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Temperance Department.

"FOR ME! FOR ME!"—A PITMAN'S TALK WITH HIS WIFE.

BY DORA GREENWELL.

Sit ye down on the settle here by me, I've got something to say to thee, wife; I want to be a new sort of man and to lead a new sort of life; There's but little pleasure and little gain in spending the days I spend, at to work like a horse all my days of my life, and to die like a dog at the end.

For where's the profit and where's the good, if one once begins to think, In making away with what little sense one had at the first, through drink? Or in spending one's time and one's money, too, with a lot of chaps that would go to see one, hanged, and like it as well as any other show?

And as to the pleasure that some folks find in cards or in pitch and toss, It's little they've ever brought to me, but only a vast of loss; We'd be sure to light on some great dispute, and then, to set all right, The shortest way was to argue it out in a regular stand-up fight.

I've got a will, dear wife, I say, I've got a will to be; A kinder father to my poor bairns, and a better man to thee, And to leave off drinking and swearing, and all, no matter what folks may say; For I see what's the end of such things as these, and I know this is not the way.

You'll wonder to hear me talk like this, as I've never talk'd before; But I've got a word in my heart that has made it glad, yet has made it sore, I've got a word like a fire in my heart that will not let me be,—"Jesus, the Son of God, who loved, and who gave Himself for me"

I've got a word like a sword in my heart that has pierced it through and through, When a message comes to a man from heaven he needn't ask if it's true, There's none on earth could frame such a tale, or as strange as the tale may be, Jesus, my Saviour, that Thou shouldst die for love of a man like me!

Why, only think now! if it had been Peter, or blessed Paul, Or John, who used to lean on His breast, one couldn't have wondered at all, If He'd loved and He'd died for men like these, who loved Him so well, but you see, It was me that Jesus, loved, wife! He gave Himself for me!

Jesus died for me, and a



CHARLES DARWIN, ESQ., F. R. S.

Mr. Charles Darwin was born at Shrewsbury, England, February 12th, 1809, and is therefore, now over sixty-six years of age. He is grandson of Dr. Erasmus Darwin, author of the "Botanic Garden." He received his education at Shrewsbury School, Edinburgh University, and Christ's College, Cambridge. In 1831, he offered his services as a naturalist in an expedition to survey South America and go round the world, which was sent out in H.M.S. "Beagle," under the command of Captain Fitzroy. He returned in 1836, and nine years afterwards published the "Voyage of a Naturalist," which greatly increased his fame. He subsequently published several volumes treating upon the zoology, geology, and natural history of the countries visited during that voyage, and his "Monograph of the Family Cirripedia" is considered one of the most remarkable works on zoology of the present century. In 1859, he published his "Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection," which excited universal interest and a good deal of controversy. The

theory of this book is that there is a real variability in organisms acting through the medium of the system of reproduction, and that when the progeny thus varied finds itself better adapted for the surrounding conditions than its predecessors, it gains an ascendancy in the competition of the multitude of creatures for existence, establishes itself, and exterminates those which it has vanquished. This book was followed by two others, "Fertilization of Orchids," and "Domesticated Animals and Cultivated Plants." In 1871 he published his famous "Descent of Man," in which he infers that "man is descended from a hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in its habits." Mr. Darwin has been the recipient of numerous honors from scientific bodies, both at home and abroad. He was married in 1839 to the granddaughter of Josiah Wedgwood. Our engraving is from Walker & Wiseman, from a larger portrait in the New York Graphic, to which we are indebted for the above sketch.

Just as sinful and just as slow to give back His love again; He didn't wait till I came to Him, but He loved me at my worst; He needn't ever have died for me if I could have loved Him first.

And couldst Thou love such a man as me, my Saviour! then I'll take More heed to this wandering soul of mine, if it's only for Thy sake; For it wasn't that I might spend my days just in work, and in drink, and in strife, That Jesus, the Son of God, has given His love and has given His life.

It wasn't that I might spend my life just as my life's been spent That He's brought me so near to His mighty cross, and has told me what it meant; He doesn't need me to die for Him, He only asks me to live! There's nothing of mine that He wants but my heart, and it's all that I've got to give.

I've got a Friend, dear wife, I say; I've got a heavenly Friend, That will show me where I go astray, and will help me how to mend, That'll make me kinder to my poor bairns, that'll make me better to thee—"Jesus, the Son of God, who loved and who gave Himself for me!"

JOHN RANDOLF'S VOW.

BY SARAH P. BRIGHTON.

Twenty years ago, the finest and most important building in Rockland was a large stone block in front of the common, and the most conspicuous sign on it was: "John Randolph, Wines and Liquors," in great dazzling gilt letters.

A little further, on the corner of another street, was a pretty slate-colored cottage half concealed by shrubbery, with grand old oaks towering above it. Hiram Gregory lived here, and he was a respected, prosperous man till he formed a friendship with John Randolph, and began to stop at his store occasionally to get a drink. Little by little his appetite gained the mastery, and he yielded his manhood inch by inch to the demon Intemperance, till his property was squandered, and his proudest hopes were in ruins.

When not under the influence of intoxicating drink, he was a kind, indulgent husband and father, and his faithful wife, despite his wretched, besotted condition, still loved him devotedly. She was a frail, gentle woman, unable to endure sorrow or heavy burdens; and her health, gradually failed, and Poverty came creeping in at the door, and stared them mercilessly in the face. The sole light and joy of the house was their bright, loving little daughter Ruth.

One warm glowing June day, Ruth stood before a shop window, gazing with longing, admiring eyes upon a rich scarlet scarf conspicuously displayed there.

"Oh, what a lovely scarf!" she thought. "How I wish I could buy it; all the girls wear such nice clothes, and mine are so old and faded. How sorry I am father will drink, and pay all his money for rum. Oh dear! oh dear!" with a long, deep sigh.

At that moment, Hiram Gregory appeared in sight, just turning the corner on his way to John Randolph's store. Ruth saw him, and in an instant a purpose ripened within her. With fleet steps she ran down a cross-road and hurried into the store. Mr. Randolph stood behind the counter, glibly talking to a customer about his stock of choice wines, brandies, &c. "Oh, Mr. Randolph!" cried Ruth, hot and panting from her swift race, "father is on his way here; but don't sell him any more liquor; please don't; don't."



The merchant fixed his eyes frowningly on the child; but did not speak.

"All his money goes for drink, and it is ruining him; and we are getting poor, and mother is sick. Oh, sir, don't sell father any more liquor; please don't," again entreated Ruth in a quick, despairing voice.

"He'll get it somewhere, if he don't here," answered the merchant in a sharp voice. "I'm not to blame if he can't control his appetite; that's his look-out, not mine. He must take care of himself."

Just then Mr. Gregory came in with an unsteady step and called for brandy. In an instant Ruth's hand was laid gently on his arm.

"Don't drink, father; dear father, don't. It's poison. It will kill you."

"What are you here for, child?" enquired Mr. Gregory.

"I came to keep you from drinking any more, father."

"Me from drinking? me? hic, hic. Don't worry about me. I never take enough to hurt a fly," taking a glass of brandy from the clerk, and quickly quaffing it. "Now go home, Ruth; go home."

Ruth slowly went out and sorrowfully pursued her way homewards.

"Where's your father?" enquired Mrs. Gregory as she entered the sitting-room.

"I left him in John Randolph's store."

The patient, long-suffering wife clasped her hands tightly and closed her eyes, and a deep sigh escaped her.

The afternoon wore away. Mr. Gregory had not returned, and the evening shadows were deepening and lengthening. Ruth put on her hat and went to one of the neighbors on a slight errand for her mother. As she was returning, the voices of two men just before her came to her ear. Said one:

"Well, he's gone, poor fellow! the victim of rum. A nobler soul by nature cannot be found."

"He'll be no loss to his family. They'll be better off without him," was the reply.

A shiver of dread ran over Ruth's frame.

"Please tell me what has happened," she asked in a timid, tremulous tone.

"Hiram Gregory is dead. He was intoxicated, and fell on the railroad track, and the express train ran over him."

A sharp cry of agony burst from Ruth's lips. She grew weak and faint, and leaned against the lamp-post for support.

"Ivan, this girl is his daughter," exclaimed one of the men, hurrying to sustain her.

A little later, the forms of several men appeared in the evening darkness carrying a burden. They stopped at Hiram Gregory's house and left his lifeless remains.

We will pass over his funeral, and the sad days which immediately followed.

Her husband's dreadful death was a sudden blow to Mrs. Gregory. Her feeble, exhausted frame had no power to rally, and she grew rapidly worse. In less than a month another grave was made in the churchyard. The sorrowing, devoted wife and mother had found rest.

Two weeks after, the house of Hiram Gregory was sold to pay his debts, and Ruth was left penniless. But her loving pitiful Heavenly Father unexpectedly raised her a friend. Mrs. Blake, a widow of small means, living near, offered her a home, and adopted her into her strong, true, loving heart. For some time Ruth mourned for her parents, refusing to be comforted; but as weeks and months passed, the bright hope of childhood returned, she again became happy, and the days glided swiftly by.

A year passed. It was a bright, sunny afternoon, Ruth's eleventh birthday, and the anniversary of her dear mother's death. With many sad and conflicting emotions, she went to the church-yard and stood by the graves of her buried parents. She thought of her mother, so patient and loving, and of her father, once so kind and noble, who had yielded his manhood and life to his appetite. The last time she had seen him was in John Randolph's store, quaffing the poisonous brandy so unscrupulously sold by the rum-seller; and this man, who had been the cause of his ruin and death, was rich and prosperous, living in luxury upon money gained by a business which carried misery, tears, and desolation into so many homes.

Her soul was flooded with stinging, crushing memories. Soon steps were heard in the soft, springing grass behind her, and a hard, dry sob fell upon her ear.

Ruth turned quickly around. John Randolph was within a few yards, standing with his back towards her, by the side of a small new-made grave. Death had been very busy of late, and had taken Mr. Randolph's youngest son, a bright, beautiful little girl, and the grief-stricken father was tearfully viewing her last resting place.

Ruth had long regarded Mr. Randolph with shrinking dislike. He was the direct cause of all her woes, and the sight of him aroused feelings of passion and hate, which gained mastery. She forgot the hallowed

place she was in, and remembered only her wrongs.

"Mr. Randolph, I hate you; I do," she cried, in a voice quivering with anger; "you are a bad, wicked man, you are; you killed my father and mother, and I'm glad your little Mary is dead; and I wish you and all of the rest of your family were dead too. You sell liquor, and get rich by making people poor and wretched; and God will surely bring you to judgment for all you do."

A shiver ran over Mr. Randolph's frame, and his lips parted as if he were about to speak; but Ruth would not listen to him. She ran out of the church-yard, and did not stop till she reached Mrs. Blake's.

Her anger soon subsided, and instead came bitter self-reproach for the sharp, cruel language she had used to Mr. Randolph. His little daughter had done her no injury, and why should she rejoice in her death? It was the father only who had sinned.

A month passed. One bright morning as Ruth was going by Mr. Randolph's house, she saw Dr. Harris's horse at the gate, and upon enquiry was told that Mr. Randolph was ill of a fever. His symptoms daily grew worse, and his condition became seriously alarming, till his life was despaired of.

Another week went by. Mr. Randolph's good condition had triumphed over the disease, and though very weak and low, he was slowly improving.

One afternoon, as Ruth was returning from the post-office, she heard him in a faint voice call her name from the window, and ask her to come in.

Reluctantly she obeyed. She had not seen him since she fled from him in the church-yard; and the change a short illness had made shocked her.

"Ruth Gregory," said Mr. Randolph hoarsely; "it has been as you predicted. God's condemnation and judgment has overtaken me. I have followed a business which has made hearts and homes desolate, and see clearly its terrible consequences. Through my sin you are bereaved and sorrowing. God forgive me, and help you to forgive me too."

