

Dr. Carmichael's Church of Normal School



[FOR "PURE GOLD."]

JOHN GREY'S INCREASE OF PROPERTY.

A LITTLE INCIDENT, NOT A LITTLE AMUSING, RECORDED IN RHYME.

By JACOB SPENCE, in his younger days in 15 short chapters.

CHAP. VIII.—JOHN'S AWKWARD FIX.

John's actions rather lively grew, John hurried, and too thoughtless too, Excited by his lively strain, Trifles were treated with disdain, His neat vest fastening, open flew And half shut playful hung in view.

The question now was how to best, Arrange the subject of the vest. The fixture, inconvenient out, John's figure seemed to raise a doubt, Should he not stop and put it straight? But, then, how should the meeting wait?

Still as John's bright effusions flowed, The smithy inside garment showed; The white erratic outside flaunted, Far from the place where really wanted, Displaying mistress Grey's invention Beyond the sphere of her intention.

CHAP. IX.—VILE SLANDER.

Malicious minds disposed to draw False inference from what they saw, The dark within the white outside Constrasting when 'twas meant to hide; Might almost take it as a chance, The flimsy notion to advance, Pure, clean outside—half hinting then, Such hypocrites are temperance men.

CHAP. X.—ATTENTION DIVERTED.

John spoke with vigor—yet it seemed Attention wavering—Logic seemed, The arguments were weighty, sound, But the free fixing flying round, Appeared to carry off their force; The neat half yard would take its course, Its length some ladies criticised, Some better "style" would have devised, Should it cut short a temperance speech No serious talk the case could reach.

CHAP. XI.—VIEWS AND FEELINGS.

Kind sympathy was felt for John, Should he? or should he not go on? Soft willing hands were there that night, Would soon have put the matter right; But who would boldly undertake So great a work for pity sake?

Some heads were held down deep in thought, Some turned aside and glances caught, Some shut their eyes, they only wanted To hear when John so free despatched; And merry youngsters looked amused, Some feared dear John would get confused. Profound discourse was of no use, Then fight it out; or what excuse? To give his case a moral bearing, At same time keep his linen airing.

CHAP. XII.—JOHN'S COURAGE AND TACT.

John saw his fix, but no way frightened, Seemed on the subject prompt enlightened; Half shirt antagonist appeared He would not have it said he feared An enemy as slight as that, Since the first hour he owned a hat. It came, he saw, he conquered it By shaft of smile and blade of wit.

First it half vexed him, so it looked A shape of case not to be brooked, His own and should be bottom friend, On which his wife too did depend; Should take such liberties unkind, 'Twas not just to his tender mind. But he would work to double end, Subdue a foe and make a friend. At once he caught a happy thought, Turn it to good account, he ought, And to his mind belief he should Was clear conviction that he could.

CHAP. XIII.—JOHN'S SELF-EVIDENT ILLUSTRATION.

Here John advantages could show From temperance practice ever grow; So plainly could he put his case Right here—look here! beneath my face This cause of ours is illustrated, Yes; sometimes better than debated. Increase of property admitted, Was for this very purpose fitted, His new appendage front in sight, Shed on his case its radiant light, No need our subject to disguise, Example fair before your eyes. Then pointing to his erring vest, His audience to the point addressed, See here! my friends now look again, This property is here 'tis plain, Observe how I became possessed Of what you notice on my breast. Now mind! cried he, you all know me, And on a time you all did see That one good shirt I did not own, Distinctly, I have richer grown, To night I own one and a half, I now, as well as you, can laugh. Here's gain so evident to all, To this, attention now I call.

CHAP. XIV.—JOHN'S APPLICATION.

John called this hit the point to finish, Lest good impressions might diminish, Would make short application now, 'Twas manifested plainly how, Increase of property, attraction, Should lead humanity to action.

"Ex-plain," said John, means extra plain, Clearly to shew ex-clear again, Unfold, express, expose, expand, To lead the mind to understand, Develop, manifest reveal, Ex-hibit too, that men may feel, And apprehend the ample worth Of facts, had he not so held forth And made them fully comprehend The teachings of his bosom friend.

John beg'd most serious close attention To facts, he now once more would mention, Mark! learn, discover, amply see The benefits enjoyed by me, I do most earnestly declare, Outside and in and ev'ry where, I manifest improvement great, In mind and body and estate, Teetotalism has brought about Possession of this gay turn out, 'Tis seen setforth beyond a guess The vast improvement is my dress, My wife too now has at command, Wherewith to try her clever hand, You all might well appreciate How tidy I've become of late. So you may too, and so rejoice, Now is the time, make sober choice.

Bend, listen, yield to moral force, My heart advises you this course, Example take, and take my word, Come up and sign with one accord.

CHAP. XV.—JOHN'S PERORATION.

John understood and argued still, 'Twas finish shewed the workman's skill, So to conclude without collapse, Or once approaching a perhaps, And have more forcibly expressed The ardor of his heaving breast.

John felt elated, earnest, warm, Lifted one foot and raised one arm, Half-shirt held forth with other hand, Extended silence to command. John (and a half) at utmost length, Cried (putting forth his utmost strength).

"Come, follow my example bright, Now strike your fetters off outright; You may from tyrant Drink be free, Happy and well-to-do like me. Glad liberty and joy obtain, Prosperity and blessing gain, I hope you realize my case, 'Increase of property' and peace."

OUR WAY AND GOD'S WAY.

A Brooklyn lady sends the Advance the following pertinent remarks:

"We have tried total abstaining long enough; it will not work. People always have used intoxicating liquors, and they always will use them, to some extent, to the end of time. The best we can do is to favor their using the lighter alcoholic drinks without getting drunk on them, and that will do away with intoxication, and with all its attendant evils."

We hear not a little of the above sort of talk lately; but we do talk in this way about other sins? Men have been committing theft, and murder, and adultery three thousand years, and yet we go on preaching, and working, and legislating against these sins as though we expected men to stop them. And we do not become discouraged because everybody does not stop them all at once; we do not give it up and say, "It is of no use to try to get them to do any better; we must allow them to indulge a little in their favorite sins, because men always have sinned, and always will sin to the end of time."

Is that the gospel? Is that the way God talks to us? Does he not rather set before us the highest ideal? "Repent;" "Cease to do evil; learn to do well;" "I will cleanse you from all your transgressions." And how long has he talked thus? Fifty years? Fifty hundred years? Nay, ever since sin entered into the world, he has not ceased thus to teach and to preach, and to work for man's salvation. Though all men's blindness and ignorance, and darkness, God has worked on with his great, with his infinite patience. But now we are going to give up a great principle, because, forsooth, we have worked fifty years and have not induced everybody to receive it. Why so? Has it not worked well? Have not thousands been saved? Have we not had most glorious examples of total abstaining, and of its results to the individual and to the public? And our heavenly Father has been at work at this temperance business far longer than we have. He warned man in the very beginning against the dangers that danger that was to come to him through the indulgence of the appetites. And what was the law laid down for him? Thou mayest eat a little? Nay, it was the strictest total abstaining, "Thou shalt not eat of it." Man sinned, and his children sinned long and desperately, but God did not give them up thus. "Thou shalt not," came again and again. It is not God's way to say, Thou mayest indulge a little, and that will keep you from sinning more, and if we are to be "co-workers together with him" that must not be our way. All through the ages God has been working thus for man, and the race is rising higher and higher; and now when they are beginning to get their eyes open to what they suffer from this long, gross indulgence, of the appetites, we should not be discouraged because they do not see it all at once and throw it up in fifty years, Christians, at least, should have more consideration. We believe the time is coming when sin and misery will be done away with in this world, but we do not seem to realize that one of the most direct means for accomplishing this is to work for total abstaining. We do not need to compromise the truth. We can afford to be bold, and firm, and patient for the right.

TEMPLES OF BACCHUS.

HEATHENDOM has its sanctuaries, its holy places, its shrines, and its worshippers. Thebes and Luxor, in ancient days, boasted temples whose architecture surpassed aught the world had yet seen; their ruins even now are a marvel and a mystery. The Parthenon, with its gorgeous surroundings of art and nature, its marble halls and inimitable sculpture, is still a model for artists. Innumerable temples, pagodas consecrated to her thirty millions of idol deities, adorn the plains, and gleam out from the deep forest recesses of India. Vishnu, and Siva, Juggernaut and Brahma, have each their myriad shrines and hideous sacrifices, their sanguinary rites and revolting ceremonies, each one proclaiming the irrefragable fact that the so-called "holy places" of idolatry, rich though they may be in architectural grandeur and stately beauty—imposing by their pomp, and splendour, and gorgeousness—are yet associated with all

that is vilest, most ignorant, and most degrading in point of morals and religion, eliciting the involuntary utterance, "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

But what idol-worship is compatible with the pure and holy spirit of Christianity? "No such temples disgrace our land!" we say complacently. "No debasing rules are celebrated in our cities. No vine-crowned devotees rush madly forth with frantic howlings to inaugurate polluting orgies. A temple dedicated to Bacchus! The sanguinary rites that were a disgrace to humanity, revived! The idea is absurd, monstrous, impossible!"

But stop! What see we in every city, in almost every town and village of our nominally Christian country? Edifices whose attractions are neither few nor small; edifices on whose adorning, architectural skill and artistic taste seem to have exhausted their powers; as truly dedicated to Bacchus as were temples of old to their presiding deities. Gin-palaces, gorgeous with light and colour; music halls, flooded with golden radiance; dancing saloons and entertainments; seductive in their fascination as the enchantments of Circe, and withal as ruinous,—these flourish in our midst, luring myriads to their unhallowed shrines, an opening out smooth and expeditious roads to destruction and death. The paths of ruin are made bright and broad; the avenues to destruction ring with the music of syren voices. Ingenuity has exhausted its devices in endeavours to attract and win the unwary. "Shooting matches, friendly societies, foot races, games of skill, raffles, curiosities of nature, music, and flower gardens," are all rendered subservient to the purposes of the publican, the high priest who ministers at these unholy altars. And with what result? Juggernaut has slain his thousands, and Moloch his tens of thousands, but the victims of Bacchus outnumber these! Who may count the wretched legions that have perished at his shrine? Who may tell of the costly gifts wasted upon his altar? Of the argosies of love and hope lured to destruction by his wiles? Who may number the lights he has quenched, the hopes he has blasted, the hearts he has utterly crushed and broken? Till "the day shall declare it," not one tithe of the sin, the blight, the anguish, wrought by the fiery draughts of the Tempter can be revealed. The vast scroll is but a record of accumulated wrong, of lamentations, mourning and woe.

To lift one soul from this gulf of sin and wretchedness were surely worth the energies of a lifetime. To raise one poor degraded one from the slough of despond, and win him over to paths lighted by heavenly sunshine, were surely worth an angel's powers! For who may calculate or realize the influence of even one life redeemed from the power of vice, and consecrating its energies to the spread of truth, and purity, and love! "No man liveth to himself;" and in view of the myriad wrecks around us; of the home-wretchedness, the blight, and the despair, the thorough debasement of body and soul, and the darkening of the mind and intellect which subserves to this one vice invariably means, it behoves us to use whatever influence we may possess to save the fallen from their bondage, and to throw around the loved ones of our hearts and homes the shield of total abstinence, the panoply of true and enlightened principle theegis of a self-denying resolve, of a pure and sanctified will.

