

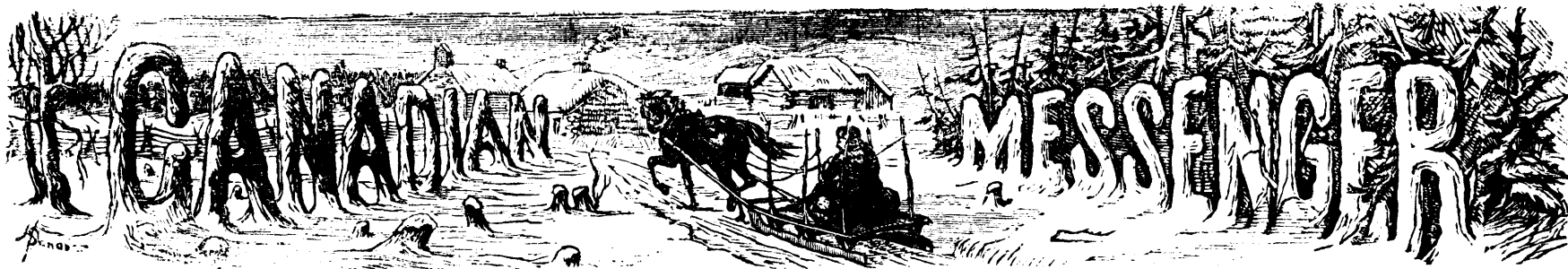
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Temperance Department.

NOT FIT TO BE KISSED.

BY ANNA LINDEN.

"What ails papa's mouf?" said a sweet little girl, Her bright laugh revealing her teeth white as pearl: "I love him, and kiss him, and sit on his knee, But the kisses don't smell good when he kisses me!

"But mamma"—her eyes opened wide as she spoke— "Do you like nasty kisses of 'bacco and smoke? They might do for boys, but for ladies and girls I don't think them nice," as she tossed her bright curls.

"Don't nobody's papa have moufs nice and clean? With kisses like yours, mamma, that's what I mean; I want to kiss papa, I love him so well, But kisses don't taste good that have such a smell!

"It's nasty to smoke, and eat 'bacco an' spit, And the kisses ain't good, and ain't sweet, not a bit!" And her blossom-like face wore a look of disgust, As she gave out her verdict so earnest and just.

Yes, yes, little darling! your wisdom has seen That kisses for daughters and wives should be clean; For kisses lose something of nectar and bliss, From mouths that are stained and unfit for a kiss.

THE FATAL LEGACY.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

"Well, I am out on the sea of life at last, alone, and with storms, tempests, and breakers ahead for all that I know! Launched by adversity and driven on by necessity!" And pretty, pale Martha Benedict sat down by the one window in her hall bedroom and looked out. "Three dollars without board; seven dollars with board! Reasonable! Not so bad an outlook either. A tenement-house opposite, to be sure; but one may learn so much from the very poor as to make one almost content with standing even a single round higher on the ladder."

"Your things has come, miss," broke in upon the reverie of Miss Benedict, as the door was pushed open and the irrepressible "Bridget" ushered in the expressman.

Martha paid him quietly, shut her door, hung up her mourning hat and mantle, and then looked about on her surroundings.

A white cot, a wash-stand, a bit of carpet, one chair, no mate to it (was this ominous of her future lonely lot? she wondered), two common prints on the wall, and a bracket in the corner holding a pot of geraniums. This, in the coming days, was to be her home for an indefinite time; this one room, for she was determined not to mix any more with the boarders than she could help.

Martha Benedict was twenty, slight and delicate in figure, with a beautiful Madonna face,



WILLIAM PEASE.



GEORGE STEPHENSON.

THE FIRST RAILWAY AND ITS PROJECTORS.

It is almost impossible for any one to believe that only a few weeks more than fifty years ago the first railway was opened. It was on September 27th, 1825. Now, but half a century after, Europe and North America is covered with a net work of railways; arteries carrying life and commerce to thousands of villages, towns and cities which otherwise might have been considered almost "out of the world" altogether.

This first railway was projected in 1817 by Mr. Edward Pease, and was to run from Darlington to Stockton in Durham County, England. The line was first intended to be simply a wooden tramway over which coal trucks and other vehicles were to be drawn by horses or stationary engines. George Stephenson was the engineer employed to construct the road. Who has not heard of him? First known as the son of "old Bob Stephenson," the engine-man at Wylam coal pit, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, with nothing to do; he was promoted to tend cows; next he became the leader of horses at the plough, and spent his odd moments in modelling clay engines. He rose step by step until he became an engineer, and made the first locomotive that received public confidence. He was the engineer and surveyor employed by Mr. Pease to construct this tramway. But Stephenson suggested that iron rails be substituted for wooden ones, and Mr. Pease consented; and, as Stephenson grew in his employer's confidence and esteem, he urged the adoption of a locomotive engine on the road, such as was working successfully at Killingworth colliery, and the suggestion was accepted. Although the tramway was projected in 1817, it was four years before the bill, which met with much opposition in Parliament, received the Royal assent, and

in four years after it had been completed. At the western extremity of the line there was a deep ravine which was overcome by two stationary engines, one at either side, but a few miles further on the locomotive was attached to the train, and the load of ninety tons was what in those days might have been called

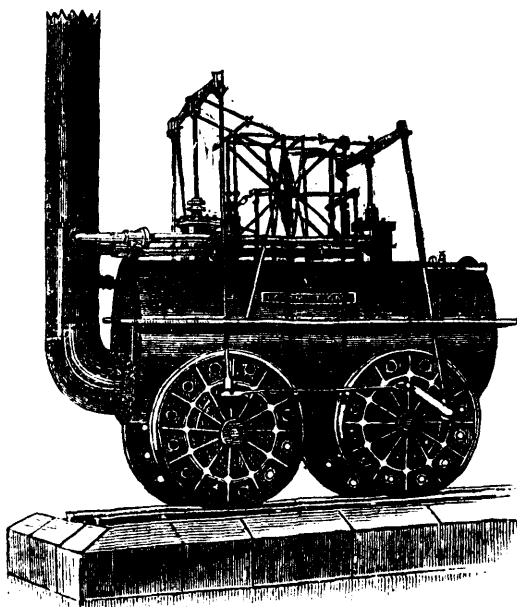
"whirled along" at the average speed of eight miles an hour, and even at one time the speed attained was fifteen miles an hour. This trial was witnessed by thousands of spectators who lined the road, and although it was no part of the programme that passengers should be carried nearly six hundred were willing to trust themselves on the train, and were taken from Darlington to Stockton and back.

Stephenson and Pease seem to have been made for each other, one to project and the other to accomplish; both possessed of indomitable energy and perseverance were determined to succeed. Mr. Smiles, the biographer of these men, recounts the following characteris-

tic conversation. On Pease once referring to the difficulties and opposition which the railway had to encounter, Stephenson said to him, "I think, sir, I have some knowledge of cranulogy, and, from what I see of your head, I feel sure that if you will fairly buckle to this railway you are the man to successfully carry it through." "I think so, too," rejoined Mr. Pease; "and I may observe to thee that if thou succeed in making this a good railway, thou may consider thy fortune as good as

made." It was a good railway and Stephenson's fortune was made, and on the fiftieth anniversary at Darlington, a few weeks ago, the old difficulties were recounted, their victories rejoiced in, and the labors of these two great and good men were held in due honor.

The introduction of railways led to many



other projects, the thoughts of which, a few years before, would have been considered the visions of an unsound brain; but the tunnels through mountains and under rivers, the canals and other immense engineering works of the present day, prove man's immense resources, while the projects of building tunnels under the sea, and the conversion of the Sahara Desert into an ocean, almost appear to throw previous "impossibilities" into the shade.

and small, white hands that moved restlessly one over the other, as if testing their strength to battle with the world. Her father, a wealthy merchant, had failed a year before, and, succumbing to his misfortunes, had died in a mad-house in six months after his failure. Her mother, delicate and slight like Martha, did not long survive him. The few hundred dollars that she had saved from the wreck of her husband's fortune she left to her child, with her blessing. Her watch, jewels, and a trunk containing a good wardrobe, together with her husband's mahogany case of private choice wines and liquors ("to be used in sickness and with discretion"), completed the effects bequeathed.

"How good of poor, dear mamma to be so thoughtful about the wine!" said Martha, as she opened the heavy lid of the mahogany case, and poured a draught of rosy liquid into the little silver cup that she had owned since she, a baby in long clothes, was christened. "They will have none here, and I have been used, at least, to a glass of wine at dinner."

Herbert Spencer was the only one among their large circle of fashionable acquaintances that had not turned his back on the Benedicts in the day of their great trouble. He had loved Martha since they went to school together, and now, though she was alone and penniless, his noble heart prompted him to at once make a declaration of his ardent and true love for her. Martha knew nothing of his determination, she not having seen him for months. So it was with surprise that she, one pleasant June morning, received an offer of marriage from him.

"He will change his mind," said she, "when he finds me in a common New York boarding-house. They are all alike, these rich people—sensitive to a fault about vulgar associations, until they are driven to them by compulsion, as I have been."

Martha was mistaken. Herbert came to see her, and cared nothing for her surroundings. He brought his heart in his hand.

"Darling," said he, "marry me now, if you love me. Delays are dangerous. Something might happen to prevent our union."

"No, Herbert," said Martha; "although I love you, I will not consent to our marriage until you have the full consent of your parents. Desist in your visits to me for a year. If you keep true, they may finally consent, and that would make us both happier, Herbert. Fear nothing; I will be true to you."

Herbert left her with a heavy heart. A terrible fear possessed him. Somebody or something, he felt, would separate them. His fears took no tangible shape or forms, and he did not for a moment doubt her love.

"Oh! would she had given me the right to cherish and protect her, to keep her from all harm," cried he distractedly, as he looked out of the window of the car that was whirling him far away from the only woman he had ever loved.

His native town once reached, Herbert dashed into business with a zeal that astonished his father, in whose employ he was. In the year of servitude that Martha had imposed upon him, the year of irksome waiting, he meant to accomplish a great deal; and above all, gain the good-will of his parents—a stern father, and a fashionable, frivolous mother. By the will of his grandfather, in his favor (he being his only grandson), Herbert was in reality independent of them.

Let us now go back to Martha, seated in her little bedroom, six months after her first introduction to the reader. She is changed in appearance, but how? She has gained in plumpness and color, but there is a heaviness about her eyes and lassitude in her step. Some potent charm has flown. What is it? Delicacy. The mahogany case is empty. "It must be replenished," says habit. "On the peril of a soul," says conscience. Habit prevailed. What a confession! But, alas! it is a true one. Better would it have been for proud Martha Benedict had she "mixed with the boarders"; had she taken more interest in plain wife Jones, the sallow seamstress, and the widow Norton, whose "tongue ran from morning till night"; or even old Mr. Brown, who had invited her to a lecture, and because she refused to go, shed tears the next day in his breakfast plate. Anything, anything, to have separated her from herself.

Shut up in her room, with a little embroidery or painting; morbidly self-conscious, dwelling on her troubles and loneliness; how she could get her livelihood (for her money was well-nigh gone) until she was married, if she ever was; imagining herself ill enough to increase her glass of wine a day to two; after that, as the weeks wore on, and the long summer days grew intolerable, to three, four and—five.

By and by the wine gave out. "What shall I do?" sighed the doomed girl, "I must take something for a tonic; my appetite is good for nothing of late, just as poor papa used to be, and, like him, I shall have to take a little brandy and water." A sad determination in connection with a beautiful maiden!

Thus things went on, until, as we said before, the mahogany case was empty; ay, empty more than once, and more than once replenished, through the aid of the washer-woman's son, who was Martha's errand-boy.