Tears gathered in Ruth's eyes. All her long cherished hatred for this man departed in a moment. His pitying, penitent words touched her inmost soul.

"Oh, Mr. Randolph!" she cried. "I too have been to blame—forgive me for the wicked, cruel words I spoke when you stood by your little Mary's grave."

The next time Ruth saw Mr. Randolph was at an evening meeting. He was well known to be an irreligious man and very profane; therefore when he entered the crowded vestry room, and took a foremost seat, his appearance created visible surprise. There was an expression of subdued grief on his face quite touching to behold. The minister briefly addressed his people, and was followed by Deacon Proctor. John Randolph then arose to speak, and there was a sudden midnight stillness in the room, and all eyes were fixed on him. In a clear, firm voice he said:

"God has visited me in His mighty wrath. He has brought me face to face with death, and has revealed to me the enormity of my sins. My life record is black with guilt. I have grown rich in a business which has debased my own soul, and carried ruin and desolation into many homes and hearts. And now, Christian friends, before you as witnesses, with the help of the merciful God I am seeking to serve, I vow to abandon forever the sale of intoxicating liquors, and to do what one man can to root out this foul destroyer, intemperance, from our land."

When John Randolph concluded, there was not a dry eye in the room. "Thank God," "The Lord be praised," burst fervently and solemnly from many lips. The next day, the dazzling gilt sign, "John Randolph, Wines and Liquors," disappeared forever from public view.

Many years have come and gone since then. John Randolph's vow was never broken. All the rest of his long life he was a faithful Christian, laboring zealously for the fallen and degraded; and his strong outstretched hand has guided out of sin and darkness into light and joy.

To Ruth Gregory he was a firm, generous friend. She received from him fine educational advantages, which have made her a happy and useful woman. The dark scenes of the past are not forgotten, but the clouds were gilded with present blessings, and God has led her with His unerring finger into a heaven of plenty and peace.—*Congregationalist*.

#### THE REV. BASIL WILBERFORCE ON TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

I will tell you what we are to do. We are by every means in our power to press voluntary total abstinence upon the people. Why did I become a total abstainer? I saw without doubt that total abstinence was the only cure for the drink system. I went about in my large parish, and did my very best, God knows, to bring the people to a right mind about this matter. But I was a total abstainer; I did not see my way

to casting it altogether aside, and the very instant I did so I found the good of it, because I was asking people in fighting down an evil to do something I had done which I had not been able to do before. The reason why moderate drinkers, if they love the souls of others and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, should become total abstainers, is simply this, that the drunkard, if he is to be saved, must be shielded and aided and encouraged by his stronger brother. Many object to become abstainers because they say the scriptural argument is all against us. How can they say so? I say the whole spirit of God's blessed book teaches total abstinence—that is, the spirit of total abstinence. King David, after fighting in the heat, called out that he should like some water from Bethlehem. Two or three men drew their swords and fought their way through the Philistines, and brought it to him; but he poured it out upon the burning sand, and said, "I cannot drink this; for it is the price of blood." I say is not this the very spirit of total abstinence? I look upon the wine; it maybe a harmless creature of God, but it is the price of my brother's blood. It is the price of the souls for whom hell is yawning; and I take my Christian liberty of pouring it upon the burning sands instead of using it. I believe St. Paul was a teetotaler. He was thoroughly consistent, and said he would not drink wine if it made his brother to offend. A friend of mine brought up that old argument about Timothy. He said, "I have got you now: St. Paul advised Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake." There is no doubt he did. Why? Because there was such a rigorous rule of total abstinence among them that it required an inspired letter, which has been handed down from the Church from all ages, before he could be made to break his pledge. And what is more, I will venture to say that if St. Paul had recommended him to take a little tincture of rhubarb for his stomach's sake, I do not believe we should have had one hundred millions of money invested in tincture of rhubarb as we have in alcohol.

The Bishop said a man had a right to use his Christian liberty when his medical man ordered him to take alcohol. I say a man has as much right to put himself under a doctor as a Catholic has to put himself under his Pope; but I would not be under either of them. I say it with the deepest respect for the medical profession—I believe there is no more honorable profession, which does more good, self-denying work; but all the doctors in England would not persuade me to take alcohol, whatever they said about it. When I first became a teetotaler I was subject to faintings, and people said if I abstained I should soon die; but I didn't. I knew a titled lady, a total abstainer, who went abroad, and accidentally falling down some cathedral steps, sustained a compound fracture of her arm, and the French physician who attended her asked what were her habits of life, and was told she was an abstainer, and he gave it as his opinion, on her recovery, that it was entirely due to her system being free from alcohol. The greatest arguments in favor of the medical side of teetotalism come from the gaol. People go there in all states of health, they are made total abstainers, and there has never been a single case of a man or woman, lad or lass, who has suffered therefrom. Then why don't people become teetotalers? Because the drink is so nice. People get so accustomed to alcoholic drinks that they feel they cannot make the sacrifice. I do not want people to take a half pledge in this matter, but to take a downright teetotal pledge that they won't touch the drink any more.

On Sunday week, the Cardinal preached at the Church of SS. Mary and Michael's, Commercial-road. In the course of his sermon he said: I hope you have come together to make a resolution before God to do away with that which is the curse and the shame, and the ruin of our people—I mean the deadly and accursed drink, which is wrecking men, wrecking women, wrecking little children, and making wreck of the homes of our country. This bad habit of drinking to excess has got to be a shame and a scandal among men. It is my great joy to know how many thousands of the poor are of my flock, and also how many thousands of them have altogether renounced this great curse of soul and body. I wish to increase the number of them. I wish to prevail on every man, who would listen to my voice to have nothing to do with it; never to set his foot in any place of temptation—never to listen to a companion who tempts him. I honor and love the working-man who has the courage—I will say the manhood—to give up drink, to take water, that pure, that sufficient drink which God has given us, with which a man's strength even in toil will be sufficiently sustained and his thirst will be sufficiently slaked. I honor and love the working-man who has the manhood to do this, and I will tell you why. He labors from

morning to night, his strength departs from him, he is wasted with toil, he is tempted on every side, his companions drink; they offer it to his lips, on his way, from his work to his home there flares upon him a temptation at every corner, inviting him to come in; and the working-man who has strength in him to say, "By God's help I will not do it," and who perseveres in that resolution, I look upon him as a man who could be a martyr if called on—who would lay down his life for the sake of Jesus and his faith. It is not so much for us who have not the toil of the body as you have. We toil indeed, but it is a toil of the head, which breaks our sleep, and wears out health and strength, and brings many of us to an early death, but it does not bring the need which you have as working men. And, therefore, I look on the self-denial of the working man, who takes the pledge and keeps it, as a bright example to all of us. I love and respect him for giving such example to us. What I say of men I say also of women. Dear brethren, it is bad enough if a man drinks; it is worse if a woman drinks. Under God I can cure a man of drink, for a man has got a strong will in him; but unhappily when once a woman has given herself to drink there is a weakness to which you cannot give strength; and what is more, if a man drinks he makes a brute of himself and his neighbors are ashamed of him; but when a woman takes to drink she loses the sense of shame, she becomes dead to shame—she becomes more dead and more insensible treble-fold than a man does. Alas! if the father drinks misery comes into the house—the poor wife suffers—the poor children are naked and hungry—the house is wretched; but if the mother drinks the risk is seven times greater, and the hope of cure is seven times less. And therefore I say, if there be any who hear me who has got this most horrible and most accursed habit, dear brethren in Jesus Christ—dear sisters for whom Christ died—make your resolutions tonight; resolve to-night to give it up. Remember your children, the souls of whom are intrusted to your charge. Think of what an account God will take of you at the last day for every son and every daughter, for every boy and every girl and every infant; and if there be any one among you who has not yet fallen and who thinks he can escape this dreadful habit, let me tell him that there is many a man and woman who has died an incurable drunkard who began taking drink little by little, until at last the fatal evil grew upon them. It is just as if you were to bind a skein of silk round about the hands and of a man. The first fine threads would hardly be sensible; he might break them in a moment; but when ten, and twenty and a hundred and a thousand threads are bound, then they become like strong ropes, which nothing could break. So it is with the gradual habit of drinking.—*Alliance News, May 1.*

IS PROHIBITION A FAILURE?

Vineland, New Jersey, is one of the best illustrations, upon a moderate scale, of the practical workings of prohibition. In his last annual report the constable and overseer of the poor of Vineland, Mr. J. J. Curtis (the two offices filled by one person), gives testimony, the significance of which is obvious in its bearing against the liquor traffic. Mr. Curtis says:

"Though we have a population of 10,000 people, for the period of six months no settler or citizen of Vineland has received relief at my hands as overseer of the poor. Within seventy days, there has been only one case, among what we call the floating population, at the expense of \$4.

"During the entire year there has only been one indictment, and that a trifling case of battery among our colored population.

"So few are the fires in Vineland that we have no need of a fire department. There has only been one house burned in a year, and two slight fires which were soon put out.

"We practically have no debt, and our taxes are only one per cent. on the valuation.

"The police expenses of Vineland amount to \$75 a year, the sum paid to me, and our poor expenses a mere trifle.

"I ascribe this remarkable state of things, so nearly approaching the Golden Age, to the industry of our people and the absence of King Alcohol.

"Let me give you as a contrast to this the state of things in the town from which I come in New England. The population of the town was 9,500, a little less than Vineland. It maintained forty liquor shops. These kept busy a police judge, city marshal, assistant marshal, four night watchmen and six policemen. Fires were almost continual. That small place maintained a paid fire department of four companies, of forty men each, at an expense of \$3,000 per annum. I belonged to this department for six years, and the fires averaged about one every two weeks, and mostly incendiary. The support of the poor cost \$2,500 per year. The debt of the township was \$10,000. The condition of things in this New England town is as favorable in that respect as places where liquor is

CARDINAL MANNING ON DRINKING

On Sunday week, the Cardinal preached at the Church of SS. Mary and Michael's, Commercial-road. In the course of his sermon he said: I hope you have come together to make a resolution before God to do away with that which is the curse and the shame, and the ruin of our people—I mean the deadly and accursed drink, which is wrecking men, wrecking women, wrecking little children, and making wreck of the homes of our country. This bad habit of drinking to excess has got to be a shame and a scandal among men. It is my great joy to know how many thousands of the poor are of my flock, and also how many thousands of them have altogether renounced this great curse of soul and body. I wish to increase the number of them. I wish to prevail on every man, who would listen to my voice to have nothing to do with it; never to set his foot in any place of temptation—never to listen to a companion who tempts him. I honor and love the working-man who has the courage—I will say the manhood—to give up drink, to take water, that pure, that sufficient drink which God has given us, with which a man's strength even in toil will be sufficiently sustained and his thirst will be sufficiently slaked. I honor and love the working-man who has the manhood to do this, and I will tell you why. He labors from





**Agricultural Department.**

**BURNING SOIL FOR MANURE.**

Some years ago, a friend of mine tried an experiment. Having a wagon-load of weeds heaped in a lot, he burned it; and afterwards carefully scraped away every particle of the ashes. The oats that grew where the heap was burned were thicker, and at least six inches taller than immediately around it. Next year he had wheat on the field, and over this spot the wheat was stronger and better than anywhere else. Since then he has seen no effect whatever from this burned heap, and the precise spot has long been undistinguishable. As the ashes were all removed, the only effect from the burned heap was by heating the soil to make its dormant elements of fertility immediately available. Nothing was added to the soil, and as two extra heavy crops were taken from this spot, it is, necessarily, less fertile than land surrounding it. This, however, is not in itself an objection. More than half the labor of the farmer in plowing, cultivating and pulverizing the soil in every way is designed to make available the fertility in the land rather than to increase its amount. It would be an immense advantage to all sensible farmers, if they could make all the fertility of their farms immediately available. With such crops as they could grow they could procure all the manure needed to keep up their farms, or if not, then farming is necessarily a bad business, which leads, however slowly, to bankruptcy and the poor-house.