"And because right is right, to follow right Is wisdom in the score of consequence." —Methuist Temperance Magazine.

SELF POISONING.

By DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

VERY few persons understand how easy it is to poison one's self unintentionally, or to what extent we are constantly endangering human life. To illustrate: The liver is the largest gland of the body, weighing in its normal state about four pounds, though very much larger than this in some forms of disease. It is one of the depurating organs, its principal office being to eliminate the waste, worn-out and really poisonous matters from the venous blood, to purify it before it shall reach the lungs, where in its excessive, or poisonous state it would injure that organ, and where the process of purification is continued.

The amount of this waste and poisonous substance, called bile, is sometimes estimated at two and one-half pounds each day, though of course it varies in different individuals and at different times. This waste matter, or bile, is conducted to the duodenum, or large bowel connected with the stomach. Indeed, it is the stimulus of the bowels, the natural physic, a necessary element in the bowels, while its principal use in the stomach, when it reaches there accidentally, is to aid in dissolving an excess of fatty matter.

This important organ often becomes very much enlarged, as the natural result of certain forms of intemperance, when it presses against the stomach bowels, and also against the diaphragm, upward, of course encroaching on the space intended for the lungs. This enlargement, and other forms of disease, are generally caused by the use of ardent spirits, tobacco, the immoderate use of food, and the use of gross, highly concentrated and overstimulating foods, and general excesses. Sometimes this organ becomes almost a mass of fat, or it may be highly inflamed and then ulcerated, as the lives of most of the hogs are when very fat. But the most usual forms of disease, those from which most of the evils result, are first an inflammation (acute liver complaint) and then a torpid, sluggish condition or jaundice. In this condition, after having been overworked, in the inflamed stage it ceases to labor, or does not perform its intended functions, that of purification, and hence the direful evils, the rapid poisoning of the whole body.

Some of the more apparent of the results of such torpidity of the liver, and a consequent impurity of the blood are certain discoloration of the skin and irritations of the mucus or internal surfaces corresponding with the external skin. As the sweat—which is only a part of the waste from the blood—reaches the surface, loaded with irritating impurities, it produces some of these discolorations of a brownish hue, with pimples, blotches, and various forms of eruptive diseases, with sores, boils and carbuncles, scrofulous formations, etc. It necessarily follows that the whole system becomes affected and contaminated, a direct and necessary result of this gradual but sure process of poisoning, this failure of the liver to perform its part in the great effort to remove from the body its waste and worn out particles as fast as they accumulate. These decaying particles, if allowed to remain in the blood, coming in contact with the brain and the mucus surfaces, cannot but produce effect similar to those resulting from taking putrid, or semi-putrid, substances as a part of our food, thus mingling putrescent matter with the current of the blood. The inevitable result, in both instances, is the general contamination of the whole body, a general poisoning, of course resulting in some form of disease, as fevers or inflammations, the design of which is to throw these results by an abnormal action of all the powers of the system.

Still another result, quite as natural and unavoidable, is constipation of the bowels attended by clay-colored feces. This sluggishness or inactivity of the liver, of course resulting in a meagre supply of bile which is the natural stimulus of the bowels, must be succeeded by a corresponding torpidity of the bowels. It must be apparent that this poisoned condition of the body is greatly aggravated by this retention of waste and feculent matter for an unusual period. Hence the foul odors of the perspiration and the fouler breath, so often attributed to decaying teeth, etc., and hence, also, as these putrid substances float in the blood currents and reach the brain, perhaps aided by particles of alcohol or tobacco, unchanged, since they, as foreign elements, can never form a part of the true body, they necessarily produce that dullness, sleepiness, nervousness, dizziness, gloom and irritability.

This costiveness is naturally, if not necessarily, succeeded by the piles, ulcers, dyspepsia, and a long and fearful train of similar ailments. One means of escaping such evils is to adopt a simple and nourishing diet, exercise much in the open air, avoiding stimulants, alcoholic preparations, tobacco, excess of greasy food, and all products of the swine in particular.

Editing a paper is very much like carrying an umbrella on a windy day. Everybody thinks he could manage it better than the one who has hold of the handle.

Tales and Sketches.

JOB'S TROUBLES.

THEY were drawing near to their end, and we were heartily glad of it. Being women, our patience resembled that of Job's wife, rather than his own inexhaustible article; and we had been crooking our shoulders and stiffening our necks and blinding our eyes over that quilting-frame the whole afternoon, and another afternoon, besides. At length the end was at hand, and the last row of stars, shells, crosses, compasses, globes, leaves, and Heaven knows what other shapes of things, terrestrial and celestial, was being wrought with microscopic stitches, into the strip of crimson silk which formed the border to that paragon of patchwork, known to our grandmothers as a "Job's-troubles bedquilt"—on account, of course of the innumerable pieces of which it was composed. Precisely how many there were, in the specimen now under our hands I dare not trust my memory to state, but they seemed to rival in multitude not only the different varieties of trial to which its great namesake was subjected, but also the number of his flocks and his herds, to say nothing of his comforters or his children. At any rate, it was something quite marvellous; and, famous as Aquitank was for patchwork monstrosities, nothing like it had ever been seen in Virginia before.

That everybody had opportunity to acknowledge, for Cousin Maria Cliffbro knew and visited every family of note on the Eastern Shore. There were few days in the week when her high-shouldered gig, with her tall, rawboned horse, were not seen turning in at the gate of some one or other of the old-fashioned, hospitable, Eastern-Shore mansions; and in the foot of the gig was a unfailingly to be observed a brown wicker-basket, which contained, besides Cousin Maria's best cap, a day's-work supply, sacredly enveloped in a spotless napkin of Job's-troubles patches.

An exhaustless theme of inquiry and comment was furnished, even in its inchoate condition, by this *ne plus ultra* of bedquilts. Shut out from the great world, as we were, in Aquitank, with the ocean on one side of us and the Chesapeake on the other, with neither railroad nor telegraph nor printing-press within fifty miles of us, we had naturally not much to talk about but ourselves and our relations. (Everybody in Aquitank was related to everybody else; and never a "blasted furnier," not even the ubiquitous Paddy, had ever been known to set foot upon its aristocratic, English-peopled shores.)

In consequence, there was rather a dearth at times of material for conversation. When the results as to the ingathering of souls of the last "big meeting" at Chincoteague or Okkohamock had been discussed, triumphantly by the Dissenters, superciliously by the Episcopalians; when the last reported engagement between an Eyre and a Carr, a Nottingham and a Custis, had been turned and returned, and viewed in every possible light; when the unprecedented success of Aunt Sukey Kellam or Cousin Betsy Joyines, as to turkeys and goslings, had been duly marvelled over, and the latest new recipes for scolloping oysters and making sweet-potato puddings had been compared with those handed down by tradition, there was apt to come an awful pause in the conversation, although the very first instalment of the day's visitation was not yet over.

Then Job's troubles used to come nobly to the rescue, and triumphantly fill up the breach, to the infinite relief of hostess and guests. There was never a time when Cousin Maria could not make talk on that absorbing theme of her love and pride.

Was not each one of its nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine pieces a scrap of somebody's dress? and was there not a story belonging to every bit of brocade, every fragment of tabinet or of pongee contained therein? This piece of pearl-colored satin was a part of Evelyn Parramore's wedding-dress, and she was a grandmother now. The pink, the blue, the lilac, the amber, which formed a border round it, were samples of the bridesmaids' dresses; and the flowered damask squares which fitted in at the corners, were saved from the bridegroom's waistcoat. Ah, what a wedding that was, and how many others grew out of it.

This bit of brown sarcenet was from the dress in which Vienna Upshur ran off with Tom Nottingham; Cousin Maria stood under the oak-tree with her herself. That was in her wild young days; and that very day Dick Cliffbro proposed to her to do likewise. But there was no need of that; it was a very equal match, and everybody was willing; so here was her wedding-dress—this triangle of heavy dove-gray silk—and the black border round it was the mode with which she lightened her mourning ten years after his death!

It was not a very amiable resolution, perhaps, but I was too impatient and anxious about that time to be very amiable; and it was odd what a zest it gave to the supper to which we were presently summoned. Old Aunt Rinty had distinguished herself. Never were waffles more goldenly tinged, never chickens more deliciously browned, nor the aroma of mocha more exquisitely preserved. As for Cousin Maria's Old Dominion cake and candied watermelon, they were as famous as her patchwork, and I addressed myself, with a hearty good-will, to each and all of these dainties.

"Seems to me you enjoy taking tea at Bayside, Kate Custis?" said Lottie Upshur, pointedly, as I helped myself for the third time to waffles. Before I could reply, Cousin Maria interposed briskly:

work of her hands. She was a tall, angular woman, with an immensely long chin, and wore a black "front," so low down upon her temples that only a small segment of forehead was visible. She looked what she was, one of the genuine old-fashioned Virginia "quality," but no one had ever called her handsome in my hearing. Now, in the flush of gratified pride and the softness of a much tenderer feeling, she affected me as though she had been beautiful, and I watched her with curiosity and sympathy.

"There's nothing like it in the country, is there, friends?" she said, smoothing it out complacently. "What do you all think?—What do you think, Cousin Katharine?"

It was one of the old lady's quaint ideas of politeness to address every relative, no matter how distant or how young, by the appropriate title; and of late she had been Cousining me to an extent and in a way that implied some very special meaning. So did her tone and manner in her sudden special address just now. I knew well enough what it was, and I answered saucily:

"Oh, it's very well for a bedquilt—such old-fashioned, exploded things! For my part, I never use any but white coverlets."

"Well, there's plenty of them, too," said Cousin Maria, still in a provokingly meaning tone, which made Sally and Betty and all the girls exchange glances, and set old Miss Peggy Hyslop, the seamstress, to nodding her wizened head, like one of the ridiculous images one sees in city shop-windows at Christmas-time. "There's a whole set in honey-comb that was spun and woven before my time, and is as good as ever now; and there's a daisy set and a diamond set, and the beautiful one in tuft-stitch that worked in Robert's name and the date of his birth. There's not the match of that in the county either, and she did it the last thing before she died, poor dear. The Lord's will be done!" Cousin Maria drew in her breath and looked pious for a moment, but the next instant her spirits re-asserted their elation.

"Well, well!" she said, briskly, "it is handsome, and there's no denying it, nor that whoever gets Robert and it with him will have a right to feel herself a proud and a happy woman." But this isn't giving you your supper, my dear. I told Arinthy to put herself up and do her best, and I must go and see how she's making out. I guess you'll be ready by the time we are."

She bustled out of the room as she spoke, not forgetting, however, to give me another meaning nod and smile. To cover this, I said, hastily:

"Come, girls, hurry! Don't you smell the waffles?" and bent assiduously over my work, but my thoughts were as busy as my fingers. What in the world was Cousin Maria trying to get up an affair between Bob Bayly and me for? Her one fault—an over-fondness for money—was notorious; and I had no access to ally to his broad lands, no negroes—God forbid!—to swell the number of his "hands." I was all right as to family, it was true. The Baylys, the Custises, the Cliffbros, were all from one stock, and had married and intermarried among each other, until it was almost impossible to trace the different threads of relationship. But then I had been sent North to school, and had come back with certain modified ideas, which had won for me the unenviable reputation of a traitress to the traditions of my family and my birth-place. It had been more than once intimated to me that I had forever ruined my market in Aquitank; and now, before I had been home six months, here was Cousin Maria Cliffbro trying her best, if not really to bring about an engagement between the heir of all her broad domains and myself, at least to create a public impression that such was already the state of affairs, although she knew well that a prior conviction as to the young gentleman's devotion to pretty Rose Marshall was tolerably well rooted in the Aquitank mind.