After a while Martha would absent herself whole days from her meals, sleeping away the golden minutes in a stupor sad to contemplate; for the landlady, often finding her door unlocked, looked in upon her, as did also some of the more curious boarders, commenting on the change in the still beautiful girl, who was such a slave to appetite. The truth was now apparent to all. Her breath revealed it. Her unsteady step told the tale that awoke only pity in every breast.

The year of Herbert's probation was nearly over. In one week he would go to New York to claim his bride. He had gained the consent of his parents and had written to Martha to that effect.

"There is a young gentleman to see Miss Benedict, marm."

"Well, go up and tell her, Bridget."

"I have been up, but I can't get in. She hasn't ate a bit or sup to-day, and I think she must be putty bad, marm."

"Is Miss Benedict sick?" cried Herbert excitedly, as his ear caught the servant's words.

"Yes," said the kind-hearted landlady, willing to veil the poor girl's real state; "sick and very poor. I hope you are some relative who has come to take her home."

"Yes," said Herbert, the love-light shining in his eyes at the thought of sheltering his sorrowing darling. "I have come to take her home."

In vain they knocked at Martha's door. Silence reigned within. At this moment Bridget spied something white under the door. It proved to be a letter addressed to Herbert Spencer. Herbert tore it open, fearing the worst. It ran thus:

"Dear Herbert,—Under the light of the calm summer moon I go to my last rest. When you read this, the waves will have closed over me forever. I love you still, but I am not the same girl you left. I am a drunkard. Pray for my soul.

"MARTHA."

How Herbert Spencer got home he never knew; but long, long weeks after, when he arose from a bed of sickness, his head was as white as snow.—*Temperance Advocate.*

#### THE PHYSIOLOGICAL INFLUENCE OF ALCOHOL.

The last number of the *Edinburgh Review* contains an able and valuable contribution to the current discussion of the scientific aspect of the alcoholic question, from which we quote the following in relation to the effect of alcohol upon the temperature of the human body:

"Does the augmented rapidity of the flow of the blood brought about by the action of alcohol carry with it the same increased warmth of the body that quickened circulation from muscular exercise does? It is the popular impression that the warmth of the living body is promoted by the use of wine or spirituous drink, and this impression is very naturally and reasonably suggested by the feeling of glow which follows almost directly upon the use of such beverages. The general impression is also strengthened by the well-known fact that the self-same spirit does burn out of the body when it is set on fire, with the production of a very considerable amount of heat. The verdict of many physiologists who have submitted this question to the test of elaborate and carefully-executed experiments is, however, not in accordance with the popular impression. It is found by them that the living body, as a whole, is actually made colder by the influence of the spirit, and that the degree of its coldness is in the ratio of the amount of the spirit that has been used. The degree of cooling is inappreciable, and perhaps may be even questioned, in the case of really moderate employment of spirit; but it is unquestionable when the spirit is used in large quantity. The natural combustion of the body then appears to be lowered, instead of being raised, by its presence; and it may be so lowered under the circumstance of an overpowering quantity of spirit as to have the vitality of its organs destroyed by the severity of the cold. In some remarkable investigations made by Dr. Richardson, two animals were placed in a small chamber kept ten degrees colder than freezing water, one animal being in a natural sleep and the other being in a sleep induced by the narcotic influence of alcohol. The animals were withdrawn from the cold after a considerable length of exposure, and the one which had been under the influence of the spirit died, whilst the other recovered without suffering any harm. Dr. Richardson holds that the insensibility of apoplexy may be at once distinguished from the insensibility of drunkenness by the temperature of the body. Its heat is lowered from the natural standard in

the sleep of drunkenness, but raised above that standard in the coma of apoplexy.

"These conclusions as to the chilling of the body by spirituous drink are remarkably confirmed by another form of evidence. When spirit is burnt as a flame with the production of a large amount of heat, streams of carbonic acid gas, generated by the union of the carbon of the burning alcohol with the oxygen of the air, are poured forth from the flame. This is the same kind of carbonic acid which is poured forth from the lungs in the process of breathing, and which is a production of the slow combustion of the carbonaceous substance of the body. Now, Dr. Edward Smith proved by some careful experiments which he instituted, that when spirituous drinks are used, the carbonic acid gas exhaled from the lungs is less than the ordinary amount, instead of being more. The alcohol appears to take to itself some of the oxygen which ought to be employed in the natural combustion and in the natural support of the warmth of the body, and to apply it in some quite different way which does not generate carbonic acid. Persons who have been actually intoxicated by alcohol to the extent of losing all consciousness and self-control, remain cold even for days, before the natural standard of temperature is restored. It will be here understood that the results of Dr. Smith's experiments are not necessarily touched by the familiar fact that a sensation supposed to be that of warmth is produced by the employment of wine or spirituous beverage. That sensation may be called up by some other influence as well as by warmth. It may primarily be but a nervous impression made by the stimulant drink upon the susceptible living membranes with which it comes into immediate contact. But it has also, on the other hand, to be borne in mind that it may possibly be in some degree due to the quickened flow of blood through the minute channels of the sensitive structure. It is quite within the bounds of reasonable probability that this quickened circulation of the blood may in the first instance stimulate the combusive consumption of the other principles of the blood with which the alcohol is beginning to be mingled, and that in this way warmth is caused for a time by the alcohol, even although it is not generated by its own combustion. This primary action is, however, then soon overmastered by further and fuller alcoholic contamination of the circulating liquid."

#### DRUNKENNESS AND CONVERSION.

One thing is but too apparent even on a cursory survey of this work—the number that seem to go back. This is one of the most painful characteristics of work in this class of men, as indeed it generally is of Christian work among those who have been much addicted to drunkenness and sensual vice. Two views may be taken in explanation of the fact, each true in certain cases. In the first place, drunkards are peculiarly liable to false hopes of salvation. How this should be, is a question which it would take too long to answer; that it is a fact, will probably be admitted by most who have watched the history of awakenings. Nettleton, a great American revivalist of a past generation, after narrating a striking case of conviction and apparent conversion ruined by drink, adds, "I could fill sheets with the relation of facts of a similar character, all of which lead to the conclusion that persons of intemperate habits, though deeply convicted, are far more likely to rest in a false hope than others. However distressed a person of this kind may have been, and however joyful in hope, I think we may set it down as a probable sign of a false conversion, if he allows himself to taste a single drop." The other explanation is, that when persons formerly addicted to drunkenness and sensuality, in whom the work of divine grace has been genuine, are again entangled in the old temptation, they are dragged clean out of the Christian circle, out of all visible connection with Christian people, and become so ashamed and consciously degraded as to keep for a long time out of their sight and reach. If covetousness, for example, has been a man's besetting sin previous to his conversion, he may turn back to it, and go away from God as far as the man who returns to his drinking; but there will be less visible sign of declension; he will not be dragged beyond the sphere of Christian influence, and the word of reproof and humiliation may come to him with power long before he throws off the appearance of devotion. This consideration ought to teach us great charity and patience in the case of persons whom we believe to have been turned from drunkenness to Christ. It is often very difficult to decide whether a relapse under such circumstances is to be held as indicating a case of false hope, or a case of terrible but only temporary backsliding. It is plain that converts of this class ought to be subjected to a longer probation than others, and that they demand more watching, and more careful application of all the influences that aid men

in the conflict with sin. It is terrible, on the one hand, to witness the end of some who seemed to have escaped the pollutions of the world, but are again entangled in them; it is glorious, on the other, to see "them that have gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image," standing, as it were, on the sea of glass, singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. To those engaged in such work as that of a soldiers' mission, these extremes of anguish and delight, these glimpses of hell and heaven, come sometimes with very startling rapidity.—*W. G. Blake, in Sunday Magazine.*

#### SCIENCE AND TEMPERANCE.

There used to be in the early days of the Temperance movement a great deal of discussion on these topics, and a great deal of teaching, and that was one secret of our success. The origin of alcohol, its essential vileness, and its inevitable effects upon those who take it, were pictured in such forcible truthfulness as is seldom seen now-a-days. They were going on, with rapid strides and common sense arguments, to show that alcohol has no place in the human system, when science proved laggard. Men said that we were injuring our case by claiming too much—that alcohol doubtless had some physical use, and we must wait till it was proved. Other things also tended to divert attention from this point; and so they banded themselves together for protection and self defence, under the pledge of not taking it for the sake of the weaker brother; and in this back-handed, hampered way they did all the Temperance work that was done for many years.

At last, when scientific men set about to prove how alcohol benefits the system, it was found out that they could not prove any such thing. And the more they say about it the more probable it becomes that alcohol is of no benefit whatever to the human system. All the truths of science, so far as they are known, are on the side of the strictest total abstaining. This is an all important fact. The truths of nature are the truths of God, and it is a bootless task to fight against them. If alcohol is really adapted to the wants of the human system its use in the end will prevail; if not, it will go down. The liquor dealers understand this, and fight shy of the issue. They prefer to talk about anything else, or rather not to talk at all. Discussion they hate; light they abominate. It is also true that those communities which are most intelligent concerning the nature of alcohol, and its effects on the human system, have made the most headway against it. This is wonderfully illustrated in the history of some small towns whose special attention has been paid to this topic. It is also true of whole States, like Maine and Massachusetts, as an attentive observer will find, though there is room enough, even within their borders, for increased knowledge.—*Zion's Herald.*

#### TEN QUESTIONS.

What trade is it which, being introduced into a missionary settlement, would the most neutralize the good previously effected by the missionaries?

What trade will cause an increase of crime and social misery in proportion to its success?

What trade is it, which the more a working man encourages, the more destitute his home becomes?

What trade is it, on the success of which the pawnbrokers mainly depend?

What trade is it that drives so many to assemble at the workhouse door for a loaf of bread?

What trade is it that which furnishes the greatest number of patients to asylums for the insane?

In what trade is a man likely to be ruined if he becomes a good customer to his own shop?

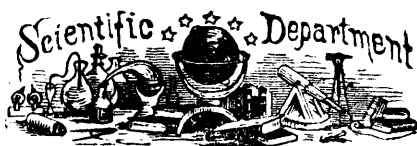
What trade furnishes the greatest number of applications to the charitable institutions?

To what trade do the judges of our land ascribe the greatest proportion of criminal offences?

What trade is it which if it were introduced into some retired village, would demoralize the population now distinguished for its moral worth and frugal industry?

CHURCH TEMPERANCE WORK.—Rev. H. P. Litchwell, of Minnesota, in a thoughtful paper upon "Church Temperance Work," writes: "What work has the Church to do in the temperance reform? I will say, 1st. Hold on to the good already achieved; keep your ranks closed; secure the benefits of these victories. 2d. Elevate the temperance standard; inscribe on our banner, as church members and temperance workers, the sentiment of the great apostle: 'Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them.' No compromise with ruin for the sake of money, or friends, or party, is the only Christian way to meet this evil, the only true policy for carrying on this conflict. The Church must work the people—all the professed temperance people—up to this standard."





## CATCHING COLD.

At a time of the year when sudden changes of temperature are frequent, Professor Rosenthal's researches on the effects of such changes cannot fail to be useful and interesting to our readers. An account of his investigations was originally published in the *Detroit Review of Medicine*, and a synopsis of his results has been published in the *Popular Science Monthly*.

