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A CHRISTMAS ODE.

In Bethlehem the Lord was born,
Whose birth has brought us life and light,
On Calvary that death of scorn,
He died, that broke Death's cruel might;
I wander'd from a western strand
And sought through many an Eastern land,
Yet found I greater nought than ye,
O Bethlehem and Calvary!

Ye wonders of the ancient world,
How hath your pomp been swept away,
And earthly strength to ruin hurled,
By power that knows not of decay!
The ruined heaps on every side;
But lowly glory still I see
Round Bethlehem and Calvary.

Ye Pyramids are but a tomb
Wherein did toiling mortals build
Death's utter darkness; 'tis his gloom,
Not peace, wherewith your depths are
fill'd.

Ye Sphinxes, to the world of old
Could Life's e signa ne'er unfold:
'Tis solved for ages yet to be
In Bethlehem and Calvary!

O Syria's earthly Paradise,
Fair Schisaz' gardens of the rose,
Ye palmy plains 'neath Indian skies,
Ye shores where soft the spice-wind blows,
Death stalks through all that looks so fair,
I trace his shadow everywhere:
Look up, and Life's true Fountain see
In Bethlehem and Calvary!

Thou Kaaba, black desert-stone,
Against which half the world to-day
Still stumbles, strive to keep thy throne
Lit by thy Crescent's pallid ray;
The moon before the sun must pale,
That brighter Sign shall yet prevail,
Of Him whose cry of victory
Is Bethlehem and Calvary.

O Thou, who didst not once disdain
The childish form, the Manger poor;
Who once to take from us our pain
All pain didst on the Cross endure;
Pride to Thy Manger cannot bend,
Thy Cross doth haughty minds offend,
But lowly hearts draw close to Thee
In Bethlehem and Calvary!

The Kings approach, to worship there
The Paschal Lamb, the Shepherd rare;
And thitherwards the nations fare
As pilgrims to the Holy Place;
The storm of warfare on them breaks,
The World but not the Cross it shakes,
When East and West in strife ye see
For Bethlehem and Calvary!

O not like those, with weaponed hand,
But with the Spirit let us go
To conquer back the Holy Land,
As Christ is conquering still below;
Let beams of light on ev'ry side
Speed as Apostles far and wide,
Till all the Earth draws light from thee,
O Bethlehem, O Calvary!

With pilgrim hat and staff I went
Afar through Orient lands to roam,
My years of pilgrimage are spent,
And this the word I bring you home
The pilgrim's staff ye need not crave
To seek God's Cradle or His Grave,
But seek within you, there shall be
His Bethle hem and Calvary!

O Heart, what helps it to adore
His Cradle where the sunrise glows?
Or what avail to kneel before
The Grave whence long ago He rose?
That He should find in thee a birth,
That thou shouldst seek to die to earth
And live to Him;—this, this must be
Thy Bethlehem and Calvary!

OUR ENGLISH VISITORS.

We count it a happy event that on the heels of the Geneva award we have the privilege of welcoming to our shores a number of eminent Englishmen, and of showing by our treatment of them and absence from our hearts of all national animosity. We think that all of them must be convinced by this time that America recognizes the ties of blood that bind us together, and that all our government has sought in the settlement of our international differences has been simple justice. Our best people have thronged to do honor to these men with a heartiness entirely foreign to the suggestions of policy. Their greeting has been as spontaneous, as sincere, and as enthusiastic as if these strangers were all Americans who in some foreign field, had been winning for American honor and fame the greatest heroic achievements. They are recognized as friends and benefactors. Mr. Froude explored the fields of English history for us, and his pictures of great historic characters adorn all our walls. Mr. Tyndall has discovered and speculated for us. Mr. MacDonald has raised the windows and thrown wide the doors of British life that we may see, and interpret to us its meanings and tendencies with a voice that has taught and inspired. We have all been made rich by these men, and when they come to us we forget that they are only cousins and 'kac them to our hearts as brothers.

It is a good thing, too, that they have come to us, that we may learn how simple, how unpretending and how pure greatness is. In a country abounding with wealth and garish with its display, it is instructive to witness the simplicity of eminent scholarship. Even among men whose only possession is wealth, there is an unconscious reverence for brains and culture and great literary achievements. There are things that money cannot buy. In their presence the money-maker and money-holder stand powerless and dumb. Their gold is exchangeable for equipage and fine houses. It can spread costly feasts and rear to itself costly monuments. It can bedizen itself, or it can unselfishly feed the hungry and clothe the naked, but it cannot purchase learning or genius, or the power of teaching and reading and inspiring the world with ideas. So wealth bows to scholarship and feels honoured in taking its hand and sheltering its head; and while it does this it learns how modestly the holders of unpurchasable wealth entertain their possessions. The rich man, who can only compel people to look at him at all by flaunting his four-in-hand upon the avenue, sees a humble man upon the platform to whom the people bend in honour, or listen with eager ears, and learn how vulgar is all his display. The exhibition is one which holds before our money-seeking people a standard of excellence and acquisition that cannot fail to do us all good. It is something to be a Vanderbilt or an Astor, or a Stewart, but these men, placed in company with MacDonald, Tyndall any Froude, would find, even in this money-loving country of ours, that brains carry off all the desirable social honors. So there is something better than wealth; and we know and realize it anew and emphatically in the presence of these visitors.

There is still another reason why it is good for these men to be here. They will have an opportunity of learning America for themselves. America has arrived at that position which enables her, with some degree of complacency, to desire that her neighbors study her. We believe in our own institutions. We believe that a remarkable national life is in progress of development under them. We believe that our purposes are good and that our sentiments are just, and we know that our people are prosperous and happy. We know, too, that it is impossible for an Englishman to realize at home the progress that has been made in America. He has lived all his life in an old country, with buildings around him which were old when the Mayflower fronted Plymouth Rock; and this country of forty millions has

spring into existence since. He cannot, therefore dissociate the country from the ideas of youthfulness and rawness. He cannot realize, when away from here, that our civilization is a part of our own, and that it is the product of a continuous stream of English life flowing under other skies. It began in America where it left off in England, with all the gathered force of the centuries of European civilization. Something of his youthfulness and rawness there undoubtedly is, but it is less than he naturally supposes. We are glad to have him learn this with his own keen eyes; and, more than this, we are glad to have him our friend. This we are sure he cannot fail to become, and in the years that lie before us we shall have need of him to explain to his countrymen the difficulties which beset us in the great task of assimilating to our life the multiplied nationalities that come to make their home with us. Col. Higginson, at the Froude dinner in this city, related a suggestive incident which occurred during a walk with Mr. Froude and Mr. Carlyle in Hyde Park. Some street children were playing upon the grass, and one little Arab approached Mr. Carlyle and said: "Please, Mister, can we roll on this 'ere grass?"—"Ay, boy," said Mr. Carlyle, heartily, "roll at discretion." In like manner Col. Higginson flung open our whole green country and bade the great historian "roll at discretion." We echo the eloquent Colonel's words, and extend them not only to Mr. Froude but to all his eminent companions. There is nothing that the American desires so much as that they shall see everything in his country, and come into contact with the friendly hearts of our people everywhere. Indeed we do not intend to permit them to return to their homes until they have ceased to know whether they are themselves American or English, or whether we are English or American.—
HOLLAND.

IRELAND'S FUTURE.

NOW, having arrived at this point, Mr. Froude glances, in a masterly manner, over the great questions that have taken place since the day that Emancipation was demanded. He speaks words the most eloquent and compassionate over the terrible period of '46 and '47—words reading which brought tears to my eyes, words of compassion that he gave to the people who suffered, for which I pray God to bless him and to reward him. He speaks words of generous, enlightened, statesmanlike sympathy for the peasantry of Ireland, and for those words, Mr. Froude, if you were an Englishman ten thousand times over, I love you. I now attempt to speak of the future of Ireland. Perhaps it is a dangerous thing for me to attempt yet, I suppose, that all that we have been discussing in the past must have some reference to the future. For, surely, the verdict that Mr. Froude looks for is not a mere verdict of absolution for past iniquities. He has come here—though he is not a catholic—he has come to America, like a man going to confession, and he cries out loudly, "We have sinned! we have sinned! we have grievously sinned!" The verdict which he calls for must, surely, regard the future more than the past; for, how, in the name of God, can this great historian, or any other man, ask a verdict justifying the iniquity and heart-rending record of cruelty and injustice, the traditions of robbery and bloodshed which we have suffered? My friends there must be a future. What is that future? Well my friends—first of all, my American Grand Jury, you must remember that I am only a monk, not a man of the world, and I do not understand much about these things; and there are wiser heads than mine, and I will give you their opinion. There is a particular class of men who love Ireland, and think, in their love for Ireland, that if ever she is to be freed it is by insurrection, by rising in arms—men who hold that Ireland is enslaved if you will. Well if the history which Mr. Froude has given, and which I have attempted to review, teaches us anything, it teaches us, as Irishmen, that there is no use appealing to the sword or to armed insurrections in Ireland. Mr. Froude says that, to succeed, there are two things necessary; namely—union as one man, and a determination not to sheath that sword until the work is done. I know that I would earn louder plaudits, citizens of America, and speak a more-popular language in the ears of

my auditors, if I were to declare my adhesion to this class of Irishmen. But there is not a living man that loves Ireland more dearly than I do. There are those who may love her more fervently, and some love her with greater distinction. But there is no man living that loves Ireland more tenderly or more sincerely than I do. I prize, citizens of America, the good-will of my fellow-Irishmen; I prize it next to the grace of God. I also prize the popularity which however unworthily, I possess with them. But I tell you, American citizens, for all that popularity, for all that good-will, I would not compromise one iota of my convictions; nor would I state what I do not believe to be true. I do not believe in insurrectionary movements in a country so divided as Ireland.

There's another class of Irishmen who hold that Ireland has a future—a glorious future; that that future is to be wrought out in this way. They say—and I think, with a good right—that wealth, acquired by industry, brings with it power and political influence. They say, therefore to the Irish at home, "Try and accumulate wealth; lay hold of industry; develop the resources of your country; try in the meantime to effect that blessing of union, without which there can never be a future for Ireland. That union can be effected by largeness of mind, by generosity and urbanity toward your fellow-citizens; by rising above the miserable bigotry that carries religious differences into relations of life that don't belong to religion."

"Meantime," they say to the men of Ireland, to acquire property, wealth; and this can only be done by peaceful, assiduous industry; and that industry can only be exercised so long as the country is at peace, so long as there is truce to violent political agitation." Then, these men say again to the Irishmen in America: "Men of Ireland in America, men of Irish birth, men of American birth but of Irish blood, we believe that God has largely entrusted the destinies of Ireland to you. America demands of her citizens only energy, industry, truthfulness, temperance, obedience to the law."

Accordingly, the man that has these cannot fail to realize the future, and a glorious future, in this grand republic. And if you are faithful to America in these respects America will be faithful to you. And in proportion as the grand Irish element in America rises in wealth, it will rise in political influence and power—a political influence and power which in a few years is destined to overshadow the whole world, and to bring about peace, justice, and a far greater revolution in the cause of honor and the cause of humanity than has ever been effected by the sword. This is the programme of a second class of Irishmen. Now, I tell you candidly, that to this programme, I give my heart and soul.

THE LAST MURDER.

The recent shooting of Mr. O'Neill by Mr. King in the city of New York has naturally drawn the attention to the plea all god in justification of such occurrences. All that is known is that Mr. King asserts that his victim wronged his honor. He draws a pistol and fires. The first shot misses, the second and third strike and kill. He runs into a room and locks the door, and when it is broken open, he is arrested. The declaration of his motive is supposed to be, speak for him public sympathy; for the offence which he charges upon his victim is sometimes regarded as one which society properly suffers to be summarily punished by murder. Everybody, then, holds his life at the mercy of anybody who may allege that his honor has been outraged, or that he suspects it has been outraged. The whole proceeding is a relic of barbarism. It belongs to the time of the duel, the exquisite absurdity of which was shown the other day in an advertisement published by Mr. N. B. Forrest, who asserted that somebody was a coward, a scoundrel, and a contemptible villain, and concluded by proposing to let the rascal have a shot at him. Does Mr. Forrest mean to say that a coward and a scoundrel can injure his honor? So the theory that the misconduct of a wife injures the husband springs from the barbarous idea that she is in some sense his property, and is not a responsible person. A man can not be dishonoured by the conduct of others. He may be wounded, shocked, exasperated, heart-broken,

but his honor is in his own keeping exclusively. The offence alleged in the present case probably arouses a deeper indignation than any other. But the honor of a husband is stained only when he is himself guilty of the offence which Mr. King charges upon his wife.

