lindsley, President of the League. We were next entertained by some very able and appropriate remarks by Colonel E. D. Bradley. While he was speaking, the husband of our President, who is a confirmed drunkard, came staggering toward the platform. With shame, mortification, and deepest anguish depicted on her countenance, the wife sprang to intercept him, not knowing what he would do. He pushed by her and reached the rostrum. Just as he passed her she slipped the protruding bottle from his pocket, and placed it on the table at her side. In the meanwhile the drunken, half-insensible husband returned to the audience and sat down. All was still as death; rising to her feet, and holding the bottle up to view, the half-frenzied wife exclaimed: 'Here is the cause of my sorrow! Here are the tears—yea, the very life-blood of a drunkard's wife. Look at it, rumseller, here is the poison dealt out by you to the once loved husband of my youth; but now (pointing to her husband) behold the remains—nothing but the remains—of what was once a noble and honored man. Love, truth, and even manhood itself has fled. Now behold him! And here (pointing to the bottle) is the cause.' She stopped for a moment, and nothing was heard but the sobs of the audience; then turning her pale anguish-stricken face toward heaven, she exclaimed: 'How long, O Lord, shall intemperance reign—blighting our dearest earthly hopes and draining our very life's blood!' then, turning to the audience: 'Can you wonder why I raise my voice against this terrible evil? Sisters, will you help me?' Cries of 'Yes, yes!' came from almost every lady in the house. She sat down, pale and exhausted. The meeting concluded, but impressions were made that can never be erased. Sisters, take courage! the Lord is on our side, and right must prevail."



The Family Circle.

COME.

BY MARIA J. BISHOP.

Come! He calls thee. Go with Mary;
By the sepulchre He stands;
Love His accent; do not tarry;
Kiss the Master's outstretched hands.

Think not of thy way-soiled garment;
Think not of thy sin-stained brow;
See! He waits with shining raiment—
Calls thee His beloved now!

Come, though weary, sad and dying;
Jesus calls thee by thy name;
On the moor He saw thee lying—
His poor, wounded, wandering lamb.

Fear not; He will not upbraid thee;
He will make thee fair as light.
Art thou weak, His arm will aid thee,
'Till thou walk with Him in white.

BOYS, LEARN TO DO THINGS.

BY REV. ASA BULLARD.

Henry Bell was brought up on a farm. His father was a physician, but he had a large farm on which he worked more or less, when professional duties would allow, and he taught all of his seven boys to work; and not one of them, even those in professional life, has ever regretted this early training.

Henry, from his boyhood, had a great desire to do everything he saw anyone else do. He liked to spend his play-hours with the tools in his father's shop, making bows and arrows, sleds, boxes, etc., which he learned to make very neatly.

In those days each family had their boots and shoes made at home. A shoemaker, or a cobbler, as he was then called, came with his bench and tools on his shoulder, and spent days, and even weeks, making all the boots and shoes of the whole family for a year. Those occasions were full of interest to Henry. He begged the privilege of going into the chamber with the shoemaker, and learning his trade. He very soon learned to peg and sew and make himself quite useful in the work. To be sure, there were times in after years, during his college vacations, when his knowledge and skill in mending old boots and shoes were of more use to the family than of recreation to him. Still he has never regretted that he came so near being a shoemaker.

Henry had a great taste for the garden. Raising all kinds of vegetables, flowers, shrubbery, etc., was his delight. While his brothers and the hired men were resting at noon-time in the summer, he would seek his rest among his thriving beds of beets and carrots, watching the growth of his melons and cucumbers, and enjoying the varied beauties and sweet fragrance of his roses and pinks, etc. And this interest in horticulture has grown ever since, as every one can see who visits his vine-clad home, in the midst of choice shrubbery and ever-blooming flowers.

This knowing how to do things, which Henry so early learned, has been an unending source of pleasure, as well as a practical benefit, to him all his life. For the forty years he has had a home of his own, there has been scarcely a week, or even a day, when his knowing how to do things has not been of service to him. There is hardly any little repair or improvement needed about the house, but he can make it. And while it is usually a pleasant recreation to lay aside his studies for a short time, it is also an important matter of economy.

He is told that a pane of glass, or the cord of a window, has been broken; there is a hole in the bottom of a tin dish, or the handle has unsoldered; the pump, the clock, or the lock on a door or trunk, is out of order; or a few things need painting; all these things he can usually repair and put in order, and do it in less time than it would take to get the glazier, tinker, pump-maker or painter to come and do it; and at the same time he saves his dollar, or his fifty cents, for every little job. A new shelf or bookcase is wanted, or a trellis for his clematis, honeysuckle or grapevines; he has a work-bench and tools in the barn-chamber, and some hour, when he needs relaxation and exercise, the work is done. His house needs shingling, or a new room is needed; and, if he can spare a little time from his study, he can turn his skill to account in aiding the carpenter; and thus hundreds and hundreds of dollars have been saved to him by having learned to be his own mechanic.

Now, boys, is it not worth your while to be learning to do things? All may not have an equal tact or natural genius, for turning

their hand to almost everything. But everyone ought to know enough—no matter what his employment in life is to be—not to harness a horse—if called to harness one in an emergency—with his head towards the carriage, or to put on a saddle wrong end foremost, or to think he has done a smart thing by making a round button for a door.

HOW TO GET RICH.

In Mr. Tyler's tract, "How to Get Rich," he says:

"Either a man must be content with poverty all his life, or else be willing to deny himself some luxuries, and save, to lay the base of independence in the future. But if a man defies future, and spends all that he earns (whether his earnings be one dollar or ten dollars every day) let him look for lean and hungry want, some future time."