Now, why was this thus? I puzzled myself with asking Artemus-ly. Was the clever old lady in earnest when she said, as she had managed to let me hear of her saying, "that she esteemed sense and culture and independence in a woman before any possessions of person or pocket? Or was she only trying to use me as a weapon of defence against the lovely Rose, who had no possessions at all except her beautiful face?"

I could not quite solve the problem; but, being a little proud and perverse, as became a Custis, I made up my mind to take the game into my own hands; and, though I didn't care a dot for Bob Bayly, who was my fourth or fourteenth cousin, who had been my playmate in childhood, and had grown up a handsome, weak young man, it would yet be some diversion to measure strength with the whole of them, and, if a certain hitherto unmentioned and far-distant individual continued to be as provokingly blind and as tiresomely self-distrustful as hitherto, perhaps marry Rob at last off-hand, just for spite!

It was not a very amiable resolution, perhaps, but I was too impatient and anxious about that time to be very amiable; and it was odd what a zest it gave to the supper to which we were presently summoned. Old Aunt Rinty had distinguished herself. Never were waffles more goldenly tinged, never chickens more deliciously browned, nor the aroma of mocha more exquisitely preserved. As for Cousin Maria's Old Dominion cake and candied watermelon, they were as famous as her patchwork, and I addressed myself, with a hearty good-will, to each and all of these dainties.

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"Of course she does—why shouldn't she? I hope you all do, as for that matter, but Bayside has always been like a second home to you—hasn't it, Cousin Katharine?"

Lottie lifted her eyebrows and drew in her mouth; she was Rose Marshall's particular enemy. As for me, I said nothing, but smiled a little grimly to myself at them all.

"The 19th—don't forget—and come early and stay late, all of you; my Robert won't have but one twenty-first birthday, and we must make a night of it!"

This was Cousin Maria's cheery good-by, as supper being ended, the gigs began to come up to the door one after the other, and the various members of the quilting-party prepared to disperse.

"Don't you go just yet, Cousin Katharine," she added, so that all should hear. "I expect Rob home every minute, and he will be so disappointed if he finds you gone; he counts upon driving you home!"

But I had had enough of the old lady by this time, and I said: "No, I am tired with sitting; the walk home by the bay-shore in the twilight will be just the refreshment I need; and so I broke away, and secured an hour of quiet, if not very happy thinking, as I slowly paced homeward over the sands, and watched the waves breaking softly at my feet, and the stars coming out, one by one, in the deep-blue sky.

Where was somebody, I thought, just then? Was somebody looking at those same bright stars and thinking of me? And why, oh, why, was somebody so provokingly modest, and timid, and everything else that was stupid? I asked these questions aloud and passionately of both star and wave, but they vouchsafed me no answer; and I went into the house cross-enough, and gave as satirical a description as I could of the quilting, the supper, and all that was connected with "my Robert's majority."

Well, it came on apace all the same, and the 16th arrived before I knew it. I went over to Bayside in the morning, at Cousin Maria's request, to help arrange flowers, and to give her one or two "new-fangled" hints as to the setting out of the supper. Not seeing Rob anywhere about, I asked where he was.

"Gone up the country, of course. thirty miles there and back; to 'bring his missy here!'" said Cousin Maria, in her nippingest tone. "I tell you what, Cousin Katharine, I simply can't abide the thought of his marrying that doll-faced baby. My Robert needs a woman to influence him, not a spoiled child to put him up to nonsense; and if you don't help me break off this match, I'll never forgive you. You can do it if you choose to try, I am sure of it; and, once I get the foolish boy clear of this entanglement, I'll look after things a little more sharply, see if I don't!"

Ah ha! That was to be my office, then, was it, to pull the chestnuts out of the fire, and that not for myself, but another, even though my fingers got singed meanwhile? I laughed again to myself, I am afraid even more grimly than before; but I did not refuse my services; I only invested them with a somewhat more personal purpose, and so went home to get a beauty- nap in the afternoon, and come fresh to the all-important business of tea!

It was in the days of "tilters," or hoops of enormous size. That is, their day was just going out, but the rural districts were not yet aware of the fact, and I knew that all Aquitank would appear in balloon-like proportions. I knew, too, that the weekly steambath had been besieged on its last landing by the fair applicants for its precious freight of finery ordered from Baltimore for the occasion, and I readily imagined that the fuss-and-featherly style which would prevail among the toilets. Now, my great card was to be as un-Aquitankish as possible in the present crisis. I chose, therefore, from my none too abundant wardrobe its very simplest costume—one in which I had appeared at my only fancy-ball as the Marguerite of Goethe.

It was a long robe of white cashmere, made perfectly plain, fitting closely to the form, and falling in soft, straight folds, pure and smooth as cream, to the floor. Not a puff, not a frill or flounce, broke the simple flow of the outline; only some fine old lace fell over the wrists, and softly shaded the bosom. A broad girdle of black velvet loosely encircled the hips, a narrower band the throat. It was in the days also of enormous "water-falls," which converted all the women into Barnumish, double-headed monstrosities. I braided my yellow hair in two thick plaits which fell below the waist; and lo, my toilet was completed.

As I stood before the glass in my dormer-windowed bedroom, contemplating the effect, my sister Jane, a demure little woman, appeared at the door, arrayed in her best grey silk, the flounces duly spread out over a gigantic crinoline. She stood surveying me for some moments without approaching, and in a silence which was not pregnant with meaning.

Presently she spoke in her driest tone: "You are up to some game or other to-night, or you wouldn't be laying yourself out to be the talk of the county. Why didn't you wear your night-gown at once, and be done with it? I shall not go with you in that rig. I shall send the carriage back, and you can come alone. And don't sit near me, please, in the parlors. I never could stand staring."

With this she turned abruptly away and went below; and I laughed heartily, thoroughly well-pleased. A late *entre* would be all the more effective, but I had not ventured even to hope for it. In a minute or two I heard the carriage

drive off, and then, throwing a shawl around me, and gathering my long robe over my arm, I went down stairs and out into the garden to get some white chrysanthemums for a breast-knot.

It was a mild November night. In the starlight I saw the bushes weighted with flowers, and the flowers with dew; and all the air was full of their fresh, pungent aroma, so much more delicious than a perfume. I plucked a handful, smelled them, took them up-stairs, and put them in water; and then I sat down to wait. In waiting I fell to thinking, and from thinking, before I knew it, to crying as though my heart would break.

Oh, but this would never do! My eyes and my nose would be red, and I should be a failure instead of a success; and was he worth that—the faint heart?

I made a rush at the wash-basin, and, after giving full scope to the powers of cold water, I wrapped my shawl about me again, took my fan and gloves, and went down to the veranda to try the efficacy of fresh air. I paced there to and fro in the starlight until the carriage came back for me. When I got out of it at Bayside there was no trace of tears to be seen. Indeed, an involuntary smile came instead, and a very wicked one, too, as I entered the brilliantly-lighted parlors, and looked round in search of my hostess. Some kind of uproarious dance, much in vogue in Aquitank, where round dances were tabooed—"Monie Musk" or "Sir Roger de Coverley," or perhaps a "Virginia reel"—was just ended. Almost everybody had been partaking in it, and, as a consequence, had dropped at its conclusion, breathless, panting and crimson, into the chairs which were ranged stiffly in rows against the wall.

A regular Old-Dominion fire was blazing, roaring, upon the ample hearth, and the people seemed fairly blazing too. Oh, how comically red, and heated, and unromantic, even the prettiest girls looked like enormous cabbage-roses, with their huge ehignons and huger hoops; and with what amusing amazement they regarded me as I made my way among them, cool, fresh and fair, as one of my own chrysanthemums!

There was a fannily-sudden hush in the busy buzz of talk which had made the room like a hive of bees as I walked slowly up the centre, noiselessly, whitely, as a snow-shower falls; but when my back was fairly turned, and I had reached my hostess and was paying my *devoirs* to her, it began again, as suddenly as it had stopped, only this time it was a hiss instead of a buzz; and I knew well enough with what a sugared venom of smiling malice and sweet voiced spite I was being bespattered by my young lady-friends.

All the better for me. It was the first witness to the impression I had plotted to create, and the next followed with unexpected promptness. The elegant young host, whom with a rapid side-glance I had descried in a recessed window assiduously fanning his over-blooming Rose, gave me a glance as I approached, first of surprise, then of unqualified pleasure, and came forward to welcome me with much more alacrity than mere courtesy required.

"You are very affectingly late," he said, holding my hand longer than was necessary, and letting his eye, full of puzzled admiration, taking me in; as it were, from head to foot. "I should scold you for putting on airs, my lady cousin, if the airs you bring in with you were not so delightfully fresh and fragrant in the midst of our heat and dust."

I laughed, and shrugged my shoulders as I looked round the room full of our blooming damsels.

"My love is like a red, red rose," I hummed in an undertone, and the young gentleman grew a little redder himself, and cast a half-vexed glance at the window where his special Rose stood, fanning herself now, and watching us with a flushed and angry gaze.

"It is cool out in the hall," he said, hastily. "Won't you take a turn there with me, and let me refresh myself in your atmosphere?" Then, as I suffered him to lead me through the open door: "By Jove, Kate, what have you been doing to yourself to make you so unlike the rest? You look as straight and as slender and as white as a lily, and as fresh and sweet as one of those flowers there—I don't know what they are—on your breast."

"They are chrysanthemums, and they are not sweet; I hate flowers with a perfume, lilies and roses, and such things; mere sweetness cloys so! These are pungent, aromatic; won't you have one? It may serve to revive you after a surfeit."

I disengaged one of the spicy clusters from my bosom, and held it out to him with my witchingest smile.

He hesitated a moment.

"But I have a pony already, you see," he said, glancing down at his button-hole.

"Yes, a wilted rose. Roses are always the first flowers to fade, you know. Shall I fasten this in for you myself?"

Still he stood irresolute, his handsome, fickle face betraying the struggles of his inconstant fancy.

Presently he broke out passionately, in a tone half-bitter, half-eager:

"Kate, what do you mean? Why do you tempt me so? Do you wish to have things again as they were when we were boy and girl, when you drew me to your feet and spurned me from them a dozen times a week? Because I warn you I am a little too old for that sort of treatment now. Tell me now, and tell me true if I give up the rose, shall I have the chrysanthemum in exchange?"

dimly-lighted hall, but he had stopped in his earnestness at a door directly opposite the window where he had, rather abruptly, left Rose Marshall. She stood there still, still alone, and still watching us with a burning glance.

I knew she could see what I did, and I deliberately took the rose she had fondly put there, from her lover's breast, and flung it upon the floor. Then I fastened in its place a flower from my own bosom, and then, laying my hand in the arm which received it with a rapturous pressure, I turned again, and we resumed our promenade in the cool old hall.