However this may be, it is time to decide whether homicide is to be held justifiable for such reasons as are often gravely urged. And if there be a tendency to polliate murder—if "hanging is played out"—is it because public opinion is so averse to hanging that it will permit the murderer to escape rather than suffer the penalty of the law? Nothing is more fully established than that undue severity of punishment is a premium upon crime. But the law should be either enforced or changed, for there is undoubtedly a growing feeling that life is insecure, owing to the law's delay or evasion.

If, however, such homicides as this last are considered justifiable, that also should be fully understood. For if the reasoning be that the offence will diminish if summary shooting, for it is permitted, we must, in order to preserve the flood order of society, let the permission be known. Then if the murderer happens to mistake and shoot the wrong person, or discover after the murder that his suspicions were not well founded, his offence will be presumably mitigated by the fact that it would have been justifiable had he only happened to shoot the right person, or had his suspicions been correct.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

PRAYING A SERMON.—A young licentiate, after throwing off a highly wrought, and, as he thought, eloquent gospel sermon in the pulpit, in the presence of a venerable pastor, solicited of his experienced friend the benefit of his criticisms upon the performance. "I have just one remark to make," was his reply, "and that is, to request you to pray that sermon."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean literally just what I say; pray it, if you can and you will find the attempt a better criticism than any I can make upon it."

The request still puzzled the young man beyond measure; the idea of praying a sermon was a thing he had never heard or conceived of; and the singularity of the suggestion wrought powerfully on his imagination and feelings. He resolved to attempt the task. He laid his manuscript before him, and on his knees before God, undertook to make it into a prayer. But it would not pray; the spirit of prayer was not in it, and that, for the very good reason, as he then clearly saw for the first time, that the spirit of prayer and piety did not compose it. For the first time he saw that his heart was not right with God; and this conviction left him no peace until he had "Christ formed in him the hope of glory." With a renewed heart, he applied himself anew to the work of composing sermons for the pulpit; preached again in the presence of the pious pastor who had given him such timely advice and again solicited the benefit of his critical remarks. "I have no remarks to make," was his reply; "you can pray that sermon."

A YANKEE was narrating some of the war sights he had seen to a crowd of astonished Germans, and among the rest he said, "Why, when I was in Mexico under Scott, I saw a ball larger than this house." This was too much for the credulity of the Germans, and one of them said:

"Dunder and blitzen! vere would dey got de cannon to fire it off?"

"Dunno," replied the imperturbable Yankee, "but I saw it."

"Vat kind of ball vas it?"

"Oh, a ball given by the general in Mexico to celebrate the victory."

If a poor lone youth, with a waved end to his moustache, should write a young lady in this city to meet him by moonlight alone, and the young lady's old mother should come in on a tangent and tan the gent until the plane of his coat4ail formed an angle with a vertical line, would the hypothesis of the community be equal to the sum of the squares described by the young man in "gittin away from dar?" And if so—how?

Tales and Sketches.

METROPOLISVILLE.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,
Author of "The Hoopier School Master, The end
of the World, etc., etc."

CHAPTER II. (Continued)

It appeared from a beautifully-engraved map hanging on the walls of the Sod Tavern, that this establishment stood in the midst of an idea. The map had been constructed probably by a geologist who was quite superior to the limitations of sense and matter-of-fact. According to the map this solitary burrow was surrounded by Seminole Perpet Court-House, Woolen Factory, and a variety of other potential institutions, which composed the flourishing city of New Cincinnati. But the map was meant chiefly for Eastern circulation.

Charlton's dietic theories were put to the severest test at the table. In the first place, he had a good appetite. A ride in the open air in Minnesota is apt to make one hungry. But the first thing that digested Mr. Charlton was the coffee, already poured out, and steaming under his nose. He hated it; because he liked coffee and the look of disgust with which he shoved it away was the exact measure of his physical craving for it. The solid food on the table consisted of waterlogged potatoes, half-baked salt-rising bread, and salt-pork. Now, young Charlton was a reader of the Water-cure Journal of that day, and despised meat of all things, and of all meat despised swine's flesh, as not even fit for Jews; and of all forms of hog, hated fat salt-pork as poisonously indigestible. So with a dyspeptic self-consciousness he rejected the pork, picked off the periphery of the bread near the crust, cautiously avoiding the dough-bugs in the middle; but then he revenged himself by falling furiously upon the aquatic potatoes, out of which most of the nutrients had been soaked.

Jim, who sat alongside of him, doing cordial justice to the badness of the meal, muttered that it wouldn't do to eat by ideas in Minnosoty. And with the freedom that belongs to the frontier, the company all felt to discussing dietetics, the fat gentleman roundly abusing the food for the express purpose, as Charlton thought, of diverting attention from his voracious eating of it.

"Simply despicable," grunted the fat man, as he took a third slice of the greasy pork. "I do despise such food."

"Fats it like he was mad at it," said Driver Jim in an undertone.

But as Charlton's vegetarianism was noticed, all hands fell to denouncing it. Couldn't live in a cold climate without meat. Calaverous Mr. Minorkey, the broad-shouldered, sad-looking man with side-whiskers, who complained incessantly of a complication of disorders, which included dyspepsia, consumption, liver-disease, organic disease of the heart, rheumatism, neuralgia, and entire nervous prostration, and who was never entirely happy except in telling over the oft-repeated catalogue of his disgusting symptoms—Mr. Minorkey, as he sat by his daughter, inveighed, in an earnest crab-apple voice, against Grahamism. He would have been in his grave twenty years ago if it hadn't been for good meat. And then he recited in detail the many desperate attacks from which he had been saved by beefsteak. But this pork he felt sure would make him sick. It might kill him. And he evidently meant to sell his life as dearly as possible, for, as Jim muttered to Charlton, he was "goin' the whole hog anyhow."

"Miss Minorkey," said the fat gentleman, checking a piece of pork in the middle of his mad career toward his lips, "Miss Minorkey, we should like to hear from you on this subject." In truth, the fat gentleman was very weary of Mr. Minorkey's pitiful succession of diagnoses of the awful symptoms and fatal complications of which he had been cured by very allopathic doses of animal food. So he appealed to Miss Minorkey for relief at a moment when her father had checked and choked his utterance with coffee.

Miss Minorkey was quite a different affair from her father. She was healthy, thoroughly but not obtrusively healthy. She had a high, white forehead, a fresh complexion, and a mouth which, if it was deficient in sweetness and warmth of expression, was also free from all bitterness and aggressiveness. Miss Minorkey was an eminently well educated young lady as education goes. She was more—she was a young lady of reading and of ideas. She did not exactly defend Charlton's theory in her reply, but she presented both sides of the controversy, and quoted some scientific authorities in such a way as to make it apparent that there were two sides. This unexpected and rather judicial assistance called forth from Charlton a warm acknowledgment, his pale face flushed with modest pleasure, and as he noted the intellectuality of Miss Minorkey's forehead he inwardly comforted himself that the whole company was not wholly against him.

Albert Charlton was far from being a "ladies' man;" indeed nothing was more despicable in his eyes than men who frittered away life in ladies' company. But this did not all prevent him from being very human himself in his regard for ladies. All the more that he had lived out of society all his life, did his heart flutter when he took his seat in the stage after dinner. For Miss Minorkey's father and the fat gentleman felt that they must have the back seat; there were two other gentle-

men on the middle seat; and Albert Charlton, all unused to the presence of ladies; must needs sit on the front seat, alongside the gray traveling-dress of the intellectual Miss Minorkey, who, for her part, was not in the least bit nervous. Young Charlton might have liked her better if she had been.

But if she was not shy, neither was she obtrusive. When Mr. Charlton had grown excessively weary of hearing Mr. Minorkey pity himself, and of hearing the fat gentleman boast of the excellence of the Minnesota climate, the dryness of the air, and the wonderful excess of its oxygen, and the entire absence of wintry winds, and the rapid development of the country, and when he had grown weary of discussions of investments at five per cent a month, he ventured to interrupt Miss Minorkey's reverie by a remark to which she responded. And he was soon in a current of delightful talk. The young gentleman talked with great enthusiasm; the young woman spoke without warmth, but with a clear intellectual interest in literary subjects, that charmed her interlocutor. I say literary subjects, though the range of the conversation was not very wide. It was a great surprise to Charlton, however, to find in a new country a young woman so well informed.

Did he fall in love? Gentle reader, be patient. You want a love-story, and I don't blame you. For my part, I should not take the trouble to record this history if there were no love in it. Love is the universal bond of human sympathy. But you must give people time. What we call falling in love is not half so simple an affair as you think though it often looks simple enough to the spectator. Albert Charlton was pleased, he was full of enthusiasm, and I will not deny that he several times reflected in a general way that so clear a talker and so fine a thinker would make a charming wife for some man—some intellectual man—some man like himself, for instance. He admired Miss Minorkey. He liked her. With an enthusiastic young man, admiring and liking are, to say the least, steps that lead easily to something else. But you must remember how complex a thing love is. Charlton—I have to confess it—was a little conceited, as every young man is at twenty. He flattered himself that the most intelligent women he could find would be a good match for him. He loved ideas, and a woman of ideas pleased his fancy. Add to this that he had come to a time of life when he was in the best of spirits from the influence of air and scenery and motion, and novelty, and you render it quite probable that he could not be tossed for half a day on the same seat in a coach with such a girl as Helen Minorkey was—that, above all, he could not discuss Hugh Miller and the "Vestiges of Creation" with her, without imminent peril of experiencing a admiration for her and an admiration for himself, and a liking and a palpitating and a castle-building that under favourable conditions might somehow grow into that complex and inexplicable feeling which we call love.

In fact; Jim, who drove both routes on this lay, and who peeped into the coach whenever he stopped to wait, soliloquized that two fools with ideas would make a quare span of they had a neck-yoke on.

CHAPTER III:
LAND AND LOVE.

Mr. Minorkey and the fat gentleman found much to interest them as the stage rolled over the smooth prairie road, now and then crossing a sough. Not that Mr. Minorkey or his fat friend had any particular interest in the beautiful outline of the grassy knolls, the gracefulness of the water-willows that grew along the river edge, and whose paler green was the prominent feature of the landscape, or in the sweet contrast at the horizon where grass-green earth met the clear blue northern sky. But the scenery none the less suggested fruitful themes for talk to the two gentlemen on the back-seat.

"I've got money loaned on that quarter at three per cent a month and five after due. The mortgage has a waiver in it too. You see, the security was unusually good, and that was why I let him have it so low." This was what Mr. Minorkey said at intervals and with some variations, generally adding something like this: "The day I went to look at the claim, to see whether the security was good or not, I got caught in the rain. I expected it would kill me. Well, sir, I was taken that night with a pain—just here—and it ran through the lung to the point of the shoulder-blade—here. I had to get my feet into a tub of water and take some brandy. I'd had pleurisy if I'd been in any other country but this. I tell you nothing saved me but the oxygen in this air. There's there's a forty that I lent a hundred dollars on at five per cent a month and six per cent after maturity, with a waiver in the mortgage. The day I came here to see this I was nearly dead. I had a—"

Just here the fat gentleman would get desperate, and, by way of preventing the completion of the dolorous account, would break out with "That's Sokaska, the new town laid out by John son—that hill over there, where you see those stakes. I bought a corner lot fronting the public square, and a block opposite where they hope to get a factory. There's a brook runs through the town, and they think it has water enough and fall enough to furnish a water-power part of the day, during part of the year, and they hope to get a factory located there. There'll be a territorial road run through from St. Paul next spring if they can get a bill through the legislature this winter. You'd had best buy there."

"I never buy town lots," said Minorkey, coughing despairingly, "never! I run no risks. I take my interest at three and five per cent a month on a good mortgage, with a waiver, let other folks take risks."

But the hopeful fat gentleman evidently took risks and slept soundly. There was no hypothetical town, laid out hypothetically on paper, in whose hypothetical advantages he did not covet a share.

"You see," he resumed, "I buy low—cheap as dirt—and get the rise. Some towns must get to be cities. I have a little all round, scattered here and there. I am sure to have a lucky ticket in some of these lotteries."