I tell you, reader, what the writer of this pamphlet ought to know. About ten years ago, when a clerk on a small salary, being convinced that saving is the secret of wealth, he started on a plan of laying by, each week, a portion of his wages, with a firm purpose to stick to the plan for a period of ten years. Those ten years are now ended; and the result is, he has a yearly income from his savings that amounts to the same as his salary was at the time he commenced to save ten years ago. Or, in other words, the yearly interest from his savings will now support him all the rest of his life. And this he did, with others dependent on him, nearly all the time. What think you of this, all ye who never tried faithfully to save a little every week from your earnings? Habits of economy, growing stronger year by year, have rolled up a sum total just as much again as he expected.

To save, is absolutely the only way to make a solid fortune. Every man may make or mar his life, whichever he may choose. Fortune is for those who by Diligence, Honesty and Frugality, place themselves in a position to grasp hold of Fortune when it appears in view. The best evidence of Diligence is the sound of the hammer in your shop, at five o'clock in the morning. The best evidence of Frugality is five hundred dollars or more, standing at your name in the Savings Bank. The best evidence of Honesty are both diligence and frugality, for these prove stealing illogical.

True it is that fortune sometimes is acquired by other means, but does not all depend on all history, and all story show how such fortunes are not solid? They fritter fast away, or prove a curse of life to the recipient. Look around the world, and satisfy yourself, and you will find that many years of saving made the rich men rich; and that one year of spending often makes men poor.

Part of your plan must be, never to draw a dollar from the bank. Put as much as you please in the Savings Bank, but don't draw any out, for that is like trying to build a house and as fast as you get it partly up, pulling it down again. You can't get on in that way. You must stick to your plan.

Five dollars a week steadily saved and put in the Savings Bank, for five years, and you will then be worth \$1,515.

Then fifteen hundred dollars will ever afterwards earn you eight dollars a month.

GIVING BROKEN THINGS TO GOD.

Wise heads are sometimes found on young shoulders. Infant lips sometimes utter sharp truths and biting sarcasms. A child's eyes see farther and a child's mind understands more than older heads imagine.

Clothing for the Freedmen! We want to send two or three barrels of clothing for the poor blacks at the South. Who will give to God's poor? "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

Such was the call from the pulpit. Of course the matter was talked over in the family. Clothes-presses were ransacked. Second-hand garments, with, perhaps, here and there a rent in them, were gathered together, and a respectable bundle was sent to the "barrel." Little eyes looked on with interest. Little thoughts were busy. Why did we send so many second-hand things to God's poor? Why didn't we lend some of our best things to the Lord?

Not long after, a valuable chair was badly broken. What shall we do with that chair? was a natural question. "I dees," said little three-year-old, "I dees we shall have to div it to Dod."

What a commentary on poor human nature! How prone we are to give broken things to God! How the old Jews set us the example! How they would persist in bringing the maimed, and the halt, and the blind, for sacrifice, when God demanded the spotless and the unblemished. In one of our secular papers, not long since, we saw the statement that the deacons of a certain church out West usually spent a large part of Monday mending the broken scrip which was put into the contribution box on Sunday. No doubt the statement was exaggerated. But we question if there

was ever a church treasurer who did not have considerable of such work to do. And sometimes the scrip aforesaid is not only broken, but not even worth mending. It is counterfeit.

Giving broken things to God! What multitudes of impenitent sinners are doing it or purposing to do it! "Give me thine heart," says God. Give it now. Give it in youth. Give it in manhood. Give your best days, your best strength, your best services, your best powers of mind and body to God. But no; not now, is the response. Wait—wait till old age comes—till sinful indulgences no longer exhilarate. Wait till death stares me in the face. Then I'll give myself to God; then, when I am brok-n, and helpless, and useless. Oh, for shame!

There is one broken thing which God calls for and never will refuse. It is a broken heart. Give Him that, but let all your other offerings be sound and wholesome.—N. Y. Observer.

TRUST JESUS.

I was once expounding the seventh and eighth of Romans to a class of colored Bible-women, deeply experienced as to their hearts, but very ignorant, as I supposed, in their heads. It was before I had learned this blessed secret I have been trying to tell you, and what I said I cannot possibly imagine now, but it was certainly something very different from my present exposition. After I had been talking eloquently for a little while, an old colored woman interrupted me with—

"Why, honey, 'pears like you don't understand them chapters."

"Why not, auntie?" I asked: "what is the matter with my explanation?"

"Why, honey," she said, "you talks as if we were to live in that miserable seventh chapter, and only pay little visits to the blessed eighth."

"Well," I answered, "that is just what I do think; don't you?"

"Laws, honey," she exclaimed, with a look of intense pity for my ignorance, "why, I lives in the eighth."

I knew it was true, for I had often wondered at the holiness of her lowly life, and for a moment I was utterly bewildered. But then I thought, "Oh! it is because she is colored and poor that God has given her such a grand experience to make up. And I almost began to wish I was colored and poor, that I also might have the same experience. But, I rejoice to say to you to-day, that even if you are white and not poor, you yet may know what it is to abide in Christ, and to rejoice in all the blessedness of such abiding."

The necessary steps are very simple. First be convinced from the Scriptures that it is really in accordance with the will of God. Nothing can be done without this. Then yield yourselves and all your affairs up into the hands of the Lord, to have His holy will done in everything. Then believe that He takes you, and that He undertakes to keep, and save, and deliver you. And, finally, trust Him. It is all hidden in these two little words, Trust Jesus. When you have reached the point where you can really trust Him with everything and for everything, you have reached the land of rest. But remember that trust and worry do not go together. If you worry, you do not trust. If you trust, you will not worry. Let me entreat of you, dear friends, to trust Jesus. Perfect trust in Jesus will bring the soul out of every difficulty that ever was thought of. Trust in Jesus will carry you along triumphantly through every step of your Christian experience; will save you from going into the wilderness if you are not there; will bring you out if you are; will take you into the land of promise, and cause you to abide there continually, and will make you more than conquerors over all the enemies you may meet there! If I were about to speak my last word to you for ever, it would be only this—"Trust Jesus."—Mrs. R. Pearl Smith.