Few farmers, however, would care to go to so expensive a process as burning over all their fields to extract the fertility more quickly. In the early settlement of the country, straw was worth little or nothing, and stubble was always left as long as possible, and generally burned over to get it out of the way the plow. The surface of the soil was by this means slightly heated, and this, with the ashes from the burned stubble, made an excellent and well distributed top-dressing for the following wheat crop. There was plenty of carbonaceous matter in the newly cleared soil from decaying leaves, roots and stumps of trees, and burning over the stubble was probably the best way of disposing of it. The wheat crop in this burned ground was always good, and the straw stiff and bright, showing the effect of potash in the ashes. Straw is now, in Western New-York, far too valuable to be burned, and potash can be procured much more cheaply from other sources.

Undoubtedly one cause of the good crops on heavily timbered lands for a few years after clearing, was the burning of large heaps of logs over the surface. These burning heaps would heat the soil to the depth of several inches, and the burned soil, mixed with ashes rich in potash, seemed inexhaustibly fertile. We long since learned our mistake in this; and yet many farmers would like to repeat the process if they could readily do so. It is well worth trying whether we cannot profitably work up muck and peat from swamps with dry sods from the roadsides by burning them. Muck is largely used in its raw state, but it is too crude and sour unless exposed for a year or two to the summer's heat, and winter's cold outside its native beds; besides, muck is too bulky to warrant long transportation. Much of it may not be rich enough in potash and other mineral elements to be worth burning. In England a marly clay, filled with vegetable matter, is burned, or was forty years ago, quite extensively. The sod is pared to the depth of two or three inches, piled in heaps and burned. The mixed ashes and powdered clay are then applied to the land with excellent effect. Of course the value of the product will depend entirely on what was burned, and this is best tested by trying, which can be cheaply done, at first on a small scale, to see whether it will pay.

Many people unthinkingly suppose that all ashes are alike in value. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Ashes from some kinds of wood are almost valueless, and the same is true of soils. Some years ago a large heap of button-wood limbs was burned in one corner of a neighbor's field. The ashes were left on the ground. The next year the wheat grew so rank and heavy on this spot that every body noticed it. "Yes," said to a neighbor, "you will see when that wheat ripens, that the straw will be bright, and the heads well filled with the best of wheat." I argued from the known tendency of potash to form the silicates which give straw its strength. Judge of my mortification when the wheat fell down before ripening, and the heads never half filled. The button-wood branches evidently furnished no potash, and the soil itself was deficient in that element. Of course such

soil would be worth very little to burn as manure.—*W. G. T. in Country Gentleman.*

**MAKING GOOD BUTTER.**

At the winter-meeting of the Connecticut Board of Agriculture, Mr. F. D. Douglas, of Vermont, read a paper on butter-making, arranged under four heads: First, that of the care of the milk until the cream was raised; second, the different modes of raising the cream; third, the churning and treatment of the butter until packed; and, fourth, the different kinds of packages suitable for the keeping and transportation of the product. Under the first head, he showed that no system is good unless it provides pure and rich milk; there must be a selection of the best butter cows. To test accurately the comparative richness of milk, the farmer must have suitable appliances. He here showed what he used for the purpose. It is a tin pail, 13 inches deep, 4 inches in diameter, with a slot in the side to admit a piece of glass 5 inches long and 1 to 1½ inches in width. A scale of inches is marked off along side of the glass. By filling the pail to the 12 inch mark, and measuring the thickness of the cream, an accurate idea of the richness of the various milks can be formed. This plan is not patented. Mr. D. then showed that the character of the food, presence of anything impure, smells of all kinds, excitement in the cows, &c., all affect the product of the milk; no wooden vessels of any kind should be used in manipulating the milk.

For obtaining the cream, it is his practice to set the milk in pails thirteen inches in diameter, and the same depth. He puts in twelve inches of milk. The pails are set in vats of water, that are kept at a temperature of 60° to 65° by the use of ice floating in the water. It is only by uniformity of conditions that uniformity of results can be obtained. Mr. D. did not believe in shallow setting of milk; by this no uniformity at all was obtained. Air is fickle and utterly unreliable; so fluid is the only safe medium. The Orange County plan of setting milk, he says, is about the same as his, except the pails are only 6 inches in diameter. He claims that his plan is better, on account of the larger mass of milk. One great disadvantage in shallow setting, is evaporation, which leaves the butter globules dry, so that in churning they do not separate, but are found in the butter as white specks. These can only be prevented by the deep setting of the milk.

In churning, the grand object of the butter-maker must clearly be kept in view; that is, to get a perfect separation of the butter globules from the milk. The temperature should be about 60°. He uses the hand churn. When the lumps got to be an inch in diameter, he drains off the buttermilk and washes the butter in cold water. This is the best way to get the milk and unseparated globules from the butter. The separation by water must be complete, otherwise the butter will become rancid. Good butter will have a good grain, a golden color, and a pleasant milky flavor. In working, he had lately practised salting and packing at once. Although his neighbors had told him he was in for a loss, his experience satisfied him this was the best and most economical way. As to packing, there should be a choice of wood for firkins; oak discolors butter; the sugar in maple turns it acid; white spruce is good; hemlock also. They should be thoroughly soaked in hot brine before being used. In closing, Mr. Douglas remarked that farmers should study the science of their calling, not only for the sake of increasing their productions, but also for its elevating effects on themselves.

**EDGINGS FOR GARDEN BEDS.**

Some kind of permanent edgings are needful for all beds or borders not laid out in lawns if one desires to have the garden present a neat and orderly appearance; and growing edgings, composed of some plant suitable for the purpose, are, in our opinion, the most desirable, and if well and neatly kept, they are always more pleasing to the eye than those composed of ornamental artificial material. Yet these artificial edgings are sometimes preferable in small gardens in large towns, where live edgings will not thrive; and often as a matter of necessity in gardens where children play, for it is not easy to keep their feet from trampling upon them and destroying them. In almost all gardens, however, a strip of grass turf is the most appropriate edging, and its width should be in proportion to the size of the beds. If they are three feet in width a strip of turf five inches broad will be suitable.

These grassy edgings, however, are often objected to because they require much attention to keep them in good condition. But we have found it not much work to have them clipped closely with a pair of sheep-shears; and any small boy can easily accomplish the task in the early morning, when they are wet with dew. But the best live edging is formed of the Box plant (*Buxus sempervirens*), which makes a fine edging for garden-beds in almost

every locality. It is a dwarf evergreen shrub, growing in a close, compact shape, and only requires to be clipped once a year.

There are two kinds of Box—the Dutch variety, which is the handsomest that can be obtained; and the English Box, a coarser-growing kind, which in two or three years will grow from six to seven inches in height and also to an equal breadth. But it will not endure such close clipping as the Dutch Box.

Edgings of Box should be planted as early as possible in the spring, and if the season is dry they will require to be watered frequently. If they are planted upon a light soil they will spread more rapidly than upon a heavy clay; and in planting them a line should be stretched along the sides of the bed and the plants should be set out from three to four inches apart, if of the Dutch variety, but if of the English five to six inches should be left, to give them room to grow and spread without crowding each other too closely. These plants can be purchased of the florists by the hundred or thousand.

The common succulent Evergreen Stonecrop (*Sedum acre*) is sometimes employed with good effect as an edging plant, and after it is once planted it needs only to be kept from straggling.

Among other plants which are also useful for edgings are the golden Feverfew (*Pyrethrum parthenium aureum*), the Wall Cress (*Arabis Alpina*), and Thrift (*Statice Armeria*), all of which possess pretty flowers and foliage, but are not so desirable, in our opinion, as turf or Box to form a boundary-line. But they will grow readily and every piece or tuft will form a plant, while they increase rapidly from the roots. They should be planted at first in a single row, about four inches apart, and they should be taken up and replanted about every three or four years, while all but the Golden Feverfew will demand no other attention than the pulling up of any of the roots which grow out of bounds and clipping off all of the faded flowers. The Golden Feverfew, however, should not be allowed to bloom at all, as it will grow in a much more compact form, if all its buds are removed as soon as they appear, and it can be clipped at any time during the summer; and this should be done often, to prevent the plants from straggling and to keep their surface more even.

The best way to obtain this edging, which the English florists recommend highly, is to purchase a packet of the seed, which will not cost over ten cents, and as soon as the plants have attained to their third and fourth leaves transplant them into a light soil and in a little shaded location, about six inches apart, keeping them watered in dry weather and free from weeds. By October they will make fine plants, and can then be planted where they can remain permanently. By this method a large quantity of very pretty live edging is readily obtained at a very small cost.—*Mrs. J. O. Johnson in N. Y. Independent.*

**HOT WATER FOR CABBAGE WORMS.**—We tried, last year, a number of remedies for the cabbage worm, an insect too well known to many persons as a voracious eater of the pulp of the leaf. The sprinkling of red pepper did well; but the best, simplest, cheapest and most efficient was applying hot water. It may be wrongly applied, to the injury or destruction of the plant; and it may be properly applied, doing no injury, and killing the insects. Fill a watering-pot with boiling water, and sprinkle the infested leaves only a second or two. It does its work very quickly on the worms; but the leaves being thick are not heated nor injured. The older the heads become, the less the danger. The operator must practice and spoil a few plants to save the rest. The water, by the time it reaches the plants, will be several degrees below boiling; he must determine by trying how long the hot water will do its work before becoming too cold. At the same time he must ascertain by experiment how long he can contrive to apply the hot water before the leaves are injured by it; a very little time will determine these points.—*Country Gentleman.*

**STREET TREES.**—G. Ellwanger makes some excellent suggestions in the Rochester Express, on the importance of well planted streets in cities, which he thinks as essential to the beauty of a town as the architecture. We regard tree planting as much more important than fine building, at the same time that it is less understood. Mr. E. mentions Columbia, S. C., as affording one of the best examples of judicious planting, either in this country or in Europe. The streets are about a hundred feet wide; with triple rows of oaks, of grand and perfect growth. When streets are narrow, trees of pyramidal, or upright growth, should be chosen, of which some of the cut-leaved weeping birches are good examples. Wider streets may have maples and horsechestnuts; while the widest of all may be planted with spreading elms. Mr. E. further suggests that some particular tree be planted exclusively in one street, and another sort in another street; which would give a characteristic expression to each street; and he very justly objects to the common prac-

tice of trimming and mutilating trees year after year. If left nearly untouched, their full form will become developed, and for this reason the trees should not be crowded, but have abundance of room.

**DOMESTIC.**

**CARPETS OR CLEANLINESS.**

BY MRS. A. F. RAFFENBERGER.

The prudent housewife looks anxiously over her belongings. Particularly carpets. There are thin spots that begin to loom up ominously on her vision. Day by day the chasm yawns larger. She lies awake at night, planning how she will put the frayed breadths under the bed, or back of the stove, or behind the lounge, if, happily, the defects be not too great to admit of such concealment. If so, the carpet is condemned to a smaller floor.

But why all this solicitude about carpets? And why are we so afraid of bare floors? As far as cleanliness is concerned carpets are very reprehensible. Think of the dust they accumulate, of the unsavory odors they take and hold and give out! The air of a room is frequently contaminated by a foul-smelling carpet, and every footstep raises a cloud of vile dust, to be inhaled by the sensitive lungs. The fact is, it is almost impossible to keep a carpet absolutely clean.

But bare floors! ugh! It makes one shiver to think of the thing! Besides they make a room look so unfurnished and poor-folk-y.