"My glorious Kate!" my betrothed began, but just then Cousin Maria came swooping down on us like a raven, with her keen eyes, and her glossy, black attire.

Scylla avoided, she must look out for Charybdis.

"Ah, here you are, and together; that is right," she said, with a crooked smile. "But it is time for supper, my dears, and I want you to come in and lead the march. See! the music is beginning already."

So we marched in through the parlors, and headed the quickly-formed couples for the supper-room. After that there was little chance for my new lover to speak to me, although he took care to keep me supplied with all manner of eatables. But in his capacity of host, he had to be here, there, and everywhere, and I was quite content to be freed from his raptures, which were apt to be as short-lived as they were violent.

In a few moments the room was filled with the clatter of plates and spoons, the clink of cups and glasses, and the busy buzz of voices. My cousin, intent on hospitable duties, thought of nothing but feeding the people; and they of nothing but being fed. No one but myself perceived that Rose Marshall was missing from the entertainment; but I had known from the first that she was not in the room.

"Does your future daughter-in-law disdain your hospitality, or does she live on love alone?"

"Why! is she not here?" said the old lady, with a start, looking hastily round the room. "Where can she be? Trying to get up some sort of sensation, of course. Don't notice it, please; don't mention it to Robert; I'll find out soon, and tell you whatever it is."

I shrugged my shoulders and went on eating my oysters, and amusing myself with a young *Escalapius*, who was playing the gallant at my other side; but I saw my cousin when she presently slipped out of the room, and wondered a little what would be the result of her investigations.

Just as supper was ended, and the crowd began knotting and jostling, after the manner of crowds, back to the drawing-room, Cousin Maria plucked me by the sleeves and drew me into the hall.

"Did you ever know anything so presumptuous or so aggravating?" she asked, in a tone of suppressed wrath. "She has made believe to have a chill—got overheated—cooled off too suddenly—is subject to them—always followed by very violent fevers—is so sorry, but must trespass on my kindness for the night; didn't want to cast any shade over the gayety, and so came up alone to lie down."

All this was delivered in a sick-affecting drawl; then, with a sudden, angry change:

"And she has actually undressed and gone to bed, Cousin Katharine—the audacious little minx! Gone to bed in the room, and in the bed prepared for you, and under the 'Job's troubles quilt'—the artful, plotting, deceitful schemer! What do you think of that?"

I burst out laughing. I knew very well the absurd old wife's fable, religiously accredited in Aquitank, that the maid who slept first under a young man's "majority bedquilt" was sure to be his bride in the end; and it was fun to see these two pitted against each other in superstition and intrigue.

"But I am not going to stay here to-night, Cousin Maria," I said, as soon as I could speak for laughing. "Let the girl rest in peace; she deserves it for her cleverness."

"Her brass, you mean," said the old lady wrathfully. "But you are going to stay here, Cousin Katharine; you have got to. Cousin Jane has already gone home; she did not like to be so long away from the babies, and I told her I wanted you to stay. And mind! you are to sleep in that bed; indeed, I have no other—so many people from a distance have been asked to stay all night. So you'll have to put up with that missy's company—I'm sorry, but there's no help for it."

It seemed, indeed, that there was not, as the carriage was already at home; and, to tell the truth, I didn't mind much; I was just in the mode to see the play played out. I went back into the parlors, ecstatically Rob and horrified the Aquitankers by giving him as many waltzes and galops as he wanted; and at midnight watched my chance, in the bustle of departure, and slipped up to the room which had been so cunningly taken possession of by my rival.

There she was, sure enough, hidden away in the depths of the great four-poster, and half buried under the weight of "Job's troubles." She pretended to be asleep, and I took no notice; but, as I moved about the room, leisurely, disrobing myself, I was aware that she followed me with a furtive glance, and that her heart was wide awake with jealousy and hate.

Whatever had come over mine. I don't know. It was simply callous, and gave me no trouble whatever. I only smiled at the movement of repulsion with which she flung herself over to the edge of the bed; and, stretching myself out quite comfortably, went off cosily to sleep.

A GOLDEN SENTENCE.

WE have spoken several times against too stern a government in the family. But there is another sort even more objectionable. It is what one might call a contentious government. There are parents that contend with their children in a sort of parental willfulness over every point which concerns their right. It is not that they are not affectionate, it is not that they lack a tender sympathy with their children, it is not that they are arbitrary; but that they are simply a little over-exacting, a little too contentious, and that certain evils are almost sure to follow this unhappy sort of management.

In that admirable work on the education of children, published half a century ago, and crowned by the suffrages of the most discriminating judges from that day to this—in Madame Guizot's "Lettres de Famille sur l'Education" is a sentence that should be impressed on the mind of every one who has to do with children, a sentence worthy to be written in letters of gold. The fact stated is no discovery of Madame Guizot's; perhaps, at least it corresponds with the discovery of every wise parent. But though the observation has been made in many shapes, we know not where it can be found so well stated as in these forcible words of the first Madame Guizot:

"Les longues brouilleries établissent moins l'empire qu'elles ne détruisent l'intimité."

No English can say it so well, but let us try: "Long disagreements (between parent and child) serve less to establish authority than to destroy intimacy." Now, let us mark the last word. Intimacy between parent and child will seem strange to many a father and mother. You know that a child should respect you, you know that a child is in duty bound to love you, as you are to love the child. But you have never thought of the propriety, of the necessity for intimacy between parent and child. Since the days of Solomon, and since the ages before Solomon, writers on morals have fully appreciated the necessity for obedience to parents; but how few have ever understood that the parent is bound in duty to be the intimate friend of the child! And yet a grain of intimacy is worth a hundred-weight of authority. Let us not underestimate authority either. We are no advocates for the weak indulgence that lets the child go without restraint. But intimate and confidential friendship is worth infinitely more than all authority. When manhood comes the authority must cease. But the parent who has the confidence of his child has an influence over the child that lasts forever. The strong man never outgrows the restraint of the parental influence, if only the intimacy has been kept up.

While, therefore, parents should never lose more indulgence over a fault than they grow to something worse, while they should never from a mere blindness of affection, child, he should seek to bring every disagreement to a close as soon as possible. If you must carry your point, do so as soon as possible; if you must inflict punishment, let it be soon over. Get back on to the footing of a good understanding as soon as may be. There are cases in which hours are necessary to bring a child to understand that you are right and he is wrong, but do not prolong the attitude of antagonism one minute longer than is absolutely needed to the child, remembering how precious a thing intimacy—the state of loving confidence—is to the best results in the development of a child.

There are many enemies to this intimacy—a lack of sympathy on the part of the parent, a lack of forbearance and charity for the child's natural faults, a stern and forbidding manner, and, in short, everything that repels. Some parents never make an end. When a child has committed a fault, they never have done with reproving it, but keep a rambling fire on the subject for days and days. Which is an admirable method of destroying intimacy, and rendering the child as hateful as the parent in such a case makes himself.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS AND TEMPERANCE.—At the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, at Lowell, last month, the following resolutions were adopted:—"Whereas, while we are painfully conscious of facts and statistics on the subject of intemperance, which are of the most startling and alarming character; and, Whereas, The specific work of Young Men's Christian Associations is of so absorbing a character as to demand all the energies in its direct prosecution, so that we cannot wisely and safely recommend that our associations, any more than our Christian churches, should become total abstinence organizations; yet, Resolved, That we do seriously advise that every member in our association should consider it his duty to be heartily engaged in rigid opposition to intemperance, the great enemy of the church of Christ, and that not only we, but every church-member of the continent, should be alive to the work; and further, That we, in the name of the association, would also most heartily recommend that all who love the Lord Jesus should put forth earnest and persistent efforts to establish and maintain total abstinence organizations in places where none exist; and especially that our entire force of workers, as individuals, should organize immediately and help to sustain juvenile temperance societies with a view to prevent effectually the evil practice of intemperance, and its attendant and damning vice, upon the rising generation."

We do not talk so much about epicures in these days, because we are all more or less epicures—that is, we all want our food more delicately prepared and more daintily served than did the people of the time to which we have referred. But still the idea seems to linger in many minds, and, again, particularly in the feminine mind, that to eat very little is a highly genteel thing. They associate light eating with a delicate, refined organization and an intellectual and spiritual nature, while hearty eating suggests to them grossness and vulgarity.

(Over-eating is certainly suggestive of these, but that is an entirely different thing.)

Many a girl comes to the table without thinking what she wants to eat, or caring anything about it. She is not hungry—she has no pleasant anticipations of a favorite dish—and she tells this with great complacency, as if it were some special grace vouchsafed to her. She sips her soup, nibbles her cracker, plays with her coffee, eats a slice of cake, and looks on with a sort of wondering pity while her companions take their soup, fish, roast beef, and vegetables with a hearty relish, and enjoy the dessert. She imagines that others are thinking, "What gross creatures are these!" and "What a delicate lovely being is that!" But, in fact, people are thinking, if they think about it at all, of the thin blood that runs through her veins, of the fair, but sickly-hued skin, of the weak muscles and flabby limbs and feeble strength, and contracted life, as compared with the rich blood, full pulses, springing steps, well-developed frames, and the wide prospects of work and usefulness of her more fortunate sisters of the healthy appetites. Does she suppose that tea, crackers, candies and cakes will build up for either an intellectual or physical nature that is worth a straw? It is a well-attested fact that great brain-workers are very hearty eaters.

That early mis-management, under-eating, bad food and various other causes, do make many women so dyspeptic that they cannot partake of anything stronger than oatmeal, crackers, bran-bread, etc., is too true, but it is a thing to grieve over and not to glory in, and let no one affect or cultivate such an appetite under the impression that it makes her appear particularly genteel, lady-like, and interesting.

ANECDOTE OF PROFESSOR MORSE.

The story of the early life and struggles of the late Prof. Saml. F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, are pretty well known. Colonel Strother, the "Port Crayon" of the magazines, tells the following story of his early life:

I engaged myself to become Morse's Pupil, and subsequently went to New York and found him in a room in University Place. He had three other pupils, and I soon found that our professor had very little patronage. I paid my fifty dollars; and that settled for one quarter's instruction. Morse was a faithful teacher, and took as much interest in our progress—more, indeed, than we did ourselves. But he was very poor. I remember that when my second quarter's pay was due my remittance from home did not come as expected, and one day the professor came in and said courteously:

"Well, Strother, my boy, how are we off for money?"

"Why, professor," I answered, "I am sorry to say I have been disappointed, but I expect a remittance next week."

"Next week!" he repeated sadly; "I shall be dead by that time."

"Dead, sir?"

"Yes, dead by starvation."

I was distressed and astonished. I said, hurriedly—"Would ten dollars be of any service?"

"Ten dollars would save my life; that is all that it would do."

I paid the money, all that I had, and we dined together. It was a modest meal, but good, and after he had finished he said—"This is my first meal for twenty-four hours. Strother, don't be an artist. It means beggary. Your life depends upon people who know nothing of your art, and care nothing for you. A house dog lives better, and the very sensitiveness that stimulates him to work, keeps him alive to suffering."