Mr. Minorkey only coughed and shook his head despondently, and said that "there was nothing so good as a mortgage with a waiver in it. Shut down in short order if you don't get your interest, if you've only got a waiver. I always shut down unless I've got five per cent after maturity. But I have the waiver in the mortgage anyhow."

As the stage drove on, up one grassy slope and down another, there was quite a different sort of a conversation going on in the other end of the coach. Charlton found many things which suggested subjects about which he and Miss Minorkey could talk. There was a strange contrast in their way of expressing themselves. He was full of eagerness, positiveness, and a fresh-hearted egotism. He had an opinion on everything; he liked or disliked everything; and when he disliked anything, he never spared invective in giving expressions to his antipathy. His moral convictions were not simply strong—they were vehement. His intellectual opinions were hobbies that he rode under whip and spur. A theory for everything, a solution of every difficulty, a "high moral" view of politics, a sharp scepticism in religion, but a skepticism that took hold of him as strongly as if it had been a faith. He held to his non credo with as much vigor as a religionist holds to his creed.

But Miss Minorkey was just a little irritating to one so enthusiastic. She neither believed nor disbelieved anything in particular. She liked to talk about everything in a cool and objective fashion; and Charlton was a little provoked to find that, with all her intellectual interest in things, she had no sort of personal interest in anything. If she had been a disinterested spectator, dropped down from another sphere, she could not have discussed the affairs of this planet with more complete impartiality, not to say indifference. Theories, doctrines, faiths, and even moral duties, she treated as Charlton did beetles; ran pins through them and held them up where she could get a good view of them—put them away as curiosities. She listened with an attention that was surely flattering enough, but Charlton felt that he had not made much impression on her. There was a sort of attraction in this repulsion. There was an excitement in his ambition to impress this impartial and judicial mind with the truth and importance of the glorious and regenerating views he had embraced. His self-esteem was pleased at the thought that he should yet conquer this cool and open-minded girl by the force of his own intelligence. He admired her intellectual self-possession all the more that it was a quality which he lacked. Before that afternoon ride was over, he was convinced that he sat by the supreme woman of all he had ever known. And who was so fit to marry the supreme woman as he, Albert Charlton, who was to do so much by advocating all sorts of reforms to help the world forward to its goal?

He liked that word goal. A man's pet words are the key to his character. A man who talks of "vocation," of "goal," and all that, may be laughed at while he is in the period of intellectual fermentation. The time is sure to come, however, when such a man can excite other emotions than mirth.

And so Charlton, full of thoughts of his "vocation" and the world's "goal," was slipping into an attachment for a woman to whom both words were choctaw. Do you wonder at it? If she had a vocation also, and had talked about goals, like two bodies charged with the same kind of electricity. People with vocations can hardly fall in love with one another.

But now Metropolisville was coming in sight, and Albert's attention was attracted by the conversation of Mr. Minorkey and the fat gentleman.

"Mr. Plausaby has selected an admirable site," Charlton heard the fat gentleman remark, and as Mr. Plausaby was his own step-father, he began to listen.

"Pretty sharp! pretty sharp!" continued the fat gentleman. "I tell you what, Mr. Minorkey, that man Plausaby sees through a millstone with a hole in it. I mean to buy some lots in this place. It'll be the county seat and a railroad junction, as sure as you're alive. And Plausaby has saved some of his best lots for me."

"Yes, it's a nice town, or will be. I hold a mortgage on the best eighty—the one this—at three per cent and five after maturity, with a waiver. I liked to have died here one night last summer. I was taken just after supper with a violent—"

"What a beauty of a girl that is," broke in the gentleman, "little Katie Charlton, Plausaby's stepdaughter?" And instantly Mr. Albert Charlton thrust his head out of the coach and shouted "Hello, Katie!" at a girl of fifteen, who ran to intercept the coach at the hotel steps.

In a few moments the coach, having deposited Charlton and the fat gentleman, was starting away for its destination at Perrisut, eight miles further on, when Charlton, remembering again his companion on the front seat, lifted his hat and bowed, and Miss Minorkey was kind enough to return the bow. Albert tried to analyze her bow as he lay awake in bed that night. Miss Minorkey doubtless slept soundly. She always did.

DEATH OF AN IRISH SMUGGLER.

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

IN 'Scribner's' for December, there is the following graphic description, by Mr. Froude, of the death of a famous Irish smuggler of the 18th century.

It was a strange wild place, close to the sea, amidst rocks and bogs and utter desolation. Near it stood the wreck of a roofless church, and the yet older ruin of some Danish pirate's nest. The shadowy figure of the brigantine was visible through the grey sheet of falling rain, at anchor in the harbor, and from the rocks in the entrance came the moaning of the Atlantic swell. Morty looked for no visitors on such a night and had neglected to post sentinels. The house was surrounded the wolf was trapped. The dogs inside were the first to take alarm. A violent barking was heard, and then suddenly the door was thrown open. Morty appeared in his shirt, fired a blunderbuss at the men who were nearest him, and retired. A volley of small arms followed from the windows and slits in the wall. One soldier was killed and three others wounded. The strictest orders had been given to take Morty, if possible, alive, and the fire was not returned. The house was evidently full of men; eighteen of them bolted, one after another, in the hopes of drawing off the troops in pursuit. Each however, was caught, and, when found not to be the man whom the party came in search of, was let go. Morty saw his time was come. He did not choose to be taken and determined to die like a man. He sent out his wife and child, who were with him, with a request that their lives might be saved. The officer in charge received them kindly, and gave them such protection as he could. Morty himself refused to surrender; it was determined to set fire to the thatch, and wild fire was thrust under the eaves. The straw was wet and refused to catch. At last it blazed up; the flames seized the dry rafters; the roof fell in and amidst the burning ruins, Morty and his four remaining companions were seen standing at bay, blunderbuss in hand. He was evidently desperate, and to save life it was necessary to shoot him. The soldiers fired; Morty fell with a ball through his heart. Two of his companions fell at his side, the other two were taken; the other two, it so happened; who had been Morty's companions at the murder of Puxley. One of them Little John Sullivan he was called, was perhaps Morty's kinsman; the name of the other was Daniel Connell. The barony of Iveragh and Darrynace Abbey, where the Connells, or O'Connells, of later celebrity, had already established themselves, was but seven miles across the water; and it is thus possible, and even probable, that Daniel Connell, who had assisted at Puxley's murder, and escaped the bullets at Cleinderry, was a scion of the family which, in the next generation, produced the Liberator.

The weather making it impossible to carry off the brigantine, she was sunk, when daylight came, at her anchorage. The fire was extinguished; the ruins of the house were searched; and Morty's account books (he was as punctual as Dick Hatterack himself in his money transactions,) his bills, notes, and papers were found uninjured. Among them were found letters from many persons of consequence in the country, showing that they were accomplices in the assassination of the revenue officers. Twenty ankers of brandy and some chests of tea had been destroyed by the fire.

Morty's body was carried to Cork. His head mounded on a spike over the gate of the south jail. The rest of him was buried in the Battery. The prisoners can be traced to the jail; there is no mention that either of them were hanged, but of their future fate the records are silent.

So ended one of the last heroes of Irish imagination, on whose character the historian, who considers that he and such as were the natural outgrowth of the legislation to which it was thought wise and just to submit his country, will not comment uncharitably. He had qualities which, had Ireland been nobly governed, might perhaps have reconciled him to its rulers, and opened for him an honourable and illustrious career. At worst he might have continued to serve with his sword a Catholic sovereign, and might have carved his way with it to rank and distinction. He was tempted home by the opportunities of anarchy and hopes of revenge. In his own adventurous way he levied war to the last against the men and system under which Ireland was oppressed when he fell with a courage which made his crimes forgotten, and the ghost of his name still hovers about the wild shores of the Kenmare river, of which he was so long the terror and the pride.

There was once an independent old lady who, speaking of Adam's naming all the animals, said she didn't deserve any credit for naming the pig—any one would know what to call him.

A young man gone out West a few months ago has sent only one letter home. It came Friday. It said, "Send me a wig," and his fond parents don't know whether he is scalped or married.

ON A NIGHT OF RAIN.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

I labor a sleeping car! It's all very well in the day-time, when you have a comfortable seat to yourself, but as soon as it approaches nine o'clock to have to go and stand up somewhere while the sable brigade turn your comfortable seat into an uncomfortable shelf, where you must lie down—bon gre, mal gre,—waketul or sleepy,—is intolerable, and I can't endure it.

Making it impossible for me to sit up, just inspires me with an uncontrollable aversion to lying down. I envy the calm composure with which some people undress as complacently as though in their own rooms at home, go regularly to bed, and positively sleep all night. I look on them with somewhat of awe—as beings of a different species, and wonder if they have any nerves in their system.

But as for me, after tumbling and tossing, and fidgeting and fussing, through two or three long nights—trying to do my duty and go to sleep, I just made a declaration of independence, that I never would ride in one again.

Now there's some fun in a night ride in an ordinary car. You can lie down too—after a fashion—and I, at least can sleep as much as I like. I see there curiosities of human nature, that I should never see elsewhere.

I'd like to know what mysterious influence bonnets and hats have on peoples manners? A car load, that all day are as dull as owls, and as much alike as so many peas, no sooner take off their outside fixings for the night, than the company manners disappear, and the every-day character shines out. Now you'll see selfishness stalk abroad. Look at that elderly couple over the way,—the man hale and hearty,—the woman delicate and nervous to the tip of her fingers. He gets sleepy; so he turns his back to her, hangs his legs over the end of the seat, and actually lies back against her, and goes to sleep.

The great brute! perhaps I ought to say the great baby; for I suppose a thought of her comfort never crossed his selfish soul. She accepts her fate meekly—poor thing she's used to it. No wonder she is thin, hollow-eyed, and nervous. It makes me furious; and I fidget, and ache, and groan for her, till I turn my back, and try to forget it.

One variety of the human family that I admire, is the wooden-headed variety. These happy souls (or bodies) will curl up in some outrageous position, and sleep the sleep of peace, in spite of the slamming of doors, and cold draughts, the jerks of stopping, and the glare of the conductor's lantern. Such a one lies over in the corner. The conductor has to seize him by the collar, and jerk him to a sitting posture, every time he wants to see his ticket. Then he winks his eyes—fumble for his ticket—and drop off again, dead asleep in a minute.

There's another sort of human being whom I don't admire. In fact I detest him, and avoid him as I would a devil fish, or other unpleasant freaks of nature. It is the self conceited person, who knows everything. That is to say he thinks he does. If the information he crams down the throats of his unhappy victims were always correct, one might pardon his hateful way of administering the dose. But it's not at all important that his information should be true,—if it's only his! Speech is his conc. For myself, it makes no difference. His smooth, self-sufficient voice is so rasping to my nerves, that I should hardly believe him if I knew he told the truth. But there are others not so faithless, whom he misleads by his positive way of stating things. I've seen one of these intolerable individuals persuade a weak, undecided sister, to ride miles past the station where the conductor told her to get off, because he knew the train stopped at so-and-so, or went through so-and-so.

There's always one of this sort on a night train;—there he sits, under the lamp, a long cadaverous fellow. He was "taken down" once to-night, to my great delight. An old lady, near the end of the car, asked in a general sort of a way, what time the train reached C—

"Eight o'clock," said he promptly.

"Eight twenty," said a quiet lady, sitting just behind the questioner.

Her tone, though lady-like, was self-possessed, and positive, and it roused the ire of the gentleman. Slowly drawing himself up to his full height—no insignificant height either—producing from the depths of his pocket a tattered Railway Guide, and holding near the light, he read in a loud and annihilating voice:

"This train reaches the city of C—at eight o'clock A. M., and sat down with the virtuous air of duty performed, not to say sweet revenge.

The lady didn't wince! On the contrary she deliberately opened her travelling satchel and took out a later Guide—of course unanswerable authority, over all older editions—drawing herself up also, making her five feet almost as imposing as his six feet two or three, she carefully examined by the light, her time-table.

Everybody—who was awake—was on the qui vive. I trembled for fear she might be mistaken. As she sat down she remarked quietly, yet so clearly that every one heard,

"I thought I was not mistaken the train arrives at eight-twenty."