BOLDNESS.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUTLER.

Jesus was the meekest and gentlest of all beings, yet his courage never flinched. How he soothed the scoundrel Pharisees with the lightnings of his invectives! His Apostles were wonderfully calm and collected men. They never bluster; but adamant is not firmer. Stephen before the furious Sanhedrim, Peter confronting the rulers of Jerusalem, Paul on the castle stairs and in Nero's judgment-hall, are among the sublimest characters for moral courage in history. What models they were for us ministers of the Lord Jesus! Over and over again we read that they "spake the word of God with boldness." They did it at the cost of their lives. Shame on us that we so often conceal, or else muffle, the edge of God's truth, when it is not a question of life, but merely one of popularity or pay! We always cheat ourselves when we play the coward; for nothing "pays" better in the long run than fidelity to conscience. The secret of apostolic courage is found not only in the

presence of the Almighty Spirit, but in the fact, several times recorded, that they made special prayer, that they "might have boldness to open their mouths" for their Master. A notable example of this is to be found in the narrative of the prayer-meeting, which is in the fourth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. Yet in our modern prayer-meetings we seldom hear petitions offered for courage to speak the truth, and to "stand up for Jesus."

Every man admires moral courage, even though his own backbone be made of pulp. Luther's pluck on his way to Worms, and before the Diet, has been applauded by many a man who did not dare even to refuse a glass of wine in a polished company, for fear of a stare or a frown. The mass of professed Christians are guilty of too much time-serving, too much drifting with the current, too much concealment of needed truth, and too much compromise with Christ's enemies. The boldest are none too bold; the cowards are as much despised by themselves as by others. Men of the world expect more faithful dealing from Christians than they receive; secretly they feel an utter contempt for a shamefaced professor of religion.—Evangelist.

THE TEA MISSION.

The *Christian Weekly* tells of a curious combination of trade and charity by which much good is being accomplished in Brooklyn. It says:—

Something more than a year ago the office secretary of the Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association retired from the position he had so long held. His heart was still in the work of aiding the deserving poor by the distribution of garments, etc., which had so long formed a part of his duties, and he hired a room in Court street, at a rent of \$20 per month, over the window of which he placed the sign, "Voluntary Relief Work." The first bundles of half-worn clothing were brought by himself from his country home, but more kept pouring in, and by the first of March 1,764 articles had been distributed to those whose cases, on investigation, proved themselves in need and worthy. Situations have been furnished to the unemployed, meals and lodging to the stranger and homeless, and graves for the respectable destitute. The year's statistics represent about \$23,117.11, and left, October 1, a balance of \$696.22 in the treasurer's hands. There are no expenses save expenses on clothing, the mending of boots and shoes, rent, fuel, etc.

But how are these, as well as some items which must be paid for with cash, furnished? In a most ingenious and original way. Early in the year Mr. C—having received a donation of money, bethought himself of purchasing a box of tea at a low price to distribute to the sick poor. Trying it himself, and getting some of his friends to do so, they found it very superior, and desired to purchase some at a greatly advanced price. This laid the foundation of a brisk tea-trade, by means of which the self-appointed missionary supports his mission.

Mr. C—finds the work intensely fascinating in its details, and has many stories to tell to those who will drop in at 75 Court street, of the good work done by boots and shoes. Among them we recall a pair of boots sent in without a name, as being too insignificant for acknowledgement. They were sent to be repaired, and just as they were brought back, a young man, decently clothed, but almost bare-foot, entered. The boots were given to him, and on these foundations he was able to go to New York and procure a good situation, and in a few weeks returned to deposit his first week's wages as interest on the investment of the boots.

Another young man was met late one evening who had sold his sole possession, a copy of Tennyson, for food, and for the last five nights had slept in the streets. Mr. C—gave him an order on a lodging-house, but he was too late to present it, and spent that night sitting up in a station house. The next morning he presented himself at the Relief Room, was clothed, fed, and kindly cared for. Others were interested for him, and now he is preaching the Gospel to quite a large mission congregation on the east side of New York.

"BIG AND QUICK."

BY "OLD MAN MILLER."

It is related, to the shame of a modern military commander, that he was intoxicated at the time he assumed charge of a certain army division, and made a maudlin speech to the troops, in which he took occasion to utter the boast: "Gentlemen, what I do shall be big and quick." The truth will readily be surmised that the term of this general's commandership was quick enough, and, in fulfillment of his boast, was indeed marked by some things big. But since the smoke of conflict has cleared away, unfortunately the memory of his record never brings to any cheek the flush of pleasure.

The "big and quick" plan of action is always

an unsafe one, and peculiarly unsatisfactory in Christian work. Hot-headed and inconsiderate young officers wish to work big reforms in the church and school, and seem crazy to do it quick. With them postponement means only failure. In point of haste they are like financiers who, in clamoring for cash, "want money, and want it now." But the Lord, with whom a thousand years are as one day, has no respect for impatience. Nothing is ever gained through smart ways, although things big often result, such as big failures, great shame, extended evil, and widespread confusion.

Teachers aim at big and quick results, the sudden conversion of their scholars, and with it their instantaneous development into the full stature of men and women in Christ; and when they find that such things do not occur they drop the plough and start for some shady spot in the vineyard. It is comparatively easy to supply our Sabbath-schools with teachers who enter upon work with the idea of making their term of service short, sharp, and decisive, while it is really difficult to find those who "will wear" and certainly teachers that have the lasting quality are the only ones of any value.

