

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- | | | | |
|--------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured pages / Pages de couleur |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages damaged / Pages endommagées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages detached / Pages détachées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Showthrough / Transparence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents | <input type="checkbox"/> | Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible | <input type="checkbox"/> | Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure. | | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires: | | |



DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION.

VOLUME X., NO. 18.

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 15, 1875.

SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid

NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 9 after their names will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.



Temperance Department.

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE
(From "Boons and Blessings.")

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"What I'm thinking of Nelly, darlin'," said Roney Maher to his poor pale wife,— "what I am thinking of is, what a pity we were not bred and born in this Temperance Society, for then we could follow it, you know, as a thing of course, without any trouble!"

"But—"

"Whisht, hold your tongue, Nelly, you've one great fault, avourneen; you're always talking, dear, and won't listen to me. What I was saying is, that if we were brought up to the coffee instead of the whiskey, we'd have been natural members of the Temperance Society; as it is now agra! why, it's meat, drink, and clothing, as a man may say."

He paused, and Nelly thought—though in his present state she did not tell her husband so—that whiskey was a very bad paymaster.

"You're no judge, Ellen," he continued, interrupting her thoughts, "for you never took to it; and if I had my time to begin over again, I never would either; but it's too late to change now,—all too late!"

"I've heard many a wise man say that it is never too late to mend," observed Ellen.

"Yah!" he exclaimed, almost fiercely, "whoever said that was a fool."

"It was the priest himself then, Roney, never a one else; and sure you would not call him that?"

"If I did mend," he observed, "no one would take my word for it."

"Ah, dear! but deeds, not words,"—and having said more than was usual for her in the way of reproof, Ellen retreated to watch its effect.

Roney Maher was a fine "likely boy" when he married Ellen; but when this dialogue took place, he was sitting over the embers of a turf fire, a pale emaciated man, though in the prime of life,—a torn handkerchief bound round his temples, while his favorite shillelah, that he had greased and seasoned in the chimney, and tended with more care than his children, lay broken by his side. He attempted to snatch it up while his wife retreated, but his arm fell powerless, and he uttered a groan so full of pain, that in a moment she returned, and with tearful eyes enquired of him if it was so bad with him entirely as that.

"It's worse," he answered, while the large drops that stood on his brow proved how much he suffered, "it's worse—the arm, I mean—than I thought; I'm done for a week or maybe a fortnight; and, Nelly, the pain of my arm is nothing to the weight upon my heart. Now, don't be talking, for I can't stand it. If I can't work next week, nor this, and we without money or credit!—What—what!"

The unfortunate man glanced at his wife and children,—he could not finish the sentence. He had only returned the previous night



VERY REV. PRINCIPAL SNODGRASS, D.D.

Dr. Snodgrass was born in Renfrewshire, Scotland. He studied for the Holy Ministry at the University of Glasgow and spent a large portion of his holiday time in the Highlands, where he acquired a slight knowledge of "the language of Paradise"—which on more than one occasion has served him in good stead since he became a minister. Dr. Snodgrass was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Nist, Scotland, on the 18th August, and ordained by the Presbytery of Glasgow on the 3rd September, 1852, immediately after which he commenced his pastoral work at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. In 1856 he removed to Montreal, and was minister of St. Paul's Church in this city, until the third of August, 1864, when he received an appointment to the office he now holds—Principal and Professor of Divinity in Queens'

University, Kingston. While resident in Montreal, Dr. Snodgrass was Clerk of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church in connection with the Church of Scotland. In testimony of his aptitude for business, and of his admirable administrative qualities, he was twice elected to the highest position in the Church, that of its Moderator. For the first time in 1866, and, secondly, as Moderator of the last meeting of the Kirk Synod, held in Montreal on the 15th of June last, he was one of the four who appended their names officially to the document by which the union of the Churches was declared to be accomplished. For several years he was editor of the *Presbyterian*. In acknowledgment of his learning and ability, the University of Glasgow conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1864.

from having been "out on a spree" as it is called, spending his money, wasting his health, losing his employment,—not thinking of those innocent children whom God had given him to protect.

When sober, Roney's impulses were all good; but he was as easily, perhaps more easily, led away by the bad than the good. In the present instance he continued talking, because he dared not think,—and it's a fearful thing for a man to dread his own thoughts! It was a painful picture to look upon this well-educated man. He had been an excellent tradesman; he had been respected; he had been comfortable. He felt lost, degraded, in pain, in sorrow; and yet he would not confess it;—ashamed of the past, yet endeavoring in vain to convince himself that he had no right to be ashamed.

It was evening. The children crept round the fire, where their mother endeavored to heat half-a-dozen old potatoes for their supper, looking with hungry eyes upon the scanty feast. "Daddy's too badly entirely to eat to-night," whispered the second boy to his oldest brother, while his little thin blue lips trembled half with cold, half with hunger, "and so we will have his share as well as our own," and the little shivering boys ran over again, poking them with their lean fingers, and telling their mammy that they were hot enough. Shocking that want should have taught them to calculate on their parent's illness as a source of rejoicing!

"Nelly," said her husband at last, "Nelly, I wish I had a drop of something to warm me." "Mrs. Kinsalla said she would give me a bowl of strong coffee for you, if you would take it." What drunkard does not blaspheme? Roney swore; and though his lips were parched with fever, and his head throbbed, declared he must have just "one little thimble-full to raise his heart." It was in vain that Ellen remonstrated and entreated. He did not attempt violence, but he obliged his eldest boy to beg the thimble-full; and before morning, the wretched man was tossing about in all the heat and irritation of decided fever. One must have witnessed what fever is, when accompanied by such misery, to understand its terrors. It was wonderful how he was supported through it; indeed, his ravings, when after a long dreary time the fever subsided, were more torturing to poor Nelly than the working of his delirium had been.

"If," he would exclaim, "it wasn't too late, I'd take the pledge they talk about, the first minute I raise my head from the straw! But where's the good of it now?—what can I save now? Nothing,—it's too late!"

"It's never too late," Ellen would whisper,—"it's never too late," she would repeat; and, as if it were a mocking echo of her husband's voice, would sigh, "Too late!—too late!"

Indeed, many who looked upon the fearful wreck of what had been the fine manly form of Roney Maher, stretched upon a bed of straw, with hardly any covering,—saw his two rooms, now utterly destitute of every article of furniture,—heard his children begging in the streets for a morsel of food, and observed how the utmost industry of his poor wife could hardly keep the rags together that shrouded her bent form,—any one almost who saw these things, would be inclined to repeat the words, which have unfortunately but too often knelled over the grave of good feelings and good intentions, "Too late!—too late!" Many would have imagined, that not only had the demon habit which had gained so frightful an ascendancy over poor Roney banished all chance of reformation, but that there was no escape from such intense poverty. I wish, with all my heart, that such persons would, instead of sitting down with so helpless and dangerous a companion as despair, resolve upon two things,—first of all, to trust

u, and pray to God; secondly, to combat what they foolishly call fate,—to fight bravely and in a good cause,—and sure am I, that those who do so, will, sooner or later, achieve a victory.

It is never too late to abandon a bad habit and adopt a good one. In every town of Ireland, temperance has now its members, and these members are so thoroughly acquainted with the blessings of this admirable system, from feeling its advantages, that they are full of zeal in the cause, and, with true Irish generosity, eager to enlist their friends and neighbors, that they too may partake of the comforts which spring from temperance. The Irishman is not selfish; he is as ready to share his cup of coffee as he used to be to share his glass of whiskey.

One of these generous members was the Mrs. Kinsalla whose offer of the bowl of coffee had been rejected by Roney the night his fever commenced. She herself was a poor widow, or, according to the touching and expressive phraseology of Ireland, "a lone woman;" and though she had so little to bestow that many would call it nothing, she gave it with that good-will which rendered it "twice blessed;" then she stirred up others to give, and often had she kept watch with her wretched neighbor, Ellen, never omitting those words of gentle kindness and instruction which, perhaps, at the time may seem to have been spoken in vain; but not so; for we must bear in mind that even in the good ground the seed will not spring the moment it is sown.

Roney had been an industrious and a good workman once; and Mrs. Kinsalla had often thought, before the establishment of the Temperance Society, what a blessing it would be if there were any means of making him an "affidavit man." "But," as she said, "there were so many ways of avoiding an oath, when a man's heart was set to break it, not to keep it, that she could hardly tell what to say about it.

Such poverty as Roney's must either die beneath its infliction or rise above it. He was now able to sit in the sun at his cabin door. His neighbor, Mrs. Kinsalla, had prevailed on a good lady to employ Ellen in the place of a servant who was ill, and had lent her clothes, that she might be able to appear decently "at the big house." Every night she was permitted to bring her husband a little broth, or some bread and meat, and the poor fellow was tinned weak. Their dwelling, however, remained without any article of furniture; although the rain used to pour through the roof, and the only fire was made from the scanty "bresnaugh" (bundle of sticks) the children gathered from the road-side, they had sufficient food; and though the lady expected all she employed to work hard, she paid them well, and caused Ellen's poor forlorn heart to leap with joy by the gift of a blanket and a very old suit of clothes for her husband.

"I have seen yer old master to-day, Roney," said the widow Kinsalla to her neighbor; "he was asking after you."

"I'm obliged to him," was the reply. "And he said he was sorry to see your children in the street, Roney."

"So am I. But you know he was so angry with me for that last scrimmage, that he declared I should never do another stroke for him. And," he added, "that was a cruel saying for him, to lay out starvation for me and mine; because I was not worse than the rest. 'Sure,' as I said to Nelly, poor thing—and she spending her strength and striving for me, —'Nelly,' says I, 'where's the good of it, bringing me out of the shades of death to send me begging along the road? Let me die aisy where I am!'"

"Well, but the master will take you back, Roney, on one condition." The blood mounted to the poor man's face, and then he became faint, and leaned back against the wall. Three times he had been dismissed from his employment for drunkenness, and his master had never been known to receive a man back after three dismissals. Mrs. Kinsalla gave him a cup of water and then continued, "The master told me he'd take you back, on one condition."

"I'll give my oath against the whiskey—barring," he began.

"There need be no swearing, but there must be no barring. I'll tell you the rights of it, if you listen to me in earnest," said the widow. "The master, you see, called all his men together, and set down fair before them the state they were in from the indulgence in spirits. He drew a picture, Roney—A young man in his prime, full of life, with a fair character; his young wife by his side, his child on his knee; earning from fifteen to eighteen shillings or a pound a week; able to have his Sunday dinner in comfort; well to do in every way. At first he drinks, may be, a glass with a friend, and that leads to another, and another, until work is neglected, home is abandoned, a quarrelsome spirit grows out of

the high spirit which is no shame, and, in a very short time, you lose all trace of the man in the degraded drunkard. Poverty wraps her rags around him; pallid want, loathsome disease, a jail, and a tedious death close the scene. 'But,' said the master, 'this is not all; the sneer and reproach have gone over the world against us; and an Irishman is held up as a degraded man, as a half-civilized savage, to be spurned and laughed at, because—'

"I know," groaned Roney, "because he makes himself a reproach. Mrs. Kinsalla, I knew you were a well-reared and a well-learned woman, but you gave that to the life;—it's all true."

