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Temperance Department.

WIFE'S PRESENT.

"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER."

"Thee dost get a better-looking lass every day, that thee dost," said George Gooch, in the fond and familiar way in which he was wont to address his better half, as she sat near the open window one bright spring morning, her face glowing with health and radiant with smiles, tying the small hat on the head of a comely and beautiful baby, who seemed quite accustomed to the operation, and to know that he was going to be sent out in the fresh air and sunshine. "Thee dost get a better-looking lass every day," said he putting his hand affectionately on her back; "and not only thee, but the little one. See how he thrives! and so good tempered! and it's all along of that glass of ale that I had so much trouble to get thee to take months ago; but thee hast grown wise at last. Come, now, own that thy husband was right in the matter, and that thee wast wrong. Confess for once in thy life. Why thou art twice the woman that thou wast seven months ago, when thou wast suckling this great boy upon water," continued he contemptuously.

"Milk as well as water," put in Mrs. Gooch, pleasantly, as she handed the child to a neighbor's girl, who was going to take him out with her mother's infant in a perambulator.

"I tell you, you wanted the stimulant, and so the event has proved," said he, growing serious. "Don't grieve me by saying that it has done you no good; because about that we shall never agree; and if it is not that that is making you look so much better, what is it?" continued he, reaching down his hat from a peg behind the door, and preparing to depart.

Mrs. Gooch laughed—a little low musical laugh—a pleasant laugh to hear. He shook his fist at her, playfully, and departed; for it was time he was at the workshop.

As will be seen from the foregoing conversation, Mr. Gooch was one of those men who firmly believed in a glass of good beer, as he called it. He believed that every man, woman and child was better for a little drop. He seldom drank to excess, though he had been known on certain high days and holidays to take more than was good for him. He was always ashamed of having done so; but still, true to his principles, was indignant at the very thought of giving it up altogether. He had married a teetotaler, a sweet tempered and comely woman of whom he was justly proud; but her unflinching adherence to the temperance cause was, as he sometimes told his friends, the one fly in his pet of ointment. She had stood much bantering and some persecution from her husband, who set himself to knock all teetotal nonsense, as he called it, out of her head; until after the birth of their first-born, when, as will sometimes happen with delicate but perfectly healthy women, her strength gave way somewhat, for the boy was strong and

hearty; and the best cure for all mischiefs was, in George's opinion, a pint of good ale per day. On this he insisted, until to prevent perpetual disagreements Mrs. Gooch appeared to consent; and as he was never at home to dinner, and she said it did not suit her at supper, George thought he had gained the day, and gave her week by week an extra allowance of money for her beer, priding himself on her improved appearance, for she had now regained health and strength, and was certainly very fair to look upon.

Evening saw George Gooch in the same merry vein that he had been in the morning. For, since his wife had taken her glass, as he thought, he had taken rather less, that he might not feel the expense so much in these dear times; and his health and temper were benefited in consequence, for nothing makes a man so waspish and miserable as too much drink. On the present occasion he was highly satisfied with his wife, his baby boy, his house, and its belongings, though they might have been better, and, best of all, with himself.

"Why didst thee laugh at me, old lass, this morning?" said he. "I am a poor simple fellow, I know, but I know what suits thee better than thee knowst thyself. Come, now, confess for once that thy husband was right about the ale. Wasn't he right, now? Please him for once, by saying that he was right, and thee wast wrong."

Mrs. Gooch looked down on the ground very demurely, then smiled, and said, gravely, "Indeed, George, all the ale I have had is in a small box up stairs, looked up in the chest of drawers."

"What do you mean?" said George, looking aghast, his eyes round and wide open, and his mouth too.

"Only this," said Mrs. Gooch; "that as I was getting so well, and so handsome, as you said this morning, I felt that I could not need it. I did not wish to quarrel with you, so I seemed to agree; but no ale have I swallowed, George, and what was to buy it has turned into a pretty little silver thing up stairs that speaks, and will be the nicest little companion for you. And, as I am so good-looking and so well without it, you won't mind about it, will you?"

Mr. Gooch was so astonished, that he did not know whether to be pleased or angry. His wife ran up stairs, however, and in a minute or two was down again, holding a small square morocco leathern box in her hand, which she opened and put close to her husband's ear.

"Listen!" she said, quietly; "this is what I should have swallowed." Tick, tick, tick, sounded in George's ear.

"You don't mean to say," said George, recovering from his surprise somewhat, "that you have saved the money I gave you for your ale, and bought this watch for yourself with it?"