All a mistake, I do assure you. The truth is, we do not know half the beauty there is in our common woods, and we have little idea how ornamental, as well as sweet and clean, a bare board floor can be made. You do not want paint to hide the beauty of the wood, but some process that will bring out the grain, and fix it before our eyes in its own wonderful beauty of curve and wave, and concentric circle. Why every separate board thus treated becomes a study in itself! Nature has painted a different picture on each, and the eye never wearies of studying patterns more beautiful than those of Axminster or Pessis.

Let me illustrate by my own experience. We have just moved. Every person who has passed through the trial, knows what worry of cutting and piecing carpets that signifies—to say nothing of new ones. Before moving I made up my mind, not only from pecuniary reasons but from motives of health as well, to dispense with carpets in certain parts of the house. There are three halls. I did not want oilcloth, for it is hard to keep clean, is as cold as a bare floor, and not half as pretty, in my estimation. Carpet of any kind holds too much dust for hall-floors. Then there was the dining-room. Grease-spots on my dining-room carpet had often vexed my soul and brought gray hairs to my head. No more carpet on that floor henceforth for me. I resolved to have the floors before mentioned tiled.

This is the way we did it: We procured from a druggist three quarts of boiled linseed oil, and the same amount of shellac varnish. Also a paint-brush. This quantity of material will cover as much floor as forty yards of carpet, and cost only \$3.60.

The floors were cleaned as thoroughly as possible, and all spots that would not wash off were planed off.

We put on the first coat of the oil in the evening, and the next morning it was dry. The following evening we put on a coat of the shellac varnish, which was dry by morning. Then, after two or three days, we put on the final coat of oil, but as the wood will absorb very little oil this time, we put it on with a flannel and rubbed it in as thoroughly as possible. It was soon dry, and ready for use. Now we have beautiful floors, easily kept clean by wiping off the dust with cold water. Once in three or six months we can go over them with a little of the boiled oil and have them look as well as ever again. In the winter, if we choose we can lay down rugs to take away the "cold" look that some object to.

Such floors would rob "cleaning-time" of half its terrors, and add largely to the purity of the atmosphere of our houses, already poisoned by air-tight stoves and furnaces. It is a cheap reform and easily tried.—*Christian Weekly.*

**POLISH FOR FURNITURE.**—Equal proportions of turpentine, linseed oil and vinegar, well rubbed in, and then polished with a piece of chamois skin or soft flannel, will "work wonders" with furniture that has become dingy from exposure to dust and old age.

**GERMAN BREAD.**—When you make light bread, take a small piece of the dough and work in a little sugar, and make a loaf for supper. It is good enough for cake, and much healthier. Children will eat it and call for more.

**A GOOD TEA CAKE.**—One cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, two eggs, two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, one even tablespoonful of baking powder, in two cups of flour. Flavor to the taste.

## "MELODIOUS MAT," THE IRISH DROVER.

(From the Friendly Visitor.)

In the days when no railway company in the kingdom stated on their "time table," as they generally do now, that third-class carriages are attached to all their trains, I had occasion to travel late at night from Chester to Holyhead on my way to Dublin. It was winter, and the weather was cold and boisterous, so that on issuing from the ancient city, our place of departure, the train plunged into a region of darkness and storm. This, however, caused no fear or uneasiness in any of the passengers. All who have travelled by the Irish "Limited" Mail will understand us when we say there was rather excited in our breasts a kind of elation and triumph. The piston-beat of the locomotive, rapid as thought, and the steady rush of the wheels upon the iron road, indicated a force and appliance that seemed superior to all the threatening aspects of the outer world.

In the compartment of the second-class carriage into which I had entered there were six passengers, including myself, all of the ruder sex. Four of us occupied one side, and a huge, unwashed, and unshaven man, half asleep, dressed in frieze, and stretched along the seat, and a boy, the other. The little fellow could only sit in a very uncomfortable position, for the feet of the reclining giant keep him half-way off the seat of the carriage.

Neither my fellow-travellers nor myself felt much congratulation at the society into which we had introduced ourselves, and unfortunately there was left no method of withdrawal, for the train had started at once when we got seated, and there would be no stoppage until reaching Holyhead, now distant about eighty miles. But the question arose, how had this mountain of flesh, rough and uncultivated, gained admission to the mail train, whose fares were "express"? Before the night was over we obtained this explanation. It appeared that the cattle steamers from the North Wall, Dublin, and the mail steamers from Kingstown Harbor to Holyhead, belonged to the same company. Drovers attended the animals, destined for slaughter, across the Channel, and on to the markets in Liverpool and Manchester. It was of importance for these



THE UNWELCOME PASSENGER.

men to return as quickly as possible, after sale of their stock, back to the fairs in Ireland, and hence at the period before us, the Railway Company, to the discomfort certainly of the general public, occasionally favored the drovers, when they missed their proper train, with a pass in the mail for their homeward journey.

But whatever little vexation we felt at the somewhat unsavory companion that had thus been thrust upon us, I think each on my side of the carriage resolved to make, under the circumstances, the best of an untoward fellowship. Most of us were ourselves Irishmen, and we hoped that our compatriot, though having a giant's strength, would not use it as a giant—that, though he had monopolized more than his fair share of room, he would at least be content with it—and that half asleep he would probably feel indisposed to indulge in any habits, which might be germane, indeed, to his occupation and culture, but the practice of which in a closed-up "compartment" would be intolerable.

We were soon undeceived, however, as to the truth of any such calculation, and found we had made a very inadequate allowance for the force of a savage nature and a vicious training; for after a few minutes of progress in our journey, the big man, suddenly awaking, began to kick and curse aloud the boy, his son, at his feet, for incommoding him; and then proceeded with the greatest coolness, without consulting any of us, to light his pipe and smoke the most noxious tobacco.

The fumes were most offensive. Too timid to speak for himself, one of my fellow-travellers whispered in my ear the most earnest entreaty to interfere on his behalf, and to get an end put to the self-indulgence of the giant, which was causing to him what almost amounted to agony.

To my gentle enquiry as to whether he was aware the rules of the Company forbade smoking in their carriages, the formidable transgressor replied, that he did not care whether they did or not, that he was a third-class passen-

ger put by the Company to suit themselves, into a second-class carriage, that he had no idea of sacrificing his own comfort to any one's squeamishness, and that whether we liked it or not he would continue to smoke as long as he pleased, which perhaps would be until the end of the journey. To our further remonstrance, that having paid for our seats we had a right to enjoy them without annoyance from any one, he replied, that for one pound we paid the Company he had paid hundreds, and that they would consequently stand by him and condemn us; and then when threatened with a report against him at the next station, with a grin he bid us do our worst, and then puffed three-fold denser clouds of smoke right in our faces.

Seldom were persons placed in more unpleasant circumstances; we were distressed and indignant. Yet what could be done?—the train would not come to a halt for more than an hour and a half. It is true we were four to one, but a physical encounter was not to be thought of, and even if it were,

our gigantic opponent looked quite a match for four, at least, in the narrow bounds of a railway carriage. Nothing remained, therefore, but to nurse our patience, as we best could, and sit the season of torture out, with the expressed determination, however, of charging him with his conduct before the officials at the end of the journey.

But a sooner opportunity of doing this was unexpectedly afforded. Half an hour had not elapsed from the declaration of our purpose when we were startled by the wild screams of the steam-whistle, and the train gradually came to a halt. There was some obstruction in the way—a thing most unusual when "the Mail" was on the line—and advance was not possible until it was removed. We were brought to a stand at a small station, and the station-master and the guard passed along the platform in hurried and earnest conversation, and it was evident we had escaped some great peril. But not only so, here was likewise an unlooked-



for occasion of dealing with our huge and defiant antagonist. I was rising to open the carriage window to speak to the guard, when my timid friend interrupting conjured me to make no complaint, suggesting that as the drover would likely be our companion in the steamer's second cabin all night, any interference now would probably only provoke him to tenfold greater annoyance on our voyage. My judgment did not quite accord with this counsel, but, as my friend seemed disposed to bear his trial, and as I had protested against the big man's rudeness chiefly on his account, I resolved to abide his admonition. The sinning giant, however, did not appear to wish to have it so. To our surprise he tauntingly reminded us of our threat, and then turning fiercely on me, boldly dared me to make the report I had talked about; and just at that moment the guard slowly passed the carriage window on his way to the rear of the train. I could not endure that the challenge I had received should pass without acceptance. Public duty demanded that the huge, ruffianly man should be given to see that even in this world, where might too often conquers right, brute force cannot always do evil with impunity. I therefore called the guard, made my report, and enquired whether any man was to be allowed in the Company's carriages to annoy his fellow-passengers. The response may be anticipated; the drover was sternly reprimanded, was forbidden to continue his narcotic indulgence, which, if he should attempt to do, information was requested at the next station, when his journey would be stopped, and he himself given on the spot into custody.

Why we did not change our quarters I know not; somehow, to do so did not occur to us at the moment; at all events, in the same carriage in which we had begun the journey we resumed it. But how would our companion bear the menace he had got; would he submit to the prohibition placed upon him, or would he brave it? To our intense relief, in the dim lamplight, he was seen to extinguish his pipe, and quietly place it in his pocket.

"Ah," we said within ourselves, "even this man has the instinct to perceive that 'discretion is the better part of valor,' and we shall reap pure air and quiet—our coveted boon—from his discernment." But again we reckoned without our

host. With a sudden shout he burst into song, with a voice that rivalled the bellow of any, past or present, of his bullocks. The time of night chosen for this musical performance was between twelve o'clock and one. Some of us had travelled all the way from London after a hurried day of business, and felt greatly fatigued, and all of us were drowsy, heavy from the close atmosphere of the carriage, and from the hour of accustomed repose. But sleep in the presence of the diapason dim close to our very ears was impossible; all the nerves of hearing were shaken to their roots, every inclination to slumber met with a rough shock and a rude awakening. After a while our temples throbbed, our heads ached, and we were distracted. I fear some of us devoutly wished that our foe to rest, fellow-countryman though he was, would strain his lungs or crack his voice, and, if no other method would avail, be thus compelled to silence. Every such wish, however, was vain; our vociferous friend was blessed with an unusually strong constitution, which bore up manfully against the stress that was put upon it. The serenade did not remit its thunder tones until we nearly reached our destination. They were then brought to a close, that the artist who had so exerted himself to supply us entertainment should have an opportunity of saying before we parted at the station, "that since the Company would not permit him to favor us with tobacco smoke, he had tried to make up the loss by a song, and he was glad to know there was no rule on their books that forbade the exercise of the sublime art of music." Vexed though we were we could not refrain from a smile at the man's strange assurance and audacity.

When we passed in the gaslight from the landing-stage near the station to the deck of the mail packet, whose steam was up, there was no delay in starting; with marvellous speed the gangways were drawn off, the halsers loosed, the vessel warped, and soon the revolving paddle-wheels propelled us beyond shelter of the magnificent breakwater. The force of the gale that was blowing, which hitherto had been a good deal concealed by the land, was then in a moment revealed to us. The steamer plunged and rolled, and the wind whistled in the rigging; what mattered it, however? We were accustomed to the sea, and the mail-packets—master-pieces

of constructive skill, as is well known—are of greyhound speed and lion strength to do victorious battle with wave and storm. Staggering to a sofa in the cabin, it became our chosen bed for the night. To describe the Channel passage in a storm for those who have experienced it would be useless, and for those who have not it would be impossible. No words, however deftly chosen, could afford an adequate conception: the sledge-hammer blows of the billows on the vessel's side, making them to quiver; the flooding sound of the waters on the decks as a sea was shipped; the angry escape of steam from the funnels; the strain and groans of agony from crank and beam of the engine; the sudden rise, and roll, and pitch, of the vessel at frequent and yet uncertain intervals; the physical prostration of the human being, body and mind; the confusion of thought to a landsman from the utter annihilation of all his "*terra firma*" experiences cannot be portrayed.