It has long been known that colds are produced by sudden changes from a higher to a lower temperature and not by lowness of temperature. Cooling the surface of a healthy animal causes the cutaneous vessels to contract, and the blood is then prevented from circulating in the skin, and confined to the interior of the body, where it does not readily lose its heat, but serves to supply warmth to the vital organs. If the animal be exposed to heat, the cutaneous vessels become dilated and remain so after exposure to cold. The blood thus largely exposed over a wide surface becomes rapidly cooled, even though the temperature of the surrounding medium is not very low. A sudden passing from a heated room into the cold outer air rapidly cools the blood below the normal degree. On its return to the internal organs they are cooled much more quickly than they would have been were not the vessels dilated by previous warmth. Thus the sudden cooling of the blood produces an irritating effect, or induces inflammation in a way that a gradual alteration would not do.

According to these investigations of Professor Rosenthal, it appears that to produce the evil results the change must be from above to below the normal temperature. This is contrary to what we suppose to be the generally received opinion, that a sudden change of temperature from lower to higher, as well as from higher to lower, may produce these effects. It has been advanced by many that colds are contracted quite as often in passing from the cool outer air into a warm room as in any other way. In other words, that we "catch heat" quite as frequently as we "catch cold." Professor Rosenthal's researches seem effectually to have disposed of this idea.

The effect of a chill in causing inflammation may be due partly to the effect of cold on the tissues themselves, and partly to the congestion (hyperemia) which will occur in some parts when the fluid is driven out of others by the contraction of others. The first of these effects is, according to Professor Rosenthal, of most importance. From these considerations it is easy to understand why it is that frequent bathing or sponging with cold water enables one to bear sudden changes of weather with impunity. The tone of the vessels is improved by these cold applications, and therefore, when exposed to heat they are not so relaxed that they cannot sufficiently contract when necessary.—*Christian Union*.

**A LADY SEES THE ECLIPSE.**—You speak of the eclipse as almost a total failure. Not so in the lively little town of Gouverneur. The sun set on the evening of Sept. 28th with more than usual splendor, betokening his determination to rise in befitting style notwithstanding current innuendoes circulated by almanac-makers and others, that Mrs. Luna and himself were to have a falling out on the morrow. Our better half charged us eleven times to have "those glasses smoked," brought out his handsome telescope and set it sun-wise in the garden, and retired early to bed, sagely remarking, "You'll forget to smoke those glasses yet." Occasionally he roused during the night, just enough to murmur, "Are you sure those glasses are all right?"—after which the household were permitted to rest until 5:30 a. m., Sept. 29th. With a hasty toilet, hidden by innumerable wraps, we repaired to the chosen point of observation, where, with a few invited guests in equally picturesque costume, we awaited the grand event. The air was frosty, but the sky was bright as on creation's morn, and the eastern heavens were lighted with unwonted glory. A few moments before six, a rim of gold appeared above the horizon and rapidly disclosed as perfect a crescent as ever Mrs. Luna presented. Black and sullen the moon hung in mid air, while a flood of light poured like flame about her. For a time every voice was hushed and silence reigned; we were looking upon what few of us will see again, an annular eclipse of the sun. Some of us had witnessed the one of May 25, 1851, when the ring was complete; but that was late in the afternoon and a smoky atmosphere detracted from the general effect. Now the view was glorious; higher and higher rose the sun, leaving his discomfited adversary to her gloomy reflections, and before the

breakfast hour he was quietly speeding on his way, as many a lesser light has done after the morning spat with his spouse over a new dress or hat which his high mightiness claims the right of selecting.—*N. Y. Observer*.

**ESCAPE OF SEWER-GAS IN HIGHEST TOWNSITES.**—Closely allied to the malarious influences of saturated soils (especially in densely built districts) are those which attend the escape of sewer gas. The pernicious action of this gas is especially felt in the higher districts of sewered towns. As a rule, sewer air finds its escape in the higher-lying districts, and often conveys the germs of diseases originating in the lower and poorer parts of the town. The medical officer of Glasgow says: "It has been conclusively shown that houses presumed to be beyond suspicion of any possible danger from this cause—houses in which the most skillful engineers and architects have, as they believed, exhausted the resources of modern science—have been exposed in a high degree to the diseases arising from air in contact with the products of decomposition in the sewers. And this for a very obvious reason. Such houses are usually built on high levels, where the drains have a very rapid fall." Thon says that in Cassel, in the higher part of the town, which one would suppose the healthiest, typhoid fever was brought into the houses by sewer gas which rose to them by reason of its lightness. In Oxford, in 1850, cholera, by the same action, appeared in several houses in the higher and healthier parts of the town. In Berlin, in 1866, in those parts of the city where there were no sewers or water-closets, the deaths amounted to 0.37 per cent. of the population, while in the Luisenstadt, where sewers and water-closets were in general use, the deaths reached 4.85 per cent. Owing to errors in the construction of the sewers of Croydon (England), their early use was followed by a violent outbreak of typhoid fever, which attacked no less than eleven per cent. of the population.—*Atlantic*.

[Our drains seem likely to be no better than highways made for the convenience of the infectious diseases until through every house they have free connection with the upper air.—*Ed. Wit.*]

**UTILIZATION OF COBWEBS.**—Cobwebs have been applied to various uses. The delicate cross-hairs in the telescopes of surveying instruments are fine webs taken from spiders of species that are specially selected for their production of an excellent quality of this material. The spider when caught, is made to spin his thread by tossing him from hand to hand, in case he is indisposed to furnish the article. The end is attached to a piece of wire, which is doubled into two parallel lengths, the distance apart exceeding a little the diameter of the instrument. As the spider hangs and descends from this, the web is wound upon it by turning the wire around. The coils are then gummed to the wire and kept for use as required. About a century ago, Boas of Languedoc succeeded in making a pair of gloves and a pair of stockings from the thread of the spider. They were very strong, and of a beautiful gray color. Other attempts of the same kind have been made; but Réaumur, who was appointed by the Royal Academy to report on the subject, stated that the web of the spider was not equal to that of the silkworm, either in strength or lustre. The cocoons of the latter weigh from three to four grains, so that 2,304 worms produce a pound of silk; but the bags of the spider, when cleaned, do not weigh above the third part of a grain, so that a single silkworm can accomplish the work of twelve spiders.—*Appleton's American Cyclopaedia, revised edition, article "Cobweb."*

**THE BITE OF A RABID ANIMAL NOT ALWAYS FOLLOWED BY HYDROPHOBIA.**—When a man is bitten by a rabid dog, the wound does not differ in any visible character from that inflicted by a healthy animal. It is seldom severe, and often slight, the animal frequently making only a single momentary attack. The wound thus made heals without difficulty, and is not especially painful or otherwise troublesome. In a majority of instances no further trouble comes of it. The danger from the bite of a rabid dog consists in the inoculation of the animal's saliva, which, owing to the disease under which he is suffering, contains a subtle but communicable organic poison. But there are various circumstances which may interfere with the poison's taking effect. First, the individual may be, habitually or at the time, insusceptible to its action. There is reason to believe that the human species, as a whole, are decidedly less susceptible to the poison of hydrophobia than dogs; and, according to the experiments of M. Renault, at the veterinary school of Alfort, the proportion of dogs themselves bitten by a rabid animal, which afterward become rabid, is not more than thirty-three per cent. Secondly, when the bite is inflicted upon parts of the body covered with clothing, the saliva, which is the only vehicle of the poison, may have been arrested by the garments, and may not have come in

contact with the wound at all. Thirdly, the poison may have been extracted from the wound immediately afterward by the free discharge of blood, or by the instinctive manipulations of the wounded person, or may have been neutralized by surgical appliances. At all events, statistics seem to show conclusively that the bite of a rabid animal by no means invariably causes hydrophobia.—*Appleton's American Cyclopaedia, revised edition, article "Hydrophobia."*

**HOW THE SUN MOVED A BRIDGE.**—During the recent building of a bridge in Holland one of the traverses, 460 feet long, was misplaced on the supports. It was an inch out of the line, and the problem was how to replace it. Experiments proved that the iron work expanded a small fraction of an inch to every degree of heat received. It was noticed that the night and day temperature differed by about twenty-five degrees, and it was thought this might be made to move the bridge. In the morning one of the pieces was bolted down securely and the other end left free. In the heat of the sun the iron expanded and toward night the free end was loosened. The contraction then dragged the whole mass the other way. For two days this experiment was repeated and the desired place reached. The contraction and expansion of iron bars by fire heat has frequently been used to move heavy weights over short distances. Broken walls and strained roofs and arches have been brought into place by simply heating iron rods until they expand, then taking up the slack by screws and nuts, and allowing contraction by cold to pull the wall into place.

**POISONOUS WALL-PAPERS.**—A family of a gentleman suffered so severely from symptoms usually produced by arsenic that the gentleman was induced to get the wall-paper of his house examined. Out of seven kinds of paper six were found to contain arsenic. No. 1, an olive-green paper, with deep green flowers and gold-like lines, contained an immense amount of arsenic in the two green colors and the "gold." No. 2, a faint lavender watered paper, contained arsenic in large amount. No. 3, a white paper with green flower, contained a very large amount of arsenic. No. 4, a paper with red and green flowers on a grey ground, was highly arsenical. No. 5, a dark olive-colored paper with gilding, did not contain much arsenic. No. 6, a pale green and white paper, also contained only a small amount of arsenic—much less than was put on the lavender paper. The family had not suffered from symptoms of arsenical poisoning until shortly after the house was papered with the above; and the symptoms disappeared shortly after they left the house preparatory to the removal of the paper.—*English Medical Press*.

—The advantages of a solution of chlora as a substitute for alcohol for the preservation of specimens of natural history is urged by Dr. W. W. Keen. The special advantage claimed for it is that it does not discolor the specimens. It is also said to preserve the natural consistency of the object, to be free from any deleterious effect upon the experimenter or his instruments, and to be particularly antagonistic to fungi and infusoria. It may be used by injection into the vessels of a subject or for immersion of an object. For specimens of natural history a solution of ten or twelve grains to the ounce of water is said to be sufficient; thus rendering it cheaper than alcohol. If only one of the advantages claimed—namely, preservation of the natural colors of specimens—be proven, the substance is likely to supersede various other preservative fluids now in use.

—House flies often die late in the summer from the attack of a fungus (*Empusa Musca*). "The flies may often be seen," says a writer in *Nature*, "settled in a natural position on window-panes, but with the abdomen much distended, and surrounded by a collection of whitish powder, extending for a few lines in all directions on the surface of the glass. The whole of the interior organs of the abdomen are consumed by the plant, nothing remaining but the chitinous envelope, on which the mycelia of the fungus form a felt-like layer; the fructification showing itself externally as filaments protruding from between the rings of the body." Our house fly is the same species as the European, and without much doubt the fungus (*Empusa Musca*) is of the same species, while the above account of the appearance of the dead fly applies as observed to those in this country.

—Salicylic acid, which a few years ago was only known as a curiosity, obtained in small quantities from the oil of wintergreen and the leaves of the willow, is now made on a large scale artificially from carbolic acid, and is being largely used in surgery and the arts. It prevents the decaying of meats, the curdling of milk, the mustering of wine, and the putrefaction of wounds, and destroys the fungus-growth in beer and the living organisms that make drinking-water unhealthy. It is taking the place of creosote in dentistry, and, in fact, seems, to a certain extent, bound to supersede carbolic acid for many purposes, having the

advantage of being odorless and less poisonous, and acting even in very small quantities.

—The members of the Geographical Congress were invited to explore subterranean Paris before they left the city, and about two hundred of them made a trip through the famous sewers. It is a moist journey, and somewhat trying on account of lack of good air, but otherwise is not as disagreeable as would be supposed. The sewers are lighted, and bear the names of the corresponding streets above, so that one can know where he is. Half the distance is performed in little railway cars, drawn by men on either side; the other half is made in barges, towed by men. Both cars and barges are brilliantly lighted, and the trip, which occupies about half an hour, is an interesting one.