"He spoke," she continued, "of those amongst his own workmen, who had fallen by intoxication; he said 'If poverty had slain its thousands, whiskey had slain its tens of thousands; poverty did not always lead to drunkenness, but drunkenness always led to poverty.' He spoke of you, my poor man, as being one whom he respected."

"Did he say that, indeed?"

"He did."

"God bless him for that, any way. I thought him a hard man; but God bless him for remembering old times."

"And he said how you had fallen."

"The world knows that without his telling it," interrupted Roney. "It does, agra!—but listen; he told of one who was as low as you are now, and lower, for the Lord took from him the young wife, who died broken-hearted, in the sight of his eyes; and yet it was not too late for him to be restored, and able to lead others from the way that led him to destruction."

"He touched the hearts of them all; he laid before them how, if they looked back to what they did when sober, and what they had done when the contrary, they would see the difference; and then, my dear, he showed them other things; he laid it down, as plain as print, how all the badness that had been done in the country sprang out of the whiskey—the faction-fights, the flying in the face of that God who tells us to love each other—the oaths, black and bitter, dividing Irishmen, who ought to be united in all things that lead to the peace and honor of their country, into parties, staining hands with blood that would have gone spotless to honorable graves but for its excitement. Then he said, how the foes of Ireland would sneer and scorn, if she became a backslider from temperance, and how her friends would rejoice if the people kept true to the world an Irishman, steadfast, sober, and industrious, with a cooler head and warmer heart than ever beat in any but an Irishman's bosom. He showed, you see, how temperance was the heart's core of old Ireland's glory, and said a deal more that I can't repeat about her peace and verdure and prosperity; and then he drew out a picture of a reformed man—his home, with all the little bits of things comfortable about him; his smiling wife; his innocent babies; and, knowing him so well, Roney, I made my courtesy, and, 'Sir,' says I, 'if you please will that come about to every one who becomes a true member of the Total Abstinence Society?' 'I'll go bail for it,' says he, 'though, surely, you don't want it; I never saw you overtaken, Mrs. Kinsalla.' 'God forbid, and thank your honor,' says I, 'but you want every one to be a member,' says I. 'From my heart, for his own good and the honor of old Ireland I do,' he says.

"Then, sir, I went on, 'there's Roney Maher, sir, and if he takes and stands true to the pledge,'—and I watched to see if the good-humored twist was in his mouth—he'll be fit for work next week, sir; and the evil spirit is out of him so long now, and—'That's enough,' he says, 'bring him here to-morrow, when all who wish to remain in my employ will take the resolution, and I'll try him again.'"

Ellen had entered unperceived by her husband and knelt by his side.

The appeal was unnecessary; sorrow softens men's hearts; he pressed her to his bosom, while tears coursed each other down his pallid cheeks.

"Ellen, mavourneen—Ellen, aroon," he whispered—"Nelly, agra! a coushla! you're right—it is never too late."

A year has passed since Roney, trusting not in his own strength, entered on a new course of life. Having learned to distrust himself, he was certain to triumph.

It is Sunday; his wife is taking her two eldest children to early mass, that she may return in time to prepare his dinner; the little lads, stout, clean, and ruddy-faced, are watching to call to their mother, so that she may know the moment he—her reformed husband—appears in sight. What there is in the cottage betokens care, and that sort of Irish comfort which is easily satisfied; there is, moreover, a cloth on the table; a cunning-looking dog is eyeing the steam of something more savory than potatoes, which ascends the

chimney, and the assured calmness of Ellen's face proves that her heart is at ease. The boys are the same who, hardly a year ago, were compelled, by cruel starvation, to exult—poor children!—that their father being too ill to eat, insured to them another potato. "Hurroo, mammy, there's daddy," exclaimed the eldest; "Oh, mammy, his new beaver shines grand in the sun," shouts his brother; "and there's the widdy Kinsalla along with him, but he is carrying little Nancy. Now he lets her down, and the darling is sunning, for he's taken off her Sunday shoes to ease her dawshy feet. And oh, mammy, honey, there's the master himself shaking hands with father before all the people!" This triumphant announcement brought Ellen to the door; she shaded her eyes from the sun with her hand, and having seen what made her heart beat very rapidly in her faithful and gentle bosom, she wiped them more than once with the corner of her apron. "What ails ye, mammy, honey? sure there's no trouble over you now," said the eldest boy, climbing to her neck, and putting his lips, not blue, but cherry-red, to meet his mother's kiss.

"I hope daddy will be very hungry," he continued, "and Mrs. Kinsalla; for, even if the school-master came in, we've enough dinner for them all."

"Say, thank God, my child," said Ellen. "Thank God," repeated the boy. "And shall I say what you do be always saying as well?" "What's that, alanna?" "Thank God and the Temperance! Thank God and Father Mathew!" "Oh! and something else." "What?" enquired his mother. "What!"—why 'That it's never too late!'—Scottish Temperance League, Crown Octavo Tracts, No. 24.

THE STUMP OF A SIGN-POST.

The following is the story told by a country pastor concerning the stump of a sign-post near a house formerly occupied as a country-tavern by an intemperate and wrecked man.

One day I mustered courage to approach him. As I stopped in front of the house, about to step out of my carriage, and kindly saluted him standing on the porch, he said:

"I do not want your services. I shall have nothing to do with ministers. They are a set of scoundrels, and churches are nothing but places of corruption. I do not want you here."

You may well think how I felt as I drove away home. A few weeks later he sent for me in great haste. As I entered his sick chamber he screamed: "O pastor—, I have committed the unpardonable sin. I have abused and slandered God's Church and his ministry. Oh! I am suffering the torments of hell!" In broken sentences he detailed to me some particulars of his wicked life, and his opposition to the Church of Christ, interspersing his confessions with exclamations: "Oh, I am suffering the pains of hell!" "Shall I pray for you?" I enquired. "Yes, you may; but it will do me no good. It is too late."

After I had begun to pray, he screamed: "Stop, O stop praying, I can stand it no longer; I am suffering the torments of the lost!"

He then called his children around his bedside, and besought them to take warning from the wicked life of their father, lost forever; that they should attend church, and lead a Christian life. Moreover, he made them solemnly promise him that they would at once saw off the sign-post, close the tavern, and never sell any more rum in that house. The children wept aloud as he thus admonished them. The sign-post was sawed off. The tavern and bar closed. Six hours later he was a corpse. To the end he uttered the wailing of a lost soul.

Before his death he charged the pastor to tell the people at his funeral how he bewailed his wicked life, and how his soul was lost; that he should warn his boon companions to flee from the wrath to come. Many a wicked comrade of the deceased came to hear what a minister could preach.

Coming home we met a man and woman in a covered market wagon. He had a black bruise on his face, and tried to hold the lines, but was so drunk that he could scarcely keep on the seat aside of his wife. "That is one of the sons of the lost father," said our friend, "who helped to saw off the sign-post."

Alas, one may saw off the sign-post when it is too late, after the taste for rum and the habits of sin have become too strong; when the evil days come, and the years draw nigh when they shall say, "I have no pleasure in them." Eccl. xii. 1.

On our return home we told the story of the sign-post to a friend, who added the following leaf to it: Some years ago I and a few friends happened to stop at this man's tavern. The old landlord was behind the bar handing out the bottle to my friends.

"What will you take?" he enquired of me. "Nothing," I replied; "I use no strong drink."

"My dear sir," said the landlord, "I use it and sell it, but I know that it is wrong to do either. Although it is my business and pecuniary profit to sell it, I tell you, sir, you are right and I am wrong. It were much better if no one drank or sold strong drink."

Alas! this poor man fought his way to hell over his better convictions, wilfully hardened his heart and sinned against the strivings of God's Spirit; knew his Master's will and did it not.

"To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts, as in the provocation," Heb. iii. 7. 8.

STRONG DRINK AND HARD TIMES.

The mischief of the use of strong drink, in an economical point of view, is not thought of, perhaps enough, or pressed enough upon the public attention. The direct cost, even to the moderate drinker, amounts to a considerable sum for a year. It is probably a much larger sum than the man who spends it thinks for. Then here are indirect losses, which in many cases are greater; as by the time wasted in the places where liquors are sold and drank, and through habits of idleness and improvidence which may be formed. The whole effect upon a man's standing as to property is likely to be a very serious one. It must be remembered that the gains of most people above their necessary expenses are, at best, but small. If, however, some slight annual saving can be made, especially in one's younger life, he may reach in time to a comfortable position as to property. If the margin he has is narrow, it is the more needful to keep it all. Now it is just the narrow margins that a costly habit like this of using strong drink cuts off. It makes the whole difference, with multitudes of men, between competence and poverty. Many families of laboring men, now cramped and straightened in their living, might fare well, and save money, but for the cost to the father, or the brothers, of this worse than useless indulgence.

This is a most appropriate matter to be brought forward in these hard times. It ought to be pressed especially upon the attention of our younger working men. The great and useless expenditure for tobacco can be treated of also after the same fashion. If both these things could be set right, "the times" would begin shortly to grow easier and brighter in many homes.—Congregationalist.

A HELPLESS VICTIM.

"Did you notice that fine-looking gentleman, that left the office as you came in?" asked a physician of us, the other day.

He was a marked man physically, tall and well-formed, with the stoop of a scholar in his shoulders.

"He is, or has been," continued our friend, "the Congregational pastor of P—; but he has just been obliged to send in his resignation. He has become an almost helpless victim of an appetite for alcoholic stimulants. He has been seen under the influence of liquor in our lowest saloons; and this is the third Church that he has been obliged to leave for the same cause. He is a man of more than ordinary ability, was especially popular in his present place, and it has almost broken the hearts of some of his best friends to be obliged to demand his resignation. He began the use of stimulants on account of nervous irritability and weakness, and now the appetite for them utterly overmasters him."

We are too apt to forget the terrible scourge that lies in this frightful temptation. A half century of earnest temperance labor has defended, to a large degree, our families; but the present remission of interest, and breaking down of public sentiment on this question is ominous. We remember, in our boyhood, when it was seriously feared that we might become a nation of drunkards; when the early apostles of the temperance movement, like the elder Beecher, lifted up their voices, and spared not. They saved the land. Shall we give it back again to this foe of human peace and virtue?—Zion's Herald.

—Dr. Fergusson, "certifying surgeon under the Factory Acts," testifies to a "steady degeneration" going on among the factory population. This he attributes to the intemperate habits of the factory workers, who debilitate their constitutions by liquors and tobacco, and so transmit an impaired vitality to their children. He suggests also, as a subsidiary cause, that children, instead of being fed on milk, as formerly, after weaning, now are made often to drink tea or coffee even three times a day. He has found by actual experiment that feeble children between 13 and 15 fed on milk night and morning will grow 15 lbs. in a year, while such children fed on tea or coffee, will not exceed a growth of 4 lbs. in a year.—Congregationalist.



THE SANITARY NEEDS OF RURAL DISTRICTS.

We believe that trustworthy authorities will uphold us in the statement that where good health prevails in country villages it is more the result of accident than design. A great many towns have been purposely so located as to secure good surface drainage, but beyond this the ordinary founders of villages seem to have no general sanitary idea. The sites of many towns have been determined by the existence of water-power, natural routes of transportation, or mineral deposits. It becomes a matter of grave concern to know how the natural defects and dangers of a town site are to be overcome.