"Twenty minutes don't amount to much anyhow," he growled out; but he was discomfited, for he drew his hat over his eyes and pretended to sleep, and we had a rest from his tongue.

Another never-failing attraction on a night train is a nodder. This time it's a woman. Getting on at a way station, she takes the first vacant seat, arranges her parcels, wraps a thick green veil around her head, and sits bolt upright like a stick, in the corner of the seat.

"Find it rather hard work, don't you mother?" Now things begin to stagnate, and everybody is on his good behavior, and I actually grow sleepy, and begin to calculate the feasibility of getting a nap. But it's only a lull in the performances. The next actor—most unexpectedly—is the sleepy-head above mentioned.

He takes a disastrous notion to sit up. But he over estimates his abilities, for he can't keep off the "Sand Man" to save his life. It seemed as though the nodding woman had exhausted the variety of nods of which the human head is capable, but manages to get up an original movement. He nods over backwards, jerking open his mouth, and making so absurd a figure, that coming after the woman it is too much for the good breeding in that car.

Family Reading.

SIMILES.

"U H, miss—missis!" I leaned out of the window, and, with a responsive smile, looked down on the black face shining up at me. "Well, Dinah?" "Dat—dat pie, missis" (she stuttered when excited); "it was—was just like you!" My smile blossomed into a hearty laugh; at which Dinah grew serious, and, shaking her head slowly from side to side, to help her to express the strength with which she held the truth, she said, more earnestly, "Twas, missis, suah! I—I tink ob it de moment I see yer!"

The pie was an apple pie—a hummocky thing, flaky, of a tawny brown, and a little broken up, moreover, having suffered from an accident. I knew that they frowned on pastry at my neighbors'; but thinking Dinah might not be as dyspeptic as the other members of the household, I had told Nora to take the pie over to her. I had evidently gone to the right spot; and the joys of memory, mingling with some flickering joys of hope, had moved her to this expression of gratitude mixed with admiration.

"Thank you, Dinah!" I dropped it into her waiting ears, speaking heartily, but laughing still as I closed the window and sat down to my sewing. The funny thought that my face was tawny, and knobby, and a little damaged by the years which had run over it, amused me and brought bubbles of laughter to the surface for some time. Yet, after all, I knew exactly what the compliment was with which Dinah intended to angle for another dessert.

Yes; Dinah helps me with the Orientals. Their parables, and proverbs, and poetry come out of the mist in the light of her simplicity. But the rough, coarse Occidentals—these border men who are enriching our rhetoric in spite of our protests—are beginning to trouble me more than the subtle children of the East.

however. The "good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over," has the nine points of possession, and is so much better.

We have puzzled our heads, too, in a feebly intricate way, over the meaning of a "square meal." Why square? If you have patience let me describe to you a fearful process by which we have struggled toward it. Any one who is reading a solid article like this will, of course, know that the Utilitarians (so shamefully and ignorantly stigmatized, you will remember, by Lecky, as advocates of "the selfish theory"), the Utilitarians affirm that "right" is a complex word, capable of analysis, and that it always means fitted to effect an end—adapted to produce some purposed result.

Now, even your "right-angle"—I hope no one is going to turn back here. Hold on to your skirts, and we will surely pull you out—even your right-angle, that puzzle-test with which the intuitionists try the souls of their analyzing opponents, is called so because of the common use of it all over the world—in building, and in other ways manifold—where the perpendicular meets the horizontal. Any variation, any slant of either line, gives the pain of insecurity and incorrectness. It is not the right angle to satisfy us.

There! We are in sight of Dinah again. Now we are all right. For, you see, the square is the very completeness of right-angledness. And a "square meal" is one which thoroughly satisfies. We can get at the meaning of these men who tuck their pantaloons into their boots, and wear slouched felts, a great deal quicker when they assure us that such a man's head is "level." We only need to watch the masons and carpenters, fussing anxiously over their walls and timbers till the air-bubble in the spirit-level stands still in the center, and then see how their faces clear up, and they cheerily turn to something else.

Dinah does not help me much here. And even the right-angles take me only half-way. I have pondered on this until it seemed as if the brick was in my hat, and my head anything but level; but I cannot make it out. A brick will absorb a good deal of moisture, and possibly the smile may have started in saloons, where the power of absorption is the most praiseworthy quality. A brick, also, will generally stay where you put it; but when you say that a man is a "brick," is hardly equivalent to saying, "you know where to find him." Reluctantly, we give this up. If the author of the figure could by any possibility be discovered and brought forward to explain, it would be a great comfort.

We once heard a witty talker describe theological students as "young men who go about hunting for similes." Well, still-hunting is the best for that game, I judge; but we pity theologian or lawyer who has not bagged a few of them when he has a cause that he wants to carry.

They are, indeed, an excellent thing to have about you, ready for use whenever you need them. Have you never begun to introduce the intimate friend whom you have always called Ned, or Charlie, and been disconcerted because the name by which he must be presented to strangers would not come to you? It is much more awkward to begin the introduction to a simile, and find, when you look around for it, that the simile is not in the room; that while you are saying "It is like—" your expected friend has not come in. I think that the distress of the awkward pause which follows this generally results from your having no friend to introduce. "It is as plain," cried an eloquent preacher when warmly clearing up the doctrine of election, "It is as plain as—" His friend was not there. He prided himself on his originality, and couldn't bring himself to introduce "the sun at noon-day;" and perhaps a thought of regions where the sun only shines at midnight, or of cloudy days, when the noons are sunless, deterred him. He kept his audience in suspense for a painful moment, while he looked about him wildly; but at last his eye rested on something plain, and he relieved those who were "hanging on his lips," by crying, "As—as that creek!" We are confident the poor man groaned on his pillow more than once that night. If he had only had the game in his bag. But he invited his friends to dinner, and when the cover was removed the dish was empty.

It is not a false and artificial way of thinking to store up the similes that occur to you. If your mind is trained to notice the subtle analogies, the interdependencies, or correspondences, or what you will, which lie all about us, and you form the habit of putting them into neat, compact forms of expression, it is surprising with what alacrity memory will step forward and hand you the one you want. The moment Dinah saw me she knew just what to say.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—Alphonse (who has had an attack of mother-in-law): "Perbleu, madame, it is not as troubles at your daughter is my wife! Non! It is because she is not an orphan when she is married to me!"

JOHNNY'S OPINION OF GRAND-MOTHERS.

Grandmothers are very nice folks; They beat all the aunts in creation, They let a chap do as he likes, And don't worry about education. Grandmothers speak softly to "mas" To let a boy have a good time; Some times they will whisper, 'tis true, 'T'other way, when a boy wants to climb.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea, And pies, a whole row in the cellar, And they're apt (if they know it in time) To make chicken pie for a feller. And if he is bad now and then, And makes a great racketing noise, They only look over their spees, And say, "Ah, those boys will be boys."

Quite often, as twilight comes on, Grandmothers sing hymns very low, To themselves, as they rock by the fire, About heaven, and when they shall go. And then, a boy stopping to think, Will find a hot tear in his eye, To know what will come at the last, For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay here and pray; For a boy needs their prayers every night; Some boys more than others, I s'pose; Such as I need a wonderful sight.

ANXIETY ABOUT CHILDREN.

The trouble which the proverbially anxious parent gives himself in regard to the safety of his children is frequently misplaced, and not seldom in its excess, hurtful. There is it is said a providence which watches over the drunkard, and protects him against the dangers to which his wilful and self-assumed imbecility exposes him. It requires, however, no supposed interposition of any external agency to explain the frequent escapes of the tipsy in their vagaries of motion. The instinct of self preservation is, in fact, so strong that amidst the utmost bewilderment of thought and disorder of volition it seldom loses its protecting power. It is so to a very great extent with even the most immature and heedless of children. Fear, with its cautious apprehension of danger and pain, is among the earliest as well as most abiding of the emotions.

The human offspring is certainly in infancy the most helpless of creatures, yet it is far from being so dependent as is generally supposed. The youngest Tahitian is said, when plunged into the water, to strike out with the agility of the tadpole, and float himself instinctively into safety.

If children were not naturally very cautious there would be in every nursery, in spite of the vigilance of mothers and nurses, a daily slaughter of the innocents. It is not necessary that they should avail themselves of the convenience of a fourth story widow for a deadly dive into the street, or the accommodating proximity of an open medicine chest for a mortal draught, as they could summarily execute themselves with the poker on the hearth-stone, or offer their tender little bodies as burnt offerings upon the domestic fire. Children show no disposition voluntarily to knock their heads against stone walls, to split themselves upon iron rails, or leap into the abysses of the area. They become almost immediately conscious of hardness, sharpness, and all dangerousness and unpleasantness. Of the new, the vague and obscure they are singularly fearful, and every child shrieks back from an unfamiliar face on unmeasured height or depth, and darkness of all kinds.

Parents, whose prudent care for the ir children we would not diminish for the world may intermit much, however, of the solicitude with which they are apt unnecessarily to worry themselves. This gratuitous anxiety often, moreover, defeats its own object. It renders the child, by constantly reminding it of the risks to safety, unnaturally timid, and prevents that calmness of mind and development of animal courage essential for the prudent avoidance of and bold resistance to danger. The overwatched children are notoriously those who are the most constantly exposing their health and lives to hazard. They are so accustomed to move at the will of another that their own volition loses its power to a great extent and becomes hesitating and uncertain. Their muscles, accordingly, act with little precision, and render the step faltering and the hold insecure. The child who is left free to run, climb, and jump, though he may apparently expose himself to a thousand risks, generally escapes danger by his habitual readiness of expedient and practiced precision of movement.

The freer children have, moreover, the advantage of protecting themselves by various means of security denied to those kept under a closer supervision. Swimming, riding, running, leaping using fire-arms—not to speak of wrestling and fighting—all which may in their turn become important means of safety, are the ordinary acquisitions of the emancipated boy, but seldom of him who is subjected to an unceasing parental control. It is obvious, too, that the greater freedom of the one is more favourable to health than the constraint of the other. It is equally advantageous to the moral as to the physical health and development that the parent should not allow his anxiety about his

children to become too apparent, or to interfere too much with their freedom of conduct. The self-reliance and independence of character which are essential elements of all human excellence are to be acquired only by learning early to act from a voluntary motive. If the parent fixes himself as a finger-post at every turn, the child will hardly ever find the road of his own accord, and must necessarily lose his way when deprived of his habitual guide. Harper's Bazar.



WELLAND CANAL ENLARGEMENT. NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Welland Canal," will be received at this office until noon of FRIDAY, THE 13th DAY OF JANUARY NEXT, 1873, for the construction of NINE (9) LOCKS AND NINE (9) WEIRS—the excavation of the Lock and Weirs Pits—connected with them—the Inventing Reaches, Run-Ways, &c., on the new portion of the WELLAND CANAL, between Thorold and Port Dalhousie. The work will be let in sections; four of which numbered respectively, 1, 10 and 11, are situated between St. Catharines Cemetery and the Great Western Railway, and Sections Nos. 12 and 13 are situated between Brown's Cement Kilns, and what is known as Marlett's Pond. Tenders will be received for certain portions of the enlargement and deepening of the prism of the Canal above Port Robinson, and for the removal of part of the West bank of the "Deep Cut," &c., &c. Maps of the several localities, together with Plans and Specifications of the works, may be seen at the Office, on and after FRIDAY, THE 13th DAY OF DECEMBER next, where printed forms of Tender will be furnished. A like class of information relative to the works north of Marlett's Pond, may be obtained at the resident Engineer's Office, Thorold; and for works south of Allanburg, Plans, &c., may be seen at the resident Engineer's Office, Welland. All Tenders must be made on the printed forms, and each must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the due fulfilment of the contract. This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender. By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 22nd Nov., 1872. 77 6 ins



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS. INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

The Commissioners appointed for the Construction of the Intercolonial Railway, hereby give Public Notice that they are prepared to receive Tenders for Track-laying and Ballasting on the following Distances, viz: No. 1, on Sections 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 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Commissioners Office, Ottawa, Dec. 11th, 1872. 77 4 ins



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS. INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

The Commissioners appointed for the construction of the Intercolonial Railway, give Public Notice, that they are prepared to receive Tenders for the erection of Passenger and Refreshment Buildings, Freight Building, and Engine House, at Campbellton, N. B., and for Passenger and Refreshment Buildings, at New Castle, N. B. Plans, Specifications, and forms of Tender may be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer, Ottawa, and the Engineers' offices at Ramouki, Dalhousie, New Castle, and Moncton. Tenders may be for the whole, or any less number of these buildings, and will be received marked "Tenders for Buildings," at the Commissioners' office, Ottawa, up to 12 o'clock noon, on FRIDAY, the 31st January, 1873.