"I have saved the money you gave me for my ale, George, and bought this watch with it; but the watch is not for myself, George, it is for you."

"No," said George, a smile of unmistakable pleasure crossing his face. "It is you that made the sacrifice; the watch is yours."

"Sacrifice, George? It has been no sacrifice; the sacrifice would have been to drink the ale. I saved the money and bought this watch for my dear husband, as a peace offering for tricking him; and I thought he would forgive me, because I have been so well, so very well, and the baby too, without it. And I am looking so very handsome just now, you know," added she slyly.

"You don't know how much better you may be with it," said George, not quite liking to acknowledge himself beaten.

"Oh, George! there is an old adage which says, 'Let well alone.' You don't know how poorly it might make me, and how it might

injure the baby. Remember, I have never been used to it, and I do not want to get used to it, that's more."

"You are an obstinate woman," said George, opening and shutting the watch, "and I suppose I must let you have your own way. My wife's present to me," added he, after a moment's silence; "something that she has given me, after tricking me all these months;—bought with the money I gave her for ale."

Mrs. Gooch saw that her peace was made, and that her husband was really very much pleased, though he did not care to say so just then in so many words. She was rejoiced and thankful, and getting a yard and a half of narrow watch-ribbon out of a drawer, she attached it to the watch, and put it round his neck, feeling as happy and as proud a little wife at that moment, as any in the three kingdoms.

It was a delightful evening, and not late, so George proposed that they should take a short walk together before supper, he volunteering to carry the baby, who was wide awake, and in capital spirits. As he took the infant in his arms he thus addressed it:

"Thee mother's been cheating thee and herself, to buy dadda a watch; thee can't understand it yet, but I'll tell thee all about it, when thee get's older."

"Do," said Mrs. Gooch, "I should so like him to know it."

"Ah," said the husband, "I see how thee'st going to trick him up."

"Well, have you any objection?" laughed Mrs. Gooch.

"Ask me no questions," said Mr. Gooch, slyly.

When they were returning from their walk, and a very happy one it was, Mr. Gooch said, "I'll tell you what it is, wife; I shall have to put my ale money into a box before long, and buy you a watch with it. One good turn deserves another."

"I do not wish for such a thing, George," said Mrs. Gooch, who was a most unselfish and noble woman—a real treasure to a man. "You have been used to ale, and provided you don't take more than you ought, I don't wish to urge total abstinence upon you unpleasantly. Else, if you could do without, what nice pieces of furniture we could soon have about us, and, perhaps, save money besides."

"Well," said George, "what agrees with the goose ought to agree with the gander. I don't say that I shall not give it a trial, for you know, wife, I have now and then got a drop too much—not often you know; and I have got upset by it, and lost several days' work."

"Oh, George! that we should ever be agreed in this matter, is more than I dared hope for. Will you make a trial of it? You are but a young man, and now is the time, when you are young."

"If I do," said George, "the first thing I shall buy with the saved money, will be a watch for you; mind, that is to be the understanding."

"Very well," said Mrs. Gooch, "so that you will try."

"I begin to-night, then," said George; "where is the box to put the money in? There is your money to go in as well as mine. We shall soon get your watch."

They did soon get the watch, and a great many other things besides. Mr. Gooch soon had a prettily furnished little parlor, and the nicest workman's house in the world. Total abstinence quite agreed with him, and he became the means, under God, of rescuing many drunkards, and turning them from the error of their ways; and this, he was in the habit of saying, was owing in the first instance to his wife's firm principles, and her graceful and beautiful present.—*British Workwoman.*

EGG-NOG.

BY ELEANOR HIRK.

"Beat up an egg till it is very light, all of a foam, you know, add two teaspoonfuls sugar and two or three great spoonfuls of brandy or whiskey; then fill the tumbler up with milk; and you have a perfectly delicious drink. It would help you wonderfully, Frank, when you are tired and weak from writing so incessantly."

The speaker looked up from a lap full of Berlin wool which she was sorting to crochet, and smiled radiantly into her companion's face.

How beautiful she was, with her soft, brown eyes, her delicate hands and statuesque figure! How fascinating was the whole appearance of this tempter!

"I'd make it myself for you, if I wasn't visiting; I don't like to bother the girls in the kitchen, and if you have it made in a restaurant, tell them to be sure and beat the egg well, and for conscience' sake, be sure of the milk!"

"And how about the brandy, Bertha?" enquired the young gentleman, giving her a strange, searching glance.