The answer naturally is, Interest the residents themselves in the matter. But we all know what neighborhood chats amount to; the more perfect the agreement on a given subject, the greater likelihood there generally is that the subject will disappear, as being practically settled. But the ways of an irresponsible party of neighbors change greatly when the same men resolve themselves into a society supported by an act of incorporation, looked up to, and expected to do something. By the conditions of their surroundings, by the usual unsatisfactory state of the public health, and by the individual prominence which is conveyed by membership of a public association, each member feels called upon to do something.

What there is for local sanitary associations to do will not long be a matter of question. There are thousands of towns whose soil is literally one great cess-pool, saturated with the impurities and refuse of all who have been its inhabitants. There is not one town in a hundred whose people drink pure water. The garbage and impurities thrown on the ground in many a village full of respectable people would raise a howl of remonstrance if dropped even in our own Five Points. Drainage of waste water into street-gutters, uncovered refuse heaps, stacks of offensive manure whose proprietors seem to think that the human olfactories have no rights which manure owners are bound to respect, wayside pools neighborhoods in which doctors' carriages may always be found, land occasionally subject to overflow, rock-bottomed sinks in which drainage is finally arrested, swamps over which winds frequently pass on their way to the town—all these are within the reach of almost any sanitary association that may be formed. A small *pro rata* assessment will pay for the service of a skilled topographer or drainage engineer who will suggest better and cheaper remedies than any ordinary association will discover for itself. A similar outlay will secure a lecturer, or the printing of a report of a survey which would fully inform the citizens of the actual sanitary condition of their town. Such an association, by virtue of that inter-communication which exists between all public bodies in small towns would exercise a great deal of influence over town committees, supervisors, road boards, etc. In case of laggard action by legal authorities, local sanitary associations might follow the example of the men who cut one of the great irrigating ditches of California; Mr. Nordhoff reports that this ditch was cut in accordance with the following resolutions:

"First: That we cut the ditch.

"Second: That every one interested agrees to work upon it until finished.

"Third: That work be commenced Monday next."

The oft-repeated truism, that the strength of anything is only the strength of its weakest part, peculiarly applies to this matter of health. Individual efforts in the direction of perfect ventilation, good cooking, healthful heat, proper clothing, and personal cleanliness are praiseworthy, but their perfect result cannot be realized while the neighboring air is polluted, the water poisoned, and miasmatic emanations are unchecked. It is only by combined action that such wide-spread influences may be removed or avoided, and the sufferings which reformation may impose upon time and pocket are not so annoying, costly or dangerous as those which result from submission to the existing status.—*Christian Union*.

SMALL WAISTS AND CONSUMPTION.

J. V. C. SMITH'S "WAYS OF WOMEN."

The desideratum of small waists has been the premature death of thousands of the fairest and most promising young ladies, before they had time to learn the dangers they were inviting by following the example of those who teach by their practice that they prefer conformity to the requirements of a perverted taste to exemption from the penalties of being out of shape, in the sense of those who exercise

no judgment in regard to this important matter. Favored, as many robust women are, with a fine organization in other respects, they can live out a long life in comparative health and comfort; but they are few compared to the vast number who fall short and die before they have attained all they might have had on earth. The first or topmost rib on either side, just under the collar-bone, is short, thin, and sharp on its inner curvature. It has no motion, being a brace between the dorsal column and the breast-bone. It is immovable for the purpose of protecting large arteries and veins belonging to the arms on either side of the neck. In cases where the chest has been manipulated till the lungs cannot expand downwards they are forced up above that rib. Rising and falling above and below that rib level, the lobe chafes and frets against the resisting curvature. It is inflamed at last, and the organ becomes diseased. If that chafing is not relieved, but in each respiration the serous covering of the lung is irritated continually, the inflammation is apt to extend quite into the body of the organ, increased and intensified by exciting emotions, laborious pursuits, or unfavorable exposures. Finally, the mucous lining of the air-cells within the lung sympathizes. No compression of the base of the chests of men being induced by tight dressing, a chafing of the upper surface of the lung rarely occurs with them. Great men, giants in any department of busy life—those who make the world conscious of their influence—those who quicken thought, or revolutionize public sentiment, and leave the impress of their genius in the history of the age in which they flourished, were not the sons of gaunt mothers whose waists resembled the middle of an hour-glass.

THE ASH LEACH.

From time immemorial the ash leach has been in use in many civilized, that is, soap-making countries. Essentially an ash-leach is a vessel tight enough to hold wood-ashes, but not tight enough to hold water. Being first filled with ashes, water is then poured in gradually, and, after a time, runs out below, highly charged with the soluble salt of the ashes.

But, although this machine has been so long in use, the principle on which it acts does not seem to have been fully understood until quite lately. About the year 1833 Messrs. Boullay, of Paris, applied the same apparatus to the manufacture of pharmaceutical preparations, tinctures, infusions, extracts, &c., and it at once became popular with pharmacologists, under the name of Boullay's Filter, or the Displacement Apparatus. Its mode of operation is simple; the first portion of liquid poured in sinks into the powder that is to be exhausted and saturates itself with the soluble parts of it. The latter additions of liquid, instead of mixing with the first, drive it down before them and take its place, to yield it in turn to the next portions poured in. Thus the first portions of liquid that run from the bottom of the filter will, if it has been properly managed, contain nearly all the soluble matter, and the last will be almost unchanged. For example, if an ounce of powdered ginger be put into a glass tube, as a small lamp chimney, over the lower end of which a piece of cotton-cloth has been tied, and alcohol be slowly poured through it, the first fluid-ounce that comes through will contain about all the strength of the ginger. Looking through the glass we can watch the whole process, see the first alcohol dissolve the resinous matter of the ginger, becoming thick and dark colored in consequence and then falling down before the new colorless alcohol added above.—*From Popular Science Monthly*.

WHAT IS AMBER?—It is a resinous substance, the produce of extinct forests, that now lie buried in the earth or under the sea. Like other vegetable resins, it has been secreted by trees which have long since disappeared from the surface of the earth, but once formed extensive forests on the islands or shores of the vast sea, which at that time covered the plains of Northern Europe as far as the foot of the Auralian chain. The trade in rough amber is almost exclusively in the hands of the Jews, who purchase it from the amber-fishers, or are interested in the diggings which are made on most of the littoral estates. It is found abundantly on the Prussian coast of the Baltic, where it is collected in many ways. After stormy weather it is frequently cast ashore by the surf, or remains floating on the water. The amber-fishers, clothed in leather dresses, then wade into the sea, and secure the amber with bag-nets hung at the end of long poles. They conclude that much amber has been detached from its bed when they discover many pieces of lignite floating about. In some parts the faces of the precipitous cliffs along the shore are explored in boats, and masses of loose earth or rock, supposed to contain the object of search, are detached with long poles having iron hooks at their ends. That which is washed ashore generally

consists of small pieces, more or less damaged, while the specimens obtained by digging or dredging are frequently of large size, and of a tuberous form, so that, though inferior in quantity to the former, their value is probably ten times greater. Digging for amber is a favorite pursuit of the peasantry, and though in many cases it proves unsuccessful, yet sometimes it is highly remunerative. Near the village of Kowall, a few miles from Dantzic, avenues of trees were planted a few years back along the high road. On digging one of the holes destined for their reception a rich amber nest was found. Favorable signs induced the landowner to persevere in digging, and at length, at a depth of about thirty feet, such rich deposits of amber were found, as enabled him to pay off all the mortgages on his estate. The territories where amber is found extend over Pomerania and East and West Prussia, as far as Lithuania and Poland; but chiefly in the former provinces, where it is found almost uniformly in separate nodules in the sand, clay, or fragments of lignite of the upper tertiary and alluvial formations. It also occurs in the beds of streams, and in the sand-banks of rivers. How far its seat may extend under the Baltic is, of course, unknown. Amber is likewise met with on the coast of Denmark and Sweden, in Galicia, and Moravia, near Christiania in Norway, and in Switzerland, near Basle. It is occasionally found in the gravel-pits near London; specimens have been dug up in Hyde-park. At Aldborough, after a raking tide, it is thrown on the beach in considerable quantities, along with masses of jet.—*Dr. Hervey*.

EARTH WORMS.—These insignificant and unattractive creatures are of the greatest benefit to the fields which they inhabit, though many have supposed to the contrary. They are very humble, but are efficient servants of the agriculturist; and far from injuring his meadow and his garden, they devote themselves with the most praiseworthy assiduity to turning over the soil to a greater depth and more thoroughly than can be done with the best appliances known to science. These animals—for so they are classified by the naturalists—are scarcely more than animated tubes. They seem to live by taking earth and earthly substances in at one end and passing them out at the other. This simple process of digestion is aided, however, by a mucous secretion; and the worm has a habit, when he has filled himself with earth, of ascending to the surface, turning round and working himself back again into the ground. This operation unloads him, and the process, repeated by millions of his fellows, cannot but have a highly beneficial effect upon the quality of land. It is said by Mr. Darwin that these worms have been known to cover a field to the depth of thirteen inches in the course of eighty years. A slow process, to be sure, but so are all the processes of nature. This, however, is not all that they do. They carry their shafts and galleries to a depth of several feet, and cross and intersect in all directions, loosening the soil, opening it to the air and water, and, in short, doing all that they can to help vegetation, without preying upon it or injuring its roots in the slightest degree.

FRESH AIR.—One of the problems of social life, and one which has never yet been quite satisfactorily solved, is that of ventilation. But few others are of more importance with regard to health, especially in large towns and crowded neighborhoods. A simple method for ventilating sleeping and living rooms has been recommended in a recent publication. Cut a piece of wood three inches high, and exactly as long as the breadth of the window. Raise the sash, place the slip of wood on the sill, and draw the sash closely over it. If the slip has been well fitted, there will be no draught in consequence of this displacement of the sash at its lower part; but the top of the lower sash will overlap the bottom of the upper one, and, between the two bars, perpendicular currents of air, not felt as a draught, will enter and leave the room and the atmosphere will be kept fresh and wholesome.—*From "Casell's Family Magazine" for July*.

NEW STYLE OF WATER TRANSPORT.—The syenite monolith known as Cleopatra's Needle is to be transported to London by sea, by casing it in wood, and rolling it overboard. To make it float properly, it is to be covered with timber and planks till the boxing is large enough to float stone and all. To compensate for its tapering form, one end is to be made larger than the other, and when finished, the timber dressing will be something over twenty feet thick at the larger end. The ends will be tapering, to assist the steamer in towing, and even if the cigar-shaped mummy runs aground, its casing will save it from harm. The most risky part of the voyage will be the launching and the rolling ashore. In this connection it may be noticed that cylindrical boilers are transplanted through the canals in Holland in somewhat the same way. The flues are plugged up with wood, and the steam openings are covered with air-tight caps, and, when

well painted with red lead, the boilers are rolled into the canals, and, behind a steam-boat, make their voyage in perfect safety.—*Scribner's for August*.