WELLAND CANAL ENLARGEMENT. NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Contractors are hereby informed, that the Plans, Specifications, &c., of the new Locks, Weirs, and other works, on the new portion of the Welland Canal, between Thorold and Port Dalhousie, will not be ready for inspection before Friday, the 26th instant. By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 7th Dec., 1872. F. BAILEY'S BELFAST Book and Stationery Store No. 36 QUEEN STREET, TORONTO, ONT. Nearly opposite Bay Street.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTICE is hereby given that a Bill will be made to the Legislature at the next Session thereof for an Act to incorporate the present proprietors of the Toronto Street Railway, (by way of amendment of the former "Toronto Street Railway Company" Act) and to empower the said proprietors when so constituted to stock the said Road, and for other purposes therein contained. FERGUSON & FERGUSON, Solicitors for the Toronto Street Railway Toronto, 1st November, 1872.

KENT BROTHERS YONGE STREET.

Importers of all grades of FINE Gold and Silver Watches JUST RECEIVED A large consignment of French Gilt and Marble Clocks, Suitable for presentation. A splendid assortment of bright and colored Gold Sets, Chains, Locks, etc. Sole Agents for Lazarus & Morris' celebrated Perfected Spectacles. Toronto, Jan. 1, 1873.

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THE PURE GOLD Publishing Company are prepared to furnish the CONSTITUTION, CODE OF LAWS, RULES OF ORDER Of the Subordinate Divisions, as last adopted by the GRAND DIVISION, and the By-Laws of each Subordinate. They have in type the By-Laws of CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN DIVISION, Toronto, and of BYTOWN DIVISION OF OTTAWA, revised by P. G. W. P., Bro. G. M. Rose. Send for Price List, etc. Address, PURE GOLD PUBLISHING CO., Box 1472, Toronto.

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Special Notices.

PURE GOLD is published every Friday morning by the PURE GOLD Publishing Company, 40 Church St., Toronto.

- 1. The felt need of a publication in which great moral and social questions—sincerely noticed by the daily or weekly press—will have a prominent place.

The character of the proposed Journal may, in part, be inferred from the preceding statements. In its management the following principles will be kept in view:—

- 1. IN REGARD TO POLITICAL MATTERS.—All views and opinions to be judged on their merits, irrespective of mere party watch-words.

3. IN REGARD TO PUBLIC MEN.—Integrity, Morality and Intelligence, indispensable qualifications in our Public Men, and of vastly greater importance than party relationships.

4. IN REGARD TO RELIGIOUS QUESTIONS.—In things essential, unity, in things non-essential, liberty; in all things, charity.

5. IN REGARD TO TEMPERANCE.—The education of public sentiment on it demands the entire prohibition of the Liquor Traffic.

6. IN REGARD TO THE FUTURE.—PURE GOLD will contain, from time to time—

- 1. Live Articles, by able writers, on the most important Moral, Social, Educational and Public Questions of the Day.

2. A Brief Record of Public Opinion; or Selections from the Contemporary Press.

3. Tales, Sketches of Travel, Literary Selections, in Poetry and Prose, Scientific Readings, &c., such as may be read with pleasure and profit at every fireside in the Dominion.

4. Rural Affairs.

5. Progress of the Temperance Reform.

6. Reviews and Notices of Books.

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Any person sending the names of Five Subscribers, with \$1.00, will receive an extra copy gratis.

All letters to be addressed, prepared, to PURE GOLD PUBLISHING CO., Toronto.

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1.—Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post-office whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for payment.

2.—If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publishers may continue to send it until payment is made and then collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3.—The courts have decided that refusing to take newspaper and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.

TERMS FOR "PURE GOLD."

Table with 2 columns: Term (Year, Months), Price (\$2.00, \$1.00). Includes note: Papers are forwarded until an explicit order is received.

THE RECEIPT of the paper is a sufficient receipt for the first subscription. Receipts for other months will be here after acknowledged per postal cards. Address, Pure Gold Publishing Co., 40 Church St., Toronto.

PURE GOLD

TORONTO, DEC. 13th. 1872

A MEMOIR.

The subject of these remarks—Horace Greeley—was born in Amherst, N. H. on February 11th, 1811. His parents, as also his ancestors, were some in well-to-do, others in somewhat poor circumstances. At a very early age, young Greeley displayed great rapidity in learning; when only four years old, he could read and spell well, and from that age progressed rapidly.

Soon did it become apparent that young Greeley was destined to engage in a higher walk of life and usefulness than that first chosen by him, useful as it was. After several attempts ending in failures, in 1834, he, with some associates, established the New Yorker, which continued for seven and a half years, though from want of proper business management, financially, it never proved any great success.

He had an individuality of his own. He was original. He was on the whole not a Franklin, he was a Greeley. Like other men he had his faults, though none can be looked upon as very serious; his virtues certainly far outnumbered them.

A SCANDALOUS ADVERTISEMENT!

The citizens of Ontario have, during the last few days an opportunity of witnessing to what an extent our high toned (?) dailies sympathise with the progress of temperance and morality in general. For several days there has been flaunted in the face of the public one of the most disgraceful advertisements we have ever seen.

It is interesting too, to witness the extreme consistency of some of our dailies. In the case of one particularly, we have noticed that when favorable comments on the working of any of our temperance organizations appear, some saloon sensation will inevitably follow, more than counterbalancing the effect such comments must have on public opinion.

We venture to assert that in no city on this continent are there daily papers so unscrupulous in the matter of advertisements as in Toronto. In Montreal, for instance, we are safe in saying that no amount of money could buy publicity for an advertisement similar to the one referred to, through the medium of all their dailies.

If there be one want stronger than another in Ontario, it is the want of a reliable daily paper which under all circumstances and in the face of every inducement to the contrary will be found on the side of right and truth.

GOVERNMENT TELEGRAPHING.

THE action of the government of Great Britain in obtaining the control of the telegraphic lines of that country, leads us to consider the advantage likely to accrue from such a policy. These advantages are so manifest, that the bare statement is sufficient to carry conviction to most minds, and to make us desire an immediate adoption of a similar policy in this "Canada of ours."

In obtaining possession of the telegraph service, the English Government are merely applying to it those principles which already affect the mail service.

As matters are at present, and as long as the telegraphic service is in the hands of companies, lines will only be constructed to the larger towns and villages, where the keeping of a clerk will prove remunerative. Consequently, the benefits resulting from the telegraph is comparatively limited. Many are shut out from its benefits altogether, and that means of communication scarcely second to that of the postal system is denied to very many.

Were the government in possession of the lines they would feel called upon to extend them to every section of the country, the rates of telegraphing would be lowered and thus business enterprise would be engendered, the remotest hamlet would be brought nearer to the centres of intelligence and commerce, the people rendered more homogeneous, and the change be in every respect a national blessing.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

ENCOURAGING! At the recent meeting of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance held in London, last week, it was moved by Bros. Thos. Nixon, of Toronto, and seconded by Bro. Jas. Thompson, that 'PURE GOLD be recommended to the support of the Order of Sons in Ontario.' The motion was carried unanimously.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1873.

We are now just entering upon our fourth volume, and, as we look back over the work of the last six months and compare our circulation and prospects then with those of the present time, we cannot fail but view, with satisfaction, our progress during the latter portion of 1872. The organizations whose interests we have advocated, have recognized our claims upon them in a substantial manner by not only giving us a liberal support, but some of them by taking action officially and recommending our paper to their members. Each department, including the Sons of

Temperance, the Good Templars, and the Y. M. C. A. is edited by prominent members of these societies, whose energetic labors on behalf of the paper call for our heartfelt thanks.

At the commencement of 1873 we purpose reducing, somewhat, the size of the paper, which change, however, will not decrease the amount of reading matter contained.

To the members of the different evangelical organizations represented in our columns, we now appeal for active support, and hope that advantage will be taken of the opportunity offered by the approaching New Year to make up clubs, and in other ways to increase our circulation and influence. As a special inducement, we offer the remaining numbers of the present year, commencing with "The Mystery of Metropolisville," to parties subscribing between this and New Years.

Table with 2 columns: Quantity (Single copies, 5 copies, 10), Price (\$2.00, 8.75, 16.00).

A UNIFORM SERIES OF BIBLE LESSONS FOR CANADA.

THE introduction into the United States of a uniform system of Bible lessons having been productive of favorable results efforts are being made to have the same system introduced into this country. At the Sunday School Convention recently held at Indianapolis a series of lesson known as the International series was drawn up, which it is hoped will be generally adopted in Canada. The advantages of such action on the part of all our Sunday Schools is manifest.

THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL SESSION OF THE GRAND DIVISION OF ONTARIO.

The annual Session held in London on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, of last week, was the best attended, most enthusiastic, and we hope, will result in more practical results to the order generally than many such meetings we have before attended. At 2 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon the G. W. P. Rev. Joel Briggs called the representatives to order, and after routine business, fourteen new members were introduced and initiated. The G. W. P. then submitted his report in which he congratulated the Grand Division on the success of the good work, and went on to say he might name numbers reclaimed; many homes once wretched, many wives, once worse than widows, greatly cheered, and multitudes of children, once worse than fatherless, now gladdened by the presence of fathers sober, kind and industrious, by whose labors home is made pleasant, wife and children happy, father's talents employed and influence exerted to benefit the race and honor God, whose presence weekly in the Division Room with the brethren is a source of unmingled pleasure and delight.

This report having been referred to a special committee, Bro. Thomas Webster, the grand scribe, next submitted his report, which was well prepared and replete with important statistical information. On 30th Sept, the return, so far as they had come in, showed 241 Divisions in active working order, and during the September quarter these Divisions had admitted 1441 new members, reinstated 327 had withdrawn, 186 had been suspended for non-payment of dues; 182 for other causes; 8 had died; 191 violated the pledge. The whole number of members on the books was 8939, and \$628.73 had been paid the G. D. per capita tax. 22 lady visitors had been admitted, making the class of members number 554. The Divisions had collected during the term \$1244.01 from dues, and had paid for benefits \$53.04, and for expenses exclusive of benefits, \$1785.66. The cash in hand and invested by Divisions amounted to \$8879.82.

Since the semi-annual session thirty one Divisions had been organized and resuscitated, making in all seventy five divisions gained during the year.

The Treasurer, Bro. Samuel Brown, reported the finances in a much more satisfactory state than they had been for many years past.

These reports were handed to committees, and the real business of the session began.

The question of fixing Toronto as the place where to hold all future annual meetings of the Grand Division then came up, and after a lively discussion, it was resolved to continue the present perambulating system.

An invitation from the Pioneer Division to take part in a public meeting that evening, in the CITY HALL, was presented and accepted, and the meeting adjourned at 6 o'clock.

The public meeting in the evening was one of the largest and most successful of its kind ever held in London. The hall was completely filled by an intelligent audience, who appeared to appreciate with enthusiasm the proceedings. The Rev. Joel Briggs, G. W. P. acquitted himself well as Chairman; and the speakers,—Rev. Mr. Pirlette a staunch "Son" just returned after a four years' wandering in the U. States. Mr. Robert Maclean of Galt, a veteran in the cause. Rev. W. Gales, representative from Quebec.

Temperance and Prohibitory League; Mr. J. S. Larke, of the Ottawa, Indicator; Rev. A. E. Griffiths, an active temperance missionary, and last, though not least, the newly elected member for one of the Middlesex constituencies, Mr. Geo. W. Ross. All spoke well and to the point. The Rev. Mr. Manning of Almonte, and Mr. Edward Carswell of Oshawa, with their usual bad luck, failed to reach in time, in consequence of a detention on the railway.

WEDNESDAY, 9 A. M.—The Grand Division resumed business, and after reading of minutes, etc, proceeded to initiate ten new members.

The election of officers was next proceeded with, and resulted as follows:

- Grand Worthy Patriarch, G. M. Rose, Toronto. Grand Worthy Associate, J. S. Larke, Oshawa. Grand Scribe, Thomas Webster, Brantford. Grand Treasurer, S. W. Sharrard, Clarendon. Grand Chaplain, Rev. John McLean, Komoka. Grand Conductor, James G. Howe, Ottawa. Grand Sentinel, D. Millar, Toronto.