"O, I suppose one can always get good brandy by paying for it."

"Perhaps so," was the low answer. "I see you are not a temperance woman, Bertha. A little strange, isn't it? Most of the women are, I believe."

"Most women are whose husbands are drunkards, I suppose; but I do hate common subjects. Everybody has something to say about temperance just now, and it is awfully stupid; don't you think so? Really, though, joking aside, egg-nog will do you good. It is an excellent tonic."

Soft wool, soft hands, and softer cheek! Eyes that spoke volumes, and a mouth of rosebud sweetness. There was a world of reproach in the young man's glance, as he steadfastly surveyed her.

"I presume, Bertha, that you will consider me a stupid fellow; but I have some singular convictions on these subjects of woman and temperance, which I feel to be my duty to disclose. This is what it amounts to. I consider it a crime for a woman to offer a glass of intoxicating liquor to a man, or recommend one."

"A crime!" she laughed. "Why, what a dreadful word! One, two, three—loop! That's it: Why Frank, you amuse me beyond all expression."

"Don't say that, dear, I beseech of you. Bertha, I know men, good, honest, whole-souled men, who from some hereditary weakness, cannot touch a drop of wine, or spirits of any kind, without wanting more; and the longing is so great, so all absorbing, that they are not strong enough to resist, and drunkenness is the inevitable result."

"Hereditary, I think you said. It strikes me there must be a little weakness on their own account. How perfectly absurd such a story as that is! I suppose you heard that from some of the crusading simpletons. Why, it is too ridiculous to think of a moment. Hold this stuff for me, please. It snarls so that I can't do anything with it."

What wonder that, with the wool on his hands, the gentle fingers of his promised wife fluttering round his own, he should forget all that was in his heart to utter, and abandon himself entirely to the bliss of the moment! That taint was in his blood! God help him! but it is strange that under such circumstances he should close the door of his conscience, and decide to wait for a better opportunity!

Twenty-six years old, and never since the age of seventeen had he tasted any kind of spirituous liquors. His good mother had told him the story of his father's struggle with the demon of intemperance; of his grandfather's abandonment of home and children for the pleasures of the grog-shop; and he had discovered by one bitter week's experience that his mother's fears in regard to himself were

correct. He must leave it alone forever, or live the life of a drunkard. There could be no half-way work about it. For years he had been so comfortable and secure in carrying out his total abstinence principles, that he had ceased to dream of danger. Now it had come to him from a quarter least expected; from the woman he loved more than the world.

Murray Hill was lined with carriages. One more brilliant party for Bertha Osgood before her marriage and departure for Europe. It was the jam of the season, and the young lady in whose honor it was given was more brilliantly beautiful than ever. The manliest man in the whole assemblage was Frank Stapleton; and all went merry as a marriage bell, until—

"Say, come out here, Frank," said the host in a whisper. "Tom has been making some egg-nog under Bertha's directions, and half-a-dozen of us are going to drink to your health in the library; come along, old fellow!"

"Tom says he shouldn't like to make egg-nog every day," laughed Bertha. "He says 'it's awful hard on the arms, ma'am.' See how nice it looks!" going over to her lover, and gracefully accepting the offered glass.

"No, I thank you!" said Frank, trying to smile and appear natural. "Nothing of that sort ever agrees with me."

"Frank prefers his brandy straight," said the host, passing the decanters.

Bertha gave her lover one annoyed and indignant look, then said under her breath,—

"For mercy's sake don't parade your temperance eccentricities here." Then louder, "Frank will try the egg-nog, please. I cannot have that slighted to-night."

"A little more brandy, Frank? There is hardly a suspicion of liquor in this," urged the host again.

"Certainly," was the firm answer. "Anything to please Bertha. Here's to our future, dear, a long life and a jolly one!" and the glass was drained to the dregs.

"It is singular where Frank is!" said the promised wife two hours later. He had not been seen since they all drank together in the library. "Surely something must have happened him! He never neglected me so before."

"Your egg-nog may have affected his head, Bertha," suggested the host laughingly.

"Nonsense," she retorted. "It would be a weak brain indeed that couldn't stand a glass of egg-nog."

A strange shuffling noise in the hall. "That may be Frank," said Bertha, rising, unconscious of the unsteady steps. "Well, sir, please give an account of yourself," she began; but the words died upon her lips. Was this her lover, her promised husband, the man she had chosen out of all the world to love and honor? A pair of bloodshot eyes looked vacantly into her own; a trembling hand was stretched out to take hers.