After more than two hours of this indescribable tossing it became evident to those who had been my railway companions and myself, that a tempest of more than usual violence was raging in the Channel. We did not give way to fear, however, and yet a certain awe took possession of our souls. Tremendous forces of nature were awake. "Deep called unto deep," and we heard their voices and felt their power. How assuring in such circumstances is the Divine Word, and how by faith in it the sinking heart can sustain itself! It was a relief to call to remembrance such promises and statements as these: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." "Even the very hairs of your head are all numbered." He "maketh a way in the sea, and a path in the mighty waters." "The Lord sitteth upon the flood; yea, the Lord sitteth King for ever." We were not then in the presence of mere dead forces that destroy and heed not; even here our Father was at hand swaying a royal sceptre, and the winds were but ministers of His to do His pleasure.

It was well to cherish such confidence, for a time was close at hand when the highest fortitude would be required. We became suddenly conscious that matters on the vessel had somehow gone wrong; there was a violent break in our progress, the working of the engine abruptly ceased, a great escape of steam drowned the noises of the gale, the vessel lurched and

heeled over to a frightful angle, and plunging from side to side, seemed as though free from all control, and at the mercy of the storm. Feet hurried to and fro upon the decks, and frequent commands were audible. One or two of us alarmed passed up the companion-way to ascertain the reason of all this commotion, but only to find the cabin-door firmly bolted. Blows upon the panels to have it opened were unheeded, and those who had ascended were fain to return to their fellow-passengers more apprehensive than before. The extraordinary motions of the steamer continued, and several minutes were passed in great suspense.

At last the cabin-door was unbolted, and a foot was on the stairs. It was that of the commander of the vessel, who was coming to speak to us. A sense of relief rose up in each heart as he passed into the saloon, but to be suppressed in a moment. A look at the captain's face at once informed us that he had some serious tidings to communicate. Under pressure of a tremendous sea upon the paddles, one of the great crank-beams had broken, and the balance of force destroyed; since one paddle alone was now available, the vessel had become all but unmanageable.

"I trust," he added, "that affairs, bad as they are, may yet go well; that help may come to us from some other vessel in the channel; but it is a fearful night, our peril is extreme, and I have felt it my duty to forewarn you that a few minutes may find us in eternity."

However strong faith may be, and however it may have been the habit of the mind to contemplate death, it is a solemn and awful thing to stand on the verge of the spirit-world; "we are confident," and yet we shrink from its dread realities and hidden mysteries. And then the form of death that now menaced us was terrible: death in the "great waters," amid "blackness and darkness and tempest," far from friends and home. It was proposed that all should kneel in prayer and that one or two present, accustomed to such service, should lead our devotions.

On such occasions how the inexhaustible wealth of the Bible, and its power to furnish expressions for all human wants and circumstances, manifest themselves! This was proved in our experience.

( TO BE CONTINUED. )



### The Family Circle.

#### REFLECTIONS OF A FATHER ON THE BIRTH OF HIS CHILD.

Another little wave  
Upon the sea of Life,  
Another soul to save,  
Amidst its toil and strife.

Two more little feet  
To walk the dusty road,  
To choose where two paths meet,  
The narrow or the broad.

Two more little hands  
To work for good or ill,  
Two more little eyes,  
Another little will.

Another heart to love,  
Receiving love again,  
And so the baby came  
A thing of joy and pain.

#### WHAT A RABBIT DID.

While my friend Clyde and myself were out in the hills back of Golden Gate, last week, a jack rabbit came along and stopped to look at us.

"If I had thought to bring my revolver along, we would have jack on toast for breakfast to-morrow," I remarked.

"Not with my consent," he replied.

"What reason can you give for not consenting?"

"A rabbit saved my life, and I have not killed one since, and never will kill one again."

"How did he manage to save your life?"

"Three years ago I was living in Montana. A smelter had just been built and it created a demand for silver rock. I owned an interest in a lode that had been sunk on thirty feet. Thinking the time had come to make it available, I concluded to go there and get some ore, and have it tested. I did so, and reached the place just in time to take shelter in the mine from a terrible hail-storm. I lighted my candle, went to the bottom, and went to work. I had not been there more than five minutes when I heard a noise that sounded like a cannon. The rocks over my head shook, and in a moment the shaft behind me caved. You can imagine my feelings better than I can describe them, when I found myself buried alive. I tremble even at this distant day when I think of that moment. The roof of the shaft was rocks, and when they came down they did not pack so tight but what the air came through.

"There was nothing that I could do to release myself. I knew that if relief did not come from the outside I must perish. No one knew I had gone there. A road ran past the mouth of the shaft, but it was not travelled much, and I was not likely to attract attention by calling; nevertheless, I shouted at intervals all day. The following morning I commenced calling again; and all day, whenever I thought I heard a sound, I shouted.

"When night came, again all hopes of being released had abandoned me. One thing added great bitterness to my sufferings: I owed quite a large amount of money, and should my fate remain unknown, my creditors would think I had tried to defraud them, and my name would be stigmatized.

"I will not dwell on the agonies I endured. I am sorry I can not forget them.

"The morning of the fourth day of my imprisonment I heard something crawl into my grave. I lighted my candle, and saw a rabbit. There was only one aperture large enough to admit him; I closed it to prevent his escape. I saw in him food to appease my hunger, and my hand was raised to kill him, when a thought occurred to me that prevented the blow from descending. I had two fish lines; their united length would reach to the road. I took off my shirt, tore it into strings, tied them together, and on them the fish-line. I wore a long gold watch-chain; I tied it on the part of the line that would cross the road. I then cut several leaves from my diary, wrote on them my condition, and tied them on that part of the line that would be outside. I then tied the other end made of my shirt around Jack's neck and let him out. He soon reached the end of the line, and I knew by the way he was pulling he was making desperate attempts to escape. Soon the tagging stopped, and knowing gnawing to be Jack's chief accomplishment, I thought he had cut himself loose. About three hours afterward I felt the line pulled; then some one called. I tried to answer, but the hoarse noise I made died in the cavern. I then pulled the line to show I was not dead.

"All grew still again, and I knew the man had gone for assistance. Then came the sound of voices; I pulled in the line, and it brought me food. It took all the men who could work in the shaft nine hours to reach me.

"A very large pine-tree that stood near the shaft had been the cause of my misfortune. It had been dead a number of years, and the storm had blown it over. The terrible blow it struck the ground had caused the cave.

"Jack had wound the line around a bush, and tied himself so short that he was imprisoned outside as securely as I had been inside. He was taken to town, put in a large cage, and supplied with all the rabbit delicacies the market afforded. He, however, did not thrive, and the boys, believing that he pined in thought, voted to set him free. He was taken back to his old girdling grounds and liberated.

"He not only saved my life, but became the benefactor of all the rabbits in the neighborhood—the miners refraining from shooting any, fearing it might be him."—*San Francisco Golden Era.*

#### THE HEROINE OF BLENTARN GHYLL.

BY MRS. R. B. GUNN.

In the year 1807 there lived among the mountains of Westmoreland an honest and simple farmer and his wife, named George and Sarah Green. Their cottage was called "Blentarn Ghyll," for ghyll meant a cleft worn in the rock by water, and directly above the cottage there is such a cleft opening from what must once have been a pool in the rock, but the basin is now dry, and for want of the sparkling water it has been called "Blentarn," or blind pool.

The home of the Greens was a pattern one, and the active, bustling mother always kept her children tidily dressed, and sent them to school at the neighboring village of Grasmere, whenever the weather was not too stormy.

One day there was to be an auction of furniture at a farm-house at Langdale Head, a place six miles distant, to which a dangerous, winding path led over mountains. As these are great occasions among the mountain people, George and Sarah Green set off early in the morning of a bright winter's day, to attend the gathering. Their six children were left in charge of the oldest, a little girl nine years old, named Agnes, who was remarkably careful and steady for her years. There were no neighbors nearer than Grasmere, so that the little maiden's charge was a very responsible one.

Agnes got on nicely through the day and as evening approached, went to the window to watch for her father and mother, who had promised to return by night. But a fog settling down upon the hills out of her view, and it became dark so early she feared one of the terrible mountain storms was about to begin. She tried to hide her anxiety from the other children, and gave them their simple supper of milk and oatmeal porridge. Then they gathered round the fire and waited for the feet that were never before tardy in returning to their little ones. The clock struck hour after hour, but still no sign of the wanderers, and the snowflakes which were rapidly falling outside began to come in through the crevices of the windows and drift against the door.

Their anxiety for their parents drove sleep from their eyes, and so all but the two youngest children, who were twins, and had gone to bed at dark, sat up with Agnes till midnight. As the clock struck the hour, our little heroine told her brothers and sisters that they had better all seek their beds, for father and mother would not return this night. She heard them say their prayers, tucked them snugly in bed, and then lay down herself, trusting to God for protection from all danger. It was long before she could close her eyes, for she knew better than the younger children that something terrible must have happened to keep her parents away from that helpless little family. Wondering what it might be she fell asleep, and woke in the morning only to find the pitiless snow falling faster than ever, and blocking them completely in. It looked disheartening indeed, but she tried to keep up her spirits, and told the rest that she expected father and mother home soon now, as they might have taken refuge from the storm in some sheepfold, or had not started at all yet, and would come now it was daylight, by the way of Grasmere. As she cheered the others she felt hope growing stronger in her own breast, and dressing the little ones, went almost cheerfully about getting breakfast.

Her heart sank once more when she saw how little there was to eat, but she recollected that her mother must know of the scanty provision, and would hurry the faster home. She would surely arrive before dinner-time. She had the older ones help her tidy up the cottage for their parents to see, and when the morning duties were all done, again sat down to wait and watch for the loved ones. She longed to go to Grasmere to ask about them, and obtain help, but it was madness to think of going out in the heavy snow-storm, and the

bridge which was over the brook that lay between their cottage and the village was not safe to cross when covered by the snow.

A feeling of terror crossed her mind when she thought of their lonely condition, but she comforted herself by remembering that if they could not get out for the snow, no bad persons could get in to hurt them. She sang to the children and amused them all she could till noon, and then gave them their simple repast. As the missing ones had not come, she resolved to take some precautions for fear they might be left alone longer than she had first thought. She wound up the clock, carefully that they might not lose track of the hours; then scalded all the milk that was left so it would not turn sour, and then examined the meal-chest to see how long its contents would last. She made some porridge but there was so little meal that she put all but the two babies on short allowance. She found a little flour and baked some cakes on the hearth for the others, to recede to the deficiency of porridge.

It was still snowing as fast as ever, and fearing the way to the peat-stack, which was their only fuel, would be blocked up, she resolved to pull down enough to last a week, and with the aid of the two boys carried it in doors. Next she brought in potatoes, and looked after the cow. She tried to milk her, but the poor creature was half starved and only gave a little. Agnes saw she must have more hay, and though it was very difficult work, climbed up into the loft with her brothers and began pulling down the hay—severe labor as it was for such young children. Before they were through darkness came on, and made the little boys so timid that it was all our brave little maiden could do to obtain enough hay for the cow's supper and bed.

She completed the task, however, and then returned to the cottage to prepare their own frugal supper. They had scarcely enough food to satisfy the demands of hunger, but kept up courage and hope that in the morning the parents would surely be with them. The twins were again undressed and put in their cradle, and Agnes sung them to sleep just as she had seen her mother do, after which she joined the other three before the hearth, and once more they kept their anxious and loving vigil until midnight. The older sister told them stories and things she had learned from their dear mother—pausing occasionally to try to catch sounds among the hills, and almost fancying they heard the dear voices above the howling blast. The snow fell only faster than before, and they had to protect the doors and windows so it would not drift through, and also the fire, as it came hissing down the chimney.