Ambitious pastors and people, expecting to do big things quick, often embellish their churches with heavy mortgages, and then, alas! (as I was told not half an hour since by a perplexed soul now passing through the trial) find "they cannot compete with other churches, and it seems best to sever the pastoral relation, because the church is running so fearfully behind, while Roman Catholics stand waiting to secure the property." Young men beginning life, and even those entering upon sacred offices, sometimes seek big salaries and high positions, and, considering their callow powers, seek them far too soon.

The "big and quick" frenzy is a fearful malady of these days, and frequently makes dizzy heads in the religious world, as well as in the world of business. New societies are organized and new prospectuses issued which clearly set forth a new way declared to be immeasurably superior to the old, and, on the strength of untried plans, extraordinary promises are made of doing marvellously big things wonderfully quick. If people would search records, they might find that the same spasms have been endured countless times before, resulting almost uniformly in a reaction of weakness and languor. The simple, straightforward, faithful, tried way is the one in which God delights; and who would not rather have His help than to have all the stimulus gathered from a delusive hope of results "big and quick"?—Working Church.

THE FORCE OF PRAYER.

Prayer does not directly take away a trial or its pain, any more than a sense of duty takes away the danger of infection, or the fever, so that the trial does not pass into the temptation to sin. A sorrow comes upon you. Omit prayer, and you fall out of God's testing into the devil's temptation; you get angry, hard of heart, reckless. But meet the dreadful hour with prayer, cast your care on God, claim Him as your Father though He seem cruel—and the degrading, paralyzing, bitter effects of pain and sorrow pass away, a stream of sanctifying and softening thought pours into the soul, and that which might have wrought your fall but works in you the peaceable fruits of righteousness. You pass from bitterness into the courage of endurance, and from endurance into battle, and from battle into victory, till at last the trial dignifies and blesses your life. The force of prayer is not altogether effective at once. Its action is cumulative. At first there seems no answer to your exceeding bitter cry. But there has been an answer. God has heard. A little grain of strength, not enough to be conscious of, has been given in one way or another. A friend has come in and grasped your hand—you have heard the lark sprinkle his notes like raindrops on the earth—a text has stolen into your mind, you know not how. Next morning you awake with the old aching at the heart, but the grain of strength has kept you alive—and so it goes on; hour by hour, day by day, prayer brings its tiny sparks of light till they orb into a star; its grains of strength till they grow into an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast. The answer to prayer is slow; the force of prayer is cumulative. Not till life is over is the whole answer given, the whole strength it has brought understood.—Stopford Brooke.

GRANNIE'S RECIPE FOR PICKLING GRIEVANCES.

Take a quarter of an ounce of grievance. (N. B. Some say a grain is sufficient, as in this recipe everything depends on the cooking. I have been told it has been successful without any of the solid ingredient at all, but I only give what I have tried.) Bruise and pound it thoroughly, so that every particle of the fibre is laid bare. Season it with a good sprinkling

of your Own Merits. Let it stand some hours, adding from time to time alternately a pinch of the Unrequited Delinquencies of others, and their Undeserved Blessings. In the evening boil it in water from the well of Pride, leaving it to simmer all night. The next morning strain it from all remnants of your own Well-deserved Trials, bottle it, and cork it tightly from fresh air, which is fatal to it, securing the cork with parchment written over with the Generous Commendations of your acquaintances, and the Unjust Attacks of your best friends.

This pickle is warranted to keep for years. If it should fail, it must be either from some defect of care in the straining, or because the vessel in which it was boiled had not been previously carefully rinsed from all remains of your own Undeserved Blessings.

If it should lose any of its sharpness, you have only to boil the whole carefully over again in water from the same well, and you will find the flavor recover all its first acidity and pungency.

Let no cooks attempt this recipe to whom leisure is of no value, as all depends on the leisure bestowed on the preparation.—Our Own Fireside.

EDUCATIONAL ITEMS.

—Wang Chin Foo, the Chinese refugee, has been offered a professorship in the Asiatic Department of the University of Modern Languages, at Newburyport, Mass., and will probably accept.

—As an inducement to provide safety precautions, a reward of \$2,000 is to be given to that colliery owner in Belgium in whose pits the smallest number of workmen shall have been killed by explosions in the ten years ending in 1883.

—At the recent meeting of the Northeastern Ohio Teachers' Association, Superintendent I. M. Clemens, of Wooster, said that it was a fact that in the schools of that town the boys do not read as well as the girls, and the same was true of many other schools. The girls read ten times as much out of the school as the boys; and, as that reading was better than was afforded by the best text-books, they very naturally excelled the boys.

—Boston spent during the last school year \$1,866,720.29 for educational purposes. The salaries for teachers and officers amounted to \$1,041,376. The Boston Herald asserts that only a third of the graduates of the grammar schools, who are themselves but a fraction of those who enter, ever go into the high schools; while of the primary school graduates only half reach the second class in the grammar schools.

—When a scholar asks a question which the teacher cannot answer the teacher had better confess his ignorance and pass on to the next point. He is set to teach what he does know, not what he doesn't know. He doesn't know finding this out. The best way of meeting many a difficulty in Bible harmony or interpretation is by the frank admission that it is a difficulty which we lack the knowledge and ability to solve.

CLOSER TO CHRIST.