The committee on the G. W. P.'s report presented their report recommending the appointment of a committee to prepare a programme of entertainment for the subordinate divisions; also a committee to prepare reliable statistics of the quantity of distilled and malt liquors manufactured in the Dominion, with a statement of the capital invested in the liquor traffic, the number of arrests for drunkenness, &c., the committee to consist of Bros. Rose, Ross, Rev. W. Scott and Nixon.

At 12 noon, the G. D., took a recess and resumed at 2 o'clock.

After the disposal of routine business, and reception of committee reports, the installation of officers was proceeded with, when the above named brothers were duly installed in their respective offices.

Deputations were then received from the Independent Order of Good Templars; the British Order of Good Templars; the Prohibitory and Temperance League; followed by addresses from Rev. Mr. Sutherland of Toronto, Rev. Mr. Manning of Almonte, Mr. Loftis, M. G. W. Ross, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Reide, Rev. Mr. Phillips and others, all bearing on the importance of work, and exhibiting a determination to push forward until a prohibitory measure be procured from Parliament.

After the fixing of Ottawa for the annual meeting; Tilsonburg for the semi-annual meeting; appointing the Rev. Mr. Manning to represent the G. D. at the meeting of the Grand Division of Quebec, and G. W. P. Rose and G. S. Webster to represent the G. D. at the Temperance and Prohibitory League meeting in Toronto this month, the G. D. took a recess until 7.30.

At half-past 7, business was resumed and after the usual notice, G. M. Rose, the G. W. P. submitted majority and minority reports from the Committee in the application for a Charter for a national Division for the Dominion of Canada. On motion for the adoption of the majority report which recommended that they renew the application for a Charter for a N. D. for Canada, a debate ensued which continued until half-past twelve o'clock midnight, when the question was decided Nays 45, Yeas 43, and the minority report adopted by a majority of 2 votes for our continuing to remain under the jurisdiction of the national Division of North America.

Three rousing cheers for the good of the Order concluded the proceedings and the meeting adjourned.

THURSDAY, 9 A. M.—The proceedings to-day were of a routine nature. There was less speech making and more work. The appointment of Committees, the reception of reports, and other important matters claimed a good deal of attention in the forenoon. In the afternoon it was agreed to petition the National Division to alter the Constitution so as to permit ladies to be raised to the position of W. A. in Subordinate Divisions, to be eligible for election as representatives in Grand Division. The press was thanked for publishing reports of our proceedings. "PURE GOLD" WAS RECOMMENDED TO THE FAVOURABLE CONSIDERATION OF ALL SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The Son of Temperance, our organ, was reported on, and the proprietor announced his intention of bringing it out after the new year as a weekly sheet and otherwise improved in its issue. The Railways were thanked for having reduced their rates to accommodate the representatives attending

Grand Division meeting. The people of London, Ontario, were thanked for their hospitality. The G. W. P. Ross received a standing vote of thanks for having arranged with the Toronto Life Assurance and Tontine Company for reduced rates of life assurance for Sons of Temperance and Good Templars in good standing with their respective temperance divisions and lodges.

On the presentation of the report of the committee, and lecturers, a lively discussion ensued, and it was agreed to spend not less than \$1,000.00 during next year for the propagation of the principles of the order. Divisions were also asked to send out collectors, and solicit subscriptions towards the Propagation Fund. The Executive was requested to represent the Grand Division at the annual meetings of the Independent and British orders of Good Templars, and present fraternal greetings, and after votes of thanks to the retiring officers, the presentation of a National Division regalia to P. G. W. P. Briggs, and some other business, the Grand Conductor declared the twenty-third annual session closed.

I. O. G. T.

TEMPLARISM AND TEMPERANCE.

Owing to pressure on our columns the Good Templar Editorial is omitted this week.

The first annual Bazaar of the Toronto Star Temple I. O. G. T. will be held towards the latter part of this month. The ladies are now and for some time past, have been exerting themselves commendably to make this a success, and it is to be trusted their labors will at the proper time, receive a tangible appreciation from the members of all our City Temples and the public in general.

A lecture on temperance in connection with the Order in this City was, on Thursday evening last delivered by Rev. Mr. Parker in the Bond Street Baptist Church. The more work of this nature accomplished, the better for the Order and the cause it upholds.

Bro Alfred Hurst has been elected to the office of T. D. of Rescue Temple in the place of Bro Bedlington resigned.

If there is one man more than another whom men may be pardoned for treating with contemptible abhorrence that man is the slanderer. When we contemplate the evil he creates we admit it is with difficulty we are enabled to suppress our indignation and contempt. Though there are many of this class in existence we yet thought the Good Templar Order had escaped their pernicious influences. But it is not so. One has of late been circulating his unmanly charges and endeavoring with might and main to blacken the character of perhaps (it may be said) the most prominent member of our order. It is not necessary to mention the name, suffice it to say that though the character of the slandered and his past labors renders him above all possible reproach, yet it is the duty of every member of our order, to discover who states the slander referred to, charge the culprit and mete out to him the severe punishment the constitution allows. All this may be considered uncharitable. It is not meant to be so. But as said before we consider the man who would attempt to injure a brother's good name in such a manner, is not deserving the slightest degree of charity.

Our American contemporary the Boston Nation has come to hand, greatly changed and improved. Bro. Usher its late editor and proprietor has disposed of it to the Boston News Company, who have amalgamated it with their journal The Church and Republic and otherwise very largely added to its interest. The Nation is an able paper. We have a strong liking for it, and wish the late editor all pleasure in his retirement and his successors all manner of progress in their new enterprise.

The law, generally known as the "Ohio liquor law," has been adopted by a number of states including Ohio, Maine, Vermont, Illinois, Iowa, Michigan.

This clipped from an American exchange leads us to ask would it not be well for total abstinents in Canada to carefully consider the many salient recommendations and advantages this can present to every thinking mind.

Its leading feature is that damages to persons and property, caused by intoxicating liquors, may be recovered from the person who sells or gives the liquor. In some points we venture to say, it is superior to a prohibitory law, it certainly instilts the sympathies of a much larger number of people.

The Temperance Record of London England, announces the death, on the 25th Oct., of the Rev. Robert French M. A., Minister of the Presbyterian Church, Bootle, Liverpool. The deceased, who was only twenty-nine years of age, was the successor to the Rev. W. M. Taylor, M. A., who recently went to New York, and like Mr. Taylor, was a devoted adherent of the temperance movement. Mr. French addressed several temperance meetings in London in 1870, and was one of the speakers at the last annual meeting of the Scottish Temperance League at Glasgow. His death is deeply deplored by a wide circle of friends.

Painting on tin-foil has reached so high a degree of perfection as to constitute a new and beautiful decorative art. The tin-foil is stretched on a moistened plate of thick glass and carefully smoothed, the design is painted in oils on the tin, and when perfectly dry it is varnished. The foil is then removed from the glass and transported on wooden rollers to the surface or object to which it is to be attached; this is covered with a non-hygroscopic gum, and the decoration applied. The flexibility of the tin-foil enables the artist to attach it in the most perfect manner even to surfaces which are very irregular.

M. Helous proposes the introduction of a platinum-bronze for the manufacture of cooking utensils. It is said to be entirely inoxidizable. The proportions are, nickel 100, tin 10, platinum 1.

Y. M. C. A. BAZAAR.

The ladies of the General Committee met on Friday afternoon in the Bond St. Congregational Church, Lecture Room about 90 being present, comprising representatives from 80 churches in the City and Yorkville.

Rev. Sept. Jones conducted the opening devotion exercise. By request Mr. Anderson took the chair, and read the minutes of previous meetings. Reports were then received from a number of ladies who had been appointed to visit the members of certain churches, and secure names of ladies to represent each church on the General Committee. In almost every instance they had been successful and many names were handed in as being willing to co-operate in their several churches.

Bro Macdonald Esq. made an effective address on the nature of the work the ladies had undertaken, pointing out its far-reaching influence on all classes of our Young men.

Mr. H. L. Thompson gave some pleasing facts of the good being done by the Association, and said the Young men were determined to work more faithfully and earnestly than before.

After some explanation of the plans adopted for carrying out the Bazaar were given, the meeting was closed with singing, and the Benediction. The following is a complete list of the ladies appointed in the several churches as members of the General Committee.

CONVENORS—MESDAMES GILMOR, BUELAND HAGUE, SEC., MRS. D. GALBRAITH, TREAS., MRS. J. KERR.

KNOX CHURCH. Mesdames A. Town, J. M. Murrich, J. Kerr, D. Galbraith, and Miss Boyd.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH. Mesdames Gilmore, Watson and Higginsbotham.

NORTHERN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. Mesdames Hayne, Bell and Baker.

BOND ST. CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. Mesdames Hewlett, Wallace, and McDonough.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER. Mrs. S. Jones, Mrs. Judge Wilson, Miss James.

ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL. Mesdames J. G. Beaul, Campbell, Gowski, Ridout, Grassett, J. G. Hodgins, Dr. Hall, Buchanan.

YORKVILLE W. M. CHURCH. Mrs. Jno. Macdonald, Mrs. Bothwell, Mrs. Blight.

ALICE ST. PRIM. METHODIST CHURCH. Mrs. Thos. Thompson, Mrs. S. R. Briggs.

Mrs. R. J. Walker. CHARLES ST. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Mrs. John K. Macdonald, Mrs. R. Morrison, Mrs. C. Paterson.

WEST END PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. A. Harvie, Mrs. Posthwaite.

BAY ST. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Mesdames Jennings and Nimmo; Misses Gordon and Riddell.

BOND ST. BAPTIST CHURCH. Mrs. A. R. McMaster, Miss Elliott.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH—YORKVILLE. Mrs. Draper, Mrs. D. L. McPherson.

ALEXANDER ST. BAPTIST CHURCH. Mrs. Wm. Lane, Miss Morse.

COOKE'S CHURCH. Mrs. H. Miller, Miss Davids.

RICHMOND ST. W. M. CHURCH. Mesdames Dredge, Keighly and Sutherland.

METROPOLITAN W. M. CHURCH. Mrs. Finch, Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Brett, Mrs. Garvin, Mrs. Cochrane, Mrs. Wm. Forster.

ELM ST. W. M. CHURCH. Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Small, Miss Miller.

ZION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. Mesdames Higgins, James Smith and Richardson.

MISS F. Elliott. QUEEN ST. W. M. CHURCH. Mrs. Dr. Ogden, Mrs. Price, Mrs. W. W. Colwell.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH. Mrs. B. Homer Dixon, Mrs. A. B. Lee.

Mrs. T. H. Lee, Mrs. Midgeley. Mrs. F. Richardson, Mrs. J. S. Howard.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH. Mesdames A. Baldwin, C. Greene, A. Marling.

A. McL. Howard. ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH. Mesdames Cumberland and Jones—W. Jones.

Miss A. Atkinson, Lindsay. St. GEORGE'S CHURCH. Mesdames Fuller, Beardmore, Heath, Murray and Robarts.

PARLIAMENT ST. PRIM. METH. CHURCH. Mesdames Barron, Atkinson, and Harris.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH. Mesdames Carruthers, Wyatt and McNab.

TRINITY CHURCH. Mesdames Henry Gooderham, Geo. Laidlaw S. H. Blake, Hy. Thompson.

BERKLEY STREET W. M. CHURCH. Mesdames Anderson, Bridgeman, Misses Cook and Jewell.

GOULD ST. CHURCH. Mesdames Mathers, Carrie, Dickson and Kirkland.

YORKVILLE BAPTIST CHURCH. Mrs. S. F. McMaster and Miss Buchan.

NEW CONNEXION METHODIST. Miss E. Wilkes, Mrs. Alderman Dickey.

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH. Mrs. Holmstead, Mrs. John Strachan.

PARLIAMENT ST. BAPTIST CHURCH. Mrs. Robert Flatts, Mrs. James Kyrle.

CARLTON ST. W. M. CHURCH. Mesdames R. S. Williams, F. Stewart.

YORKVILLE P. M. CHURCH. Mesdames Edgar, Bolan and Thompson.