—A French scientist has invented a new fish-bait. A bottle is lowered into the water and lighted by electricity, and the fish are to follow it into the net.

## DOMESTIC.

## WHY SOME PEOPLE ARE POOR.

Silver spoons are used to scrape kettles. Coffee, tea, pepper and spice are left to stand open, and lose their strength.

Potatoes in the cellar grow, and the sprouts are not removed until the potatoes become worthless.

Brooms are never hung up and are soon spoiled.

Nice handled knives are thrown into hot water.

The flour is sifted in a wasteful manner, and the bread-pan is left with the dough sticking to it.

Clothes are left on the line to whip to pieces in the wind.

Tubs and barrels are left in the sun to dry and fall apart.

Dried fruits are not taken care of in season and become wormy.

Rags, strings and paper are thrown into the fire.

Pork spoils for want of salt, and beef because the brine wants scalding.

Bits of meat, vegetables, bread and cold puddings are thrown away when they might be warmed, steamed and served as good as new.

**COURTESY AT HOME.**—It is a great and shameful want of courtesy to children to be continually "nagging" at them; to treat every little fault as if it was an habitual one, and irritatingly declare, "Yes, that's your way." "You never do anything right;" never to trust them; never to believe that even when they fail they may have done their best to succeed. Isaac Barrow has written many noble and touching words, but none more touching than the little glimpses he gives us of his own gloomy childhood. "That's the fault I find with thee, Isaac," the wearisome, continual prelude to lectures upon his quaint but innocent ways. It was running painfully in his mind, doubtless, when he reproved so forcibly this aggravating rasping of many parents and bid them "affect not to be reprehensive—reprove not for slight matters; reproof is too grave and stately a thing to be prostituted on mean things, and derogate from its weight when there is considerable reason for it." Yet who does not know parents who are always on the watch for faults, and who are hourly saying, "I've talked till I'm tired." "I've told you so a hundred times." They remind a calm, considerate person of those troublesome clever house dogs, whose life is one continual act of perking, pleased vigilance, and who are lost if they have nothing to bark at.—*By Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, in S. S. Times*.

**BARLEY AND ONION STEW.**—Wash half a pint of pearl barley, and soak it over night or for two hours in warm water, boil it from two to three hours in a good deal of water, filling up with boiling water as often as it thickens much, so that it will always preserve its soupy character. An hour before serving it, add four or five sliced onions, and soon after salt to taste. At the last add half a pint of cream or milk, and boil up together. More milk and salt may be added, and the whole poured over slices of bread, if preferred. The "crotons," over which most of our soups are poured, are simply small slices of sweet light yeast bread, and these are always welcomed by the little folks. Gems are more crusty and not so spongy.

—It is from eight to sixteen that boys begin to break away from parental control and the restraints of the fireside. It is then that they seem to feel that they know more than they who bore them: it is then that they begin to assert the liberty of the street and taste its delusions, its vices and its crimes. Said an English jurist of great distinction, "A large majority of all the criminals who are brought before me have been made what they are by being allowed to be away from home of evenings, between the ages of eight and sixteen."—*Dr. Hall*

## JANET MASON'S TROUBLES.

*(From the Sunday Magazine.)*

"Papa's cough was very bad last night," she would say sometimes to the rector's wife when that kind lady met Janet in the country lanes, and stopped to speak to her; but she never said it very sadly, for her father had had a cough for so long a time that Janet had grown quite accustomed to it, and very likely had come to suppose that coughs were one of the inevitable accompaniments of advancing years, like grey hairs or baldness. "Papa's cough was very bad in the night; it kept him awake for a long time," she would say in her unconscious little voice; and the rector's wife would pat her shoulder, and give her a sugar-plum from her pocket, and pass on, sighing to herself. "Poor thing, how little she knows! Ah, dear me, it's a sad world!" she would say, shaking her head.

For, though Janet did not know, Mrs. Jessop knew very well what the curate's bad cough meant. "I'm afraid he won't be able to hold out much longer, poor fellow," her husband said to her one autumn night. "Here is the winter coming on, and how he is to go through it I cannot think. It goes to my heart to see him tramping about in these wet days, doing work that he is no more fit for than Janet is. Really I don't know how it is to go on. If he could get a rest, and go somewhere for the winter, he might get better possibly; but how can he get a rest? He will just go on at his work till he drops."

"If he had any place that he could go to for a few months, of course I would gladly take Janet. But then how could you do without him? And how could you afford to pay him and to pay another curate too? Of course you couldn't do that," said Mrs. Jessop.

"No, I couldn't do that, certainly. All I can do is to make his work as light as I can. But the worst is that, light or heavy, it will be too much for him; and then, what is to come next?" said the rector.

Mr. and Mrs. Jessop were very kind to Janet, and the rector was fond of taking the child on his knees when he came to the cottage, and would talk to her, and tell her stories. Sometimes he used to make her say hymns to him, which Janet did not object to do, but sometimes also



(only happily this occurred rarely) he examined her in her catechism, and on one occasion there was rather a sad little scene, in which Janet broke down hopelessly over her baptismal vows, and retired from the apartment overwhelmed with humiliation. But this was a solitary instance of disaster, and in a general way the rector's visits brought nothing but pleasure to Janet, and she would run to meet him when she saw him coming, and slip her small hand into his, and all the little delicate face would brighten. "We must get some roses into these cheeks some day," the rector used to say as he patted them. But as yet the roses in Janet's cheeks had shown themselves shyer in blooming than the kind rector liked to see them.

It was at the beginning of the winter which followed her seventh birth-day that the rector and his wife had that talk together about the curate's health. "I am afraid he will never hold out till the spring," Mr. Jessop had said, but to everybody's surprise he did hold out. All through the long dark months he went on visiting and teaching, and writing his sermons in the little parlor, with Janet by his side.

"Really, he almost seems to me as if he were better," the rector would sometimes say, "for it is amazing what he can go through. If he could only get back a little appetite—"

But, alas! the curate, though he worked still with all his might, could no longer either eat or sleep. He used to lie awake with his hacking cough through hour after hour of the long nights. "I do think one good sleep would almost set me up," he said

one day to Mr. Jessop. But he never got that sleep he longed for till the sleep came at last that is quietest and longest of all.

One May evening, as the rector and his wife were just finishing dinner, a man from the village came to tell them that the curate was very ill.

"He's broken a blood-vessel, your reverence," the man said, "and there's nobody with him but the little miss and the servant girl."

"Bless me!—and have they not got a doctor?" cried the rector; and he seized his hat, and was down in the village and knocking at Dr. Fowler's door before Mrs. Jessop had tied her bonnet-strings.

Happily, however, before he had got to Dr. Fowler's door somebody else had been before him, and when Mr. Jessop reached the cottage he found that Dr. Fowler was already doing all he could for his poor friend.

"But we can't save him—there's not a chance of it—not a chance of it," said the good doctor, as soon as he and the rector were able to exchange a word.

"Ah, dear me!" cried the rector, "is it really so?"

"He couldn't have lived above a month or two more, whether this had happened or not. Why both lungs are gone. He never could have lasted through the spring."

"Poor fellow, poor fellow!" said the rector,

He and Mrs. Jessop had been standing by the bedside. The curate was lying with his eyes closed, half unconscious. They had not been able to undress him. He lay outside the bed,

with his face almost as white already as the white pillow it rested on; and by his side, coiled up into a knot, and white too and silent, sat Janet. They had found her there when they came, and Mrs. Jessop had tried to get her away, but she had not been able to do it.

"It isn't a fit thing for the child to be here. Dr. Fowler, I don't think you ought to allow it," she had said to the doctor almost severely; but Dr. Fowler had merely shrugged his shoulders.

"He likes her to stay, and I don't see, while she sits so still, that it much matters," he answered. "Poor child, she won't have a father to sit by many hours longer."

And then after he had made that answer Mrs. Jessop said nothing more; but she went to the child presently and stroked her hair, and put her kind arm round her.

Before he died the curate tried to rouse himself enough to speak to the friends who were watching round him. He had recognized the rector and his wife very soon after they came into the room, and had feebly moved his hand and smiled as they came up and grasped it. After a time he made a sign to the rector to come nearer, and Mr. Jessop came and bent over the pillow.

"You will write—to my brother?" he said faintly.

"Yes, certainly," the rector answered.

"Janet can tell you the address. He will come—and take charge of it all. If there should be—a few days delay—will you look after the child?"

"Surely—surely," said the rector.

"God bless you. I thought you would. God bless you both. Is she still here.

"Janet?"

"No—your wife."

"Yes, she is here."

He put his wife's hand into the hand of the dying man, and with the tears streaming down her cheeks Mrs. Jessop stooped over his pillow and kissed him.

"I will do all I can for her, but God will be her best friend; God will be good to her," she said.

"Yes—I know."

After that he closed his eyes, and when a few moments had passed he tried to turn himself, and made as if he would stretch out both his hands.

"Janet!" he said.

They helped the feeble arms to find what they were seeking, and with a wild low sob the child crept close to his heart. Then no one spoke again. Side by side the father and his little girl lay together till he died quietly, like some one gently falling asleep.

#### CHAPTER II.

They had been laying the sods over the curate's grave. It was a sunny grave in the south-west corner of the churchyard—a corner where over the little mounds the grass grew deep and thick, and birds built in the ivied angle of the wall.

"I should like to be buried in the sun-shine there," the curate had said one day to Mr. Jessop long ago, pointing to the place as he and the rector happened to be passing by it together.

They had not been thinking of his dying soon when he said that, for he was in good health then, and Mr. Jessop, who was older than he by five-and-twenty years, might reasonably have supposed that he was the likeliest to go first to his grave; but it had happened otherwise, you see, and so when the younger man died the other remembered those chance words of his, and gave orders that his grave should be dug in that sunny spot which he had pointed out.

"He chose it himself, poor fellow," he said, speaking to the curate's brother, who had come down from London to attend the funeral. "Of course, if you had had any other plans——"

But the man he was speaking to interrupted him when he said this, touching his hat as he spoke.

"Not at all, sir—not at all. I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you," he said.

This brother of Mr. Mason's was not an educated man. The curate had come of poor parents, and his family and relations were all poor and uneducated. He himself had owed his different fortune to the kindness of a gentleman who had become interested in him when he was a boy, and had sent him first to school and then to college, and, in common phrase, had made a gentleman of him. Of course this making him into a gentleman had separated him a good deal from his own people. He had been very good as long as they lived to his father and mother, but since their death he had not seen much of the other members of his family, having little in common with this brother of his, who was a builder in a small way in the north of London, or with his sister in Liverpool, whose husband kept a baker's shop.

"My thought was just to put up a plain headstone to him," the rector was saying. "Merely a plain stone, giving his name and age; or, if you liked, we might add his wife's name too. Poor young thing, she was dead before he came here. What—the marriage was a foolish business, was it? Ah, well—so many marriages are. But foolish or wise, it doesn't matter much now."

"Only it's hard upon those who are left to take care of the children, sir," Richard Mason answered rather surlily.

"Well, yes—that's true. Yes, I allow that," and then the rector too looked grave and shook his head. "It is a hard thing for you, but at any rate you may be thankful that there is only this one little girl. Why, there might have been half-a-dozen of them, you know."

"Well, in that case, sir, it would simply have come to this, that they must have gone to the workhouse"

"Ah, that would have been sad indeed," said the rector.

"And even as it is I don't know, sir, that I'm bound to take the little girl," said Mason.

The two men had turned away from the grave now, and were walking towards the churchyard gate, and Mason's face as he spoke had a look in it that was half sulky and half perplexed.