A DINNER PARTY AND SCARLET FEVER.—A few weeks ago some respectable, cleanly, healthful English ladies and gentlemen sat down to dinner together in a private residence surrounded by a model neighborhood. A few days later nearly every member of this same dinner party was suffering from scarlet fever. How they took it no one knew; it has been suggested that the disease was communicated by the cream, or by the table-cloth, the latter having been cleaned at a laundry. The case is not the only one of its kind; similar though perhaps not so violent outbreaks of disease have taken place in many circles, and no one has been able to trace the infection to its source. The truth is that immunity from infectious and contagious diseases can be secured only by the isolation either of those who fear the disease, or of those already afflicted. To seclude the former is well nigh impracticable, but the spread of disease is so easily prevented, and so many people are endangered by neglect of proper precautions, that the whole subject urgently demands thorough, careful legislative attention.—*Christian Union*.

SELLING MILK IN GLASS BOTTLES.—We see it stated that a milkman at Elmira, N. Y., has introduced a new plan of delivering milk. In his wagon are arranged side racks, containing quart and pint bottles filled with pure, fresh milk, full measure. These bottles are delivered as required; the customer returns the bottle left the day before; and no pitchers, pails, bowls or dishes are necessary. Another advantage of the system, especially in warm weather, is that each bottle is tightly corked, and can be laid in a pail or pan of cold water, keeping it fresh and sweet, or put away in a cooler, taking up little room. His improvement is a most unselfish one, as it will accommodate his customers much more than himself. He will have all these bottles to handle and wash, but it must be a great convenience to his customers, who can afford to pay a little extra.—*Herald of Health*.

TRAMWAY MOTORS.—While the subject of steam-rail transit is attracting attention in New York, other cities are solving their transit questions in their own several ways. The fireless locomotive, using a boiler loaded up with steam at the termini, is in successful operation, and the coiled-spring idea is undergoing experiment. In place of one spring, wound up at intervals along the road by means of stationary engines, a number of springs each properly wound up, are taken on at the beginning of the route, and as fast as one expends its energy in moving the car, another is brought into play, and the train is continued till all are exhausted, or the run is made. Another style of motor, said to be in practical operation, employs a horizontal compressed air-engine under the floor of the car. Suitable tanks, loaded up by a compressor at one end of the road, supply the engine, and a speed of twelve miles an hour has been obtained for a short distance.—*Scribner's*.

METHOD OF PRESERVING EGGS.—Professor Sacc now announces that by far the best method of preserving eggs for an indefinite length of time consists in coating them with paraffine, of which one pound will answer for fifteen hundred eggs. After being thus treated they do not experience any loss in weight, and will remain unchanged for several months. It is essential, however, that the eggs be perfectly fresh, as, should decomposition have commenced, the operation will not prevent its continuance.

—The professor of hygiene in Amherst College has for the past fourteen years kept a record of the sickness among the students which involved an absence from college duties of two or more consecutive days. He attributes it to the requirement of regular gymnastic exercises that there has been a large and constant decrease in sickness as the classes advanced from year to year. Freshmen are always the most sickly and seniors the most healthy class in college. Study, like any other work, is healthy if the laws of health are decently observed.

—In a meteorological article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for June 1st, we have the curious statement that it is observed that a wet summer does comparatively little to feed the water springs, and that a dry winter will be followed by a dearth of water, even though the summer rains were abundant; and accordingly when the rainfall in the Department de l'Oise was found, between November, 1873, and April, 1874, to be much below the average the farmers were officially warned to expect a scarcity of water and had time to provide steam power instead.

—A patent has been taken out for an invention by which it is claimed that glass can be used as a building material for house-fronts, floors, or pavements, superior to marble in durability and economy. It can be made plain or variegated and its colors are indestructible.

"ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS."

(From the Friendly Visitor.)

They came to my mind again when a few months afterwards Lizzie Marten showed me the brooch divested of all its beauty, the pearl broken, and the gilding tarnished. And they came also to my mind some years later; for I had yet another lesson to learn on the subject before I was sufficiently impressed with the truth that

"ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS!"

* * * * *

Several years passed away after the incident happened to me that I have related. During this time my mother's health, never very strong, grew weaker, and she became quite unequal to the anxiety of keeping so large a house, for the rent was high, and it required a constant succession of lodgers to enable her to pay it. At length she resolved to give it up. Her brother the sailor, who had given me the half-sovereign, had left the sea, and proposed she should go and live with him in a quaint, odd little cottage he had fitted up in sailor-like fashion. It was thought advisable that I should go to service. I understood housework and I was a good needle-woman; so my mother thought I was qualified for a situation either as housemaid or under-lady's-maid. She wrote to a lady who had lodged with us several summers, and requested her to assist in procuring a suitable situation in a quiet family in the country. The result was the offer of being received as young-ladies'-maid in the house of the Rev. Mr. Leslie, the rector of Burton-on-the-Moors in Gloucestershire. Nothing could have been more desirable for a young girl of nineteen who had hitherto never left home. My duties would not be very arduous. There were three young ladies on whom I was to attend, and to assist in making their clothes. A light part of the housework would also fall to my share. I should receive good wages, and be well cared for in every respect. My mother gratefully accepted the situation on my behalf, and in about a month's time I quitted my home for the pleasant village of Burton-on-the-Moors,

The rectory-house was a large old-fashioned one, full of odd nooks and corners. All the rooms had steps up or down to them. They were panelled with



oak instead of being papered like modern houses, and the staircases were of the same dark wood. Yet it was not at all a dull or gloomy house. It faced the south, and the windows were large, and generally filled with flowers from the greenhouse which had been recently added to the west side of the building. The garden was rich in fine old trees, and the large smoothly-mown lawn was a perfect blaze of geraniums, on the September day on which I first arrived at Burton Rectory.

My lines had indeed, I thought, fallen in a pleasant place, and my subsequent experience soon showed me that it was a desirable one in every respect. My master and mistress were thoughtful and careful as to their servants' welfare. My young ladies were always considerate and pleasant in their manners to me, always glad to give me the relaxation of a walk or even a drive, if the pony-carriage was going to the neighboring market-town and there was a vacant place. Though they never forgot that I was a

servant, and thus prevented my doing so myself, they could not have shown me greater kindness had I been their sister.

The village was somewhat isolated, and the only other gentleman's house near was that of Sir Henry Melville, the Squire of the place, and the owner of all the extensive shooting moors which lay around his property. Burton Court was a fine old place; it looked to me almost like a palace the first time I saw it, with its fine avenues, and gardens, and terraces. Still more did the inside appear so to me when one of my fellow-servants got the housekeeper to take me over the rooms, which were just being set in order for Sir Henry's arrival with a number of guests for the shooting season. I had never before had an idea of such grandeur as rich satin curtains and sofas and chairs covered to match. I had thought our own little parlor perfection in bygone days, when the much-covered easy chair (of which I made mention in a previous page) made its appearance, though its cover-

ing was only of dark green American cloth. But here I counted in one room no less than four sofas and about a dozen easy chairs, all clothed in light blue satin damask; long mirrors against the walls multiplied them, till I grew quite bewildered, and scarcely knew which was substance and which shadow! The housekeeper looked amused at my evident astonishment at all I saw, and was still more so at my remarking that I wondered Sir Henry liked ever to be away from such a place even for a day! "He is away a great many days," said she, laughing; "indeed nothing but the shooting brings him here at all. He has another place in Warwickshire he likes better than this, and he lives in London more than anywhere else."

Sir Henry arrived at Burton Court in about a week from this time, bringing with him a good many visitors. Lady Melville was a gentle, fragile-looking person, not in very good health; she was a great contrast to her tall, robust-looking husband, with his loud voice and brisk ways. She was seldom seen except at church, but Sir Henry and his

visitors were constantly walking or riding about, and they brought a crowd of servants; in short, our little quiet village was turned quite into a place of bustle for some time. Then they all went away, the great entrance iron gates were locked up, the covers were put upon the satin sofas and chairs, and Mrs. Stacey the housekeeper settled herself for a comfortable though somewhat lonely winter in her own apartments at the back of the house.

No one would suppose that this visit of Sir Henry Melville to Burton Court could in the slightest degree have affected me, a humble young servant at the rectory, whose duties lay quite apart from all the gay people and doings at the great house. But strange as it may sound, it had a considerable influence over my feelings and tastes. It is often not till circumstances occur to bring them forth, that young people show the weakness or strength of their own characters. Till I saw the grandeur of Burton Court and the number of its domestics, including the smartly-

dressed ladies'-maids of the lady visitors, I had thought myself a most fortunate girl in having got into such a situation as mine; but from the very first Sunday the three pews belonging to the Squire's house were filled with such gay bonnets that I did not know which were ladies or which were servants, I began to think what a fine thing it must be to live in a family of that sort. Not that the remotest idea of wishing to leave Burton Rectory entered my head at that time, but the first seeds of discontent were, I think, sown then in my heart, where the soil was only too suited for their rapid growth.

There was not much intercourse between the families of the Court and the Rectory, though they were good friends. I used to think my excellent master and mistress were a little afraid of their young people mixing much with Sir Henry's guests, fearing that it might unsettle them perhaps for their own quiet, retired life. At all events, except at an occasional dinner party, they did not often meet. As for the Court servants, I never had anything to do with them during the time they were at Burton that autumn. But it so happened that one of them named Frances Webb was left behind in charge of Mrs. Stacey, the housekeeper, when the family went to town. She was Lady Melville's under-lady's-maid and a great favorite with her mistress, but she had been delicate for some months, and it was thought that she would regain her strength better in the country than in London, so she was to stay over Christmas at Burton Court. I met this young person several times out of doors, and occasionally she came to the rectory with some messages from Mrs. Stacey. We soon got acquainted with each other, and I felt rather flattered that she had evidently taken a fancy to me. Good Mrs. Stacey thinking it must be dull work for a young person living alone with her in that great house, asked me to get leave to go and drink tea there sometimes, and so quite a friendship grew up between Frances and myself.

The retirement of her present life was extremely irksome to Frances, who was a pretty girl, and liked admiration. She was fond of London, and was never tired of telling me about her life there, and of the fun that went on amongst the servants, for she said the town housekeeper was

very indulgent, and so that they attended to their work properly she let them do pretty much as they pleased; and as for Lady Melville, what with her delicate health and her engagements when well enough to go out, or to receive company, she neither thought of nor knew anything about most of the domestics. Frances constantly pitied me for living in such an "out of the way place," as she called Burton, declared she should soon die of dulness if she had to spend her life there, and succeeded in making me long for excitement and variety. She went to London in February, pitying me for having to remain behind, and promising to write to me sometimes till we met again in the autumn.

Frances had done me no little harm; not only had she made me discontented with my excellent situation in the country, but she had puffed up my head with the idea that I was pretty and clever, and that I might easily make my way into some great family in London where I should get high wages, have little to do, and plenty of variety. Her letters kept up this unwholesome state of feeling, though as the long bright summer days came round again I began to think less of the unknown pleasures of which she had said so much, and to be more satisfied where I was. Perhaps, too, Mrs. Stacey's good advice had not been without its effect on me. I had told her a little about my desire to go to London, but met with no encouragement. She was a plain-spoken woman, and had told me in almost as many words that she thought me a little fool.