At midnight they all retired to rest as before, and again awoke to find the snow-flakes still falling, and hope fading out of their hearts. Oh, the cruel, cruel snow! Had God forsaken them utterly, as well as father and mother? Tears fell fast as the little faces pressed against the window-panes, gazing out on the white dreary waste, and the large pitiless flakes so steadily falling, falling, as if to bury the little cottage from all human sight.

They did not take as much pains now to tidy up the cottage; for the numbness of despair had seized upon their young hearts, and during this third dreadful day of suspense, sat huddled together by the peat fire, the heroic little Agnes still trying to comfort her poor brothers and sisters, and making them say their prayers aloud, by turn. There was no getting outside the door now, and there was hardly anything left to eat. Again the desolate little group sought their beds and wet them with tears of almost hopeless sorrow.

But the next morning the sun shone brightly into the little cottage, for the long, fierce storm was over, and the wind had changed in the night, sweeping away the drifts and exposing a stone wall which the children knew would serve as a guide into Grasmere, and save crossing the unsafe bridge. Joyful at their release from the imprisoning snow, Agnes determined to try to get to Grasmere without delay, and seek help from the nearest neighbor. She told the rest to stay closely in the cottage till she returned, as the way was long and perilous for small children, and then started, undismayed, through the vast slopes of snow, for the house she was in quest of.

Arriving there, she knocked at the door and at once asked if they knew aught of her father and mother, who had been absent three days. The kind neighbor's smile of welcome turned into looks of pity and alarm, for they had not been seen at Grasmere, and on enquiry, it was found that on the day of the sale, their friends advised them not to start home in the storm; but they had gone, notwithstanding. The people at Langdale thought they heard wild cries at midnight on the day after the sale, but supposed it was the wind howling in its fury. Half an hour after the news had spread, that George and Sarah Green were missing, sixty strong men assembled at Kirk-town—the nearest hamlet—to search for them. Day after day they looked, but five days passed before a trace was found. At last dogs were used and guided the searchers to the top

of a steep precipice. A loud shout arose, for there lay the wife and mother, wrapped in a great coat, and at the foot of the rock, her husband's body was found; evidently killed by the fall, while poor Sarah had been benumbed and frozen to death. They must have been bewildered by the snow, and lost the path. Tenderly the bodies were borne home, and buried in a quiet church-yard at Kirktown, while kind neighbors did all in their power for the grief-stricken little orphan. When Agnes modestly told the story of that resolute, brave, patient, waiting-time, when she kept guard over five little ones, and then set forth, undaunted by danger, over the snow, to seek for help, every heart was touched with sympathy and admiration for this brave little girl of nine, who displayed a woman's courage and heroism amid circumstances which might have terrified an older person. After the simple funeral of the parents, the farmers of the vicinity were all eager to adopt the little ones, and even the Queen of England—Queen Charlotte by name—sent them a liberal sum of money, to reward the noble conduct of the motherly little maiden. She doubtless grew up to be as noble and brave a woman, and probably never forgot those three long days in the snow, when she earned for herself the title of "Heroine."

#### CONSISTENCY.

A Sunday-school teacher must be consistent. It will not do to teach one way and act another. You must show that you believe what you teach—that your life is ordered by the rules you present to your class.

With what force can you urge the duty of prayer if you do not pray? of truth, honesty, and purity, if you practise not all these? Your scholar must see as well as hear. He must know that you do what you tell him to do. His eyes are keen to observe, and what you may think of but little consequence, and that never will be noticed, is going far to make up his estimate of you.

A scholar in New York came to his superintendent not long ago, and asked to be put in another class. He was asked the reason. His teacher was the most popular in the school, the class was large and interesting, none was more desirable to the boys. After some hesitation, he replied, that on the last Sabbath, after the school was dismissed, he saw his teacher go into a drinking-saloon. He did not know what he went for, but his own convictions were that it was wrong, and he had lost all confidence in him as a teacher. Investigation showed that the visit was for no improper purpose, but the effect was never removed from that boy's mind.

Think for a moment how little influence your pastor would have upon you, if you ever suspected his consistency. How ready you would be to pass by his instructions and persuasions with a smile of derision. He might preach with the eloquence of a Paul in vain, if you doubted his life.

A teacher is a pastor to his class, and he must be just as pure and true, just as consistent with his instructions as the trusted minister. He teaches by his life as well as by his words. What a meaning was there in the reply of a little boy to his teacher, when he was asked if he ever knew anybody who was entirely good, "Yes, sir, my mother!"

I was once speaking to a western man of an acquaintance. "Sir," he said, "that is a man you can make fast to," alluding to a strong tree holding a steamer. I have often thought of the expression. A teacher should be one the class can make fast to, his life and character so consistent with his instruction that they may be sure he will not fail them.—*Christian Weekly.*

#### TWO RICH CHRISTIANS.

I have known two of whom I will tell you something in this letter. I am not often in Wall street, but one day when there, I met a man of fortune and fame on the steps of a bank, and he began to talk at once of the life of God in the soul, the need and the power of prayer, the blessedness of doing good and living with and for Christ in the midst of such a city as this. There was something sublime in such converse there.

The world was heaving, at the foot of the steps like breakers on the shores of the resounding sea. Yet, in the midst of its din and roar, I heard the still small voice of a man who walked with God: whose conversation was in heaven; and whose treasures were not all laid up where defaulting thieves break through and steal. He lived to a good old age, and then the voice of God said to him, "Come up higher," and he went to the city whose gates are of pearl. Rich, prosperous, absorbed in business, harassed with many cares, his life was hid with Christ while here, and he used the world as not abusing it. It is not easy, but it is practicable.

In Trogen, a mountain village of Appenzell, Switzerland, I formed the acquaintance of a gentleman who had made a large fortune as a banker in London and Havana, and had now



retired to his native place to rest and to enjoy it. A charming wife and lovely children brightened his spacious halls, and whatever heart could wish of earthly good was within his reach. But his fortune and his time were given to works of Christian benevolence. There stood a house for the blind; here a home of the aged poor; there a school for boys; there a college for teachers, and half a score of other institutions sustained by his bounty and watched over by his daily care. Each and every hour of daylight was occupied with the details of his Christian work. And as I walked with him across the hills to visit a shop where he had 30 boys lodged, and fed, and clothed, and taught to make and embroider Swiss muslin, the principal employment of the people there, he said to me: "My neighbors wonder that I spend my money and my time in these works; but they do not wonder so much as I do. It is not of me; it is not my will; it is the work of the Spirit constraining me to do this for Christ."

This is not fanaticism. It is the A B C of Christianity. If we see few examples of it in the streets of the city, or in the pews of the church, or in the circle of our Christian friends, it is because the Spirit of our Master does not reign in us and in them, subduing us unto Him as our King, and commanding the sweet and willing service of our souls and bodies as a living sacrifice. Yet this is the noblest style of life, the most angelic, the most Christ-like. If the Christian religion is divine, if man without it is in ruin, and destined to endless sorrow, then the work of saving him rises in grandeur above all objects in life. Compared with it the conquests of kingdoms, and the founding of empires are but sports of an hour. It is a high plane in any believer's life to which he has attained, when he writes holiness to the Lord on his property, and freely gives it for His service. It is a higher plane and nearer heaven, where he gives his time and labor, with personal sacrifice to the Church. But it is not religion, certainly; it is not the Christian religion, which inspires a rich man to give and does not also constrain him to love. It is not like Christ to do good by giving money to feed and clothe and house the poor, and stopping there. I may give all my goods, and even my body to be burned, but if I do not put my heart into warm and loving sympathy with my fellow men, I am not the disciple of Him who said, "Come unto me all ye who labor."—N. Y. Observer.

WHAT BECAME OF AN OVERWORKED BOY.

BY MARY E. WILLARD.

The boys of our time are too much afraid of work. They act as if the honest sweat of the brow was something to be ashamed of. Would that they were all equally afraid of a staggering gait and bloated face! This spirit builds the gambling houses, fills the jails, supplies the saloons and gaming places with loiterers, and keeps the almshouses and charitable institutions doing a brisk business.

It does not build mammoth stores and factories, nor buildings like the Astor Library and Cooper Institute. The men who build such monuments of their industry and benevolence were not afraid of work.

All boys who read this have heard of the great publishing house of the Harpers. They know of their Monthly, Weekly, the Bazar, and interesting books of all kinds, and perhaps have seen their great publishing house in New York city. If I should ask them how the oldest of the brothers came to found such an illustrious house, I would perhaps be told that he was a "wonderfully lucky man."

He was lucky, and an old friend and fellow-workman, a leading editor, recently let out the secret of his luck. He and the elder Harper learned their trades together fifty years ago, in John street, New York. They began life with no fortune but willing hands and active brains; fortune enough for any young man in this free country.

Sometimes, after we had done a good day's work, James Harper would say, "Thurlow, let's break the back of another to-day—just break it's back. I would generally reluctantly consent just to break the back of the token; but James would beguile me, or laugh at my complaints, and never let me off until the to-day was completed, fair and square! It was our custom in summer to do a fair, half-day's work before the other boys and men got their breakfast. We would meet by appointment in the gray of the morning, and go down to John street. We got the key of the office by tapping on the window, and Mr. Seymour would take it from under his pillow, and hand it to one of us through an opening in the blind.

"It kept us out of mischief, and put money in our pockets."

That key handed through that window tells the secret of the luck that enabled these two men to rise to eminence, while so many boys that lay soundly sleeping in those busy morning hours, are unknown. No wonder that he

became Mayor of the city, and head of one of the largest publishing houses in the world. When his great printing-house burned down, the giant perseverance learned in those hours of overwork, enabled him to raise, like magic from the ashes, a larger and finer one.

Instead of watching till his employer's back was turned, and saying, "Come boys, let's go home; we've done enough for one day," and sauntering off with a cigar in his mouth; or "I think it's time we had a holiday, to go a fishing," his cry was "Let's do a little over-work."

That overwork that frightens boys nowadays out of good places, and sends them out west, on ship-board, anywhere, eating husks, in search of a spot where money can be had without work, laid the foundation of the apprentice boy's future greatness.

Such busy boys were only too glad to go to bed, and sleep sound. They had no time, nor spare strength, for dissipation, and idle thoughts, and vulgar conversation.

Almost the last words that James Harper uttered were appropriate to the end of such a life, and ought to be engraven upon the minds of every boy who expects to make anything of himself. "It is not best to be studying; how little we can work, but how much." Boys! make up your mind to one thing: the future great men of this country are doing just what those boys did. If you are dodging work, angry at your employer, or teacher, for trying to make you faithful; getting up late, cross and sleepy, after a night of pleasure-seeking, longing for the time when you can exchange honest work for speculation, you will be a victim to your course of conduct.

The plainly-dressed boys that you meet carrying packages, going errands, working at trades, following the plow, are laying up stores of what you call good luck. Overwork has no terrors for them. They are preparing to take the places of the great leaders of our country's affairs. They have learned James Harper's secret. The key handed out to him in the "gray of the morning,"—that tells the story!—Evangelist.

FRUIT AFTER MANY DAYS.

About forty years ago, a young minister, on a mission to a distant village from the town in which he resided, was staying for a night at a gentleman's house. A little girl, about four years of age, was very much interested in this minister, and began to chat and play with him. By-and-by the little girl's mamma told her that it was time for her to go to bed, and so she would ring for the nurse.

In the meantime, the minister took the little girl upon his knee, and began to talk to her in a very engaging manner about Jesus.

"Now, my dear," he said, "I am going to tell you one thing which I hope you will never forget. Will you remember what I am going to say?"

She looked with her bright, clear eyes into his face, and said, "Oh yes; what is it?"

Then, putting his hands gently on her head, he slowly said, "My dear, if you don't love Jesus, you never can be happy. Now I will tell you that once more." He repeated the words, "My dear, if you don't love Jesus, you never can be happy." And again he asked, "Will you remember that?"