The sole remedy of all our woes, all our apprehensions, all our sorrow, is just to come closer to Christ—closer to Christ in personal experience, closer to Christ in daily communion, closer to Christ in perpetual reliance, closer to Christ in importunate prayer, closer to Christ in honest and hearty work! When the good Dr. Alexander, of Princeton, in New Jersey, lay a-dying, some one came to him and quoted a passage for his comfort as he lay half unconscious—"I know in whom I have believed!" A fire lit up his glazing eye, and the old Christian warrior roused himself as for an utterance of latest testimony, and he said to his startled listeners, "No, I can not allow even a preposition between me and my Saviour: 'I know whom I have believed.'" Let us go up to that level; let the great, baptized heart of the Church get up to that level of intimate, close, faithful union with Christ, and we and our cause are safe. No fear of the Confessional then. Assuredly those who will not bear an intervening preposition will never brook an intervening priest. No fear of over-weening sorrow then, for we shall remember that, although God buries his workmen, he carries on his work. No fear of relaxed efforts then, for idleness will be seen in its hatefulness as a sin against boundless love. No fear of straightened means and empty exchequers, and niggard doles, and small-hearted liberalities then, for the frost of every heart must melt that is so near the Saviour; and men putting away the large greeds and little giving of their childish days, will, like Arannah, "as a king give unto a king," pouring out their treasures as brave warriors their blood, and giving or striving to give, in some far-off and reverent manner, after the measure of him who, that we and the world might live, spared not his only begotten Son!—Rev. W. M. Punshon.

SELECTIONS.

—If thou seest anything in thyself which may make thee proud, look a little further, and thou shalt find enough to humble thee; if thou be wise, view the peacock's feathers with his feet, and weigh thy best parts with thy imperfections. He that would rightly prize the man, must read his whole story.—Quarles.

—While aught remains in us contrary to a perfect resignation of our wills, it is like a seal to the book wherein is written "that good and acceptable and perfect will of God" concerning us. But when our minds entirely yield to Christ, that silence is known which followeth the opening of the last of the seals. In this silence we learn to abide in the Divine will, and there feel that we have no cause to promote except that alone in which the light of life directs us.—John Woolman.

—To encounter death, to go forth to the last dread scene with no strength but that of nature, is hopeless work. There must be the living might of faith to make the soul victorious. To millions of men the fear of death has cast a dark shadow over life, but faith has made the soul victorious over it. The marvels which this faith has wrought in various departments of life are written for our encouragement. It has shut the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, turned back the edge of the sword, and subdued kingdoms. But nowhere do we see its conquering force more than in life's last scene. It makes timid men bold, and feeble men more than conquerors. It brings God to the soul's help, opens to it the prospect of a better world, and gives it foretaste of the future.

—God's grace brings out of old practices into new ones. Conversion, if it is genuine, makes a radical change of conduct. The profane lips stop swearing, and the tipping lips stop drinking. The Sabbath-breaker seeks the house of God, and the lover of pleasure finds a higher pleasure in trying to please Jesus. Old habits are sloughed off; there is a new hand at the helm, steering the life into new channels. This is the only religion worth the praying for—a religion that purges, cleanses, sweetens, and regulates the whole life. When stingy A—begins to send loads of coal to the poor, and churlish B—begins to take his children on his lap and treat his poor relations kindly, when alippery C—begins to practice honest dealings, and godless D—sets up a family altar, there is pretty good evidence that God's grace is at work. They have come out of the old paths. They have taken a new departure.—Cuyler.

STUDY OF THE SCRIPTURES.—I have observed that Christians in the present day are a little disposed to lean upon books and authors, and then to slight the Word of God. They peruse the doctrines of the Gospel clearly, and this saves them trouble, and so they prefer it to God's Word. Ah! we may get a smattering of truth in this way, but this is not drawing water from the deep wells of salvation. Take the bucket yourself and fill it at the clear spring. Dig deep into the Scriptures, and there you will find solid gold. Thus you will become a sound and settled Christian.—Bishop Ozenden.

A SOFT ANSWER.—How a soft answer can turn away dissatisfaction, as well as wrath, is illustrated in the following anecdote of the late President Wayland:—"Deacon Moses Pond went to Dr. Wayland once, with the complaint that the preaching didn't edify him. 'I'm sorry,' said the pastor, 'I know they are poor sermons. I wish I could make them better. Come, let us pray that I may be able to do so.' The deacon telling the story, used to say, 'Dr. Wayland prayed, and I prayed. He cried, and I cried. But I have thought a hundred times that it was strange that he did not turn me out of the house. I tell you there never was a better man nor a greater preacher than Dr. Wayland.'"

THE JORDAN.—Get clearly in the children's minds the location of the Jordan between the two seas, north and south; its average breadth sixty feet, and depth nine feet; direct distance between Sea of Galilee and Dead Sea, sixty miles. The course of the Jordan, however, is so crooked, constantly doubling on its track, that Lieut. Lynch, the first man to go down the Jordan in a boat, found its length at some 200 miles, and its current very swift and dangerous. It is almost the only river of Palestine, the others being little better than torrent beds to carry off the waterfall of the rainy season. Lieut. Lynch speaks of the Jabbok as a small stream trickling down a deep and wide channel; and Dr. Robinson found even the bed of the Kishon dry, so far as the eastern plain of Esdraelon was concerned. The Jordan has a fall of 650 feet along its course, from the Tiberias to the Dead Sea, which accounts for its swift currents, numerous rapids, and significant name, "The Descender."—N. Y. Evangelist.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

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

LESSON VII.

FEB. 14.] EBAL AND GERIZIM.—Josh. viii. 30-35. About 1446 B. C. (?)

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 34, 35.

30. Then Joshua built an altar unto the Lord God of Israel in Mount Ebal,

31. As Moses the servant of the Lord commanded the children of Israel, as it is written in the book of the law of Moses, an altar of whole stones, over which no man hath lift up any iron; and they offered thereon burnt-offerings unto the Lord, and sacrificed peace-offerings.