"You have one of the best of places," said she. "If you go further you will fare worse; take my advice, and be thankful for a good master and mistress who fear God, and who look after their household well. If Frances has been filling your head that London streets are paved with gold, and that there is nothing but idleness and pleasure there, the sooner you know the truth the better. I have been in service for forty years, and I can tell you that if you don't value your present situation, you don't know when you are well off." So I settled down again more contentedly, for conscience told me that the housekeeper was right; and all went on well with me till September, when Sir Henry and his train arrived at Burton Court again, and Frances Webb and I renewed our friendship in person. She introduced me to one or two of her fellow-servants after church

on Sunday, and asked them more than once in my presence if it were not a pity I should be buried away in a country village? The old leaven began to work in my foolish mind, and before long I desired more than ever to see "something of life," as Frances called it, and it was privately arranged between her and me that she should be on the lookout for an opening into some family with a large establishment, and acquaint me of it by letter should she hear of anything to suit me. Thus I was induced to act deceitfully as well as foolishly, for I gave Mrs. Leslie and the young ladies no idea that I intended to leave Burton if I could do so.

It was not very long before Frances wrote to tell me that an under-housemaid was wanted in Sir Henry's establishment, and she advised me to apply directly. She said she had already mentioned me to Mrs. Corby, the housekeeper, and she seemed to think I might suit. She said that I need not mind being an under-housemaid; for that there were several so called, besides the head one, and that they were older than I was, and all received good wages.

To me the dignity of being a servant at all in such a grand establishment was sufficient to make up for the change from being a young-lady's-maid to an inferior post. I went to Mrs. Stacey, and told her I wished to apply for the situation: I knew she often looked out for servants for the London houses,

"So you are hankering after London still," said she: "I hope you are prepared for a far more laborious life than you lead here. 'All is not gold that glitters,' Mary Morris. Take care you don't one day repent having given up a good place for one which may perhaps lead you into a good deal of temptation."

Her words startled me, and brought to my mind the affair of the half-sovereign and the raffle. It was all fresh in my memory, and so was the proverb, and my mother's warning at that time, that I must beware and not find out the truth of the proverb some day in a more serious affair than that of the gilt brooch. I was silent, and Mrs. Stacey, supposing I was resolved, added,—

"You would do well enough, I think, for the situation; and since you wish it I will write to Mrs. Corby about you."

I went home not very comfortable in my mind, but still wishing to leave Burton. A day

or two later Mrs. Stacey sent me a note to say that I could have the situation if my mistress gave me a good character.

Mrs. Leslie was surprised when I spoke to her, and asked if I were not comfortable in her house and what my reasons were for wishing to leave. It was with feelings of shame I had to confess that I had not anything to complain of, that I had always been quite happy there, but that I thought I should like a change, and that I found I might go to Sir Henry Melville's town house if she would recommend me.

Mrs. Leslie looked grave when I told her this; I could see she greatly disapproved of what I was going to do; but she would not press me to remain with her, she said, since my mind was evidently made up to leave. She said she could speak well of me to Mrs. Corby, and that she did not doubt but that she would take me.

Within a week it was all settled. I was honestly grieved to leave that kind family when the time drew near for me to go away. I felt I was exchanging a tried for an untried house, and this without the approbation of any one. My mother had expressed her disapproval strongly in her reply to my letter telling her I was going to London; but as I had not consulted her before the arrangement was made, she said she knew it was now too late for me to draw back. Mrs. Stacey spoke out in her blunt way when I went to bid her goodbye.

"You will wish yourself back at the rectory after a time, as sure as my name is Sarah Stacey," said she. "It's a pity when girls are so fond of changes."

Mrs. Leslie spoke kindly to me when she bid me farewell, and urged me to go regularly to church, and not to be led into doing anything that my conscience told me was wrong.

"You will not be cared for or watched over as you have been here, Mary," she said; "you will have to depend entirely on your own guidance, and on the care of your heavenly Father. Do not forget to pray daily to Him who alone can preserve you from evil in the midst of much temptation."

I will not weary my reader with a minute account of my arrival at Sir Henry's town mansion, or of my amazement at everything around me. Suffice it to say that I had attained what I had longed for.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



The Family Circle.

THE HERITAGE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold;
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could scarcely earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hearty frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes enjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned by being poor;
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it;
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil,
That with all other level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten soft white hands—
This is the best orep from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign!
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

THE TWO MOTHERS.

Late was the hour when Mrs. Sever, the mother of four children, retired to rest. She, as was her usual custom, arose early, and the family had finished their frugal meal ere the first rays of the rising sun had illumined their humble abode. Her first care was to place the dinner, which she had prepared and enveloped in a snow white cloth, in a nice basket, and giving it to James, her eldest son, he with his father, armed with his axe, started for the woods.

The younger boys went out to play, and as the mother followed them with her eye, she said to herself, "Those dark patches on their clothes, which took me till midnight to set on, certainly do look better than holes; but school will begin in three weeks, and the boys must have better clothes. How shall I finish that piece of cloth, and get it dressed and made by that time?" And she hastened to get the morning avocations of sweeping, dusting, and washing up, making beds and so forth, done. Her little daughter Susan, a child of four years, followed her all the time, making the best use possible of her tongue. Mrs. Sever then, having pinned a blanket round the child and placing a shawl on herself, went up into an unfinished apartment, where stood her loom, and very soon the swiftly flying shuttle and heavy slam of the loom told of her occupation, while Susan amused herself with a basket of spools, placing them along in a row. "See, mother," said she, "little boys and girls go to school."
"Yes, yes; but I cannot stop to look at them now," said the mother.
Soon Susan began to complain of being cold; then she worried her mother to give her

something to eat, who, saying, rather impatiently, "When shall I get my piece out?" took the child downstairs just as William and George entered the house.

Having ordered them to make up a good fire and give their sister something to eat, she returned to her loom, and wrought until she was so cold that she could work no longer. But what a scene presented itself as she entered her nicely-scrubbed kitchen! Those only who know what the hands of three children can accomplish when left to themselves, can imagine it.

The boys had indeed made a fire as directed but had also scattered wood chips and shavings from the door to the fireplace, and had plastered the floor with snow and mud. To satisfy Susan's and their own cravings for food, they went to search the pantry. "I don't want any of the brown bread, do you, Bill?" said George. "Mother made some gingerbread yesterday; I guess it's in that pan on the high shelf."

William put both his muddy feet on the lower self, and reaching up his hand he plunged it into the pan; but suddenly drew it back covered with thick cream which dribbled from shelf to shelf till it reached the floor.

"It's not there," said William thoughtlessly wiping his hands on his trousers.

As they could not find the gingerbread, they helped themselves and their sister to some bread and treacle, leaving traces of the latter on the shelves and dishes.

Susan just then noticing a piece of sparerib, seized it with eagerness; and after eating the meat, amused herself by tracing figures on the floor with the greasy bone.

The boys meanwhile, having brought in their selected sticks and full complement of mud, commenced whittling.

Just then poor Mrs. Sever, weary and cold, entered the room. She was not remarkable for self-government, and though a very affectionate mother, was far from being a judicious one.

"Oh, what work!" she exclaimed. "Now see the floor that I took so much pains to clean covered with dirt and litter, and grease spots that will not come out all the winter, and look at the pantry—what a place! You are the most troublesome children I ever saw. There, go out of doors, boys, and if you behave so again, I'll whip you both."

The boys received their reprimand with sullen looks, went out and banged the door after them, while the toiling mother, after rearranging her kitchen and taking a morsel of food, returned to her loom, taking Susan with her. But she did not feel perfectly satisfied with herself; there was an unexplained consciousness of having done wrong; but she neither analyzed her feelings nor reasoned on the effects of her proceedings.

"I suppose I was rather hard with them," she said to herself; "but, then, it was so provoking. Some mothers would have whipped them heartily." With this thought she grew calm, and sang at her work, keeping time with the loom.

The boys, being sent out of doors, felt at liberty to be their own masters.

"There's Jake Harding going up the hill," said William. "Let's go and have a game at snowballing."

"I don't want to," answered George. "Frank Howland's mother will not let him play with Jake because he swears; and I don't like him either, for he swings me round and hurts me; and then when I cry he says it's only in play, and calls me baby. I had rather go and play with Frank."

"Pooh! Jake only teases you because he knows he can. He never thinks of teasing me because I am almost as big as he is; and mother has never told us not to play with him, so come along."

"You may," said George, "and I will go and play with Frank."

Before George reached the door, he saw Frank, who was picking up wood.

"Hallo! stop a minute," said he, but Frank only worked the faster, and soon disappeared with his wood.

George felt a little offended, but presently he saw Frank, with a smiling face, running to meet him.

"Why did you not stop when I called you?" said George.

"I was getting wood for my mother then," said Frank. "I am really glad you are come; for Frederic and Amos are both gone with father, and Sarah wants to play with her dolls."

"Your shoes are very dirty, George," said Mrs. Howland, pleasantly; "just step out and scrape them, and then wipe them on the mat, as Frank does, and you will not dirty the floor."

"We ain't got no scrapers at home," said George by the way of apology, doing as he was desired.

"I have done all my sums, mother," said Frank; "may I play with George?"

"You may," answered his mother.

"May we get some pieces of wood, and whittle?"

"Yes, but you know on what conditions," said his mother, patting his curly head.

"Yes, mother," said Frank, and away they went to the wood-house, where there was a pile of old wood, which they began to pull down.

"We must select the poorest," said Frank, proceeding to do so with the judgment of a man.

"Now we must pack them up again," said he, as George was starting.

"Oh, never mind now," said George; "we can do that by and by."

"Mother would not like that; she says we must always put things in their places when we have done with them. Here, George, take hold of this plank; this is what I call my partition." This was to part off one corner which Frank called his workshop, and they commenced cutting away in good earnest.

Little Sarah, a child of four years old, amused herself with a blanket pinned up for a baby, a basket of rags, a box of old buttons, and other et ceteras equally valuable in her estimation.

Mrs. Howland, who had been spinning some yarn, took it upstairs to double it, and Sarah had very soon scattered her playthings about the room.

"Sarah," said Frank, in a pleasant tone, "run and pick up your playthings. Mother does not like to have them littered about, you know. Don't you remember she laid them all up one morning because you did not keep them together? Hurry, hurry!"

Sarah quickly gathered them all up.

"How different Sarah is from Susan!" said George; "she will not mind us."

"Sarah does not mind us, but when mother is away we try to get her to do what mother likes. Mother says she learns of us older ones, and we ought to teach her to do what is right."

"I am hungry," said Sarah.

"Never mind," said her brother, "mother will soon be down."

"I want something now," said she.

Frank went to the pantry and brought her a piece of crust.

"I don't want that; I want pie," said she pouting.

"Oh, never mind," said Frank: "I did not see anything but this on the lower shelf; let me taste it. Oh, what a nice crust! You can call it cracker, and give some to your baby."

Frank returned to his play, and under the name of cracker the crust very soon disappeared.

Just before sunset Mrs. Howland reminded her son that it was time to set about his evening work. He arose immediately, gave his sister the rude chairs George and he had constructed, put away the tools they had been using, gathered up their litter, shouldered the plank, and restored everything to its proper place. He then proceeded to bring in a quantity of wood, fed the pig and chickens, and then told George his work was done.

"Do you have all this to do every night?" asked George.

"Always. Mother says it's a good plan for boys to feel as if they had something to do, and take care of themselves; and besides, every little helps where there's a great deal to do. Frederic and Amos have to milk and fodder the cows, and chop wood, and light the fire; but mother says I am not big enough to do hard work yet."