"Frank Stapleton!" she shrieked.

He replied, staggering to a seat, "Went out and got some more egg-nog, you see; one glass wasn't enough; time to go home, isn't it?" and almost before he had finished speaking, his head dropped upon his breast, and he was sound asleep.

One glance of horror and disgust was all the tempter bestowed upon her victim.

"Be kind enough to take him home," she said to a friend. "I never want to see him again as long as I live. How fortunate that I discovered this weakness before he had entangled me into marriage!"

Frank Stapleton is walking steadily down to destruction, and all for a glass of egg-nog.—*Congregationalist.*

LOVING THE SINNER.

By Eleanor Kirk.

HIS STORY.

I never turn any one from my door hungry, but we have so many applicants for something to eat that I do not always feel the necessity of treating them personally; but this time, when my cook with a very sad face asked me to please step into the hall, I knew that no ordinary beggar awaited me."

"Well, sir?" said I, as I looked up into a pale handsome face, quite reassured by his gentlemanly manner, "is there any thing I can do for you?"

"Yes madam," he answered earnestly, and with cultured intonation; "you can give me something to eat, for I am very hungry."

As he came slowly in, at my invitation, I noticed that his steps were slightly unsteady, and that he appeared weak and suffering. Some poor fellow with a sad domestic history, I thought, just recovering from a long sickness. The idea of intoxication never presented itself. Here was an educated, handsome, dignified gentleman. His clothes bore the appearance of long travel, but they were fine of texture and fashionably made. His hands were very white, and very slender; and I noticed, as he drank the coffee I handed him, that they trembled painfully.

"Have you been ill?" I asked. "Ill, madam?" he answered. "Ill? Yes; ill unto death—so ill that I shall never recover; but (with a groan) not in the way your kind heart supposes."

"We are often mistaken," I answered, "in our first impressions, but do not be afraid to tell me what your trouble is. I shall sympathize with it, whatever it may be."

"Do you not see," he replied, extending his hands, with a gesture of despair, "what is the matter with me? I am weak and unnerfed from the effects of liquor, madam; that is my trouble. I did not mean to deceive you. Shall I go?"

"Go?" I said, putting my hand on his arm. "Go? Why bless your heart, what do you take me for? Stay and refresh yourself, and if you feel like it, tell me all about it."

"I am not sober enough to tell you now," he replied. "I wish I could; but this much I can always tell, drunk or sober: I have a perfect passion for alcoholic stimulants. When I am where they can be bought, I must drink. I am trying now to get to some place in the heart of the country, where the damnable stuff is not sold. Do you think I can find such a spot? Rum has broken up my family; rum has killed my mother; and there is no help for me, here or hereafter."

I replenished his cup, and filled his plate. There seemed to be really nothing I could do but to attend to his temporary physical wants. By his own confession he was too much intoxicated to talk connectedly, and of course, under such circumstances, words of mine would be useless. "Poor child!" escaped from my lips involuntarily. He heard, looked up quickly, dashed away some tears, and said, with the sweetest smile I ever saw on mortal man's face, "and you pity me? Poor child! poor child!" he repeated, with an accent of fondness.

"How many times my mother has said 'poor child' to me! And you pity me?"

"I pity, and I love you," I answered. "I yearn over you, as I pray God some mother would yearn over my boy in a like position! And if I, a perfect stranger, can care for you in this manner, how much more must your Heavenly Father love you!"

"But, madam," he sobbed, "I have no will, no power to assert myself when liquor is before me. Just think how the banners of invitation are thrown out from every street corner in this city. If I only could make some one understand the longing, the feverish thirst, the ravenous, consuming desire which takes possession of my whole being when I see, smell, or hear of the soul-destroying stuff, I believe I should be arrested and confined for a maniac. If I could only find the right spot in the country, perhaps—oh, madam, who knows but I might get back some of my lost manhood?"

Oh, how my heart ached for the poor fellow; but with a house full of children, and my husband always unwilling to extend hospitality to the evil doer, I was powerless, as far as personal influence was concerned. The coffee and the good substantial lunch had had their usual humanizing effects, and as he rose from the table I was pleased to see that his step was once more firm, and a little color had risen to his poor, pale face.

"I am better now," he said softly, "and if I dared I should ask God to bless you for your great kindness; but whatever else I am, I have never been profane."

"Don't talk in that way," I interrupted; "and don't allow yourself to go on misinterpreting the character of your Heavenly Father. He is all love and mercy. He so loved the world as to give His only Son—for what? For whom? For just such poor sinners as you and I. He sees your temptations, understands why your will lacks force, and makes every possible allowance for whatever you may have inherited."