"I'd wish to do my duty by her, but I've my wife to consider as well as myself. Janet's no relation of hers, you see, sir, and she don't like her coming into the house—that's the truth."

"I am very sorry to hear it," said the rector.

"Well, sir, it's reasonable too. I'm not saying anything against Janet, but still it's reasonable. We're working people, sir, and we've got our own children to bring up; and my wife, she has nieces of her own."

"But yet if you don't take her, Mr. Mason, what will become of her?" said the rector.

"Of course if your poor brother had left a large family it might have been quite out of your power to take charge of them, but when there is only this one little girl, I must say that I don't see how you can decently shift the burden of providing for her off your own shoulders. It's quite clear, I suppose, that there are no near relations on the mother's side?"

"I believe not, sir."

"Well, my good friend, I suspect you must take the little girl home with you, at any rate to begin with. You might get her presently into a free school. I'll give you all the help I can, if you like, towards doing that; but I don't see in the first instance how you can avoid taking charge of her. She is a gentle, good little thing too. Why your wife may get quite fond of her. What does your own family consist of? Three boys at home? What, three boys and not any girls? Well, what could you do better than give your wife a nice little girl like this to be of use to her, and run her messages, and be as good as a daughter to her? Upon my word, Mr. Mason, if I hadn't five daughters of my own, poor little Janet shouldn't go begging for a home."

They walked on without speaking again for a few minutes, till they came in sight of the curate's cottage. As they drew near to it they slackened their steps, and Richard Mason presently broke the silence:

"I don't want you to think that I'd neglect the child, sir," he said. "I think it comes hard upon me—I do say that; but if there's nothing else to be done, I'll take her, at any rate for a bit."

"I don't think you will repent doing it."

"Well, sir, I hope not."

But Mr. Mason's tone as he made this reply was rather doubtful.

The sun was shining into the cottage windows. The month was May, and the little garden before the house was bright with early flowers. The rector bade his companion good-bye at the gate.

"Janet doesn't seem to be about," he said, "but it doesn't matter. I shall see her before you go away. Tell her I'm coming to say good-bye to her. She was always a good little friend of mine. Good afternoon, Mr. Mason."

And then he went on his way home, and Richard Mason went into his brother's house.

He opened the parlor door, and entered the room that had served the curate for six years as drawing-room, dining-room, and study all in one. A low-roofed room, scantily furnished with a few chairs and tables, and an old-fashioned sofa, and a carpet that had been darned in many a place. There was one easy-chair in a corner by the fire, and there was a book-case on the wall; and near the latticed window stood the table at which the curate had been used to write his sermons, with his books and papers on it still.

Richard Mason came into the room, looking round him as he opened the door. Something as he entered made a sudden movement; it was little Janet, who had been sitting coiled up on the sofa, and who at the sound of his step hastily and timidly unrolled herself, and let her feet slip down upon the floor. She was sitting bolt upright on the wide sofa cushions when his eyes fell on her, doing nothing, and looking odd and out of place in the empty room.

"What, Janet, is that you?" said her uncle shortly, as he saw her.

He did not mean to speak to her unkindly, but he had a rough, brusque manner that was not encouraging, and the child at his question got up hurriedly, coloring, with an uneasy look in her eyes.

"Yes, it's me," she said shyly.

"Well, you'd far better be out of doors than sitting here. Why don't you go out into the garden on a fine sunny day like this?"

"I'll go if you like," Janet said; but the little voice was so faint that Mr. Mason scarcely heard it.

"You'll do what?" he asked. "I wish you'd speak up. I'll tell you what, Janet, if you don't speak louder than this when you get to London, you'll not find many people will listen to you. There's a deal too much noise going on there for people to be heard who don't take the trouble to open their mouths."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)





## The Family Circle.

### A BLESSING FOR THE BOYS.

"The angel which redeemed me from all evil bless the lads."—JACOB.

The colors of the eventide were in the western skies,

And the darkness of the night of death was in the patriarch's eyes;

The long day's work was finished now, and the gloaming hour was near,

And his spirit's eyes already saw the lights of Heaven appear.

One last, long backward look he gave over departed years,

He must have seen some scenes of yore through mist of sorrow's tears;

Some deeds were done for which, even now, he could have cried "Forgive!"

As he thought of stains upon the life God bade him purely live.

But God is full of mercy; and though sin might make him sad,

The patriarch thought upon His love till his heart was greatly glad;

The Lord had led him all the way, and given him joy for woe.

And bread and love in famine days, that he His power might know.

And then, the while he mused on this, friends came around the bed,

And the old man heard his son's loved voice, and his soul was comforted.

And two bright boys drew gravely near and saw the withered face,

And understood, with wondering awe, that Death was in the place.

God's servant raised his dying eyes, filled with a strange sweet bliss,

And took the children in his arms, as they bent to take his kiss;

And then with overflowing heart, he prayed "My Father, God,

The angel which redeemed me when through evil ways I trod,

"Oh, bless the lads, and let them grow and be a multitude,

And show them evermore Thy love and always do them good."

Then soon his dying words were o'er and his solemn blessing given,

And the old man passed away from earth to the promised land in Heaven.

But still his prayer goes daily forth, O Father, bless the boys;

Their way is yet untrodden, and untried life's griefs and joys;

Their future fight is yet to win; their glory yet to tell;

Oh, bless them, and they shall be blessed, and own that all is well.

—Marianne Farningham, in *Christian World*.

### QUESTIONABLE BOOKS.

My brother John's eldest boy, grown now almost a young man, has a very cultivated taste in literary matters, and likes to dip into almost all sorts of books. The other day I saw in his hands a volume, one of a number by the same author, written by a woman—I am glad to say not an American woman—under a *nom de plume*, and grown familiar to a certain circle of readers. I will not give the curious title which the authoress has assumed, for I do not care to aid in the circulation of her wares. I have no familiarity with her books, but I have sufficient knowledge of them to say that they come perhaps as near as possible to the limits where the immoral passes over into the obscene. They are read, and, by what peculiarity of taste I know not, admired by numerous readers, some of them among our cultivated people.

My nephew, Sam, had been reading the book, and as we sat alone we had a little talk over the matter somewhat after this fashion:

"Sam," I said, "have you read more than one of these books by —?"

"Yes," he replied, "I have read several of them."

"Well, what do you think of them? Do you admire them?"

"I do not know that I would like to say I admire them, but they have a good deal of interest, and have some curious developments of character in them. Everybody talks about them."

"What do you think of the style of morality which they picture? Is it of the most beautiful character?"

"No," he replied, smiling curiously, "I should not commend her books precisely for

their moral teachings. They would not make good pulpit readings."

"Are these books—and you know them a great deal better than I do, for you have read them and I have not—not positively immoral? Do they not delineate characters and detail incidents which are positively wicked? Would you like your sister or your mother to associate with such people as even the heroes and heroines of the book you have in your hand?"

"No, I cannot say that I would. But there are a good many people who are pictured in fiction that we would not like to have in our families."

"That is very true. There are, as you say, such characters here, but how are they delineated and exhibited? Are they made to seem repulsive? or is there a sort of halo thrown round them, so that in spite of your better convictions you half admire them?"

"Yes, I suppose you are more than half right in that; one does somehow feel a personal interest, if not admiration for them as he follows their fortunes; but I do not see any particular harm in that."

"There is the same harm and danger of harm in it as there would be in a personal acquaintance and intimate contact with just such people in actual life. Indeed you come, in some respects, in closer contact with them in the book than you would in real life. You are let into their secret thoughts and purposes, and hold a sort of communion with them that you would not be likely to have were they real flesh and blood. Just in proportion as they are powerfully delineated, just in that proportion are they brought in immediate contact with you. Now can that be anything but harmful, when they are bad as you know them to be? With such people you would be ashamed to be found, least of all to be thought to have them as confident companions."

"I had not thought of it in that light," he replied.

"Yet," I added, "it is a true light in which to view the matter. If the delineation of immorality is such as to compel us to despise and revolt from it so far the picture is or may be useful; but whenever it makes us smile, have a half admiration, or induces us to invent or follow plausible excuses for sin, then it can only be evil. But there is one thing more, and perhaps more important about this matter that I wanted to speak of. Did you see Lucy, and after her Harry, looking over this book? I am glad that you had occasion to take it out of their hands, as you said, to take it back to the library."

"I was going to take it back, but I confess that I partly made that an excuse to get it away from them."

"Why did you want to get it away?"

"Because I did not think it was just the book for them to read. They are young, you know."

"That was right and thoughtful, but would it not have been better had they never seen or known of the book at all? How do you know that they did not happen to light, in the glances they took of the volume, on just the most objectionable part of the story, and that the few paragraphs that they read did not awaken a desire to read the whole?"

"It may have been so," he said, "although I should be sorry if it were."

"But," I replied, "there is danger in the mere presence of such books. Although many, so called, literary people read them, yet you and I know that they are bad and not fit for our homes. I confess that the principal reason I had for having this conversation with you was this. Such books ought not to be brought into the house where young people are. Even if they do you no harm, have you any right to endanger the purity of thought and feeling of your brothers and sisters? Your father and mother, as you well know, labor and pray that their sons and daughters may grow up pure and good. Is it right for you to run even the risk of hindering or making fruitless their labor and their prayers? Yes—the entrance, through you, into the house of one such book may do an injury that years of care and parental watchfulness have vainly tried to prevent, and which nothing can undo. I am sure that your heart recoils from any such work."

"I thank you, uncle, for speaking to me about it. It was thoughtless in me. I do not think I will ever offend in this way again."

I know Sam's nobility and good sense so well that I am sure he will not ever give me occasion to have a similar talk with him.—*Uncle William, in Christian Weekly.*

### A YOUNG IRISHMAN.

BY MRS. LUCY E. SANFORD.

My Lord's young gardener looked on the even hedges, clear walks, delicate borders, trained vines and rare exotics, and was satisfied with his work, satisfied with his skill. He turned to his own cabin; and his bright-eyed little boy and his toddling wee one were watching to meet him, and the young mother had the simple supper on the neat deal table. But the very love that

filled his home was to him the spirit of unrest. For these boys Ireland had no future; her lands could never be their lands; from her schools the stern need to toil would shut them out; but across the blue sea lay a land which offered every man just as much education, position, wealth and honor as he would fit himself to take. Yet he loved his own green island, and it was hard to leave it for a land unknown and a life untried.

But love for his boys conquered love of place, and he came to the New World, bringing the good wife, the little boys, habits of industry and sobriety, and an absolute devotion to the Roman Catholic Church. He learned a trade, became a skilled workman, and in years made for himself a nice home, with fine grounds and rare flowers, and to his home circle another son and a daughter had been added.

This youngest son was warm-hearted, generous, impulsive, sarcastic, and a sturdy Romanist, with a most bitter contempt for these sects of yesterday. It was his delight to discuss with Protestants, and when they were silent he thought they were silenced, and exulted over his own strength and their weakness.

An infidel, who enjoyed his attacks on Protestants, asked him to read Paine's "Age of Reason." He read it with keen relish, accepted its logic and conclusions as unanswerable, and at once bought a Bible—that book which Paine had shown to be so puerile,—sure that the claim that it was too sacred to be read, was but a veil to hide its weakness and to give the Church power. He commenced, in a spirit of contempt, to search for its absurdities and contradictions.

That story of Christ—so touching, so simple, so pure, and so sweet—spoke to his heart and his soul, roused his intellect, and he exclaimed, with Thomas: "My Lord and my God."

There was a debating club in the village, and, after the discussion, a speech was always called for. He rose and spoke of Christ. Catholics and Unitarians united at once in a vote to expel him for having violated the design of the club. He went home sad, but here for him was naught but remonstrance. And on the morrow the priest came, coaxed, flattered, threatened, and then went to those parents, who believed he had power to forgive sin or shut up heaven, and to them he threatened purgatorial pains for ages because they had held the reins so loosely that their son had turned into a forbidden path.