I remained with Professor Morse three years and then separated. Some years afterwards I met him on Broadway, one day. He was about the same as before, a trifle older and somewhat ruddier. I asked him how he was getting along with his painting and he told me had abandoned it; that he had something better he believed; and told me about his proposed telegraph. I accompanied him to his room, and there found several miles of wire twisted about, and the battery, which he explained to me. His pictures, finished and unfinished, were lying about covered with dust. Shortly afterwards Congress made an appropriation, and Morse was on the high road to wealth and immortality.

How many essential elements are there in baptism?

Boy.—Three.

Clergyman.—Don't you know that there are only two—the Word of God and water?

Boy.—Why there must be a baby, and isn't it an essential element?

A Milwaukeean drank a quart of ice water to get cool, and he got so cold that his friends, not being able to warm him up, have concluded to bury him.

I had no sooner safely arrived in the land of dreams, however, than a cautious hand was stealthily removing a portion of the covering; and, opening my eyes, I saw my companion sitting up in the bed, with the two red spots on her cheeks like the glow of the embers still burning on the hearth, and trying to draw the silken quilt quite over to her side of the bed.

"What are you doing?" I said, sharply, annoyed at being awakened. "Because you have chilled yourself, do you wish to give them to others? Let the cover alone."

"I will not!" answered the girl, passionately, still pulling at the quilt. "You never shall sleep under it—you never shall be his wife! He is mine; he belongs to me, no matter what falsehood you bewitched him into to-night, and I tell you you never shall have him! You shall not see him alone again; I will stay in this house as long as you dare to; I will dog your footsteps; I will dog your footsteps; I will fight you every inch to the very altar-steps, and I warn you I will win him back yet! Chills! I wouldn't care if you were cold with the chill that can never be warmed, rather than that you should steal my own lover from me!"

How plucky that little thing was! How she fairly glowed in the darkness, as she sat there, and defied both me and her own maidenly reserve with this burning confession and resolve! Her courage in battling so fiercely for her own heart's sake touched mine more than a whole thunder-shower of tears and sobs would have done, and I really pitied the poor, loving, deluded child.

"Do you really love him so much, then?" I asked, almost tenderly. "He is not worthy of it; he does not value it. Why, do not you know—"

"No!" she interrupted me, passionately. "I know nothing, and I do not wish to. He was well enough till you came tempting him out of pure devilry, I do believe. For you can't love him yourself, or you would not speak so of him. But I do, and I will have him."

A great, tearless sob followed this new outburst, and I felt at a sudden the tight, hard stricture loosening about my heart. I love him—the changing! The thought of him I did love, and whose very timidity proved the more his love for me, came over me with a quick, softening rush, and I put my arms suddenly round my poor little bed-fellow, and drew her close up in my bosom.

"And so you shall have him, little Rose-bud, so you shall," I said, comfortingly. "I don't know but that you are right; I think a sort of devil of doubt and impatience and malice has had possession of me for some time, but he is gone now. You have exercised him, sent him clean away, and he will not come back. Your courage and patience and love have stimulated mine afresh; I promise you to interfere no more with your claims. I will undo to-morrow all that I have done to-night. Of course, our lover will be furious, but I don't care for that; it is no more than he deserves and you will enjoy pacifying him. I give him up to you entirely, and the Job's troubles with him; Rose; I only hope the name may not prove an ill omen!"

"I don't care if it does," said the passionate little thing, withdrawing herself impatiently from my arms. "I had rather bear as many troubles as Job's with him, than live a halcyon life without him. And I can't thank you for giving him back to me, for you had no right to try to steal him away!"

Stanch little loyalist! No blame to be attached to him in the matter by her, that was evident; and I did not much mind.

"Well, well," I said, indifferently, "have your own way about it, my dear. Only I'd advise you to take this lesson to heart, and not trust our mutual friend too implicitly. Now, good-night—I'm going to sleep, and please be good enough not to wake me again."

There was a scene next morning, as I expected there would be, but I didn't care a whit for my cousins' discomfiture, and I knew Rose would soon coax one of them at least out of his tantrums. As for myself, I gathered my Marguerite robe up over my arm, and marched home rather drearly, the excitement over.

As I entered sullenly my poky little room, I was aware at once of an unwonted brightness in it. Looking eagerly around, I found that it emanated from a small white object lying on the bureau. I sprang to it, I kissed it, I sobbed over it. Without opening it, I knew it was just the letter for which my heart and soul were hungering!—Appleton's Journal.

Family Circle.

THE GENTILITY OF EATING.

THERE was a time—and that time was not countless ages ago—when to manifest a decided taste for the good things of the table was considered as a mark of human depravity, only less in degree to a decided taste for the bottle. To really like to eat your meals, and to say that you did, was bad enough; but to be particular about the dishes that you ate, to have an especial fancy for dainty ways of cooking food and a special liking for certain things, was dreadful indeed, for then you were an epicure; and what was an epicure but a sensuous, contemptible creature, degraded to the level of the beasts? [And yet beasts are not generally particular in regard to the way that their food is prepared.]

Especially did this idea prevail among women, and the would-be-genteel girl picked a little food here and there as daintily as a bird, although her young, healthy appetite was calling for food so clamorously, that she would be obliged to pay sly visits to the pantry between meals.

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PURE GOLD.

TORONTO, SEPT. 13th, 1872.

THE CITY ENDOWED TREAD MILL.

A certain almost fixed number of unfortunate human beings, are as noted by the daily papers, being continuously put through by the police performers. The culprits are not, however, as of old—the workers on the tread-mill—only serving a supply to keep the police magistrate and staff pumping, and the stream flowing back round the same course. The policy seems considerably altered since long ago, when the poor punished ones had to keep step on the revolving wheel—"pump, or be overboard." Now the officials under pay do the routine, and keep their little stock-in-trade moving round the rot. To jail, van, dock, etc., and then the same course. Even so, does the law-administering establishment, conduct the

criminal business of the good city. This with the established arrangements, also of the fire-water courses; the various drink-vending places and supply tracks so as to keep up a ready reserve to make up for outdropping from the rolling stock, by amply-prepared incoming unfortunates. The court business proceeds, and the city fathers gravely superintend the curious performance.

Surely it is high time to attempt some improvement in this mode of procedure. We might, at least, try to dispose of the little lot of youngsters to some better advantage than keeping the officers on the move. It is entirely too costly a manner of movement, and by no means can it be yet credited with desired results.

Might not some of our sage councillors move so far as to make inquiry of our smart cousins over the line, as to how they manipulate such classes of youthful delinquents? Might not a knowing Yankee be found to take the lot as a speculation? It seems that over there, a youths reformatory can be so conducted, as to positively make it pay, instead of being a public charge—a help to lighten rather than a heavy burden to increase taxation. Surely, if it be so, we ought to learn. Is the matter unworthy a thought how to make the most of our small hopefuls?

Then if we are unwilling to go in for this immediate annexation of the little refractory lot, might we not go as far as annex a leaf out of the American book, and do something practical to turn our young rascal stock to more advantage, or less disadvantage, than present working arrangement. Might we not even advertise our stock in this line in trade, and no doubt some enterprising competent man might be drawn to negotiate for renting our establishment, or possibly working it on shares.

Our present mode is evidently not only defective, but utterly erroneous in theory, and wrong in practice. In fact, it is nothing short of a case-hardening process, daily passing them 'through,' is manifestly a demoralising rather than reformatory endowed tread-mill course.

Union of wise heads ought to accomplish 'progress' enough to move this endowed establishment into some system effective for good; some mode of proceeding in which the design would be taken into consideration, more than merely to provide for orderly working of salaried officials.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following communication from one evidently interested in our welfare.

KINGSTON, Aug. 6, 1872.

After your laudation of such a man as Mayor Chisholm, perhaps you will have sufficient sense of fair play to sing a song of joyous triumph over the return of Geo. W. Ross, Esq., G. W. P., Sons of Temperance.

"A CLEAR GRIT TETOTALER."

Certainly we will, and also we let it be known, that the greater the number of Prohibitionists or even tetotalers "returned," either Conservative or Reform, the greater the number of songs of triumph we would be willing to sing. The Constituents of West Middlesex, did what, to our mind, just what they should have done when they elected G. W. Ross. He is just such a man as is described by himself in the excellent poetical contribution with which he favored our columns a short time ago, a honest man, a consistent man, a religious man, a temperate man, one who when weighty subjects of importance come before his notice will always be in a position to think them over, and also one who has the ability to think clearly, and the honesty to vote according to his conviction. We are also glad to know that in spite of the influences used against him by one who in the art of "treating," and in using other such weapons of political warfare is unequalled, his majority was a large one.

We also express our sympathy with him in the great loss he sustained the day before his political victory—that of his wife. We have no doubt that he receives the sympathy of the whole of the temperance people of Canada in his affliction, while they rejoice that he is elevated to the position of trust to which he aspired.

A CONFESSION.

We have just received the following epistle from one who rejoices in telling the advantage of being a temperate man, over being an intemperate one. In his epistle he plainly states a fact which blunts the point of the argument so commonly used by some scoffers at all attempts to reformation on the part of those who were, at one time, addicted to the drinking of large quantities of intoxicating liquors, that they do not stick to their pledge a week, &c.:

I had the pleasure of being at a Christening on Sunday last, and it was a grand affair, there were present four friends that were, at one time, four of the hardest drinkers that stood in Toronto. Nothing was used but Ginger Beer, but the year before it was nothing but drinking half gallons of Whiskey on a smaller affair.

T. G. FOSTER

A young lady in Lee, N. H., recently sold her hair, which was about as long as herself, for fifty-five dollars. She can get a living "out of her own head" if it produces a crop often enough.

Public Opinion.

VALUE OF THE GENEVA ARBITRATION AS A PRECEDENT.

[From the Nation.]

It is true that the fact that the dispute between England and America was capable of settlement in dollars and cents has powerfully aided in converting it into a peaceable lawsuit, and that the fact that the jurisprudence of the two countries supplied a common measure of damages, has done much to simplify the procedure. But then it has to be taken into account that probably no international dispute was ever attended by such a force of passion. Few or no European writers who talk of hate and resentment, have an adequate idea of what this means in a community possessing as much education and taking as much personal interest in public affairs as the people of the United States. The widest popular excitement in England or any other European country on a foreign question falls very far short, in extent and intensity, of that which prevails under similar circumstances here, because it only reaches a comparatively small class. The number of persons in England to whom a dispute with a foreign State comes home as a personal matter, and who contribute their personal passions to shape the policy of the Government is comparatively very small; here, the number who do not throw themselves into it, is very small. It is difficult, indeed, to give any one who was not in personal contact with the American public between 1862 and 1870 an idea of how much deeper than pecuniary "damages" the Alabama question went, and of the consequent magnitude of the triumph over barbarous passions wrought by the Treaty.

We should say, therefore, that although the judicial habits of the two countries have made peaceful settlement easy, once settlement was resolved on, the decision in favor of peaceful settlement was attended with at least the ordinary difficulties, and we bear leave out of sight the obstructive influence exercised by the unfortunate historical relations of the two countries important for the purposes of argument as this is.