"Well, how funny!" said George.

"Why, who does these things at your house?" said Frank.

"I don't know. I guess mother brings in the wood and lights the fire. We boys never get up till breakfast is ready. Mother says she does not want to have us in the way. But would your mother scold you if you didn't do all these things?"

"No, mother never scolds; but one night last autumn I forgot to bring in my wood, and went to bed. I had just got into a nice snooze when I heard mother call me. I felt very sleepy, but thought it was morning. I dressed myself, and went downstairs, when my mother handed me the chip-basket, and said, 'We have no wood.' You may be sure I never forgot this. Mother does not scold, and seldom whips us, but we must always obey her."

When George got home he found that his father and brothers had arrived before him. William had spent the afternoon with Jake, and they had ended their play with a fight, and he had his share of mud and bruises; but he said he was satisfied, as he had given Jake as good as he sent. His mother chid him for being quarrelsome, but did not explain to him his sinfulness, and of course made no impression on his mind.

Several years after this Mrs. Sever was passing a social evening with Mrs. Howland. They had been companions in childhood, and though their characters were dissimilar, they were still on terms of intimacy. They talked of their early days; both were animated, es-

pecially Mrs. Sever, who, suddenly recollecting herself, sighed deeply, and said,—

"I was happy then; but I did not know it. How little did I then look forward to such a life of toil and care! I shall have to sit up till midnight to-night to make up for coming here; but I would come," and she exercised her knitting-needles with redoubled energy.

"You must look on the bright side, Emmeline," said Mrs. Howland. "You've a great deal to enjoy now, I think. You must do less yourself, and get your children to assist you. But how the time passes! I must put on the tea-kettle," and she took a pail and was hastening to the well.

"Mother," said Frederic, "I'm coming," and added playfully, as he took the pail out of her hand, "I think you are rather out of your place, mother. Can I do anything else for you?" said he, as he laid down a large armful of wood.

"No thank you, dear," said his mother, and Frederic went whistling away.

"Dear, what good boys you have got!" said Mrs. Sever. "My boys would sooner sit still and see me go and draw the water, and then have to be asked to move their feet aside when I bring in the tea-kettle."

And this was true; they had never been taught to relieve their mother, but, as a matter of course, supposed that she must always wait on them.

Time rolled on, and Mrs. Sever sank into an early grave. She had been an affectionate mother, and the children wept over her remains in silent grief; but it did not occur to them that they were in great measure the means of her early departure.

Mrs. Howland had as much love for her children as Mrs. Sever for hers, and possessed as much of the mother's yearning and self-sacrificing spirit, but she reasoned from cause to effect. She early taught her children habits of industry and self-denial, and never allowed them to seek their own pleasure, regardless of others. She also remembered the divine injunction—"Ye parents, provoke not your children to wrath;" and, without scolding, exercised over them a mild and perfect control, and in return they loved and honored her. The evening of her life was passed in eternity, and her children and her children's children arose and called her blessed.—S. B. M. in *Mother's Friend*.

KITTY'S FORTY.

It doesn't do men any good to live apart from women and children. I never knew a boys' school in which there was not a tendency to rowdiness; and lumbermen, sailors, fishermen, and other men who live only with men, are proverbially a half-bear sort of people. Frontiersmen soften down when women and children come—but I forget myself, it is the story you want.

Burton and Jones lived in a shanty by themselves. Jones was a married man, but finding it hard to support his wife in a down-east village, he had emigrated to northern Minnesota, leaving his wife under her father's roof until he should be able to "make a start." He and Burton had gone into partnership and had "pre-empted" a town of three hundred and fifty acres.

There were perhaps twenty families scattered sparsely over this town site at the time this story begins and ends, for it ends in the same week in which it begins.

The partners disagreed, quarrelled, and divided their interests. The land was all shared between them except one valuable forty-acre piece. Each of them had claimed that piece of land, and the quarrel had grown so high that the neighbors expected them to shoot at sight. In fact, it was understood that Burton was on the forty-acre place, determined to shoot Jones if he came, and Jones had sworn to go out there and shoot Burton, when the fight was postponed by the unexpected arrival of Jones' wife and child.

Jones' shanty was not finished, and he was forced to forego the luxury of fighting his old partner, in his exertions to make wife and baby comfortable for the night; for the winter sun was surrounded by "sun dogs." Instead of one sun there were four—an occurrence not uncommon in this latitude, but one which always bodes a terrible storm.

In his endeavor to care for wife and child, Jones was mollified a little, and half regretted that he had been so violent about the piece of land. But he was determined not to be backed down, and would certainly have to shoot Burton or be shot himself.

When he thought of the chance of being killed by his old partner, the prospect was not pleasant. He looked wistfully at Kitty, his two-year-old child, and dreaded that she should be left fatherless, but he would not be backed down. He would shoot or be shot.

While the father was busy cutting wood, and the mother was busy otherwise, little Kitty managed to get the shanty door open. There was no latch as yet, and the prying little fingers easily swung it back. A gust of cold wind almost took her breath away,

but she caught sight of the brown grass with-out, and the new world seemed so big that the little feet were fain to try and explore.

She pushed out through the door, caught her breath again, and started away down a path bordered by sere grass and the dead stalks of the wild flowers.

How often had she longed to escape from the restraint, and paddle out in the world alone! So out into the world she went, rejoicing in her liberty, in the blue sky above, and the rusty prairie beneath. She would find out where the path went, and what was at the end of the world! What did she care if her nose was blue with cold and her chubby hands red as beets? Now and then she paused to turn her head away from the rude blast, a forerunner of the storm; but, having gasped a moment, she quickly renewed her brave march in search of the great unknown.

The mother missed her, but supposed that Jones, who could not get enough of the child's society, had taken the pet out with him.

Jones, poor fellow, sure that the child was safe within, chopped away until that awful storm broke upon him, and at last drove him half smothered by snow and frozen with cold, into the house. When there was nothing left but retreat, he had seized an armful of wood and carried it into the house with him, to make sure of having enough to keep his wife and Kitty from freezing in the coming swift-ness of the night, which now settled down upon the storm-beaten and snow-blinded world.

It was the beginning of that horrible storm in which so many people were frozen to death, and Jones had fled none too soon.

When once the wood was packed by the stove, Jones looked around for Kitty. He had no more than enquired for her when father and mother each read in the other's face the fact that she was lost in the wild, dashing storm of snow.

So fast did the snow fall, and so dark was the night that Jones could not see three feet ahead of him. He endeavored to follow the path which he thought Kitty might have taken, but it was buried in snow-drifts, and he soon lost himself.

He stumbled through the drifts, calling out to Kitty in his distress, but not knowing whither he went. After an hour of despairing, wandering and shouting, he came upon a house, and having rapped upon the door he found himself face to face with his wife.

He had returned to his own house in his bewilderment.

When we remember that Jones had not slept for two nights preceding this one, on account of his mortal quarrel with Burton, and had now been beating an arctic hurricane, and trampling through treacherous billows of snow for an hour, we cannot wonder that he fell over his own threshold in a state of extreme exhaustion.

Happy for him that he did not fall bewildered on the prairie, as many another poor wayfarer did on that fatal night.

As it was, his wife must needs give up in vain little searches she had been making in the neighborhood of the shanty. She had now a sick husband, with frozen hands and feet and face, to care for. Every minute the thermometer fell lower and lower, and all the heat the little coker stove in Jones's shanty could give would hardly keep them from freezing.

Burton had stayed upon that forty-acre lot all day, waiting for a chance to shoot his old partner, Jones. He had not heard of the arrival of Jones' wife, and so he had concluded that his enemy had proved a coward and left him in possession, or else that he meant to play him some treacherous trick on his way home.

So Burton resolved to keep a sharp lookout. But he soon found that impossible, for the storm was upon him in all its blinding fury. He tried to follow the path, but he could not find it.

Had he been less of a frontiersman he must have perished there, within a furlong of his own house. But endeavoring to keep the direction of the path, he heard a smothered cry, and saw something rise up, covered with snow, and then fall down again. He raised his gun to shoot it, when the creature uttered another wailing cry, so human that he put down his gun and went cautiously forward.

It was a child!

He did not remember that there was such a child among all the settlers at Newton. He must, without delay, get himself and the child to a place of safety, or both would be frozen.

So he took the little thing in his arms and started through the drifts. And the child put its little icy fingers on Burton's rough cheek, and muttered "Papa!" And Burton held her closer and fought the snow more courageously than ever.

He found the shanty at last, and rolled the child, in a buffalo robe while he made a fire. Then, when he got the room a little warm, he took the little thing upon his knee, dipped her aching fingers in cold water, and asked her what her name was.

"Kitty," said she.

"Kitty," he said "and what else?"

"Kitty," she answered, nor could he find out any more.

"Whose Kitty are you?"

"Oose Kitty," she said. For she had known her father but that one day, and now she believed that Burton was he.

Burton sat up all night and stuffed wood into the important little stove to keep the baby from freezing to death. Never having had anything to do with children he firmly believed that Kitty, sleeping snugly under blankets and buffalo robes, would freeze if he should let the fire subside in the least.

As the storm prevailed with unabated fury the next day, and as he dared neither take Kitty out nor leave her alone, he stayed by her all day, and stuffed the stove with wood, and laughed at the droll baby talk, and fed her on biscuit, fried bacon and coffee.

On the morning of the second day, the storm had subsided. It was forty degrees cold, but knowing somebody must be mourning Kitty for dead, he wrapped her up in skins, and with much difficulty reached the nearest neighbor's house, suffering only by a frost-bite on the way.

"That child," said the women to whose house he had gone, "is Jones's; I saw them take her out in the wagon, day before yesterday."

Burton looked at Kitty a moment in perplexity. Then he rolled her up again and started out, "travelling like mad," the woman said, as she watched him.

When he reached Jones's she found Jones and his wife sitting in utter wretchedness by the fire. They were both sick from grief. Kitty they had given up for buried under some snow mound. They would find her when spring should come and melt the snow cover off.

When the exhausted Burton came in with his bundle of buffalo skins, they looked at him with amazement. But when he opened it and let out little Kitty, and said:

"Here, Jones, is this your kitten?" Mrs. Jones couldn't think of anything better than to scream.

And Jones got up and took his old partner's hand and said: "Burton, old fellow!" and then choked up and sat down, and cried helplessly.

And Burton said: "Jones, old fellow, you may have the forty-acre patch. It came mighty nigh makin' me the murderer of Kitty's father."

"No! you shall take it yourself," cried Jones, "if I have to go to law to make you."

And Jones actually deeded his interest in the forty acres to Burton. But Burton transferred it all to Kitty.

This is why this part of Newton is called "Kitty's Forty."—*Morning Star*.

READING FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

"I had the curiosity the other day in the cars to look over the shoulder of a young person at his book, and would you believe it? It was 'Ivanhoe.'" We quote *verbatim* this remark of a traveller. The point which impresses us is not the fact itself, but that it had become a fact worthy of notice, and even of some astonishment. We couple it with another saying by a professor in one of the leading American colleges, "that it was not worth while in class to make an allusion to any of the Waverley Novels, for not half the young men would know what one was talking about." Of course we do not mean our readers to understand that familiarity with Sir Walter Scott's works is part of the "whole duty of man," nor that there are no other writings worthy of the perusal of ingenuous youth.