The child said, "Yes."

About thirty years after that visit, the minister was called to the same village. When they were seated at the breakfast table, the lady of the house, whose husband and children were also at the table, all at once looked, very earnestly at him, and enquired whether he had ever been there before. He could not remember. She then mentioned one or two things, which brought the circumstance to his mind that he was in that village at the beginning of his ministry. Presently he remembered the house in which he was a guest for one night. The lady reminded him, how he spoke these impressive words of counsel to a little girl, "If you don't love Jesus, you never can be happy." He saw the tears in her eyes. She said, "I was that little girl. Often your words came to my memory, and re-echoed in my mind, when I was giddy and thoughtless. If you don't love Jesus, you never can be happy." And these were the means of bringing me, years ago, to love my Saviour, since which time I have indeed been happy."—Christian.

A TIME AND PLACE FOR MEETING WITH JESUS.

BY REV. THEODORE L. COYLER, D. D. There was one spot on earth, which Jesus seems to have especially loved. It was his wont to go there. As John was his favorite disciple, the family of Lazarus, his favorite household, Galilee, his favorite water, so Olivet was his favorite mountain. An Oriental city, with its crowded and filthy streets, could have no charm for such a spirit as his. When duty called our Lord into Jerusalem, he went there; but as soon as he could escape from its dirt, its dogs, and its din, he bent his footsteps over the valley of Kedron to the quiet Mount of Olives.

If Jesus sought a place for quiet meditation and for retirement from the city's bustle and Babel noises, every Christian should have his Olivet also. Those of us who live in large towns are apt to live at high pressure. The rural Christian has the scenery and the solitude of God's great, wide country about him. But in the bustling, bewildering, driving, roaring city, how difficult it is to "dwell apart." Where and how can we escape the roar and the contagion of excitements? Where shall we find a Hermon or a Horeb, a brook Cherith or a Mount of Olives?

From early morn until bedtime we city folk are exposed to the whirl. The world meets us at the breakfast-table in the columns of the morning journal. We snatch the record of fires and floods, telegrams and trials, with our cup of coffee. After a hurried meal, we launch out into the crowded day. Engagements press. Cares collar the tradesman, the lawyer, and, in fact, every man, as soon as he gets into the street. When he reaches his place of business his table is probably piled with letters demanding prompt reply. Customers pour in or patrons wait; or, even if one earns his bread on a fourth floor, the "elevator" brings the street up to his door. The day's furnace of excitement is kindled in the morning and glows at a white heat until the crowded omnibus or rail-car carries the weary man out of it toward the sunset. I know of Christian merchants with whom I can never catch a five minutes' important conversation without keeping one or more others waiting impatiently behind me. After such bustling days come the late dinner, the evening paper, the evening visitors, the public entertainments, and, in some happy cases, the evening prayer-meeting in God's house. Amid all this meltem of excitement, how little chance for quiet introspection, calm meditation, or devout fellowship with Jesus!

Even the Sabbath is too often a day of over-taxing strain upon body and mind. Every good thing has its attendant evils; and the evil attendant upon the Sabbath arrangements of many active Christians is that they are deprived of nearly all opportunity for repose of mind, or for study of their own hearts or of God's precious Word. With many good people there is more preaching than praying or thinking, more headwork than heartwork, more swallowing of truth than digestion. If Jesus needed an Olivet for quiet communion and prayer, surely, his earthly followers need one still more.

Can none be found? Can city Christians discover no times or places for meditation, prayer, Bible study, or heart converse with their Lord? Yes; they may, if they so determine. I know of a busy but most pious merchant who rises early and so hems the day with a good hour over his Bible and on his knees that it does not ravel out into frivolity or undue conformity to the world. I have known of others who had a place for secret prayer at noonday in the loft of their warehouses. Some catch a half-hour of refreshment in the noon prayer-meeting. Others rigidly keep quiet evening hours for bathing their souls. No Christian can afford to live constantly in the whirl. Daniel needed to have an Olivet in his chamber, amid Babylon's roar and impiety. Peter found his on a housetop in Joppa. Let every child of Jesus resolve that he will have a place and a time for meeting his dear Master alone, and he will go forth from such holy interviews with his face shining and his strength renewed. Our Olivet will prepare us for that mount of heavenly glory where we shall see Jesus as he is.—N. Y. Independent.

CONVERSATION IN THE HOME.

Among home amusements the best is the good old habit of conversation, the talking over the events of the day, in bright and quick play of wit and fancy, the story which brings the laugh and the speaking the good and kind and true things which all have in their hearts. It is not so much by dwelling upon what members of the family have in common, as bringing each to the other something interesting, and amusing, that home-life is to be made cheerful and joyous. Each one must do his part to make conversation genial and happy. We are too ready to converse with newspapers and books, to seek some companion at the store, hotel, or club-room, and to forget that home is anything more than a place to sleep and eat in. The revival of conversation, the entertainment of one another, as a roomful of people will entertain themselves, is one secret of a happy home. Wherever it is wanting, disease has struck into the root of the tree; there is a want which is felt with increasing force as time goes on. Conversation in many cases is just what prevents many people from relapsing into utter selfishness at their firesides. This conversation should not simply occupy husband and wife, and other older members of the family, but extend itself to the children. Parents should be careful to talk with them, to enter into their life, to share their trifles, to assist in their studies, to meet them in the thoughts and feelings of their childhood. It

is a great step in education when around the evening lamp are gathered the different members of a large family, sharing their occupations with one another, the older assisting the younger, each one contributing to the entertainment of the other, and all feeling that the evening has passed only too rapidly away. This is the truest and best amusement. The health education of great and noble minds. There is the freedom, the breadth, the richness of natural life. The time spent thus by children, bears a harvest of eternal blessings, and these inter-evening conversations furnish just the time.—The Christian.

FOR CHRIST OR AGAINST HIM.

"You don't mean to call me an enemy of religion, do you?" said a farmer to a gentleman who was urging him to be a friend of Christ.

"He that is not for me is against me," are Christ's words. Are they not decisive of your question?" replied the gentleman.

"But I am friendly to religion," rejoined the farmer.

"Friendly? How? You do not revile Christ, I know; but do you serve him? Do you avow yourself his disciple? Are you his disciple? Do you by your life and speech declare that faith in Christ is necessary to salvation?"

"I do not profess faith in Christ, sir," said the farmer; "and, of course, I cannot consistently urge that faith on others."

"Then, you see," replied the gentleman, "that your influence is against the acceptance of Christ by others. Its voice is: 'Personal faith in Christ is not a very important matter; if it were, I should seek it.'"

The farmer was silenced. He felt that his friend was right. He saw that not to be on Christ's side was to be against him; not to be marching with his pilgrims to heaven was to be marching with his enemies to hell. He was right. There is no middle course.—Good News.

ONLY TWO.

Only two ways. One broad, the other narrow; one leads to destruction, the other to life; many go by the one, few by the other. Which is your way?

Only two sorts of people. Many sorts in man's opinion—many societies, classes, sects and denominations. Only two in God's sight: the righteous and the wicked, the wheat and the tares, and the dead. Which are you?

Only two deaths: the death of the righteous and the death of the wicked. Which do you think you will die? Which do you wish to die?

Only two sides on the day of judgment: the right hand and the left. Only these two. Those on the right hand will be blessed. "Come, ye blessed of my Father." Those on the left will be cursed. "Depart, ye cursed." All must appear before the judgment seat of Christ to receive the things done in the body, whether good or bad. "What word shall be spoken to you? On which side of the Throne will you stand?"—Occident.

"LET ME GO AND TELL THEM."—I listened once to a story of a little girl who had been deeply exercised on the question whether Christ really loved her. She had also been much moved by the misfortunes of a neighboring woman, upon whom the hand of God had been heavily laid, and who complained that her way was hid from God; and that her judgment had passed over from Him. The child came finally to the persuasion that Christ loved her, by receiving the assurance that "He loves all people of all ages and conditions." For a moment she tasted the sweetness of the new-born emotion which thrilled her, and then turned to her father, and said,—"Jesus loves Mrs. M.; too; let me go and tell her." This was a missionary spirit. The heathen are wretched and hopeless without the knowledge of Christ; but Jesus died for them; Jesus loves them; let us go and tell them! To feel this sacred impulse is to glow with what we call the missionary spirit. To act, according to its promptings is to be missionary, whether you are in this land or in a heathen land; whether going forth under the sanction of a missionary board, or only under the high impulsion of a living piety and a loving heart.

—If the treasure of the blood of Christ Jesus be not sufficient, Lord, what addition can I find to match, and piece it out? And if it be sufficient of itself, what addition need I seek? Other men's crosses are not mine, other men's merits cannot save me. Nor is any cross my own, which is not mine by a good title; if I be not possessor in good faith—if I came not well by that cross.

—Many a man has not got so far from your sympathy, but that one word, kindly said in his ear, "My friend, you are going wrong," will check him. The difficulty is that we let men go so far from our sympathy that we cannot reach them. Now, it is this individual work that I believe is to reform the world, and bring it back to God.—Cough.



SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

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

LESSON II.

JULY 11. FOLLOWING THE LAMB—(A.D. 27).

READ JOHN I: 85-10:—COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 86, 87.

GOLDEN TEXT.—These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.—Rev. xiv. 4.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Jesus is leader and commander of the people.

DAILY READINGS.

- M. John i. 35-40. T. Ex. xii. 3-17. W. 1 Pet. i. 18-26. Th. Deut. xviii. 15-22. F. Eph. ii. 13-22. Sa. Heb. xiii. 8-21. S. Rev. vii. 9-17.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Notice the four pictures here described. (1.) John pointing out Jesus to two disciples near the river Jordan—country hilly, no fences nor wagon roads, only paths. (2.) The disciples and Jesus at his home. (3.) Andrew bringing Peter to Jesus. (4.) Philip bringing Nathanael to Jesus in Galilee.

HISTORICAL NOTES.—Andrew, a fisherman of Bethsaida, brother of Peter, and a disciple first of John the Baptist, then of Jesus, is said to have been crucified in Achaia.—Peter, (rock or stone), called also Simon, fisherman of Bethsaida, one of the leading apostles.—Philip, also of Bethsaida, probably a disciple of John the Baptist and known to Jesus; some say he preached in Phrygia and met death at Hierapolis.—Nathanael, (—given of God,) of Cana, and probably the same as Bartholomew.—Nazareth, a town in Lower Galilee, the home of Joseph and Mary on their return from Egypt. It was looked upon with contempt by the Jews. It is now called En-Nasrah, and has from three thousand to five thousand inhabitants.

EXPLANATION.—(35.) next day, after Christ's temptation, or after John's words in v. 29. (36.) Lamb of God (see v. 29 and Isa. lxxiii. 7-9). (37.) two disciples, Andrew and probably John, the writer of this Gospel, followed Jesus, became his disciples. (38.) Rabbi—Master, a title of honor given to Jewish teachers. (39.) abode, those loving Christ, wish to dwell with him. (40.) tenth hour, four o'clock. (41.) and with his own brother, having found Jesus, his first work is to bring his brother to him; Messias, Christ anointed. (42.) Cephas, an Aramaic word meaning the same as the Greek word Petros—Peter, a rock or stone. (43.) Galilee, the northern of the three great divisions of Palestine; follow me, become my disciple; Bethsaida, a city on the west side of the Sea of Galilee. (44.) Moses... did write (see Deut. xxxiii. 15; Isa. lxxiii. etc.); law and prophets, the Jews divided their Scriptures into the law, the prophets, and the Psalms. (45.) out of Nazareth, no good expected from such a despised place.

TOPICS AND QUESTIONS.