In considering the readiness of nations to go to war, and trying to form a judgment as to the probabilities of war hereafter, and of the likelihood of the Geneva precedent's obtaining already acceptance, we find, too, that of the five wars we have mentioned, (as having occurred within the last twenty years—the Crimean, the Italian war of 1859, the American, the Prussian-Austrian, and the German-French), all but one were due to circumstances of an abnormal character, in their very nature provocative of war, and very unlikely to be repeated.

With Germany and France, two provocations to war, which it is the duty of a century to create, have passed away. Some thing else may take their place, but he will need at least the same length of time to create them, and in our day pacific influences gain strength in a geometrical ratio. We may say the same thing, *mutatis mutandis*, of our rebellion. There then remains as a source of continued apprehension the Turkish question, which brought on the Crimean war; and it must be confessed that this does give every reason to expect a renewal of hostilities, and presents a problem more difficult to solve by arbitration than any, for arbitration it would mean neither more nor less than the submission by Russia to a court of the question what "the destiny" of the Russian people ought to be, and this is almost ludicrous to expect.

In calculating the influence of the Geneva Tribunal, we have, too, to take into account the enormous influence of habit on the human mind, and the effect it has in perverting the judgment. The toleration which war meets with from public opinion is due to very much the same causes as the toleration accorded in some countries to duelling. Duelling is senseless, all admit though nobody can picture to himself any good way of avoiding it; but let a few men of undoubted honor and courage avoid it, or the law rigorously put it down, as in England, and the spell is broken—the practice suddenly becomes ridiculous. We have little doubt that some such sobering and enlightening influences with regard to war will be exercised by the Geneva arbitration. It will familiarize civilized nations with the idea that there is an honorable way of avoiding war, and he general popular abhorrence of war is ordinarily so strong, that if a practical and tried way of avoiding it were present to everybody's mind, very few would think of examining any particular dispute to see whether it came under the class which philosophers pronounced capable of settlement by arbitration, and generals and politicians would find the difficulty of resorting to hostilities enormously increased. Even the discussion whether a case was fit for arbitration or not would have a pacific influence.

DRINK IN NEW ZEALAND.

The governor is making a tour through the interior of this island, availing himself of some of the roads which have been opened during the last two years. As his excellency travels without escort over country which has been, up to a very late period, deemed unsafe for European travel, and as he will spend a week in the Upper Waikato, pheasant-shooting, Her Majesty's representative affords in his own person a most valuable guarantee of the peace of the country. This journey of Sir George Browne's practically illustrates

the work which the last two years have wrought. The road has proved a much more effectual and more lasting peacemaker than the rifle. The Maori has sapped, one after another, his strongest strongholds with pick and spade. Three hundred miles of road, formed, as we learn by an official return, for £100,000, mainly by the Maories themselves through the heart of their country, opened the way for an insinuating tide of civilization which the natives do not now even show a desire to resist; on the contrary, they are pressing their lands on the Government and private individuals, for sale and lease with an eagerness unprecedented in the history of the colony. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," is a motto which they seem to have adopted literally, and which they are working out to the full extent of its several suggestions. Their decrease is marked and rapid; they are painfully aware of it, and their extinction is terribly accelerated by the expenditure in drink of the large sums which are constantly falling into their hands. The splendor of every "tangi," or wake, is measured by the number of gallons of rum provided, and, as to the drunkenness prevalent on these occasions one or more deaths can generally be traced to it. There is in this custom alone a cause of decrease, repeating itself in a constantly increasing ratio.—London Times, Cor. June 27.

A LITTLE GIRL'S REPROOF.

An army officer, on returning home from camp life, went to visit a relation, and, like some others who imitate their associates, he indulged in profane language. A little girl walked out with him to his horse, and as he was talking to her in great glee, she gently said:

"I don't like to hear my cousin swear."

He replied: "I know, my dear, it is wrong."

In the same mild tone she rejoined: "Well then, if you know it is wrong, why do you do it?"

The captain confessed to a friend, on relating the story, that he never felt a reproof so much as the one given by that little child. He had good reason to feel it, for he deserved it. The old verse says:

"Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise;
To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise."

Items.

REVIEW.

CANADIAN MONTHLY.—Adams, Stephenson & Co. The September number of this excellent magazine is to hand, and commends itself to its readers.

This number contains Clive Weston's Wedding Anniversary; the Ocean Stag (poetry) by Charles Sangster; an essay on Lord Elgin; Retrospect (poetry) by Will Henry Gane; Italian Vignettes; The Warlocks Death-bed; Early Phases of British Rule in Canada; Betrayed (poetry); Tlo Ross; Honour; Cheek, by Geo. W. Beers, Montreal; Political Struggles on both sides of the line; Matthews, the Comedian, etc.

Some of the articles are particularly good, amongst which we might mention Political Struggles on both sides of the line and The Ocean Stag. We are glad to see that this magazine has taken the hold we are led to believe it has in the Canadian public.

CANADIAN.

THE SCOW George Wickham of New London, loaded with staves; the canal boats Lady Washington and Medina of Rochester, loaded with corn, while being towed down the Niagara River to enter the canal below Squaw Island, got in the current and beyond the control of the tug, and came in collision with the scows moored in near the International Bridge. The George Wickham sunk immediately, and two boys and two horses were drowned; the Lady Washington had her bows stove in and was beached before sinking, and the Medina struck amidships, doing considerable damage, and was beached near Black Rock Dam.

UNITED STATES.

RELIABLE reports from all parts of Alabama represent that the destruction of the cotton by worms is more thorough than ever before. Bankruptcy among the planters is expected.

THE bronze statue of Sir Walter Scott, which is to be erected in the Central Park, New York, is completed and was shipped from Edinburgh. This is the first work of art produced in Scotland especially for America.

VICTORIA WOODHULL appeared yesterday, before Judge Leow in the Court of Common Pleas, and was examined as to her property on an order obtained by B. Meyers, a dry goods merchant, who brought suit against her and obtained a judgment of the Court. Mrs. Woodhull stated to the Court that she resided at No. 23 Irving place, and was associated with her sister, Jennie C. Clafin and Col. Blood in the brokerage business. She said she was worth nothing, and added, that she did not even own the "clothes on her back"; that the furniture in her office was borrowed; that she was the author of a work entitled "The Principles and Tendencies of Government," and was formerly one of the editors of Woodhall & Clafin's Weekly.

The following example of American civility comes from the Boston Journal.

The rigid enforcement of the prohibitory law adopted by some of the cities and towns of this State, occasion some remarkable displays of inventive genius on the part of the persecuted liquor sellers and the State constables, sometimes meet with a great difficulty in searching for the prescribed beverage. One in Northbridge, the other day, after a long search, was about to give it up, when, happening to take out one of the shelves of the cupboard at the head of the stairs, he beheld the long sought for beer faucet projecting through the plastering in such a manner as to be entirely covered by the shelf when in place. A wire ran through the wall, which, when pulled, opened the cock and let on the beer. How the keg was put there was the next question, but a search in the cellar revealed a trap in the floor, which when removed, opened the passage to the beer keg. From the beer keg a lead pipe ran through the walls of the house to the stairway above, where a portion of the balustrade was arranged so that it could easily be taken out, giving access to the end of the pipe. A funnel could be here inserted and any kind of liquor easily passed through the pipe to the jugs, from which it could be easily drawn into the little cupboard.

THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

A letter from R. T. Smith, Esq., Grand Scribe of the Sons of Temperance, gives encouraging news from Maryland. The general cause is advancing, and the Sons of Temperance have taken a "new departure." At the Grand Division session recently held, reports showed one new Division organized, and four old ones resuscitated; and notwithstanding the large number suspended for non-payment of dues, there was a net gain of membership during the quarter of 243. The old members feel much encouraged at the prospect before them.

"That's the stuff when you're thirsty," said a Son of Temperance to an intemperate companion who was drinking at the pump. "Yes," said the drinker, "when a man is DRY, there's nothing like water." "And none but a fool would drink when he is not dry," answered his friend. The toper had nothing to say, but went his way thinking that somehow or other he had committed himself.

Prohibition and temperance prevail on Dix Island, Maine, where there are 1200 workmen, representing various nations, at work upon the granite for the treasury building at Washington and the new post-office in New York. No liquor is allowed to be taken to the island, and careful provision has been made for public worship on the Sabbath. When liquor is banished, then the sabbath will be respected. May entire prohibition extend the world around?

It is evident to every thinking mind that intemperance is the curse of our country. It fills our prisons and asylums, and takes the bread from the mouths of many wives and children. Many Sons of Temperance have said, in view of the almost utter impossibility of breaking men of the vile habit of intoxication, when once fixed, that we had better let the old tipplers go, and commence the reform with the young. Whatever means we take, it is possible for us to succeed if the sad spectacle presented by our leading literary, political and mercantile men when entertaining "distinguished foreign guests" are continually demoralizing old and young? "Why are you preaching temperance to me?" said a young man, whom we were urging to stop drinking, "don't Sir John A. MacDonald, Sir Geo. Cartier, Hon. George Brown, James Beattie, and Hon. Mr. McMasters and all of our great men attend a banquet where wine flows like water? When their voices are raised against drinking, then will I listen to advice which I now consider silly." Such is the argumented by thousands of young men, and until our most eminent writers and statesmen pronounce in favor of total abstinence, it will be a difficult task for a thorough reform among those who look up to our intellectual leaders for advice, or what is still better, example.

The tavern-keepers do bother the Sons of Temperance, even where there are strong license and prohibitory liquor laws in force. And this is how they do it in Northbridge, Massachusetts. One of this Order, the other day, after a long search, was about to give it up, when, happening to take out one of the shelves, in a cupboard at the head of the stairs, he saw the long sought for beer faucet projecting through the plastering in such a manner as to be entirely covered by the shelf when in place. A wire ran through the wall, which, when pulled, opened the cock and let on the beer. How the keg was put there was the next question, but a search in the cellar revealed a trap to the beer-keg. From the beer-keg a lead pipe ran through the walls of the house to the stairway above, where a portion of the balustrade was arranged so that it could be easily taken out, giving access to the end of the pipe. A tunnel could be here inserted, and any kind of liquor easily passed through the pipe to jugs, from which it could be easily drawn into the little cupboard.

The following extract is from the National Temperance Advocate, and is worthy of a careful perusal: "If you wish to kill a Division of Sons of Temperance, in the first place you must join with the intention of some one else doing the work and with a determination that all the honour shall come to you.— This is the first step and a very important one, because you are almost certain to meet with some strong opposition in this, and then you can very easily claim that the Division is run by certain parties for their own benefit. You can tell all the members of this and continually keep threats of withdrawal before them. This will most assuredly create a coldness in the Division room. You can then gratify yourself with the assurance that you have made one grand step towards your end. Secondly, oppose every measure that does not suit your personal convenience, with the violence of a

PURE GOLD

GOOD TEMPLAR'S EXCURSION.

An Excursion to Waddington, N. Y., under the auspices of Morrisburg Lodge, No. 191, I. O. of G. T., took place last Monday evening.

and you don't require stale platitudes or crude theology; you want commonsense talk on a special form of christian work.

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

To the Independent Order of Good Templars in the Dominion of Canada this poem is respectfully dedicated by a brother.

With parched lips, and burning brow, Where golden curls had clustered, now In ravings wild he lay

TEMPERANCE DEMONSTRATION ON Wednesday, the 18th September.