The point is, that since light and fictitious literature is sure to be in the hands of the young, it is of some moment to find thoroughly healthy, and in many respects instructive books, the literary excellence of which is unquestionable—superseded. We do not deny that our young friends might find something better to read than even the Waverley Novels. They might find more accurate studies of history, deeper views concerning human life, works more practically useful, to say nothing of studies which look to a world beyond this present and transitory one. Our thought is not of what they might do, but of what they are doing. We ask in some anxiety, What has taken the place of these, and why the change? It is, and there is no use in disguising the matter, a change not for the better. We are aware that the best writers of the new fictions are in many respects abler artists than "the great Magician" whom our fathers delighted to honor. But there is one vast difference between that day and this, which is, that the best and purest of the present day are dealing, not with external facts of life upon a basis of assured principles, but upon merbid and interior anatomy of thoughts and feelings by which all principles are brought into question and subjected to trial.

It is in this way that a modern novel may be perfectly pure and refined in tone, and yet very pernicious. It may be true to human nature, and yet a very false beacon and guide to youth. We hold the writings which we have made, as it were, our text were eminent-

ly healthy, because they all assume an ideal of human life based upon virtue. The ideal might not be a perfect one. It did not in many respects rise above the conventional righteousness. But it did assert, and that very heartily, its own standard of truth, courage, honesty, and unselfishness. It had a place for the heroic in man, and the gentle and lovely in woman. It had a *Credo* from which was no appeal. Now-a-days all this is tentative, speculative; the reader is asked to form his or her own judgment of certain phases of character.

While this may be very entertaining and perhaps not at all damaging to old and experienced critics, it is a bad sign, we contend, when the young no longer take delight in the outward portraiture of adventure and conduct such as Scott and his school furnish.

We say it is a bad sign, because it shows that either the young desire the fiercer stimulant of unnatural and overwrought description, of works which hover on the verge of criminality, and are luscious with silly sentiment, or else that they have fallen to the lower level of tales which are devoid of literary merit, and are as poor as the gossip of a third rate tea-table.

And what we have to say in conclusion is just this: We do not ask for the young to be taught to love such writers as Sir Walter Scott—we are not mistaking a means for an end, a symptom for its cause—but we do ask that they should be taught to love such things, religious earnestness, household obedience, reverence, modesty, honor, and truthfulness, for instance, as that loving these they would naturally find themselves at home and happy in a very different kind of literature from that which we fear makes up the staple of their present reading. A boy who finds the Waverley Novels "stupid" will be but too sure to find some other novels, whose very names we do not care to sully our pen with writing, absorbingly attractive.—*Churchman*.

JOHN AND THE POSTAGE-STAMP.

John was a boy who "lived out." Every week he wrote home to his mother, who lives on a small rocky farm among the hills. One day John picked an old envelope from the kitchen wood-box, and saw that the postage-stamp on it was not touched by the postmaster's stamp, to show that it had done its duty, and was henceforth useless. "The postmaster missed his aim then," said John, "and left the stamp as good as new. I'll use it myself."

He moistened it at the nose of the teakettle and carefully pulled the stamp off.

"No," said conscience; "for that would be cheating. The stamp has been on one letter; it ought not to carry another."

"It can carry another," said John, "because, you see, there is no mark to prove it worthless. The post-office will not know."

"But you know," said conscience, "and that is enough. It is not honest to use it a second time. It is a little matter to be sure, but it is cheating. God looks for principle. It is the quality of every action which He judges by."

"But no one will know it," said John, faintly.

"No one!" cried conscience. "God will know it; that is enough; and He, you know, desires truth in the inward parts."

"Yes," cried all the best part of John's character; "yes, it is cheating to use the postage stamp the second time, and I will not do it."

John tore it in two, and gave it to the winds. The boy won a glorious victory. I hope he will grow up and be a good man and a follower of the Lord Jesus.

SELECTIONS.

—A favorite motto of Mr. Caughey, the revivalist, was: "Knee work! Knee work!" and he used often to say: "Go to all the men who have brought blessings upon the world, and you will find that they have done their work largely on their knees. It is not us who do the work, but God working in us, with us, and through us." So Spurgeon says: "If, my brethren, you want to break human hearts, learn from the old stone-breaker on the road, who, when he would break hard flint, kneels down to do it."

—Most parents think that they do their duty by being the moral or immoral policemen of their children. They watch them. They hunt out their misdemeanors. They detect them in wrong doing and punish them. Their children do not expect to be loved for their sins and follies. Hence they conceal them. They prevaricate. They hide. They dissemble. Their inner life is never revealed. They become a living lie. They are taken at their worst. And whose fault is it? Now if any one needs pity and love, it is the sinner. And particularly is it the sinning boy or girl. If any one needs the arms of love thrown about him, and the kiss of tenderness and the mother-heart and father-heart as a refuge, it

is the early sinner, And these hearts, like Cities of Refuge, should always be open to receive them.

—I utterly repudiate the worldly maxim of "Duty first and pleasure afterward." That is a poor school which does not teach, or a poor scholar who has not learned, how pleasure is a duty, and duty a pleasure. And so the words are one. For what is duty? Simply what is due; and duty done is a debt paid—received, cancelled and released. We are too apt in the overflow of life which belongs especially to youth, but lasts, thank God, sometimes into gray hairs—we are too apt to treat it in another way; too apt to dwell upon its hardness, its severe demands, its restrictions of liberty. Learn to look on it, dear children, in the truer light. It is undone duty that is hard; just as a debt owed and paid has in it a thought of pleasure and relief, of freedom from a haunting shadow which bears down stout hearts with its anxious load. And in its highest reach, your duty is a debt of honor, of gratitude, of love; whose payment is a pleasure in the act of paying, no less than in the sense of its discharge.—*W. C. Doane, D.D.*

CONFIDING IN GOD.—When a man maketh his complaint and openeth his need and grief unto his special friend, he feeleth a certain ease afterwards; so that his pain and grief, by the rehearsing thereof, is somewhat relieved, remedied, and taken away. Much more comfort and ease shall we receive by telling and opening our grief and complaint unto God. For man is soon weary and irk of our complaining; but if we should spend the whole day in praying, crying and complaining unto God, He would love, comfort, and strengthen us the more.—*Coverdale*.

USE OF THE REFERENCES.—The importance of properly instructing younger scholars in the use of a reference Bible is often overlooked. A teacher in Utica, N. Y., states in a recent letter to us, that a young person who had been for six or seven years in the Sunday-school and for the same period a member of the church, did not know how to use the marginal references in her Bible, and often wondered what they meant. This teacher very properly suggests that Sunday-school classes composed of young persons be carefully drilled into the correct and ready use of the references so that they may avail themselves of this valuable, and we might say, indispensable Method of studying a Bible lesson.—*S. S. World*.

EARLY CONVERSION.—"Do you know, I confess to you parents to a very guilty mis-giving as to early conversion, under which long labored. A great change has occurred in my convictions on that point during the last twelve months. I am persuaded that the little children may become ardent lovers of the Saviour at a far earlier age than we have been accustomed to think. A child can know and trust the love of Jesus as soon as it can trust its mother's love. The gate is not so strait for them. I have sometimes noticed, when we were on our Sabbath-school excursions in the country, that when we came to a paling, the teachers had to make a great leap to get over, while the little ones were through between the bars, and away far before us. Jesus suits the wants of those little ones who believe in Him." "Do not treat early piety with suspicion. Do not think it a youthful fancy that will soon die away. It is a very tender bud; do not brush it hard."—*Address by Rev. Mr. Robinson*.

SCHOOL.

We bought him a box for his books and things,
And a cricket-bag for his bat;
And he looked the brightest and best of kings,
Under his new straw hat.

We handed him into the railway train,
With a troop of his young compeers,
And we made as though it were dust and rain,
Were filling our eyes with tears.

We looked in his innocent face to see
The sign of a sorrowful heart;
But he only shouldered his bat with glee,
And wondered when they would start!

'Twas not that he loved not as heretofore
For the boy was tender and kind;
But his was a world that was all before,
And ours was a world behind!

'Twas not that his fluttering heart was cold,
For the child was loyal and true;
But the parents, love, the love that is old,
And the children the love that is new,

And we came to know that love is a flower
Which only groweth down;
And we scarcely spoke for the space of an hour,
As we drove back through the town!
—*Episcopalian*.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

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

LESSON XII.

THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE. [A. D. 30.]

READ JOHN xi. 34-44.—COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 43-44.

DAILY READINGS.—M.—John xi. 34-44. T.—Luke xx. 27-38. W.—Dan. xii. 2-13. Th.—Acts xxiii. 6-10; xxiv. 14-21. F.—1 Thess. iv. 13-18. Sa.—1 Cor. xv. 3-23. S.—Rev. xx. 1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.—I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death.—Hos. xiii. 14.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Jesus has swallowed up death in victory.

To THE SCHOLAR.—Read the first 50 verses of this chapter, and notice the delay of the Lord after hearing that Lazarus was sick, and the reason he gives for it in verse 15. Then study this lesson, which shows the tender sympathy and the infinite power of Jesus.

HISTORICAL NOTES.—Cave tomb. The door to the "Tomb of the Kings" is described as a large round stone like a millstone. The tombs were usually hewn out of the rock, or were often in the caves of some rock. Inside of these, niches and shelves were out into the rock upon a level with the entrance, and the dead bodies slid in upon these horizontal rocky shelves—not let down into a grave as with us.

EXPLANATION.—(34.) Where ... laid him! implying that he wished to visit the grave; come and see, Jesus with us in deepest sorrow! (35.) Jesus went, the Son of God in tears; how great must be his sympathy for us! (36.) how he loved him! even the Jews are surprised. (37.) some said, probably the unbelieving Jews; opened the eyes (see Lesson X.); the blind, or "the blind man" (John ix. 10). (38.) it was a cave (see Notes); stone lay upon it, or "against it." (39.) take ye, man to do all he can, then God begins; been four days, Martha's faith failed. (40.) If thou wouldst believe, faith needful to behold the works of God (see Mark ix. 23). (42.) thou hearest me always, said because of those standing by, Alford. (43.) Lazarus, come forth, wonderful life-giving words! (44.) dead came forth, what astonishment on all faces then! bound ... grave-clothes, bound with a "sort of band of rush or tow used to bind up the dead," Alford; loose him, in their astonishment probably the friends did not aid him until this command was given.

TOPICS AND QUESTIONS.

- (I.) JESUS WITH THE SORROWING. (II.) JESUS IN PRAYER. (III.) JESUS RAISING THE DEAD. I. Where did Mary and Martha live? To whom did they send when their brother fell sick? v. 3. How did they speak of their brother in their message to Jesus? v. 3. Where was Jesus at that time? (See John x. 40.) How long did he remain there after hearing this? v. 6. Relate what he then said to his disciples. Which of the sisters went out to meet Jesus? What did she say to Jesus? v. 21. What did Mary also say to Jesus? v. 32. What proofs did Jesus give of his deep sympathy for these sorrowing sisters? vs. 34, 35. II. To whom did Jesus pray? Repeat the words of his prayer. III. What did he ask the friends of Lazarus to remove? v. 38. What objection was made? How did Jesus answer it? After his prayer, to whom did Jesus speak? In what manner? (What followed?) What was the effect upon many who were there? v. 45.