32. And he wrote there upon the stones a copy of the law of Moses, which he wrote in the presence of the children of Israel.

33. And all Israel, and their elders, and officers, and their judges, stood on this side the ark and on that side before the priests the Levites, which bear the ark of the covenant of the Lord, as well the stranger as he that was born among them; half of them over against Mount Gerizim and half of them over against Mount Ebal; as Moses the servant of the Lord had commanded before, that they should bless the people of Israel.

34. And afterward he read all the words of the law, the blessings and cursings according to all that is written in the book of the law.

35. There was not a word of all that Moses commanded, which Joshua read not before all the congregation of Israel, with the women, and the little ones, and the strangers that were conversant among them.

GOLDEN TEXT.—I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing.—Deut. xxx. 19. CENTRAL TRUTH.—Righteousness exalts, and sin degrades, a people.

DAILY READINGS. M. Deut. xxvii. 1-26. T. Ex. xxxiv. 1-5; 27-32. W. Deut. xi. 1-5; 21-26. Th. Deut. xxi. 9-30. F. Deut. xx. 2-35. Sa. Deut. xxx. 19-29. S. Josh. viii. 30-35.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—First read the directions Moses gave in regard to this event as recorded in Deut. xxvii. Imagine two high mountains so near together that a person speaking upon the side of one could be distinctly heard on the other mountain across the valley. Then study the passages.—Lesson noted under "Tentative Exercises."

ORDER OF EVENTS.—(14.) At Ta... (15.) Ebal and Gerizim.

NOTES.—This event, some suppose, took place at the close of the war, ch. xi. xliii. EBAL and GERIZIM, twin mountains, about one thousand feet higher than the valley between them, and twenty-six hundred feet above the sea. The town of Shechem, now Nablous, was in the valley. The mountains are upwards of thirty miles from Jericho, too far for an army to march through an enemy's territory safely, hence it is supposed that these verses are out of their proper and original place. (Speaker's Commentary.)

EXPLANATION.—(30.) Ebal, mountain near Samaria. (31.) as it is written (Deut. xxvii. 4-6); whole stones, unhewn stones; lift up, etc., so the Lord had directed, Ex. xx. 25. (32.) wrote there upon the stones, probably a pillar of stone (not the altar), covered with plaster, as directed by Moses. Deut. xxvii. 2, 3. (33.) half... Mount Gerizim. Deut. xi. 29; xxvii. 12 (34.) blessings and cursings. (see Deut. xxvii.) (35.) not a word, all the commands faithfully repeated; were conversant, or "walked among them"—i. e., those who had accepted their religion.

ILLUSTRATION.—Imagine... the tribes crowding the slopes on either side (of the valley). A single voice might be heard by many thousands. In early morning, says Mr. Tristram, we could not only see from Gerizim a man diving down a path on Mount Ebal, but could hear every word he uttered.... Afterwards two of the travellers on different sides of this valley recited the ten commandments responsively with perfect ease.

TOPICS AND QUESTIONS.

- (I.) THE ALTAR BUILT. (II.) THE LAW WRITTEN. (III.) THE LAW READ. I. Where did Joshua build an altar? To whom? At whose command? Where given? Deut. xxvii. 5. Of what was the altar built? For what purpose? II. What else was Israel to set up? Deut. xxvii. 2. What was written on these stones? Who saw this? Why called "the law of Moses"? III. State how the people were arranged on the two mountains. By whose command? Deut. xxvii. 11, 12. To what were they to listen? Who read the words of the law? State what the law promised and what it threatened.

How much of the law was read? Who heard it? What in this lesson teaches us— (1.) That the Lord would have us remember his commands? (2.) The reward of obedience and the danger of disobedience?

Commands observed. Sacred altar. Copy of law written. Blessings and curses repeated. Congregation all hear.

LESSON VIII.

FEB. 21.]

CALEB'S INHERITANCE.—Josh. xiv. 6-15. About 1443 B. C.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 9, 13.

6. Then the children of Judah came unto Joshua in Gilgal: and Caleb the son of Jephunneh the Kenazite said unto him, Thou knowest the thing that the Lord said unto Moses the man of God concerning me and thee in Kadesh-barnea.

7. Forty years old was I when Moses the servant of the Lord sent me from Kadesh-barnea to spy out the land; and I brought him word again as it was in mine heart.

8. Nevertheless my brethren that went up with me made the heart of the people melt; but I wholly followed the Lord my God.

9. And Moses swore on that day, saying, Surely the land whereon thy feet have trodden shall be thine inheritance, and thy children's for ever, because thou hast wholly followed the Lord my God.

10. And now, behold, the Lord hath kept me alive, as he said, these forty and five years, even since the Lord spake this word unto Moses, while the children of Israel wandered in the wilderness: and now, lo, I am this day fourscore and five years old.

11. As yet I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me; as my strength was then, even so is my strength now, for war, both to go out, and to come in.

12. Now, therefore, give me this mountain, whereof the Lord spake in that day; for thou heardest in that day how the Anakims were there, and that the cities were great and fenced; if so be the Lord will be with me, then I shall be able to drive them out, as the Lord said.

13. And Joshua blessed him, and gave unto Caleb the son of Jephunneh Hebron for an inheritance.

14. Hebron therefore became the inheritance of Caleb the son of Jephunneh the Kenazite unto this day because that he wholly followed the Lord God of Israel.

15. And the name of Hebron before was Kirjath-arba, which is by the land of the Anakims.

GOLDEN TEXT.—If any man serve me, him will my Father honor.—John xii. 26.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—He is faithful who hath promised.

DAILY READINGS.