The following arrangements have been made with the several Railways for conveying persons to and from Toronto to attend the Demonstration.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of Stephen Montague Sanderson, AN INSOLVENT.

The Insolvent has made an Assignment of his Estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at my office, Court Street, in the City of Toronto, on

Tuesday, 24th day of Sept., A.D. 1872, At the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, to receive statements of his affairs, and to appoint an Assignee.

SITUATION WANTED BY a Young Man of Good Education, Able and Willing to Work.

TOTAL ABSTAINER, PURE GOLD Office.

Handsomest Brightest, Best, FAMILY PAPE IN THE DOMINION. PURE GOLD,

A Weekly Journal for Canadian Homes. \$2 a Year; \$1 for Six Months

Parents Should Subscribe for PURE GOLD, and thereby aid in circulating a pure, healthful literature.

1872. TWENTY-SEVENTH YEAR. 1872.

THE HOME JOURNAL

In its enlarged form, begins its twenty-seventh volume with the beginning of the new year.

HOME JOURNAL CLUBS. Subscribers (both new and old) forming clubs for THE HOME JOURNAL alone, will receive it at the following rates:

TO THE PUBLIC OF CANADA

OFFICE OF THE JOSEPH HALL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, OSHAWA, ONT., MARCH 8, 1872.

BEING desirous of testing the merits of the different water-wheels now offered for sale in Canada, as to their economical use of water, we, as manufacturers of the GENUINE JAMES LEFFEL DOUBLE TURBINE,

We will place in the hands of any responsible party six thousand dollars (\$6,000), and the party accepting the challenge to do the same, the money to be held subject to the award of the judges.

The judges to be non-residents of Canada, and to be thoroughly well informed in the mode of testing the power of turbine wheels, each party to choose one judge and the two to choose the third.

The owners of winning wheel to have their money refunded them, and the loser's money to go towards establishing a mechanical free library in any town in Canada named by the owner of the successful wheel.

The wheels to be tested at 1/2, 3/4, 5/8, and full gate. Each party to give good and sufficient bonds, to the amount of \$4,000, that the loser shall pay the entire expenses of the test.

There are some wheels that give very good results with full head and full gateage which entirely fall under partial head and partial gateage.

We claim that we are the only makers of the GENUINE JAMES LEFFEL DOUBLE TURBINE WHEEL in Canada, and that it is without a RIVAL in the WORLD in PRACTICAL RESULTS.

More than 6,000 of these wheels are now in operation in Canada and the United States.

Our wheel has been thoroughly tested in Great Britain, and has fully maintained the reputation it has gained in Canada and the United States.

We are now publishing a new descriptive water-wheel pamphlet containing 150 pages of valuable matters, which will be sent free to all applicants.

For further information address, F. W. GLEN, Oshawa, Ont.

N.B.—We desire to call attention to the following certificate:—

SPRINGFIELD, Ohio, Dec. 25, 1868. We take the pleasure of informing the public of Ontario that we have sold and furnished MR. F. W. GLEN, of Oshawa, Ontario, Patterns, Formers, Drawings, Gauges, and all other necessary information to build our celebrated Double Turbine Water-wheel, invented by James Leffel, and known as the "Leffel Wheel."

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TOTAL ABSTAINER, PURE GOLD Office.

MEDICAL HALL, AND HOMEOPATHIC PHARMACY.

886 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES, AND FINE ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND AMERICAN PERFUMERY; Hair, Tooth, and Nail Brushes, Combs, Fancy Goods, &c.

PURE HOMEOPATHIC PREPARATIONS, in forms of Mother Tinctures, Globules, and Triturations. Cases Refitted and Vials Refilled.

USE THOMPSON'S CELEBRATED WORM POWDERS. Have no equal. Safe, sure and effectual contents are pure, elevating, healthful and interesting.

USE THOMPSON'S GREAT RENOVATOR for removing all Grease Spots, Paint, Tar, Pitch, etc. etc., from all kinds of fabric, and for polishing Silver and Brass it has no equal.

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PAPER HANGINGS Of the Newest Design, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PATTERNS, A large variety, suitable for Halls, Parlors & Offices, AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

Plain & Ornamental House Painting, Sign Writing, Paper Hanging, GLASS CUT TO ORDER, &c., &c.

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AGENTS AND CANVASSERS. WANTED for PURE GOLD in every City, Town, Village and School Section of the Dominion. Liberal terms to pushing men. Address, PURE GOLD PUBLISHING CO., TORONTO.

Temperance Directory.

Announcements in this column are charged Ten cent each insertion, or Four Dollars a year. Cash, in all cases, must accompany the order.

TORONTO DISTRICT DEGREE TEMPLE. The regular meetings are held on the second and fourth Thursday of every month, in the Rev. Mr. Rice's church, Agnes Street, commencing at 8 o'clock.

ENTERPRISE TEMPLE, No. 113, I.O.G.T. meets every Monday night at 7:30.

JESSE KETCHUM LODGE, No. 87, British Templars, meets every Friday evening at 7:30.

ST. JOHN'S TEMPLE, No. 58, meets in Mission Church, corner of Agnes and Chestnut Streets, every Friday evening at 7:30.

A COLD WATER TEMPLE meets in Mission Church, corner of Agnes and Chestnut Streets, every Friday evening at 6:30.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE, No. 600, meets in Good Templars' Hall every Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock, sharp.

TORONTO STAR TEMPLE meets every Friday evening, in the Good Templars' Hall, corner of Yonge and Albert Streets.

NASMITH TEMPLE meets every Wednesday evening, in the Good Templars' Hall.

MAPLE LEAF TEMPLE meets every Tuesday evening, corner of Adelaide and Francis streets.

RESCUE TEMPLE meets every Thursday evening, in the Good Templars' Hall.

CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN DIVISION OF THE Sons of Temperance meets every Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the basement of the Temperance Hall, Temperance street.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE. GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Table with columns: GOING EAST—TORONTO TO MONTREAL. Rows: Toronto, Whitby, Oshawa, Bowmanville, Port Hope, Cobourg, Belleville, Kingston, Brockville, Ottawa.

Table with columns: GOING WEST—MONTREAL TO TORONTO. Rows: Montreal, Cornwall, Prescott, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Cobourg, Port Hope, Bowmanville, Oshawa, Whitby, Toronto.

Table with columns: TORONTO TO SARNIA. Rows: Toronto, Guelph, Stratford, London, Sarnia.

Table with columns: SARNIA TO TORONTO. Rows: Sarnia, London, Stratford, Guelph, Toronto.

Trains run by Montreal time.

Table with columns: GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY. MAIN LINE—GOING WEST. Rows: Suspension Bridge, St. Catharines, Hamilton, Paris, Woodstock, Ingersoll, London, Chatham, Windsor.

Table with columns: MAIN LINE—GOING EAST. Rows: Windsor, Chatham, London, Woodstock, Paris, Hamilton, St. Catharines, Suspension Bridge.

Table with columns: TORONTO LINE—G. W. R. R. HAMILTON TO TORONTO. Rows: Hamilton, Toronto.

Table with columns: TORONTO TO HAMILTON. Rows: Toronto, Oakville, Hamilton.

Table with columns: MOVING NORTH. Rows: Toronto, Oakville, Hamilton.

Table with columns: MOVING SOUTH. Rows: Toronto, Oakville, Hamilton.

THE art of reading and writing short-hand successfully taught in ten lessons, either privately or by correspondence. Four systems, which ever the student prefers.

Terms moderate. Address, WILSON MORTON, "Pure Gold," Toronto.

Miscellaneous

SARCASM AS AN ACCOMPLISHMENT.

SARCASM has its uses. So have pistols, bowie-knives, and policeman's clubs. The traveler on Montana highways likes to have an assortment of fire-arms and cutlery. So there are occasions when sarcasm is an excellent weapon. We have all seen an obstreperous, pompous, overbearing man who needed to have his head amputated—figuratively speaking. And we have seen the person, some gentle-voiced man or woman doubtless, who knew how to do it. Quick-keen, and glittering was the blade of wit by which the impertinent fellow was beheaded; and you could only laugh and applaud when it was done. It was needed to be done for the protection of society from an outlaw.

When sarcasm serves police purposes it is admirable, and there are some people who are at once benevolent and sarcastic, who are too noble to use this dangerous weapon upon people that do not deserve it, but who take an exquisite pleasure in finishing the fellow that overbearingly trends on every one about him. We know one or two ladies in particular whose biting sarcasm is an inestimable blessing, a shelter to the weak, and a certain destruction to the oppressor.

But the sarcastic people who use their gift for the good of their kind are a precious few. Generally speaking, the most intolerable man or woman in company is the man or woman who thinks it the most delightful thing in the world to hurt other people with the poisoned arrows of ill-natured speech. What such people call conversation is death to their victims. Indeed, the pleasures of a sarcastic person are identical with the refined joy of a party of urchins pelting a pond of frogs to death. The frogs can not help themselves, and it is such fun to kill them!

For, if you will notice it, the man of biting speech never "takes a feller of his size," as the boys have it. People whose words are of the aqua-fortis sort generally have no scruples in selecting victims easily handled. But the dog who can whip the town is immediately well-behaved when a bigger and more active dog comes into his beat. And it is always delightful to see a petty tyrant who has resigned by the terror of what his associates (or hers) have felt of the severity of speech always at command—it is always delightful to see such an one "come up" with. Let another person of superior gifts in the direction of saying mean things in a witty way come into the circle of the one whose scepter is a sharp tongue. How mild the sarcastic one becomes! Mild to his superior, while he wreaks his vengeance on those who are weaker—rather who are not his equals in verbal bullying.

For a sort of barbarous verbal bullying it is. Tomahawks and bowie-knives are not carried now-a-days, but the savage spirit is by no means extinct, and people are tomahawked and bowie-knived in nearly every company. And there are boastful social savages, who tell over the bitter things they have said, who show the scalps hanging at their belts in the spirit of the true Apaches.

When John Randolph of Roanoke stood on the floor of the House, the terror of all weaker men, it was the spirit of his Indian great-grandmother, Pocahontas, that gave edge to his word. When a feeble gentleman remarked deprecatingly, "Mr. Randolph, I passed your house to day," and Randolph squeaked back at him, "I hope you always will, sir!" the sarcastic man felt the same sort of savage joy that old Powhatan would have had in braining his captive, John Smith. 'But there is many a social savage making deadly and incessant war on the complacency of his fellows who has not the excuse of an Indian parentage.

There are worse men and meaner women than these Apaches of the drawing-room. These are the savages of the household; men who are schooled at reading an account of wife-beating in England, but who are guilty of a sort of incessant petty torment of wife and children, which must be vastly worse than an occasional beating with a stout stick. And then they excuse themselves on the ground that it is all done for fun; it is only play. As if anything could be more thoroughly selfish and devilish than the getting of one's amusement at the expense of another's peace of mind. Swear to love and cherish a woman, and then let it be your most exquisite pleasure to torture her with with an incessant fire of mean witticisms and small ridicule. "But she shouldn't be so sensitive." A wife-beater might suggest that she needn't make such a fuss—she shouldn't be so sensitive. It is the sensitiveness of the victim that makes sarcasm amusing. Husbands are not the only ones who destroy peace by irritating sarcasm. It is especially the offensive weapon of some smart women—who never seem to know how they managed to overthrow their own domestic happiness by what they call playfulness.