All their affection for their child, all their fears for him and for themselves, all their superstitious faith, were aroused, and no means left untried to win or drive him back to the bosom of the holy mother Church; and, when all proved vain, the priest anathematized and the parents disowned him.

In one place he knew he should find sympathy and encouragement, and to the prayer meeting he went and told them the "old, old story." That Church was sleeping calmly and did not care to be awakened by this young Roman Catholic, and when he left the house not one took him by the hand, not one spoke words of Godspeed and brotherly love. He went to his room utterly prostrated. From his new-born love to God sprang a love to all men, and he longed to lead them to his Saviour, and this utter coldness aroused and discouraged him, but his soul cried out: "Thou wert despised and rejected by those Thou didst love; Thou wert a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; they hid their faces from Thee. Shall the servant be greater than his Lord?" And he grew stronger and firmer and Christ nearer and dearer.

One of his brothers would see what was in that Bible, that so fierce a warfare should be waged over it;—and soon he joined his brother. Then the church roused herself, saying: "Surely, God is in this place, and we knew it not!" A revival followed, and over a hundred—one of whom was the only sister—united with the Church. And the young man resolved to be a minister, even though labor must go hand in hand with study.

As he left for school, the very debating club that had expelled him voted him an honorary member and gave him a handsomely-bound copy of Cruden's Concordance of the Bible, with kind words on the fly-leaf. And now he is welcomed to his home and reads the Bible to his parents.

His studies are not yet finished; but he told me this chapter of his life, and I have not changed it in the least.—*N. Y. Observer.*

### OBJECT TEACHING.

BY PROF. PAYNE.

A child is crammed with the multiplication table. He glibly repeats, Six times five are thirty, six times seven are forty-two, &c. He perhaps does not know what times means. He often does not know that six times seven is the same as seven time six. He knows six and seven, because he had experience of six nuts or seven marbles, but he does not know what forty-two means, because it probably transcends his experience. He has no idea in his mind corresponding to the word. It is a case of unlawful appropriation. If he had been required to make six heaps of seven nuts

or peas, and then mingled the heaps, and counted the result out, he would have obtained this idea; and then he would have known forty-two, whereas it is now a mere sound, nothing but cram.

And so with other tables. Getting them up to repeat merely by rote, without an intelligent perception of their meaning as interpreted by facts, is of the nature of cramming—it is unlawful appropriation. A child makes the sing-song of twelve inches make one foot, three feet one yard, &c., having no ideas in his mind corresponding to the words; it is rammed or crammed down. But suppose he had put into his hands a yard measure, graduated with feet and inches and counted the large divisions, and then afterwards the small ones, this would be feeding on fact-food, which would give him ideas, not on mere word feed which he could not turn into ideas. He would be gaining knowledge for himself. And then, with the yard measure in his hand, he could find the length of the desks, forms, or the floor of the room, which would be practically applying his knowledge. And further still, having gained the idea of a foot, he might by his eye, guess at the length of different sticks and rods, and then by actual measurement verify the judgments he had formed. All, then, would be natural feeding.

In the same way, by handling whole and divided cubes, he could learn by himself, and without cramming, that a three-inch cube contains twenty-seven inch cubes. In all these cases the same principle holds good. The child gains knowledge by observing for himself; and illustrates in his practice the laws of psychological action without telling or cramming.

But whenever the teacher, in defiance or distrust of the natural capacity of the child to observe and acquire knowledge for himself, to use his senses, and to tell in his own way what information they give him to compare and form judgment, to draw conclusions from accumulated instances, to classify and generalize, to discover and invent—by performing these operations for him, hinders him from performing them himself, and thus nullifies or neutralizes the advantage he would gain by doing his own work; the teacher is aiding and abetting the learner in the unlawful appropriation of the results of other people's labors, and is, therefore, whether he knows it or not, cramming and interfering with natural feeding.

### A HYMN AND ITS AUTHOR.

It has been said that those who train singing-birds sometimes select one with rarest voice, and keep it in a darkened room, where, at intervals, it may hear repeated a certain musical strain. The bird, cut off from outward objects, soon begins to imitate, and finally conquers the lesson, and learns to pour forth the very notes of the familiar melody.

How often are the sweetest voices of earth thus cultured in some darkened room of suffering. Such a voice was Charlotte Elliott's. From early years she was an invalid, necessarily compelled to lead a quiet life, although her father's home was in Brighton, one of the gayest seacoast towns of England, where, during many months of the year, visitors thronged, and owing to family connections, the young girl was in a large circle of distinguished friends. Music and drawing were delights to Miss Elliott, and her own talents in this line were unusually fine, while her keen intellect and accomplished conversational powers and poetic skill made her society attractive.

But ill-health laid its prohibition upon all these loved pursuits, and drew her still more and more into the "darkened room." Here she had time to look within her heart, and through bodily distress the sight led to much depression of mind and heart, until an event occurred which became the turning point of the spiritual life of this gifted author. Dr. Caesar Malan, of Geneva, was a guest of the family and became to Charlotte Elliott a spiritual father fully adapted to her needs. From that time for forty years, his constant correspondence was esteemed the greatest blessing of her life, and the anniversary of the date of his first visit was always kept as a festival-day, and on that day so long as Dr. Malan lived, letters passed from one to the other as upon the birthday of her soul to true life and peace. Those who have heard Dr. Malan converse, or are familiar with his writings, will readily conceive the meeting between him and this dependent Christian. He was a skilful physician of souls, and the remedy which he brought was the simple remedy of entire faith in the very words of God. Taking one promise after another, such as "He that believeth in the Son hath everlasting life," he showed the fulness and freeness of the blessed gospel, and then with peculiar tenderness pressed the point, "Will you make God a liar by refusing to believe his own words?" Under the teachings of this man of God, Miss Elliott's soul entered into peace and rest, which lasted, for the most part, until the close of her long life of weary weakness. Previous to this time, her tastes had led her to spend hours with the finest authors of the English

language. The poets especially were her delight. Following her revered friend's advice, she laid aside for a time desultory reading, and began the careful study of God's word, which became henceforth her most delightful teacher and companion. Thus unconsciously was God preparing a chosen servant for her appointed life-work which was given to her thus. A dear invalid friend, Miss Kiernan, of Dublin, died and left her earnest request as a dying legacy to Charlotte Elliott, that she would take up her yearly duty, which was the editorship of "The Christian Remembrancer Pocket-Book," a volume of texts, enriched and illustrated by careful selections and original poems, all tending to cultivate and promote spiritual life.

Miss Elliott accepted this work, and continued it as long as she lived, thus sending out from her chamber a yearly message to the busy dwellers in the outer world, words prayerfully pondered, and weighty with the power of God's Spirit. The circulation of this yearly text-book so greatly increased, that a friend persuaded its author to revise another attempt of Miss K.'s, "The Invalid's Hymn-Book."

In complying with this request, Miss Elliott added a number of her own poems, and thus first gave to the world her heaven-inspired hymn, which has since been translated into so many strange tongues—

"Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come."

Quietly, even anonymously this immortal hymn began its career. A lady was so struck by it that she had it printed as a little leaflet and widely circulated, without an idea by whom it had been written.

It curiously happened, that while Miss Elliott was at Torquay, under the care of an eminent physician, he one morning placed this leaflet in her hand saying, "I am sure you will like this," and great was the astonishment of both parties; Miss Elliott recognizing her own poem; the doctor for the first time learning that his patient was its author.

The hymn seems originally to have been written as a response to the Saviour's words in John 6: 27, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." A burdened soul hears these words, and out of the very depths of a broken and contrite heart, believes the promise, takes Jesus at his word, and confidently comes to him, with this cry of child-like faith,

"O Lamb of God, I come."

Perhaps no one hymn contains more of the very essence of personal faith than this, and it is not too much to say that no other has led more souls to Christ.

Within a short time two volumes have appeared from the press of the Religious Tract Society of England, the first entitled, "Selections from the Poems of Charlotte Elliott, author of 'Just as I am,' with a Memoir by her Sister." Owing to the interest which this book created, a second volume was published as "Leaves from the Unpublished Journal, Letters, and Poems of Charlotte Elliott." The contents of both are interesting, as portraying a sanctified mind and heart; but the truth remains that Miss Elliott's name and fame are linked with the production of one single poem. By that she is known, by that she will be honored while the language of earth is uttered.

Miss Elliott lived to be over eighty years of age, always an invalid, always fighting with disease and lassitude. But in her "darkened room" she learned to sing sweet strains, and one day all unknown, even to herself, her believing soul burst forth in this one song of such wondrous simplicity and beauty, with such adaptedness to every human heart, that it at once became and will evermore remain a shining ladder betwixt earth and heaven, between the sinner and his Saviour.—*Christian Weekly.*

#### CHRIST ONLY CAN DO IT.

"I wish I could tell every drunkard in the land that Jesus alone can save him. His blood cleanseth from all sin." So wrote to me one of the most extraordinary reformed inebriates whom I have ever known. Two years ago he had sunk to the uttermost depths of poverty and degradation. A kind Christian friend had picked him up in the open street on a winter night, after he had been turned out by the heartless grog-seller to freeze and perish. I had known him in his better days, and loved him as a friend, a trusty man of business, and once a respected member of my church. But the bottle had driven him from business, broken up his once happy home, and hurled him out as a wandering waif from one dramshop to another. May God have mercy on those Christians who aid and abet those drinking customs which produce such wretched wrecks as my poor friend S.—

Nothing seemed left to him but the prayers of a gooly wife, whose heart his debaucheries had broken, and whom his career had sent to her grave. To my astonishment this man, whom I had given up as hopeless, came into our prayer-meeting a few months ago, sober,

well-dressed, and in "his right mind." He arose and poured out his heart in confession of his sins, and in a melting prayer of thanksgiving to Jesus for the miracle of his salvation. He gave all the glory to the atoning blood. The meeting became a "Bochim" as the reformed man told his touching story. Last week he was with us again, and told us how Christ's arm had held him up for several months, and how the grace of God had even conquered his old appetite for drink!

As soon as he closed, another member of my church, whom I had laid hold of once in the street when a common drunkard, rose and added his testimony to the power of Jesus to save. His speech clenched the nail which my friend S.—had driven. Immediately I called upon the meeting to sing Mrs. Wittenmeyer's hymn, "Jesus is mighty to save." We felt that the olden miracle of casting out the evil spirits had been repeated afresh, and to the wonder working Saviour belonged the glory.