- M. Num. xiii. 17-33. T. Deut. i. 22-46. W. Heb. iv. 1-16. Th. Ps. xcv. 1-11. F. Num. xiv. 6-25. Sa. Ps. xviii. 38-50. S. Josh. xiv. 6-15.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Do not fail to notice the important events connecting this with former lessons, as given in the Order of Events. Then turn to Num. xiv. and Deut. i. 1-16, read the promises to Caleb and others, and then study the points noted under "Topics and Questions."

ORDER OF EVENTS.—(16.) The Gibeonites' fraud. (17.) Victory at Gibeon. (18.) Conquest of the land. (19.) Division of the land east of the Jordan. (20.) Caleb's inheritance.

NOTES.—Caleb, one of the twelve spies who gave a good report, Num. xiii. 30. Anakim, a race of giants, children of Arba and sons of Anak, Deut. i. 28. Hebron, chief city of the Anakim, given to Caleb, was among the mountains twenty Roman miles south of Jerusalem, one of the oldest of cities. There Sarah died and Abraham was buried; Isaac and Jacob lived there also. It now has about five thousand inhabitants.

EXPLANATION.—(6.) children of Judah, friends, perhaps relatives of Caleb; the thing (Num. xiv. 30); in Kadesh, after the spies reported. (7.) in my heart, spake sincerely—i. e. true honest report. (8.) heart... melt, with fear (Num. xiii. 31); wholly followed, perfect obedience; now he can claim the blessing. (10.) kept me alive, as he said, (For this promise, see Num. xiv. 24.) (11.) I am as strong, serving God preserves his strength (so Moses, Deut. xxxiv. 7.) (12.) this mountain, or mountainous region about Hebron; Anakim, he takes the land of those whom Israel feared (see Num. xiii. 33); as the Lord said, he trusts God (see the promise, Deut. ix. 2, 3.) (13.) Hebron, (see Notes). (15.) a great man, or the great man—that is, the father of the Anakim; rest from war, (see also Josh. xi. 23).

ILLUSTRATION.—Following perfectly. Two persons were walking together one very dark night. One said to the other, who knew the road well, "I shall follow you, so as to go right." He soon fell into a ditch, and accused the other of causing his fall. "Then you did not follow me exactly, for I have kept out of the ditch." There is like danger in not following Christ wholly.—Foster.

TOPICS AND QUESTIONS

(I.) THE FOLLOWER OF THE LORD. (II.) THE PROMISE TO HIM. (III.) THE INHERITANCE ASKED. (IV.) THE PROMISE FULFILLED.

I. To what work did Moses appoint Caleb? v. 7.

What report did he return? Num. xiii. 30. Why did he give a good report? v. 8. (last clause).

II. What promise was then made to Caleb? v. 9.

Where is this found? Deut. i. 36. Why was it made to him?

What report did other spies bring? How were they punished?

III. For what did Caleb now ask? How much of the promise had been kept? v. 10.

Who held the land Caleb asked for? How would he drive the Anakims out?

IV. What city did Joshua give Caleb? What else did Joshua do to him? v. 13.

Why did Caleb gain Hebron as an inheritance? v. 14.

What in this lesson teaches us—

(1.) That the Lord is faithful to those who are faithful to him.

(2.) That in obedience to him there is safety?

LESSON IX.

FEB. 28.]

THE LAND DIVIDED.—Josh. 18. 1-10. About 1443 B. C.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 8, 10.

And the whole congregation of the children of Israel assembled together at Shiloh, and set up the tabernacle of the congregation there. And the land was subdued before them.

2. And there remained among the children of Israel seven tribes which had not yet received their inheritance.

3. And Joshua said unto the children of Israel, How long are ye slack to go to possess the land, which the Lord God of your fathers hath given you?

4. Give out from among you three men for each tribe: and I will send them, and they shall rise, and go through the land, and describe it according to the inheritance of them; and they shall come again to me.

5. And they shall divide it into seven parts: Judah shall abide in their coast on the south, and the house of Joseph shall abide in their coast on the north.

6. Ye shall therefore describe the land into seven parts, and bring the description hither to me, that I may cast lots for you here before the Lord our God.

7. But the Levites have no part among you; for the priesthood of the Lord is their inheritance: and Gad, and Reuben, and half the tribe of Manasseh, have received their inheritance beyond the Jordan on the east, which Moses the servant of the Lord gave them.

8. And Joshua charged them that went to describe the land, saying, Go and walk through the land and describe it, and come again to me, that I may here cast lots for you before the Lord in Shiloh.

9. And the men went and passed through the land, and described it by cities into seven parts in a book, and came again to Joshua to the host at Shiloh.

10. And Joshua cast lots for them in Shiloh before the Lord; and there Joshua divided the land unto the children of Israel according to their divisions.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.—Ps. xvi. 6.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Lord determines the bounds of our habitation.

DAILY READINGS.

- M. Deut. xii. 1-12. T. Jer. vii. 12-28. W. Heb. vi. 10-20. Th. Deut. xxxiii. 1-29. F. 1 Pet. i. 3-23. Sa. Ps. cxxxvii. 1-28. S. Josh. xviii. 1-10.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Notice that this is the division to the seven tribes only. Two and a half tribes had received lands east of Jordan and two and a half west of it before this. See how this division was made "before the Lord," and hence without strife.

ORDER OF EVENTS.—(21.) Division of the land west of Jordan.

NOTES.—Shiloh (rest, peace), the religious "capital" of Israel until the time of David, who removed it to Jerusalem. It is probably the modern Seilan, rather more than halfway from Jerusalem to Nabious (Shechem).