- (I.) JESUS THE LAMB OF GOD. (II.) FOLLOWING JESUS. (III.) ABIDING WITH JESUS. (IV.) BRINGING OTHERS TO JESUS. I. State the persons mentioned in v. 35. Which John is meant? [John the Baptist.] Whom did he see? What did he say of Jesus? What more is said of Jesus in v. 29? How were the multitude which the Apostle John saw in his vision redeemed? Rev. vii. 9, 14. From what will the wicked wish to hide at last? Rev. vi. 15, 16. II. When the two disciples knew who Jesus was, what did they do? State the names of these disciples. How may we follow Jesus now? III. What did Jesus ask these disciples? How did they reply? Give the meaning of Rabbi. How long did they stay at the home of Jesus? Whom did Jesus find in Galilee? What did he say to Philip? IV. Whom did Andrew first seek? What did he say to Simon? To whom did he bring his brother? How did Jesus receive him? What name did he give to Simon? Whom did Philip seek? Whom did he say that Jesus was? How did Nathanael answer Philip? What did Philip urge him to do? Which verses in this lesson teach us— (1.) To follow Jesus. (2.) To bring our friends to Jesus?

LESSON III. JULY 18. JESUS AT THE MARRIAGE—(A.D. 27).

READ JOHN II: 1-11.—COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 1, 2.

GOLDEN TEXT.—This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory, and his disciples believed on him.—John ii. 11.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Jesus is Lord of all.

DAILY READINGS. M. John ii. 1-11. T. Matt. xlii. 1-10. W. Isa. lv. 1-15. Th. Phil. iv. 4-19. F. Luke xiv. 7-15. Sa. Matt. xi. 7-19. S. Rev. xix. 5-10.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—This lesson shows us how deeply Jesus is interested in the joyous events of our lives. Picture to yourself an Eastern wedding—the bridal party returning with the bride; the people not rich; feast lasting several days; wine gone; the wonderful supply.

HISTORICAL NOTES.—Cana, a village near Nazareth, some place it at Kefer Kenna, four and a half miles N. E. of Nazareth; Dr. Robinson and others at Kana el Jehil, a deserted village, nine miles north of Nazareth. The other Cana was near Phenicia.—Marriage.—The names of the persons married are not given; some say John the Evangelist, others Simon the Canaanite. Marriage-feasts were usually held at the bridegroom's house; invited guests only were present. A friend of the bridegroom was the "governor." The feasts sometimes lasted from three to six days.

EXPLANATION.—(1.) third day, after meeting Nathanael; marriage (see Notes); Cana (see Notes); mother of Jesus, Mary, was there, not invited, but as a relative. (2.) Jesus was called—i. e., invited. (3.) wanted wine, or wine having failed; it was thought a disgrace to be out at such a feast. (4.) Woman, a term of respect; I... with thee, or, "What is that to me and thee?" wine hour, the time for my help. (5.) water-pots, stone urns from which water was drawn for washing feet and hands before meals; purifying, cleansing, washing; firkins, metretres, probably a measure of about five to seven gallons (the six waterpots, probably held from eighty to one hundred gallons). (6.) governor, tradition says he was Nathanael (see Notes). (7.) tasted, tasting to see that it was right was his duty as "governor;" knew not, this shows the reality of the miracle. (8.) good wine, usually given first, afterward the poorer. (9.) beginning of miracles, first public miracle; his glory, his divine power.

TOPICS AND QUESTIONS.

- (I.) JESUS AT THE MARRIAGE. (II.) WHAT JESUS DID. (III.) WHY HE DID IT. I. Where was this marriage? How long after the events of the last lesson? Who were present at the marriage? II. What was wanted at the feast? Who told Jesus of it? What reply did he make to her? What did she say to the servants? What were standing there? How much did they hold? What did Jesus tell the servants to do? To whom were they to take some of the water? What did the governor say of it? Who only knew where the "good wine" came from? III. What did this miracle show? v. 11. Which of his miracles is this called? What effect had it upon his disciples?



Stone Water-Jars.

Wedding feast. Invited, after made wine, work of GOD, order of Ruler, wonderful Guest.

PRIZES.

The circulation of the MESSENGER has been for the last five numbers, as follows:— April 16th. 18,200 May 1st. 19,300 15th. 19,500 June 1st. 20,500 15th. 21,000

This is a pleasant sort of increase, which we hope will continue until the MESSENGER reaches every country neighborhood on this continent. We have now subscribers in most of the United States, and the circulation is rapidly increasing in regions where the paper was before unknown. For this advance, we have especially to thank the friends of Sunday-schools in various quarters, and persons who are anxious for the promotion of good literature in their own neighborhoods, as well as a great multitude of children who have made canvassing for the MESSENGER a specialty. As we wish to have a circulation of 30,000

before the summer is out we wish to organize all our young readers for a summer campaign, to last during the months of July, August and September. During the holidays every one will do what he or she can to get us new subscribers and send us the money for them. We want all to work for the good of their neighbors, and we will give to those who do best the following prizes:— To the boy or girl who sends us before the first of October the money for the largest number of subscribers... \$25.00 To the second largest... 15.00 To the third largest... 10.00 To the fourth largest a work-box or writing-desk furnished, worth... 8.00 To the next ten on the list a work-box or writing desk, varying in value from \$7 to \$2... \$32.00 To the next ten a book each, worth \$1... 10.00

The above rate of increase, showing a growth of two thousand three hundred in six weeks, would bring us, without any special inducement, up to more than 26,600 by the first of October—so that with these prizes there is every prospect of reaching the 30,000 if not a much higher figure.

WHAT OUR CONTEMPORARIES SAY.

We are in constant receipt of very many flattering notices in our exchanges of the MESSENGER, which from its beautiful appearance, interesting contents and marvellous cheapness, never fails to attract attention. We give one or two extracts to show the general tenor of the reviews. —The Hebrew of San Francisco says:—"THE MESSENGER is the title of a well filled quarto sheet of eight pages, published in Montreal, Canada, and devoted to agriculture, temperance, science and education. On all these subjects it contains most excellent matter, and being published semi-monthly, seems, as it were, sandwiched in between the weeklies and the dailies we all take. It is a readable sheet, and at the close of the year would form a most interesting volume." —One of the most pleasing of the numerous cheap publications for children that has come to our table recently is the NORTHERN MESSENGER, published by John Dougall & Son, Montreal, semi-monthly, at 20 cents per annum. It is well worthy a place in every household where there are children, and in every Sabbath-school.—Framingham, Mass., Enterprise. —A first-class family paper.—Dakota City Mail, Neb. —"It is a beautiful four-column, eight-page paper, illustrated in a very attractive style."—Lee's Summit Ledger, Miss. —"Contains as much useful and entertaining information as many that cost three times as much."—Hughes County News, Michigan. —"One of the best and cheapest little papers we know of."—Fenton Independent, Michigan. —"In the number on our table, the selections are excellent."—Herald, Liberty, Indiana. —"The cheapest and best paper we have seen lately."—Nokomis Gazette, Illinois. —"All who desire a temperance journal should subscribe at once."—Crawford County Express, Wis. —"A good paper calculated to quicken thought and to stir up the soul to noble things, rather than to minister to a carnal mind."—Bureau County Herald, Princeton, Ill. —"Those who subscribe will find their money well invested."—Westborough Chronicle, Mass.

Complimentary notices are also given by the following journals:—"The Tribune of Port Vincent, Louisiana; Rice County Journal, Northfield, Minnesota; People's Banner, Wetumpka, Alabama; National Democrat, Rahway, New Jersey; Wilmington, Del., Advertiser; Yazoo City, Mississippi; Democrat, Register, Kirksville, Missouri; Daily Appeal, Leavenworth, Kansas; Mercury, Paris, Missouri; Times, Carmi, Illinois; Family Gasket, White House, Station, New Jersey; Reporter, Turner's Falls, Massachusetts; Journal, Lewiston, Maine; Express, Steelville, Missouri; Literary Pearl, Birmingham, Ohio; Republican, Batesville, Arkansas; Sentinel, Papillion, Nebraska; Register, Plattburgh, Missouri; Republican, Woodville, Mississippi; Enterprise, Wedowee, Alabama; Daily News, Cumberland, Maryland; Record, Searoy, Arkansas; and many Canadian newspapers.

THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Mr. Editor,—I live on Pine Grove Farm, situated on the fourth concession of Pickering, about 3 1/2 miles from Brougham Village, and the same from Duffin's Creek Station on Grand Trunk Railway. This part is delightfully situated, being quite elevated and giving us a beautiful view of Lake Ontario. The soil is loamy and well adapted to agriculture. I have been going to Sunday-school ever since I was able to go to the church! We have a splendid school now; the number of pupils enrolled is about 135, and we have an average of about 80. We have a splendid superintendent; his name is Mr. Caspar Wilson; he has held that office a number of years. Our Bible class teacher is Mr. H. Baxter; he has offered a beautiful book as a prize for the scholar who brings the greatest number of new scholars to the school. The children and I are

very anxious to obtain it. We take the CANADIAN MESSENGER and use the lessons contained in it; I think this an excellent paper, and I wish all schools would endeavor to get it. I wish success to all Sabbath-schools and the CANADIAN MESSENGER. SARAH LAMOREAUX, age 13. This Sunday-school takes 50 or 60 copies of the MESSENGER.

PARIS, June 6th, 1875. Dear Mr. Dougall,—I am a little boy twelve years old, and two years ago I came from the London Home to the Hamilton Home for boys and girls, and since that time I have lived with two different families. I am living at present with Mr. Elkington, who takes your WRITERS and MESSENGER, and I do like very much to read them. I am very happy and comfortable in my present home, and hope to stay in it a long time. I am trying to learn to be a farmer. I like Canada very well, but I must say I like England, my native home, the best, and I wish you to know, sir, that I am a cockney. JOHN TAYLOR.

OAKLAND, May 3rd. Pa takes the MESSENGER and we like it very much. There are some nice temperance stories in it; there is so much hurt done by liquor. About a mile below our place there was a man and woman who drank and had awful times; one day last winter they went to town and got drunk and began fighting, and he struck her, and when they got home he pulled her by the hair of the head into the house and killed her; he is in jail now and I expect he will be hung; he had five children and they had nothing much to eat or wear. Hoping my letter is not too long, I will close up. From a little girl, FANNY M. KELLY.

WATFORD, April 17, 1875. PUZZLES. 1st. From six take nine, from nine take ten, from forty take fifty, and tell me what remains. 2nd. I am a word of seven letters. My 1, 5, 3, 4, is equal to 1111. "5, 6, 7, 2 is a sort of read. "1, 6, 4, 7 means principal. And my whole is a native of a certain country. 3rd. Where do we find soap mentioned in the Bible? WALTER ATKEN.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

THE ALTERED RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

To the WRITERS, owing to the new postal law which requires the publishers to prepay postage, are as follows:— Daily Witness... \$3.00 per annum. To Ministers actually in charge of congregations and teachers actually in charge of schools... \$2.50 per annum. Montreal Witness (Tri-weekly) \$2 per annum.

To Ministers and teachers as above... \$1.50 per annum. Weekly Witness... \$1.10 per annum. To Ministers, &c., &c... 85 cents per annum.

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

The new rates for the MESSENGER are: 1 copy... \$0.30 10 copies... 2.50 25 copies... 6.00 50 copies... 11.50 100 copies... 22.00 1,000 copies... 200.00 Surplus copies for distribution as tracts, 12 dozen for \$1.

The new rates for the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, on the other hand, are somewhat higher than before, as some improvements in get-up are to be introduced. They are as follows:— 1 copy... \$1.50 10 copies... 12.00 25 copies... 25.00

The Dominion will be clabbed with the WRITERS at \$1.25, instead of \$1, as heretofore. The new rates come into force this day, but except in the case of subscriptions received after this date the postage will not be pre-paid by us until after October first, when the new law comes fully into force. J. DOUGALL & SON, Publishers. MONTREAL, May 1st, 1875.

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