This is a key-note for the true temperance reform, "Jesus can save the drunkard, and He only." During my late attendance upon the National Temperance Convention at Chicago, I heard several converted inebriates testify in public that Christ's indwelling grace had taken away even their appetite for strong drink!—*T. L. Cuyler, D. D., in American Messenger.*

#### THE FABULOUS WEALTH OF THE ANCIENTS.

The moderns who are showing such extravagant taste for art have by no means reached the appreciativeness of the ancients. Zeuxis grew so rich that he refused to sell more pictures, and gave them away to cities; and Nicias declined an offer from Attalus of £15,000 for a single picture. Appelles received £5,000 for a portrait of Alexander, and gave £12,500 for each picture Protogenes had in his studio. Julius Cesar gave £20,000 for two pictures of single figures, one Ajax and the other Medea; and M. Agrippa paid to the municipality of Cyzicus £10,600 for two more. Lucius Mummius refused £52,000 for a picture of "Father Bacchus" which he had seized in Greece, and Tiberius gave 60,000 sesteria, or nearly half a million, for a picture by Parrhasius. Cicero argued that Verres had compelled Helius, a rich Sicilian, to part with a little bronze Cupid by Praxiteles because Verres bought it for only £1,063; and Nicomedes offered to pay off the public debt of Cnidus—"quod erat igens," says Pliny—if the citizens would give him Praxiteles statue of Venus in return, and was refused because it was the glory of the city. "But what shall we say of Lollia Paulina, the rival of Agrippina, whose dresses alone were valued at £332,916?" Nero gave nineteen millions in presents only—rather more than Louis Quatorze spent upon Versailles; and "there was Pallas, the curled darling and lover of Agrippina, who was enormously rich, and to whom Juvenal alludes as a type of wealthy men, in the line, 'Ego possideo plus Pallanto et Licinio.' He left a handsome estate in land—I speak only of land now—of some £2,021,875. Then there was Seneca, the philosopher and moralist, who always preached the virtues of poverty and self-denial and professed the virtues of stoicism, who left about the same amount, given to him in great part, I suppose, by Nero and Lentulus, whose real estate amounted to about £3,239,166; and Isodoros, who disposed by will of 416 slaves, 3,860 yoke of oxen, and 257,000 other cattle. These were all fairly well off, one might say; but apparently Marcus Scarus was superior to them all in wealth." These fortunes are perfectly possible, if we recollect that the wealth of a plundered world was in the hands of a few Roman nobles; but it must be remembered that in those days all statistics were more or less inaccurate, that even now a popular estimate of a man's wealth is often ludicrously exaggerated, and that a Roman household consisting of slaves, and food to a Roman noble costing scarcely anything, his surplus could all be devoted to the competition of luxury.—*London Spectator.*

#### LIFE BENEATH THE WAVES.

BY CAPTAIN BOYTON IN "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE."

Soon afterward I worked down into the Gulf of Mexico. The first coral I raised was in Catoche. Knocking around there I heard of the loss of the schooner "Foam." The first mate and three men got saved but the captain, his daughter and three men got lost. I slung round to see if she could be raised. After we'd spent the best part of the week we sailed over her and dropped anchor. It was a lovely Sunday morning when we struck her. She lay in sixty feet of water, on a bottom as white as the moon. Looking down I could see her leaning over on one side upon the coral reef. When I got down to her, I saw she'd torn a great gap in the reef when she ran against it. The mainmast was gone, and hung by the fore; I clambered up; I saw whole shoals of fish playing in and out of the hatches. First, I went to look for the

bodies, for I never like to work while there's any of them about. Finding the forecastle empty, I went to the two little state cabins. It was rather dark, and I had to feel in the lower bunks. There was nothing in the first, and in the other the door was locked. I pried it open, and shot back the lock with my adze. It flew open, and out something fell right against me. I felt at once it was the woman's body. I was not exactly frightened, but it shook me rather. I slung it from me, and went out into the light a bit until I had got hold of myself. Then I turned and brought her out—poor thing! She'd been pretty, and as I carried her in my arms with her white face nestling against my shoulder, she seemed as if she was only sleeping. I made her fast to the line as carefully as I could, to send her up, and the fish played about as if they were sorry she was going. At last I gave the signal, and she went slowly up, her hair floating round her head like a pillow of golden seaweed. That was the only body I found there, and I managed after to raise considerable of the cargo.

One of my expeditions was among the silver banks of the Antilles, the loveliest place I ever saw, where the white coral grows into curious, tree-like shapes. As I stepped along the bottom it seemed as if I were in a frosted forest. Here and there trailed long fronds of green and crimson seaweed. Silver-bellied fish flashed about among the deep brown and purple sea-fans, which rose high as my head. Far as I could see all round in the transparent water were different colored leaves, and on the floor piles of shells so bright in color that it seemed as if I had stumbled on a place where they kept a stock of broken rainbows. I could not work for a bit, and had a quarter determination to sit down and wait for a mermaid. I guess if those sea-girls live anywhere they select that spot. After walking the inside out of half an hour, I thought I had better go to work and blast for treasure. A little bit on from where I sat were the remains of a treasure ship. It was a Britisher, I think, and corals had formed about what was left of her. The coral on the bottom and round her showed black spots. That meant a deposit of either iron or silver. I made fairly good hauls every time I went down, and sold one piece I found to Barnum, of New York.

After I left there I had a curious adventure with a shark. I was down on a nasty rock bottom. A man never feels comfortable on them; he can't tell what big creature may be hiding under the huge quarter-deck sea leaves which grow there. The first part of the time I was visited by a porcupine fish, which kept sticking its quills up and bobbing in front of my helmet. Soon after I saw a big shadow fall across me, and looking up there was a shark playing about my tubing. It makes you feel chilly in the back when they're about. He came down to me slick as I looked up. I made at him and he sheared off. For an hour he worked at it, till he could stand it no longer. If you can keep your head level it's all right, and you're pretty safe if they're not on you sharp. This ugly brute was twenty feet long, I should think, for when I lay down all my length on the bottom, he stretched a considerable way ahead of me, and I could see him beyond my feet. Then I waited. They must turn over to bite, and my lying down bothered him. He swam over me three or four times, and then skulked off to a big thicket of sea-weed to consider. I knew he'd come back when he settled his mind. It seemed a long time waiting for him. At last he came viciously over me, but, like the time before, too far from my arms. The next time I had my chance, and ripped him with my knife as neatly as I could. A shark always remembers he's got business somewhere else when he's out, so off this fellow goes. It is a curious thing, too, that all the sharks about will follow in the trail he leaves. I got on my hands and knees, and as he swam off I noticed four shadows slip after him. I saw no more that time. They did not like my company.

#### HEREDITARY LONGEVITY.

The study of this subject reveals the fact that longevity seems to run in families, and sometimes appears to be almost hereditary. The transmission of the elixir of long life seems as reasonable as the inheritance of unpleasant tempers or a weakly constitution; and allowing for a providential exemption from the fatal accidents strewn in the path of man, why may not the child of one hundred and ten years reach the age of its parents who perished at one hundred and twenty-five? Thus Mrs. Kiethe, of Gloucestershire, died 1772, aged one hundred and thirty-three. She left three daughters—the eldest aged one hundred and eleven, the second one hundred and ten, and the youngest one hundred and nine. Perhaps the most striking instance of hereditary longevity may be found in the case of the often quoted Thomas Parr, who died in London 1635, aged one hundred and fifty-two, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Shropshire, in England whence he came, is distin-

guished for its long-lived people. Old Parr, as he has been familiarly called for nearly three centuries, was a farmer, worked at the age of one hundred and thirty, and married his second wife when one hundred and twenty-two. Robert Parr died in Shropshire, 1757, aged one hundred and twenty-four. He has been called the great-grandson of Old Parr. Robert's father died aged one hundred and nine, and his grandfather aged one hundred and thirteen. The total years of these four persons, in regular descent, extend to four hundred and ninety-eight, more than one quarter of the whole period since the commencement of the Christian era. John Newell, who died in 1761, aged one hundred and twenty-seven, and John Michaelstone, who died in 1763, aged one hundred and twenty-seven, were both grandsons of Old Parr.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

—Mrs. Weitbrecht, in her recent volume entitled "The Women of India, and Christian Work in the Zenana," says: "The contrast between those zenanas where female education is progressing and those who will not have it is very remarkable. In the one you see the ladies sitting in the sun, with their knees drawn up to the chin, absolutely idle. In the other you go in and find the whole female part of the family with their books and work around, some learning their lessons; mothers and daughters together, some working, others, it may be, reading; those who are able to read well and easily reading a story book, such as 'Faith and Victory,' 'The Dairyman's Daughter,' and other little books which have been translated into their language. But you seldom find them idle."

## SELECTIONS.

### TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

Civility costs little and pays in the long run. A story at the expense of a Lawrence man who had a small party under escort from this city to a seaside resort is the newest illustration. Arrived at the railroad terminus there was only one hack. The Lawrence man wanted the exclusive use of it for himself and three persons whom he considered himself honored by escorting. An elderly lady, very plain in appearance, desired a seat inside, and that the Lawrence man should accommodate her by riding on the box with the driver. He was firm in his purpose, though, of monopolizing the hack, and the hack-driver, with an eye to business auctioned off the use of the vehicle, finally making a bargain with the Lawrence man for \$6. The hack rolled off with the Lawrence man triumphantly in possession, leaving the old lady standing upon the depot platform to make her way as best she could. In the evening the Lawrence man was relating to a company of acquaintances his experience with "a troublesome, fussy old Irishwoman at the station." A gentleman who was standing by, well-known as quite prominent in business affairs in a New Hampshire city, remarked that the Lawrence man's experience was indeed singular, and that there was, too, a strange coincidence. "My mother," he said, "an elderly lady, upwards of eighty-five, came down from home this afternoon, and she was telling us at tea that she had a great row about getting a hack at the station, with a drunken, insolent, red-headed Irishman. There seems to be a good deal of trouble about hacks this afternoon." The Lawrence man "took," and so did the bystanders. The story got back to Lawrence, and if you ask him now about that "fussy old Irishwoman from Nashua," the Lawrence man will probably ask how your family are, and if you aren't glad that there has been such a pleasant change in the weather.—*Lawrence American.*

—Quite recently a short-sighted husband saw a large bouquet of flowers on a chair, and, wishing to preserve them from fading, placed them in a basin of water. When his wife saw the "bouquet" half an hour afterward she gave a piercing scream, and fainted on the spot. Her defective-visioned husband had mistaken her new bonnet with its abundance of flowers for a fresh-pinked bouquet.

—Those persons who began to eat large quantities of fish a few years ago, and have kept up the practice ever since without having experienced the desired increase of intellectual capacity, may thank the New Orleans Republican for this explanation: "Unless a man has brains, it is useless for him to eat brain food. It has never been claimed for fish that it creates, it only strengthens the brain."

—The Rev. J. C. Young, rector of Ilmington, Warwickshire, in his journal chronicles the reply of an old woman to whom he had expressed his regret that he had never seen her in church. "She smiled, patted me on the shoulder in a patronizing way, and said, 'Oh, don't you be down-hearted! When the weather picks up a bit I'll come and have a look at you.'"

—The small boy going to Europe kept a diary for his sister: "June 13. Very Ruff. June 14. Ruffer to-day. June 16. To-day we went 91 nots. It is still very ruff. June 17. There were not many at dinner to-day, and I liked the plums. June 19. I didn't keep a diary yesterday. Ma said it was the plums. 94 nots to-day."

WHAT IS AN IDEA?—A Frenchman has defined an idea as a child of one's own that one always wishes some one else to adopt.



SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

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

DECEMBER 28.] LESSON XXVI.

REVIEW.—THE MINISTRY OF JESUS.

GOLDEN TEXT.—But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name.—John xx. 31. CENTRAL TRUTH.—Jesus preached peace.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—The past twelve lessons may be reviewed to advantage under three divisions:

- (I) THE TEACHINGS OF CHRIST (LESSONS XIV.-XVIII.). (II) THE FINISHED WORK OF CHRIST (LESSONS XIX.-XXII.). (III) THE RISEN LORD (LESSONS XXIII.-XXV.).

TOPICS AND QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

Give the titles of the last twelve lessons. Repeat central truths. The golden texts.

THE TEACHINGS OF CHRIST.—In which lesson does Jesus foretell the manner of his death? What prayer did he offer at that time? How was the prayer answered?

In which lesson is the humility of Jesus shown? By what act? Who at first refused to have his feet washed by Jesus? Why did he yield? What request did he make?

Which lesson speaks of a heavenly home? Where is that home said to be? Who proposed to go and prepare a place in it for each disciple? Who enquired the way to that home? What answer was given to him?