EXPLANATION.—(1.) at Shiloh, more central than Gilgal (see Notes); set up the tabernacle, bringing it from Gilgal; it was afterwards taken to Nob, and finally to Jerusalem. (3.) ye slack, a rebuke to the seven tribes. (4.) Give out—i. e. select, appoint; three men, from each of the seven

tribes—twenty-one men in all; describe it (see v. 9), (5.) Judah... south, Judah had the region from Jerusalem south-east; Joseph... north, that is, northward of Shiloh. (6.) before the Lord, before the ark of the Lord. (7.) Levites have no part, so the Lord directed (see Num. xvii. 20); beyond Jordan, east of Jordan, Num. xxii. 33. (9.) described it... in a book, laid it down on a map; by cities, noting the important towns; host, the people. (10.) cast lots, to see what portion each tribe should have (see v. 11).

TOPICS AND QUESTIONS.

(I.) THE TABERNACLE AT SHILOH. (II.) THE LAND SURVEYED. (III.) THE LAND DIVIDED.

I. Where did the Israelites gather? What did they set up? Where had the tabernacle been? (See Lesson 4.)

What is said of the land? How long had they been conquering the people? [About seven years.]

II. How did Joshua reprove the seven tribes? v. 3.

How many men were they to select? For what purpose?

Into how many parts were they to divide the land? What tribes already had their inheritance in Canaan?

III. How did Joshua propose to divide the land? Where were the lots to be cast? Who had given them this land? In what respect are all our possessions the gift of God?

Assembly at Tabernacle. The land inheritance of Twenty-one men Division. Shiloh. set up. tabernacle. seven tribes sent forth. settled.

REVIVALS.

Many desires are often expressed for a revival. As we thus express ourselves, do we labor and pray for one as we ought? When Zion travaills, glorious results appear; we ought not to expect them in the ordinary course of events.

God has promised to hear prayer, and He has never refused, so far as we know, when it has been offered in faith. "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find," not may, "find."

How Abraham prayed, and with what success! How Moses wrestled, and he was not discomfited. Elijah prayed, and the heavens were shut up; again he prayed, and what torrents of rain came! Hezekiah prayed, and God heard. How the apostles and disciples prayed in and around the prison at the day of Pentecost, and what blessings followed! Impassioned prayer preceded every notable blessing of which mention is made in the Bible. It is only to say that it has preceded revivals, and undoubtedly every genuine conversion.

The unjust judge could not resist the importunity of the woman. So God will not resist the importunities of his children.

Is it not safe then to conclude that many churches are unblest with revivals, because the members are not given to prayer, as they ought to be? One member cannot answer for another, nor do the duty of another.

Reader, are you given to prayer for the conversion of sinners as you ought to be? If not, is it too much to say that sinners are perishing because you are deficient in duty—do not wrestle in prayer for them, as Jacob wrestled? It may be your own children will rise up in judgment and accuse you of unfaithfulness. How terrible such an event! Go then to the throne of grace, wrestle night and day till the blessing comes. God cannot deny himself, nor fail of his promise.—Monitor.

"BIBLE FIRST."—The Rev. Peter Stryker, D.D., tells the following story in the Sunday School Times: About forty years ago, a Christian man sat at his fireside in Philadelphia. Near by him, playing on the floor, was his only child, a beautiful little boy. It was early in the morning. The day's work had not yet begun; and waiting for his breakfast, it may be the father took up the daily paper to read. The boy at once climbing up into his lap, snatched away the paper, exclaiming, "No, no, papa! Bible first! Bible first, papa!" That lesson, taught by a little child, was probably a turning-point in the life of that man. Death soon came and rudely tore away the sweet little preacher; but his morning sermon was never forgotten. The business man, in his loneliness and sorrow, went forth to do his work for Christ. "Bible first, papa," was ever ringing in his ears. It became the motto of his life. He was exceedingly prosperous in his business. Wealth accumulated. Business increased. Friends multiplied. But uppermost in that man's mind was the precious Word of God. He read and studied it. As teacher and superintendent in the Sabbath-school, he taught it. He did more than this—he practised its precepts.

FOR CONSIDERATION.

It is often said in regard to the advocates of any cause that their powder and shot is almost invariably used upon their friends. This seems to have some truth in it, for when a clergyman bewails the absence of numbers of his congregation, it is those who are present who receive the reproof; when a temperance advocate pictures in burning terms the danger of pursuing the path which almost inevitably leads to drunkenness and the drunkard's grave, ten chances to one, his audience is composed of abstainers; and when a publisher asks his friends to assist him in his enterprise, in most cases those who read his invitations to labor are those whose sympathies have already induced them to render that assistance. But, notwithstanding all this, the minister continues his preaching, the temperance lecturer his advocacy, and the publisher his invitations, they all being convinced that, by frequent iteration and perseverance, they will impress more deeply their views on their audiences and probably induce them to further exertions for the benefit of those who do not feel as they on the subjects of the advocacy, while, by accident or through friendly labors, they may gain increased audiences. At this time we would wish to catch the ears or rather the eyes of every subscriber to the MESSENGER who has not gained one more subscriber to it this year. We would remind each one of them that if they had obtained one subscription more we would now have 30,000, and, if we had that number, would be enabled to greatly improve the paper, and the greatest advantage of their efforts would have been to themselves. Canada is now being overrun by literature of a most pernicious character, whose evil effect on the minds of the young can hardly be overestimated. There are others in the less settled districts of the country to whom a newspaper is a novelty, and a book a treasure. To pre-occupy the place of the former, and endeavor to bring a literature whose effect can be only for good to every part of Canada where a settler has set his foot, is the object of the MESSENGER. By the assistance of all our friends this can be done. Subscriptions may date from any time. A few back numbers are on hand. Sample copies will be sent to any person at the request of any one of our subscribers. The number of MESSENGERS that have been issued is 25,000, and we are anxious to do so that the 30,000 will be reached ere long.

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