QUEEN ST., P. M. CHURCH. Mrs. R. T. Griffith, Mrs. Keeler, Mrs. Worm.

BIBLE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. Mrs. J. J. Rice, Mrs. D. Kinsman.

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH. Mesdames C. Jones, Stanton and Capt. Stupart.

In a recent article in which the writer differs from an opinion formerly expressed by him, he supports his right to change his opinion by quoting an old dictum

ONTARIO

Temperance & Prohibitory League.

The friends of Temperance and Prohibition throughout the Province of Ontario are respectfully informed that

A CONVENTION,

Under the auspices of the above League, will be held, (D.V.) in the TEMPERANCE HALL, Temperance Street, Toronto, on

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17TH & 18TH.

As may be seen from the accompanying Programme, questions of vital importance to the cause of Temperance and Prohibition will be discussed; and it is earnestly desired that every TEMPERANCE ORGANIZATION, CHURCH, SUNDAY SCHOOL, and Y. M. C. A., in Ontario, will send one or more Delegates.

It is especially requested that care be taken in the selection of Delegates, and that the various Organizations will send men who are thoroughly in earnest on the question of Prohibition, and who will be willing to make some sacrifice of time and money in attending the Sessions and helping on the business of the Convention.

TRAVELLING FACILITIES.

Reduced Fares to Delegates attending the Convention have been kindly promised by the following Railway Companies—

The Toronto, Grey and Bruce will give FREE the Toronto Office at ONE QUARTER fare.

The Grand Trunk will issue return tickets at ONE QUARTER the usual fare.

The Great Western will issue return tickets at HALF fare.

To obtain reduced return fares on the above lines, Delegates must present, at the Toronto Offices a certificate signed by the Secretary of the League.

The St. Lawrence and Ottawa will issue FREE RETURN to persons presenting certificate of appointment as Delegates at beginning of journey. Such certificates will be furnished on application to JOHN GARVIN, Toronto.

Other Railways not yet heard from.

FUNDS.

If the work of the League is to be carried on successfully, funds must be supplied. A considerable sum has already been expended in the printing and circulation of Petitions, Circulars, etc. By the end of the present month it is probable that not less than FOUR THOUSAND SETS of Petitions to the Local and Dominion Parliaments will be in circulation; and as a complete set to both Houses includes five separate Petitions, it will be seen that not less than TWENTY THOUSAND separate documents have been printed.

It is therefore earnestly requested that each Delegate will bring a liberal contribution from the organization which he represents.

REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS.

As the quantity to be printed will be regulated by the demand, it is hoped that each Delegate will come prepared to order a number of copies. It is confidently expected that the Report of this Convention will be one of unusual interest.

FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE! The time is ripe for action in regard to Prohibition. The country is waking up; we have many friends in the Local and Dominion Parliaments; Petitions in favour of Prohibition are readily signed. Let us show to the country that we are thoroughly in earnest; that, cost what it may, we are resolved to push the battle until the Liquor Traffic is driven from the country.

A. SUTHERLAND,

JOHN GARVIN, Secretary.

Wm. SCOTT, Statistical Secretary.

P.S.—It is probable the League will require, almost immediately, the services of a permanent Secretary, and one or more Travelling Agents. Suitable persons may make application, including references, to the Secretary of the League, Toronto.

PROGRAMME.

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

2.00—Convention will be called to order by the President.

2.15—Brief Address by the President, and Reports of the Secretary and Treasurer.

2.45—Verbal Reports of the State of the Work in the various Counties represented.

3.30—Address—"How Can the Work be Systematically carried on in each County?" MITCHELL NEVILLE, Esq.

3.50—Discussion of above Topic in three-minute Speeches.

4.15—Appointment of Special Committee. Miscellaneous.

EVENING SESSION.

7.30—Devotional Exercises.

7.45—Address—"Evils of the License System, and Detects of the Present Law." D. B. CHISHOLM, Esq., M. P., Hamilton.

8.15—Singing.

8.20—Address—"What the Liquor Traffic costs the Country." REV. Wm. SCOTT.

8.50—Singing and Collection.

9.00—Address—"Prohibition the Only Effectual Remedy for the Evils of the Liquor Traffic." G. W. ROSS, Esq., M. P.

9.30—Dismissal.

SECOND DAY—WEDNESDAY.

MORNING SESSION.

9.00—Devotional Exercises.

9.10—Report of Committee on Guarantee Fund, etc., and Discussion thereon.

10.00—Report of Committee on Publishing House and Discussion thereon. Reports of Special Committees.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

2.00—Miscellaneous Business.

2.30—Address—"How to promote Co-operation among the various Temperance Organizations." T. McNAUGHTON, Esq.

2.50—Discussion of above topic in three-minute Speeches.

3.15—Address—"Temperance in Sunday Schools, and among the Children." REV. WILLIAM HERRIDGE.

3.35—Discussion of preceding topic in three-minute Speeches.

4.00—Address—"How can Temperance Principles be brought to bear in connection with Municipal Elections." T. WEBSTER, Esq., G. S., Sons of Temperance.

4.20—Discussion of above topic in three-minute Speeches.

4.40—Miscellaneous Business.

EVENING SESSION.

7.30—Devotional Services.

7.45—Address—"Temperance, from the Bible Stand-point." REV. R. WALLACE.

8.00—Singing.

8.20—Address—"Temperance, from the Medical Stand-point." REV. I. B. AYLSWORTH, M. A.

8.50—Singing and Collection.

9.00—Address—"Woman's Work in Connection with the Temperance Reform." REV. H. DAWKAY.

9.30—Closing Exercises.

- MEMBERS' ANNUAL TEA, Election of Officers. Reading Reports, etc. Geo. HAGUE, Chairman. 13. Lecture—Rev. Wm. VANCREE, "John Knox. 23. Lecture—W. CADAM, "Individual Responsibility. J. C. HAMILTON, Chairman. 28. Essay—A. M. BURGESS, "A Sketch of Emigration to Canada." JAMES McDUNNOUGH, Chairman. Nov. 3. Essay—THOMAS EDGAR, "The Franchise." R. H. BRIDGE, Chairman. 12. Essay..... T. D. CRAIG, Chairman. 19. An evening of SONG and RECITATIONS. C. A. MOORE, Chairman. 28. Essay—JOHN DONALDSON, "Formation of Character." H. E. THOMPSON, Chairman. Dec. 3. Lecture—Geo. HAGUE, "Catholic Revolutions and Politics." DANIEL McLEAN, Chairman. 10. Lecture—C. MOORE "The Pioneer." W. ANDERSON, Chairman. 17. Essay—Geo. H. MUXON, "The Religious World as the Advent." E. C. BOWEN, Chairman. 21. Christmas—"Headings and Singing.".....Chairman. 3. Prayer and Confession. The Secretary. Chairman. JAMES McDUNNOUGH, Chairman Lecture Committee

WE FURNISH

Boarding Houses, Employment, if possible, Free Reading Room, Good Company, Noonday Prayer-Meeting 12.30 to 12.55. Literary Entertainments every Tuesday Evening at 8. Young Men's Prayer-Meeting every Saturday Evening at 8. Bible Class every Sabbath Afternoon at 3 o'clock. We cordially invite strangers, and ALL who feel interested in our work to attend the above meetings. The students may be found in the Rooms, 34 King St. East, on the hours of 9 a.m. and 1 p.m., or from 2 to 4 p.m. You men, strangers in the city are especially invited. P. S. A well-assorted Library of some 1,000 volumes to which access can be had by becoming a member. Members for only \$2 per annum. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Table with 4 columns: Station, P.M., A.M., P.M., A.M. Rows include Toronto, Whitby, Oshawa, Bowmanville, Port Hope, Cobourg (Arrive), Cobourg (Leave), Belleville (Arrive), Kingston, Brockville, Ottawa (Leave), Prescott Junction, Cornwall, Montreal, GOING WEST—MONTREAL TO TORONTO, Montreal (Depart), Cornwall, Prescott, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Cobourg, Port Hope, Bowmanville, Oshawa, Whitby, Toronto (Arrive), TORONTO TO SARNIA, Toronto, Guelph, Stratford, London (Arr), Sarnia, SARNIA TO TORONTO, Sarnia, London (Depart), Stratford, Guelph, Toronto (Arr).

Table with 4 columns: Station, P.M., P.M., P.M., P.M. Rows include Suspension Bridge, St. Catharines, Hamilton, Paris, Woodstock, Ingersoll, London, Chatham, Windsor (Arrive), MAIN LINE—GOING EAST, Windsor, Chatham, London, Ingersoll, Woodstock, Paris, Hamilton, St. Catharines, Suspension Bridge, TORONTO LINE—G. W. R. R., HAMILTON TO TORONTO, Hamilton, Oakville, Toronto, TORONTO TO HAMILTON, Toronto, Oakville, Hamilton, Trains run by Hamilton time.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Table with 4 columns: Station, P.M., P.M., P.M., P.M. Rows include Suspension Bridge, St. Catharines, Hamilton, Paris, Woodstock, Ingersoll, London, Chatham, Windsor (Arrive), MAIN LINE—GOING EAST, Windsor, Chatham, London, Ingersoll, Woodstock, Paris, Hamilton, St. Catharines, Suspension Bridge, TORONTO LINE—G. W. R. R., HAMILTON TO TORONTO, Hamilton, Oakville, Toronto, TORONTO TO HAMILTON, Toronto, Oakville, Hamilton, Trains run by Hamilton time.

NORTHERN RAILWAY.

Table with 4 columns: Station, P.M., P.M., P.M., P.M. Rows include Toronto, Newmarket, Barrie, Orillia (Arrive), Collingwood (Arr), Toronto (Arr).

BOILER SCALE.

Many substances are employed for the purpose of preventing the formation of scale in boilers. Among these, some act chemically, as soda ash, chloride of barium, carbonate of ammonia, chloride of ammonia, and tannin, or extract of oak bark. Saw-dust from mahogany and from the wood of cone-bearing trees acts in part mechanically, but the slime it produces in the boiler often passes over into the valve-chambers and cylinders, and causes serious trouble. Clay free from sand said to have been used with success, but it at times passes over into the cylinder. Starch and potatoes have been used for a long time, and now molasses is recommended. Dye-wood extra bran and chory act by the starch and glucose they contain. Fats and tar are also used, but many deny their efficiency.

Miscellaneous.

"HOME SWEET HOME."

REMINISCENCES OF THE AUTHOR.

It was in the winter of 1842-3, when I had rooms in the tower of the New York University, facing Washington Square, that I frequently met John Howard Payne, the author of "Home Sweet Home." He was lodging on or near Fifth Avenue further out, and in the morning, on his way down town, he would almost invariably call between ten and eleven A. M., talk awhile, and then together we moved on slowly toward the centre of the city; he stopped to see every curiosity in the windows as we passed, as highly elated as a grown boy from the country would be at every new surprise that at that time he had been a traveller over most of the world, had seen every variety of life and was in the meridian of his manhood.

His temper and uniform outward mood was as smooth and gentle as a summer's lake at eve, not even, like it, disturbed by the gentle zephyrs.

We had not met since 1843, when I was one of the managers of the American Institute. I chanced to be introduced to him quite accidentally at the old City Hotel, a very handsome brick building of that day, standing on the right hand side of Broadway going down, just this side of Trinity Church, at the head of Wall street, kept by Jennings & Willard, the latter of famous memory, long since dead, I believe. We were to pass by his hotel, Willard would probably shake hands and exclaim: "Oh, yes! I recollect you, recollect you very well. You were here with Payne and your erratic brother. You took a julep about twelve o'clock, and Payne wanted his name of plain brandy very weak. I had just bought a half-ton of the best loaf sugar to be found in the market." None of your readers, who go back to those days, thirty years ago, who recollect the proprietors, famous as the world over, of the old City Hotel, but will pardon this digression.

In the spring of '43, as I commenced to say, John Howard Payne gave me an account of his adventure in Georgia among the whites, bordering on their settlement alongside the Choctaw and Cherokee Indians.

Payne, like many of our literati of small letters had strong sympathy for the red man's rights and some, and, without thought of exciting anger, expressed his kindly feelings to any and every one.

It was at the time when the people of Georgia and night fires and murder, till they could endure the outrages no longer, and President Jackson was favoring the removal of the tribes to the west of the Mississippi.