Which lesson speaks of Jesus as the Vine? Who is the husbandman? Who are the branches? How would the branches become fruitless? How fruitful? How might the disciples become fruitful? By what would the Father be glorified?

Which lesson speaks of the love for friends? What is said to be the highest test of that love? Whose friends were the disciples called? What command did Jesus give to his disciples at that time? Why would the world hate them?

II. THE FINISHED WORK OF CHRIST.—In which lesson does Jesus speak of going away from his disciples? Why was it expedient for him to go away? Who would come to them if he went away? What would be the work of the Spirit toward the world? Into what would he guide the disciples? Of whose things would he speak? Whom would he glorify?

Which lesson contains a portion of Christ's last prayer with his disciples? For whom did he pray? What did he ask to be done for his disciples? For whom besides his disciples did he pray? What did he ask for them? What did he desire their oneness to be like? What effect would it have upon the world?

Before what governor was Jesus tried? Upon what charge did Pilate question him? Why would not the servants of Jesus fight for him? What was Pilate's testimony after the examination of Jesus?

Who stood by the cross of Jesus? How did he show his love for his mother in that hour? Who was that disciple whom Jesus loved? In whose house did his mother after ward find a home? What did Jesus on the cross say of his work?

III. THE RISEN LORD.—Which lesson speaks of angels in a sepulchre? Who saw the angels there? Who had lain in the sepulchre? What did the angels say to Mary? Whom did she see as she turned herself around? Whom did she think he was? How did he make himself known to her? To whom did he send her? With what message?

Which disciple did not believe Jesus had risen? What proofs did he say he wanted before believing it? What proofs did Jesus offer to give him? How did he then show that he was convinced? Who would be blessed in believing? Why were these signs and miracles of Jesus written? What may believers have through his name?

Which lesson speaks of the work assigned to Peter? State the three questions to Peter and Peter's three answers. The three commands of Jesus to Peter. How did Jesus describe the death of Peter? What fact concerning another disciple was Peter curious to know? What answer did Jesus make? Whom should every one strive to follow? Whom do you now follow?

HINTS.—To give information is well; to teach how to get it is better.

Estimate your teaching not by what you tell your pupils, but what they tell back to you.

Examinations should be made a test of the pupil's proficiency, not the teacher's.

Where every answer from every pupil in every class is a complete sentence, distinctly enunciated, there you will find good readers.

The condition of grounds, outbuildings and entries indicates the discipline of the school before one enters the room.

Those two or three "big, bad boys," if fairly won over to your side, will ensure the success of the school. If you want to fail, recognize in them a permanent opposition.

Never show your class a second time ignorance or uncertainty upon a point upon which you could have informed yourself.

—Mr. Angell, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was to lecture before the faculty and students of all departments of Dartmouth College, in the college chapel, Oct. 4th, on "The relation of animals that can speak to those that are dumb."

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

This is the last issue of the MESSENGER for the year 1875. During the last twelve months it has doubled its circulation, and we cannot let the year come to a close without heartily thanking our many friends and workers for their noble efforts in extending the MESSENGER'S circulation and influence. The paper itself, we think, with increasing circulation, has increased in value, though so imperceptibly as almost not to be noticed at the first glance. While we cannot promise any direct improvement during the coming year we will do everything to make the MESSENGER one bringing with it good tidings to all, and such tidings as may influence those it reaches for good. In asking our friends to work for us it is not that we may say our circulation has increased so many thousand, although such information is pleasurable to a publisher's ears, but because we believe that a paper full of such matter as is published in each issue of the MESSENGER, can not be widely circulated without its effects being visible. It is very satisfactory also to know that many Sunday-schools are taking a renewed interest in the paper and that thousands are in circulation amongst them.

We have great hopes for next year. On December 15th, 1875 we would be pleased to write: "MESSENGER Circulation SIXTY THOUSAND." It is in the power of our readers to make this possible with but very little trouble to themselves. The following is the rule—30,000 + 30,000=60,000; again 30,000 x 2=60,000. Perhaps some of our smaller workers do not understand these signs. We then repeat if every subscriber to the MESSENGER sends us during the year the name of another, our circulation will at the end be 60,000. A good effort this month would give us a great start. Ten will subscribe in December for one that will do so any other month.

THE "WITNESS."

WHAT A LADY SUBSCRIBER THINKS.

"Pardon me if take up your time for a few minutes in giving my reasons for liking the WITNESS.

"1st. For its unmistakable religious tone, (no cant, but every day religion.)

"2nd. Its strong but unswerving advocacy of temperance.

"3rd. Its moderate but decided tone in politics.

"4th. Its determined opposition to the encroachments of Rome, yet its freedom from the loud and vulgar abuse that really only defeat its own object.

"5th. Its good moral tone and honest condemnation of wrong-doing, no matter where and candid acknowledgment of good even in an enemy.

"I was delighted to read of the burst of feeling elicited by the announcement of the stopping of the New York Witness. Such things make us feel that in the midst of so much wickedness, worldliness, political depravity, &c., there is some good in the world yet."

A BIG PUSH.

There are two ways of extending the circulation of a newspaper. One is by never getting to drop a word in its favor. This is the method adopted by postmasters, who have the matter constantly before them in the line of duty, and by some ministers, who value the alliance of a wholesome newspaper, and never fail to keep partners in mind that their children's minds need healthy nutriment if they are not to grow up stagnant or vitiated by that which is positively deleterious. The other method is by making a special effort at times in its favor. From now till the end of the year is the great time for such special efforts, and also for special activity on the part of those who work in a more constant way. To facilitate immediate operation, we will from now to the end of the year receive the subscriptions of new subscribers to begin at once and continue to the end of next year

for the price of one year. Many put off the matter because their present subscription to some other paper is not up yet, to whom this offer will be a sufficient answer. Many subscriptions are never sent by putting off, and many intended efforts in our favor are never made through the same cause. We, therefore, urge on all the fact that this is the time to make a BIG PUSH for the MESSENGER. Now is the time when a word tells, and when those who have long intended to subscribe may easily be induced to do so. Now is the time to forestall the canvassers who get a large commission for introducing sensation papers into families. To be successful the work should be done before Christmas, when other matters distract the mind. We shall give a splendid Christmas picture, which will go to all who subscribe for next year in time for it. The following is the list of prizes, which are probably within the reach of all who try hard to get them:—

- 1. To the person sending the largest amount of money on or before January 7th, as payment in advance for our publications... \$ 50
2. To the person sending the second largest amount... 40
3. do. do. third do. 30
4. do. do. fourth do. 20
5. do. do. fifth do. 15
6. do. do. sixth do. 10
7. do. do. seventh do. 10
8. do. do. eighth do. 5
9. do. do. ninth do. 5
10. do. do. tenth do. 5
11. do. do. eleventh do. 5
12. do. do. twelfth do. 5

Those who wish to begin at once may take new subscriptions to the end of next year at the following rates:

Table with 2 columns: Subscription type and price. DAILY WITNESS \$3 00, TRI-WEEKLY 2 00, WEEKLY 1 10, MESSENGER 30c, DOMINION MONTHLY 1 50

THE "NORTHERN MESSENGER."

"THE BOUNDLESS CONTINENT IS OURS."

The MESSENGER having, owing to the recent postal convention with the United States, a large and rapidly growing circulation outside of Canada, we have concluded to give it a title commensurate with its constituency. It will soon, we believe, be found in every State and Territory in the United States, and may reach out still further to other lands. Henceforth, therefore, beginning with the New Year, it will be known as the NORTHERN MESSENGER, but will not in any other respect differ from what it has been except, in so far as we can alter it for the better.

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—We want to extend our circulation in the Sunday-schools. Out of our 30,000 subscribers, about 15,000 now are in clubs from the Sunday-schools. Any Sunday school superintendent, officer or teacher in a school where the MESSENGER does not circulate, who sends us his name and address by postal card or otherwise, will have sample copies sent him.

"MESSENGERS" TO GIVE AWAY.—At every issue of the MESSENGER we print some extra copies. Every subscriber who wants these to distribute can have them supplied at the rate of \$1.00 per twelve dozen.

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.

GLASS CARDS.

Red, Blue, White, Clear and Transparent. Your name beautifully printed in Gold on 1 doz. for 50c. Outfits 25c. Samples 10c. F. K. SMITH & CO., Bangor, Maine.

\$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.

WESTERN ADVERTISER AND WEEKLY LIBERAL.

The Great Family Newspaper. \$1.00 per year, free of postage. 12th Annual Fall Campaign open. Splendid News to Agents. Balance of 1875 free. Premium Map of Ontario free to every subscriber. Map contains portraits of Lord Dufferin, Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, Hon. Edward Blake, Hon. O. Mowat, Prof. Goldwin Smith and Sir J. A. Macdonald. Valuable and useful gift. Advocates a Prohibitory Liquor Law. Advocates an Elective Senate. And every good and progressive measure. Farmers' Department by Rev. W. F. Clarke. Stories, Fun, Ladies' and Children's Departments. Good paper—Clear Print. Circulation, Fifteen Thousand. Samples free. Agents wanted. Address—JOHN CAMERON & CO., London, Ontario.

NOW READY,

DRESS AND HEALTH.

OR,

HOW TO BE STRONG.

A BOOK FOR LADIES.

Price, 30 Cents.

Sent by mail postpaid on receipt of the money.

THE WITNESS.

All readers of the MESSENGER may not know that during the present year the Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal has been exerting all the immense power he wields to erase the name of WITNESS from the city of Montreal, with what success the figures below show. The circulation of the DAILY WITNESS, which is sent to subscribers, post paid, for three dollars a year—a little over double the recent cost of the postage—declined about 500, but is still equal to what it was this time last year, notwithstanding the dullness of the season. The Tri-weekly edition, costing \$2 a year, post-paid, has been influenced but little either way, while the Weekly—the favorite edition for the country—has risen from a circulation of 16,000 to the very great one of 21,000. This shows that these papers have taken a firm hold on the hearts of the people, and are too strong to be overthrown by prejudice or any small passion. For this great increase its friends who have worked for it have mostly to be thanked. The publishers have been untiring in their efforts to obtain the information their readers desire at any trouble or expense, and are satisfied to know that the WITNESS is everywhere welcomed as a visitor in the family, an instructor or guide. Its object is, as quoted in the prospectus "to witness fearlessly for the truth and against evil doing under all circumstances, and keep its readers abreast with the news and the knowledge of the day. It devotes much space to social, agricultural and sanitary matters, and is especially the paper for the home circle. It is freely embellished with engravings." The following are the prices:

Table with 2 columns: Subscription type and price. DAILY WITNESS post-paid \$3.00 per annum, TRI-WEEKLY 2.00, WEEKLY 1.10

Subscribers remitting new subscriptions besides their own are entitled to the following discounts on such subscriptions.

Table with 2 columns: Subscription type and price. DAILY WITNESS 50c, TRI-WEEKLY 35c, WEEKLY 25c

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, Montreal.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

For nine years the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY has endeavored to develop a Canadian literature, and its efforts have not been without success. It was issued on the Confederation of the Provinces as quite a small publication, and has since grown to its present size and importance. It is now a magazine of eighty pages, printed with new type on good paper, and each number is illustrated by a frontispiece. Although during a year it contains nine hundred and sixty pages of closely printed matter, comprising adventures, advice, information, poetry, reminiscences, sketches, &c., in endless variety, its price is but \$1.50 per annum, and when clubbed with any edition of the WITNESS 25 cents less. Subscriptions may be given to any of the agents of the WITNESS or MESSENGER or sent direct to the office of the Publishers, John Dougall & Son.

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