The young man who early in married life begins to say teasing things just for fun, is not only selfish and cruel, but is like one setting fire to his house for amusement. It is a very expensive play. And many a man, and many a woman too, has waked up in after years to consciousness of having trifled away the great happiness of life. There is no such prodigality as that which wastes the domestic peace of a lifetime for the sake of a little ungenerous amusement at the expense of the wounded self-love of a husband or wife. And what shall we say of the parent who finds his pleasure in annoying his children with cutting

remarks? How many children are by this means alienated for life from their homes! How many sensitive ones are permanently disheartened! Advancing civilization, which has abolished the rack and thumb-screw, which has put away the pistol and bowie-knife, will some day abolish the finer savagery of sarcasm. And let us hope that in the good-breeding of that latter day wit will be no cover for meanness, smartness no excuse for malignity; that the man who airs his smartness by saying an unkind thing will be socially abolished, unless he can show that he spoke in self-defense or in a moment of "temporary insanity."

CHARITY.

TO find our happiness is promoting the happiness of others, is a striking contrast to the seeking of our happiness in the subservience of others: the former disposition engenders humility, brotherly kindness, tenderness and compassion, a perpetual desire, in forgiving injuries, to rectify the deformed and erring propensities of the human mind, to hold out to all the distinctions between false happiness and true, and mildly to invite and persuade to the best choice; while to seek our happiness in the subservience of others, engenders pride, haughtiness, discontent, dissatisfaction, and even cruelty.

Charity does not require us to judge so favorably of others as to see things through a false medium, and to call evil good; for genuine charity and truth are ever in union, and in the degree in which charity is derived from, and elevated to, the supreme love of God, the spiritual perception becomes dearer, and is more free from the clouds either of prejudice or partiality. It is as little the office of charity to flatter as to offend; but to encourage with the warmth of approbation what is good, and calmly, but firmly to oppose what is evil, is consistent with the character of the most upright benevolence.

Among the acquaintances that we may make, we shall sometimes find ourselves much disappointed, and sometimes deeply deceived, and as the spiritual affections will grow stronger towards every apparent degree of increasing goodness in our neighbour, so will they weaken at its apparent decline, for we can only judge by appearances in the most righteous human judgment, since God alone can know the thoughts and the most secret intentions of the heart. Suppose then, a friend, to whom our attachment has been fixed for years, should discover principles that we never suspected, of decidedly evil tendency, and a conduct that we cannot but think irreconcilable with the professions that we just first regard; it is surely in such a case, both just and rational to abate of our intimacy, though this should be done gradually, with a caution and almost unwilling scrutiny; but the circumstances repeatedly and clearly proved, that cannot abide with our former good opinion, we are at liberty to be more distant, to advise when we can and to hope always, even to the end; since the case, whatever it may be, is in the hands of Providence. Let us not attempt to give a false gloss to what is manifestly wrong; still less let us delight to dwell on a subject of real regret which we cannot relieve. In a confidential conversation, we must prevaricate; but there is no occasion to anticipate the censure of the world, or to add to its severity; the mind may take its own distinct views, and act accordingly; but, except with those friends who participate in our regret, and who maintain the same tenor of good-will, there is much eligible safety in silence.

Charity will even be kept alive by a deep sense of our own imperfections, and though we cannot but retire from the man who makes religion a stalking-horse, we may hope that there is a spark of vital essence even in so crude a form; that he will at length out-talk himself, and be ashamed, in some silent hour, of a mimicry from which he can derive no substantial good. Charity can never live with false pretence, but it will offer its more genuine and purer principles, only when this can be done with the promise of success: it will consider what methods are best suited, and may be most successfully adopted, to promote general and individual good, consistent with the laws of harmony and peace, with which it delights to dwell.—Arbion.

We find the following remarks, which all printers and publishers will agree in calling sensible, in an exchange, and commend them to the attention of the reader. They will apply to all localities in which newspapers circulate: The printer's dollars—where are they? A dollar here and a dollar there, scattered over the numerous small towns, all over the country, miles and miles apart; how shall they be gathered together? The paper maker, the journeyman compositor, the building owner, the grocer, the tailor, and all assistants to him in carrying on his business have their demands, hardly ever so small as a single dollar. But the mites from here and there must be diligently gathered and patiently hoarded, or the wherewith to discharge the liabilities will never become sufficiently bulky. We imagine the printer will have to get up an address to his widely scattered dollars something like the following:

Dollars, halves, quarters, dimes, and all manner of fractions into which you are divided, collect yourselves and come home. You are wanted. Combination of all sorts of men that help to make the printer a proprietor gather in such force and demand with such good reasons

THE PRINTER'S ESTATE.

As to the nature of the ancient herbal remedies we have only slight information. The best proof that they were not active poisons, is the longevity of the human race in the days of the early prophets.

It is questionable whether the intense concentration of the properties of certain medicinal plants, barks, etc., effected by modern chemistry has been productive of good. Probably it would have been well for mankind if opium had never been extracted from the seeds of the poppy, nor Jesuit bark sublimated into quinine, nor strychnine obtained from the nux vomica, nor the twenty or thirty other deadly alkaloids and astringents wrung from the members of the vegetable kingdom which contain their bases. The invalid may, however, rest assured that no poisonous extract, solid or liquid, vegetable or mineral, is used with permanent advantage to any human constitution. Nature's remedies are simple and available; that which is best in health is best to restore health when impaired.—Science of Health.

FALL OF A WONDERFUL AEROLITE IN BENTON CO. INDIANA.

Capt. Scott, who is cultivating several thousand acres of the Fowler farm in Benton County, reports the fall near his residence, northeast of Oxford, of one of the most remarkable aerolites that has ever been seen in the United States. Indeed, it has never been rivalled, unless by the monster moon-stone, weighing 1,635 pounds, that fell near the Red River in Arkansas, and which is still preserved in the cabinet of Yale College, and it may not prove second to that in size.

According to Captain Scott's account, he was returning from camp meeting about 10:30 p.m. The evening was cloudy and dark, with occasionally a little rain, and it was with difficulty that he could distinguish the road leading across the field which he was following. Suddenly he was startled with a blinding glare of light that illuminated everything as far as the eye could reach with more than noon-day radiance. Simultaneously he heard a rushing sound, as he described, like a terrible gust of wind, and the next instant saw shooting vertically downward a huge fiery ball, that struck the earth but a few rods from where he was standing, with a deafening detonation and a shock like an earthquake. Captain Scott seems to have been badly frightened, and for a few moments stood motionless, completely at a loss to account for what had happened. In the meantime a hissing noise came from the spot where the mysterious object had landed, accompanied by a steam-like vapor, and a strong sulphurous odor. The blinding light continued for full fifteen minutes, and before it had altogether subsided, Capt. Scott mustered up courage to make a closer investigation. The aerolite was still smoking where it had fallen, and too hot to be removed, but after considerable trouble a fragment of the substance with which the interior was filled was secured. It has much the appearance of volcanic rock, but it is considerably lighter, being scarcely heavier than some of the more solid wood.—Lafayette.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

A SWEET INCIDENT.—The following incident reported in the Congregationalist, occurred recently in a village where a revival was in progress. The pastor, at a prayer-meeting, requested all who were Christians to go in a room by themselves, while those interested in religion, but not professing it, were desired to remain for a season. One by one they offered up short, fervent petitions for the forgiveness of their sins and for aid to live a life of holiness. It was a solemn time, and it seemed as if each one present must, for himself, offer a prayer. At last, a little boy of six years, with clasped hands, fervently repeated the Lord's Prayer, and was followed immediately by his sister of three years with 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' When these babes in Christ, in the simplicity of childhood, had uttered their petitions, the room was hushed,

your appearance at this counter, that nothing short of you will appease them. Collect yourselves, for valuable as you are you will never pay the cost of collecting. Come here in single file that the printer may form you in battalion, and send you forth again to battle for him and vindicate his feeble credit.

Reader, are you sure you haven't a couple of the printer's dollars sticking about your clothes? If you have, order them home immediately.

VEGETABLE MEDICINES.

In Patriarchal times, when men were considered young at ninety, mineral medicines were unknown. The fine old boys of that hygienic age took no calomel or blue pill, nor prostrating cathartics, and there is no mention of bleeding or blistering in sacred history. The Spanish benison, "May you live a thousand years," would scarcely have seemed preposterous in the era of Methuselah, so nearly did that tough old member of the priesthood reach the end of his tenth century. How he kept up his stamina we are not told; but it is pretty certain that when he had the misfortune to be sick (and he could scarcely have lived over nine hundred years in a tropical climate without being a little bilious occasionally), he was not put to his purgation in the style which became popular at a later day. If he had been turned inside-out by evacuants, he would never have seen his nine hundredth birthday.

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as if an angel's voice had been heard, and not a soul remained unmoved, all feeling that they were at the very door of heaven."

A NEGRO'S ARGUMENT.—An old Negro named Pete was very much troubled about his sins. Perceiving him one day with a very downcast look, his master asked him the cause. "Oh! massa, I'm such a great sinner!" "But, Pete," said his master, "You are foolish to take it so much to heart. You never see me troubled about my sins." "I know de reason, massa," said Pete; "when you go out duck-shooting, and kill one duck and wound another, don't you run after de wounded duck?" "Yes, Pete;" and the master wondered what was coming next. "Well, massa, dat is de way wid you and me. De debil has got you sure; but as he am not sure of me, he chases dis chile all de time."

A HIGH CEILING.—Two Scotch worthies, rather fond of their beer, retired from their regular house of call to a field, one evening, and sat down on a bench to enjoy their favorite beverage alone, having previously supplied themselves with a fair stock. After imbibing it pretty freely, they both fell fast asleep. About midnight one of them got up for the purpose of retiring; but not knowing his whereabouts very well, wandered about for a while, and then stumbled over his companion, whom he awoke, remarking: "Surely this is an awful-sized room, for I cannot find the door, and I've been lookin' for it more than half an hour."

"I ken nathing about the size of the room," hiccoughed his companion; "but one thing I see," looking up, "it has a tremendous high ceiling."

A Dutchman and an Irishman once met on a lonely highway. As they met each smiled thinking he knew the other. Pat on seeing his mistake remarked, "Faith, an' I thought it was you, an' you thought it was me, an' its nather of us." The Dutchman replied, "Yaw, dat is dhrú; I am anudder man, and you is not yourself, we both some other podies."

A very hard-hearted clapper in an old church tower professed the intensest distress because his bell was hopelessly cracked. Many people thought it a pitiable position. And wished the sad-hearted clapper a better bell. But just then the ghost of the ancient Diogenes, the sage, floated in through the window, and whistled most angrily: "Master Clapper; ease your noise, and remember in the first place you cracked the bell; and secondly, no one would have known it had you not told them." I have observed often that those who bemoan divisions in a church are they who make them; and I also observed sometimes that they who make them are most ready to publish the fact; I have observed another fact, viz., that all clappers are not of as good metal as the bells they crack.—Baptist Weekly.

Editing a paper is very much like carrying an umbrella on a windy day. Everybody thinks he could manage it better than the one who has hold of the handle.

The following music-books are recommended as being the BEST of their class:

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