Rolling away the Stone.

LESSON XIII.

REVIEW.—CHRIST REJECTED.

READ JOHN xi. 47-53.—COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 47, 48.

DAILY READINGS.—M.—John xi. 47-52. T.—Ps. ii. 1-12. W.—Luke xxiv. 13-27. Th.—John v. 1-18; vi. 47-58. F.—Isa. xlix. 6-23. Sa.—John vii. 30-53. S.—John ix. 1-35.

GOLDEN TEXT.—He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.—Isa. liii. 3.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Christ came unto his own, and his own received him not.

To THE SCHOLAR.—The value of this review will depend upon the care and accuracy with which the important facts and teachings of the last twelve lessons are recalled. The plans and questions below should be thoroughly studied during the week. The last twelve lessons may be reviewed under two divisions: (I.) Jesus beginning his

work: (II.) Jesus giving heavenly blessings. After recalling the golden texts, the following outline will aid in a review of the titles, central truths, practical thoughts, facts, and teachings of the lesson.

Table with columns: TITLES, CENTRAL TRUTHS. Rows include: 1 W. M. F. Jesus is the revealer of the Father. 2 F. L. Jesus is leader and commander of the people. 3 J. M. Jesus is Lord of all. 4 N. B. Nothing entereth into heaven that defileth. 5 W. L. The gift of God is eternal life. 6 J. B. It is the Lord that healeth. 7 B. L. Jesus the living bread for perishing souls. 8 J. C. Jesus was anointed with the Holy Ghost and with power. 9 F. T. True liberty is from the Son. 10 L. W. Jesus is the true light. 11 G. S. The Lord is our shepherd. 12 R. L. Jesus has swallowed up death in victory. (Christ came unto his own, and his own received him not.)

Table with columns: No. Les., PRACTICAL THOUGHTS, JESUS. Rows include: 1 Jesus the Word. Our Life, John i. 4. 2 Jesus the Lamb of God. Our Sacrifice, Rev. vii. 14. 3 Jesus at the marriage. Our Joy, John xvii. 13. 4 Jesus teaching a teacher. Our Teacher, Isa. li. 13. 5 Water for the thirsty soul. Our Fountain, Jer. ii. 13. 6 Help for the helpless soul. Our Physician, Jer. viii. 22. 7 Bread for the hungry soul. Our Bread, John vi. 48. 8 Wisdom for the ignorant soul. Our Counsellor, Isa. ix. 6. 9 Freedom for the enslaved soul. Our Liberator, Gal. v. 1. 10 Light for the darkened soul. Our Light, John ix. 5. 11 Guidance for the faithful soul. Our Shepherd, John x. 11. 12 Resurrection for the believing soul. Our Resurrection, John xi. 25.

TOPICS AND QUESTIONS.

- I. In which of these lessons are the following PERSONS named: Peter, John, Phillip, Andrew, Nathanael, Moses, Nicodemus, Jacob, David, Abraham, Martha, Lazarus? II. In which of these lessons are the following PLACES mentioned: Siloam, Bethelchem, Galilee, Sychar, Samaria, Cana, Nazareth, Bethsaida, Wilderness? III. Which of these lessons teach us: That Jesus is the Maker of all things? That Jesus has the water of life? That Jesus is the light of the world? To look to Jesus for help in sickness? To hear his voice as our guide? That Jesus is interested in our family joys? That Jesus only can feed the soul? That Jesus has power over death? The need of a new birth? How we may be free indeed? Which of the lessons speak of Jesus: As the true light? The Lamb of God? As weeping? As showing his glory? As the door? The Son of Man? The light of the world? As weary? As sent of the Father? As healing on the Sabbath day? As the Christ? As the bread of life?

\$100 IN PRIZES.

All who are competing for these prizes should state with each remittance that it is in competition for the prize, as we have no other way of keeping track of what each one sends. We repeat the prize list as follows:— To the boy or girl who sends us before the first of October the money for the largest number of subscribers.. \$25.00 To the second largest..... 15.00 To the third largest..... 10.00 To the fourth largest a work-box or writing-desk, furnished, worth.. 8.00 To the next ten on the list a work-box or writing desk, varying in value from \$7 to \$2..... 32.00 To the next ten a book each, worth \$1 10.00 \$100.00

As, however, all are benefited by the reduced rates, all will, we hope, do something. If each reader would send us one new one before first October, we should have fifty instead of thirty thousand.

PROGRESS OF THE "MESSENGER."

Our readers are growing more and more interested in the increase of the MESSENGER subscription list. The following figures show six months' growth:—

Table with columns: Month, Subscribers. Rows: April 1st..... 18,200; May..... 19,300; June..... 20,500; July..... 22,800; Aug..... 23,900; Sept..... 25,000

The month of September should show a larger improvement than any, as it will be the great month for the competition for the \$100 of prizes. It will require the utmost vigor, however, to reach by that time the 30,000 we have been aiming at.

THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

EXTRACTS FROM CHILDREN'S LETTERS.

DALESVILLE, July. Dear Mr. Editor,—I will be twelve years old on the 28th of October next. I am going to write about the crocodile. The crocodile is one of the largest animals in existence. The male is from 25 to 35 feet long. When its mouth is open, a man can stand upright between its jaws. The crocodile is a very ferocious animal, very swift in its motions, and very strong. The crocodile is produced from eggs which the old one lays in the sand on the bank of a river, and is hatched by the heat of the sun. The eggs are about the size of goose eggs, which are often destroyed by different animals. Please put this in your WITNESS. Yours truly, JOHN SEALES.

LAKE MEGANTIC, Aug. 4th, 1875. Dear Editor,—I hope you will give room in your paper for my small letter. I have sent a letter before to the WITNESS, and I never saw it in your paper, and I hope that I will see this one in it. We have nice weather here at present, but yesterday it was raining all day. The crops here are splendid this year, better than they were for two or three years. I have no more to say at present. D. F. McDONALD.

EFFINGHAM, June 10th, 1875. Mr. Editor, Dear Sir,—I thought I would write you a little letter, and I hope you will allow it room in your paper, which I think is the best that comes to this post-office. And as I see the little girls are all sending receipts I guess I will send you one of a very nice tea cake made without eggs. One cup of sugar, one cup sour milk, one teaspoonful soda and the size of a walnut of butter. Yours truly, AGNES A. BECKETT.

CLINTON, July 28, 1875. SIR.—You will find enclosed a story, which, if it has no other recommendation, is at least a true one. I take your MESSENGER and I like it very well; that is the reason I wrote the story and sent it to you to publish if you think proper. I am now between 16 and 17 years of age, and learning the art of printing in this town. If you publish this and wish if I think I could write something more which might be readable. Wishing you and the MESSENGER success I remain yours, &c., AUGUST H. DRUMM. [We cannot make room for the story.—ED. WIT]

CONSECON, July 12th, 1875. Mr. Editor,—I am very happy to inform you that I am highly pleased with your paper the MESSENGER; this being the first year I have taken it. The reason why I like it is because it is a temperance paper, and I believe it is doing good, for the inhabitants of the village and surrounding country are getting woke up and daily the cause is getting stronger, and I verily believe, before twelve months elapse, that the liquor traffic will be brought to a close in this country of Prince Edward. With those few remarks I will close by wishing you every success that could attend you. Yours truly, ALFARITA BRECH.

MCDONALD'S CORNERS, P. O. Dalhousie, 17th Aug., 1875. Messrs. John Dougall & Son,—I enclose you \$2.00, say two dollars for subscriptions for MESSENGER as per enclosed list will claim credit for the 5c overpaid next remittance. I am competing for the prizes offered for the largest number of subscribers; I have nine others besides these, but have not got the 30c. each yet travelled fifty-five miles for sixteen subscriber. I am thirteen years old last July; I am four feet nine and a half inches, not very strong, but healthy; will give you a little of my experience in prize-taking at school. When eight years of age the best was regular attendance, no misconduct, the best progress no matter in what class. I was in the second class; a good many scholars were equal to me in the general branches, but I got no whipping in the six months' regular attendance; those who missed from fifteen days to one were to stand up; the number was getting fewer every time called; I was the only one that could stand up when all was called that did not miss a day in the six months. The teacher said "That looks champion like." I got the prize and got a great many presents from my friends for succeeding. Send me some blank subscription lists. Yours respectfully, AGNES MACLEAN.

Zion's Herald has some good ideas relative to women's work in connection with the churches. It says: Why may not a Christian church, by its women, visit as many irreligious homes each three months as there are female members of the church, and visit these homes to carry Jesus with them, and to tell in ears that have never heard the Gospel the joyful news of salvation. This seems like a little thing, and yet how few churches come up to this standard of faithfulness! It might be done, and it ought to be done, and it must be done before the churches in our large cities will make their presence felt as they ought amid the surging tides of sin that sweep with fury along. It will take more religion than is now enjoyed to undertake this work, and carry it to a successful issue. There will need to be a letting go of worldly pleasures and pursuits, less of dress and show, more of real, earnest living. Heaven and hell, and the cross of Calvary will form the theme of daily thought, and will serve as a constant inspiration; and there will be such an unselfish consecration of

all things upon the altar of God that all will know that the eternal and invisible things, unseen by mortal eyes, have been revealed to these earnest souls. Why may not the Church, why may not Christian women hear the call of Christ, and the pleadings of a perishing world, and resolve that the future shall witness such a personal proclamation of the gospel from house to house as has never been known? This is the only way to reach multitudes of the unsaved and uncared for; and if not reached with words of love and faith they will go down to the depths of hell, within sound of Sabbath bells and in sight of heavenward-pointing church-spires, and from the very presence of careless, ease-loving Christian professors. May God arouse the Church, and especially the women of the church, to the vastness of the needs of this crisis-hour in the history of evangelical service.

BREAKFAST.—EPP'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Each packet is labelled—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, 48 Threadneedle Street, and 170 Piccadilly, Works, Euston Road and Camden Town, London."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

THE ALTERED RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION

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

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

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

Table with columns: The new rates for the MESSENGER are: 1 copy.....\$ 0.30; 10 copies..... 2.50; 25 copies..... 6.00; 50 copies..... 11.50; 100 copies..... 22.00; 1,000 copies.....200.00

Surplus copies for distribution as tracts, 12 dozen for \$1.

The new rates for the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, on the other hand, are somewhat higher than before, as some improvements in get-up are to be introduced. They are as follows:

Table with columns: 1 copy.....\$1.50; 10 copies..... 12.00; 25 copies..... 25.00

The DOMINION will be clubbed with the WITNESS at \$1.25, instead of \$1, as heretofore.

The new rates come into force this day, but except in the case of subscriptions received after this date the postage will not be pre-paid by us until after October first, when the new law comes fully into force.

J. DOUGALL & SON, Publishers.

MONTREAL, May 1st, 1875.

The CANADIAN MESSENGER is printed and published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at Nos. 218 and 220 St. James street, by JOHN DOUGALL & SON, composed of John Dougall, of New York, and John Redpath Dougall and J. D. Dougall, of Montreal.