Travelling alone as Payne was without much baggage, so simple and outspoken in his manner it was not long before he excited suspicion as an Indian spy; and when they reached the next stopping-place it was whispered about that he was an enemy, in sympathy with the Indians who had so often committed such terrible outrages upon the white population as to exasperate every one to bitter enmity to them and all their friends.

Not deeming of the cause, they took Payne, tied his hands behind him—the most girlish man in the world—and marched him off between two strong, fully armed men.

He saw his situation, and began to tremble and beg and protest and explain who he was, but to no effect. On they marched for perhaps half-a-mile through thickets and fields, passing toward an usually-lighted and respectable-looking cabin. It was quite late in the night, still the inmates seemed to be moving, and as the party approached nearer they heard singing; finally Payne could distinctly recognize the music of "Home, Sweet Home."

He protested and tried to break loose and get to the house. They held him back. One of the guard went to the house, in compassion for the prisoner, to get some water, for he had fainted.

Meeting an officer from the house—which proved to be the head-quarters of some of the United States soldiers not only there—he said they had brought one of the spies of the Indians, "who claims to have written some song about 'Home,' which I never heard tell on."

The officer's curiosity was excited, who hearing the song at the same time, went immediately with the guard to see the prisoner whom he found stretched on the ground.

"What is your name?" asked the officer.

"John Howard Payne," said the prisoner, but only a little above a whisper.

"Good heavens, it is possible?" said the officer.

"Unbind him immediately and bring water at once, or I'll blow the brains out of every one of ye!"

Here, Payne, take some of this," handing him a rude camp flask, while he raised his head with his own hands that he might drink.

Soon Payne, half dead, was carried to the house, where the whole matter was explained, and our hero was soon in as comfortable a room as could be obtained surrounded by officers and ladies, who did everything in their power to calm and comfort the author without a home.

As the earth turns on its axis, giving a twilight every minute of the day, with its stranger loveliness, so we may know every minute in the twenty-four hours are repeated in sweet melancholy strain:

"Home sweet home."

It is sad to think that although the author lived to be somewhat advanced in years, he died and was buried in foreign lands without ever knowing what it was to have a home of his own. J. B. C.

LIVING GLACIERS OF CALIFORNIA.

On one of the yellow days of October, 1871, when I was among the mountains of the "Merced group," following the foot-prints of the ancient glaciers that once flowed grandly from their ample fountains, reading what I could of their history as written in moraines, canons, lakes and carved rocks, I came upon a small stream that was carrying mud of a kind I had never seen. In a calm place, where the stream widened, I collected some of this mud, and observed that it was entirely mineral in composition, and fine as flour like the mud from a fine-grit grindstone. Before I had time to reason, I said, "Glacier mud—mountain meal!"

Then I observed that this muddy stream issued from a bank of fresh quarried stones and dirt, that was sixty or seventy feet in height. This I at once took to be a moraine. In climbing to the top of it, I was struck with the steepness of its slope, and with its raw, unsettled, plantless, newborn appearance. The slightest touch started blocks of red and black slate, followed by a rattling train of smaller stones and sand, and a cloud of dry dust of mud, the whole moraine being as free from lichens and weather-stains as if dug from the mountain that very day.

When I had scrambled to the top of the moraine, I saw what seemed to be a high snow-bank, four or five hundred yards in length, by half a mile in width. Imbedded in its stained and furrowed surface were stones and dirt like that of which the moraine was built. Dirt-stained lines curved across the snow-bank from side to side, and I when observed that these curved lines coincided with the curved moraine, and that the stones and dirt were most abundant near the bottom of the bank, I shouted, "A living glacier!"

These bent dirt-lines show that the ice is following in its different parts with unequal velocity and these imbedded stones are journeying down to be built into the moraine, and they gradually become more abundant as they approach the moraine, because there the motion is slower.

On traversing my new found glacier, I came to a crevasse, down a wide and jagged portion of which I succeeded in making my way, and discovered that my so-called snow-bank was clear greenice, and comparing the form of the basin which it occupied with similar adjacent basins that were empty, I was led to the opinion that this glacier was several hundred feet in depth.

Then I went to the "snow-banks" of Mts. Lyell and McClure, and, on examination, was convinced that they also were true glaciers, and that a dozen other snow-banks seen from the summit of Mt. Lyell crouching in shadow were glaciers, living as any in the world, and busily engaged in completing that vast work of mountain-making accomplished by their giant relations now dead, which united and continuous, covered all the range from summit to sea.

But although I was myself thus fully satisfied concerning the real nature of these ice masses, I found that my friends regarded my deductions and statements with distrust; therefore, I determined to collect proofs of the common, measured, arithmetical kind.

On the twenty-first of August last I planted five stakes in the glacier of Mt. McClure, which is situated east of Yosemite Valley, near the summit of the range. Four of these stakes were extended across the glacier, in a straight line from the east side to a point near the middle of the glacier. The first stake was planted about twenty-five yards from the east bank of the glacier; the second ninety-four yards; the third, 152, and the fourth 225 yards. The positions of these stakes were determined by sighting across from bank to bank past a plumb-line, made of a s'one and a black horse hair.

On observing my stakes on the sixth of October or in forty-six days after being planted, I found that stake No. 1 had been carried down stream eleven inches; No. 2, eighteen inches; No. 3, thirty-four, and No. 4, forty-seven inches. As stake No. 4, was near the middle of the glacier, perhaps it was not far from the point of maximum velocity—forty-seven inches in forty-six days, or one inch per day. Stake No. 5 was planted about midway between the head of the glacier and stake No. 4. Its motion I found to be, in forty-six days forty inches. Thus these ice-masses are seen to possess the true glacial motion. Their surfaces are striped with bent dirt-bands, and are bulged and undulated by inequalities in the bottom of their basins, causing an upward and downward swedging, corresponding to the horizontal swedging as indicated by the curved dirt-bands.

The Mt. McClure glacier is about one-half of a mile in length, and the same in width at the broadest place. It is crevassed on the south-east corner. The crevasse runs about south-west and north-east, and is several hundred yards in length. It is nowhere more than one foot in width.

The Mt. Lyell glacier, separated from that of McClure by a narrow crest, is about a mile in width by a mile in length. I have planted stakes in the glaciers of "Red Mountain," also but have not yet observed them.

The Sierras adjacent to the Yosemite Valley are composed of slate and granite, set on edge at right angles to the direction of the range, or about north 300 east, and south 300 west. Lines of cleavage cross these, running nearly parallel with the main range; and the granite of this region has a horizontal cleavage or stratification. The first-mentioned of these lines have the fullest development, and give direction and character to many valleys and canons, and determine the principal features of many rock-forms. No matter how hard, how domed or homogeneous the granite may be,

it still possesses these lines of cleavage, which require only simple conditions of moisture, time, etc., for their development. But I am not ready to discuss the origin of these planes of cleavage, which make this granite so easily denudable, nor their full significance with regard to mountain structure in general. I will only say here, that oftentimes the granite contained by two of these north 300 east planes is softer than the rock outside, and has been denuded, leaving vertical walls, as determined by the direction of the cleavage, thus giving rise to those narrow-slotted canons, called "devil's slides," "devil's lanes," "devil's gateways," etc.

In many places, in the higher portions of the Sierras, these slotted canons are filled with "snows," which I thought might prove to be living glaciers, still engaged in cutting into the mountains, like endless saws. To decide this question, on the twenty-third of August last, I set two stakes in the narrow-slot glacier of Mt. Hoffman, marking their position by sighting across from wall, as I did on the McClure glacier; but on visiting them, a month afterward, they had been melted out, and I was unable to decide anything with any great degree of accuracy.

On the fourth of October last, I stretched a small trout-line across the glacier, fastened both in the solid banks, which at this place were only sixteen feet apart. I set a short inflexible stake in the ice, so as just to touch the tightly-drawn line, by which means I was enabled to measure the flow of the glacier with great exactness. Examining the stake in twenty-four hours after setting it, I found that it had been carried down about three-sixteenths of an inch. At the end of four days, I again examined it, and found that the whole downward motion was thirteen-sixteenths of an inch, showing that the flow of this glacier was perfectly regular.

In accounting for those narrow-lane canons, so common here, I always referred them to ice action in connections of cleavage, and I was gratified to find that their formation was still going on. This Hoffman glacier is about 1,000 feet long by fifteen to thirty feet wide, and perhaps 100 feet deep in the deepest places.

I go back to the mountains to complete these observations. These are the first fruits, and the rest of the crop I will bring in when I come to study in the Coast Range.—Overland Monthly.

ESTIMATE OF AN HONEST AND USEFUL LIFE.

NO history of the most critical period in our national life can ever be written, in which Horace Greeley shall not be a conspicuous figure. Immense as his personal influence was in politics for the better part of a generation, it was not upon this that in his latter years he looked back with the greatest satisfaction. That he had shaped the course of administrations, directed the purposes of parties, created a great organ of opinion, taught statesmen to sit at his feet and senators listen for his approval—these are not the tests by which he would have measured his success. The vanity of wealth, the unreality of power, the worthlessness of popular renown—he estimated them all at their true value. The noblest career, in his eyes, was that which was given up to other's wants. The successful life was that which is worn out in conflict with wrong and woe. The only ambition, worth following was the ambition to alleviate human misery, and leave the world a little better than he found it. That he had done this, was the consolation of his last days, and assured him that he had not lived in vain.

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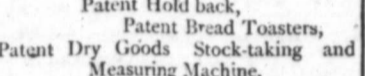
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It is undoubtedly true that there is often great loss in keeping manure. This arises principally from leaching. The rain washes out the soluble matter. If the liquid was run on to a meadow or otherwise applied to the land, there would be little loss. But when it runs off into drains or ditches, we unquestionably lose much of the best plant-food of the manure.

The first thing to be done is to spout all the barns, buildings, sheds, etc., and carry off the water where none of it can come in contact with the manure. Some farmers seem to like a wet barn yard. They think more manure is made. If the object is merely to wet as much straw as possible there is some truth in the idea. But straw alone makes very poor manure, and letting straw lie saturated with water is not the best way to rot it. We have, more-over, rarely been on a farm where all the straw could not be used up to advantage in bedding the cattle, horses, sheep and pigs.

Now for the manure and we wish we could get all the farm boys that read this paper to try the plan we have to recommend. We have two boys who "boss" the job on our own farm—and do nearly all the work themselves—and they soon feel a real interest in what we call our "Savings-Bank."

We have in the center of the barn-yard a basin or hole, with sloping sides. Into this basin the old-fashioned plan was to throw the manure, promiscuously, anywhere, just as it happened, and the result was that for several weeks or months it would form only a thin layer, spread out all over the bottom of the basin. It was too wet to ferment and had a slovenly appearance. Our plan now is to wheel or cart the manure into one corner of this basin, making a kind of hot-bed of it. Make four or five feet high, and as you get more manure, increase the length and width of the heap, but always keeping it in a compact mass. It soon begins to ferment and to get warm and throw off steam. This pleases the boys and we, too like to see it fermenting, because we know, if the heap is properly managed there is no loss of ammonia. That is an exploded notion. There is water in the form of steam or vapor escaping, mixed with a trace of volatile oils and carbonic acid, but these are of no manurial value.

This little fermenting heap is the "nest-egg." It has an attraction for the boys. They seem to like to clean out the pig-pens and the cow-stables in order to get manure to add to the heap. They have a horse and a cart, and if they can find anything that will make manure, it is drawn to the savings-bank and deposited.

Now is not this better than having a heap of horse-litter at the stable-door where it gets so dry and hot as to "fire-fang" or better than drying another heap or heaps on the side of the cow-sheds, where the drippings from the eaves wash out much of the best substance from the manure? or than having the pig-sties reeking with filth? or the sheep-yard so foul and damp that there is great risk of the foot rot, and no possibility of the sheep doing well?

The great point is to get the heap started. Many a rich man dates his wealth from his first deposit in the Savings-Bank. Once get a little manure into the heap and start the fermentation and it will keep growing bigger and bigger. Manure scattered about the premises is soon frozen solid and remains in a crude state until spring. But this snug little heap will not only keep itself warm, but, like yeast, will induce fermentation in the fresh manure that is daily added to it. It will as we can state from actual experience keep fermenting slowly during the coldest weather in winter. But it would not commence in such cold weather; hence the importance of starting the heap now. What we gain by this fermentation, we will tell the boys at some future time.

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