"How strange this all sounds!" he said again, very softly. "How strange and how sweet; but—"

"There are no 'buts' with God," I put in quickly; "and it is the meanest kind of profanity to use them. Now you talk about going into the country! The devil invariably gets the best of everybody who turns the back on him. It has got to be a hand-to-hand, face-to-face, up-and-down, square fight; and if you ask God to help you I know you can utterly annihilate this enemy."

"I will try," he answered firmly; and as the words left his lips a convulsive chill crept over him, and he was again as pale as death. I went up stairs and got him a clean collar and neck-tie, brushed his clothes, put a clean handkerchief in his pocket, with a few pamphlets I wanted him to read, tucked a bill in his vest, and then my courage and self-possession left me, and I broke down into a fit of sobbing.

"I will try as I never tried before," he resumed. Taking my hand and placing it on his head, he said, "Now, give me your benediction."

I gave it, and he walked away, grave and solemn, but with a new light in his eyes—a strange something that made me thrill with happiness. Oh! I wonder what has become of him!

HIS STORY.

I am going to her to-morrow, to tell her what she has done for me. I determined to wait till I was sure of reformation. I must never disappoint her—the good angel God sent to lead me out of the mire of sin and temptation. When I went from her presence, on that day ever to be remembered, I felt that a new strength had been given me. I could hold my head up and look about me. Her blessed words kept singing in my heart, and for the first time since I became a drunkard, I felt that, with God's help, I could put an end to the demon who had so long and so effectually ruled me. I believe I have done it; or rather she has accomplished it. How kind God was to send me there—I, a poor drunken wretch, to be so transformed by His divine love, made manifest in her. I hope it is not wrong, dear Saviour, but when I lift my thought to Thee, and in fullness of spirit look into Thy smiling face, close beside Thee stands the loving instrument of my salvation—a noble woman.—*Zion's Herald.*

OTHER PEOPLE'S OPINIONS.

In Mr. Charles Nordhoff's new book, just published by Harper & Brothers, and entitled "Northern California and the Sandwich Islands," we find the following:—

"I have now seen the grape in almost every part of California where wine is made. The temptation to a new settler in this State is always strong to plant a vineyard; and I am moved, by much that I have seen, to repeat here, publicly, advice I have often given to persons newly coming into the State: Do not make wine. I remember a wine cellar, cheaply built, but with substantial and costly casks containing a mean, thin, fiery wine; and on a pleasant, sunny afternoon, around these casks, a group of tipsy men—hopeless, irredeemable beasts, with nothing much to do except to encourage each other to another glass, and to wonder at the Eastern man who would not drink. There were two or three Indians staggering about the door; there was swearing and filthy talk inside; there was a pretentious tasting of this, that, and the other casks, by a parcel of sots, who in their hearts would have preferred 'forty-rod' whiskey. And a little way off, there was a house with women and children in it, who had only to look out of the door to see this miserable sight of husband, father, friends, visitors and hired-men, spending the afternoon in getting drunk."

Mr. Nordhoff, in another part of the chapter quoted from, states that not every vineyard is a nest of drunkards, yet he adds these emphatic words:

"But everywhere, and in my own experience, nearly as often you will see the proprietor, or his sons, or his hired men, bearing the marks of strong drink; and too often, if you come unexpectedly on to a vineyard, or to a wine cellar rather, you will find some poor wretch that, by four o'clock, is maudlin; that is, too drunk to know you, or to stand."

DOCTORS, DEATH, AND DRINK.

It is a sad fact resulting from the present practice of a majority of our physicians, that very few even of those who have during their whole lives protested against the traffic in, and the use of intoxicating liquors, but are made before they leave the world, to contradict to a certain extent the testimony of a life, and create distrust of the soundness of the doctrines they have so zealously advocated, by using alcoholic liquors for days, perhaps for weeks before their departure. Three-fourths of the adults who die, are by the order of their physician, brought under the influence of liquor, and not infrequently to such an extent that the feeble brain reels under the power of the potent drug, and for the first time in the life of the individual, perhaps he is maudlin. Most likely if his condition attract the special notice of relatives, nurses, or watchers, they will be assured by the doctor that the patient is delirious, and that is true, and it is often true when the delirium is not to be credited to the partial failure of the function of respiration and the consequent action of decarbonized blood upon the brain, but the effect of alcohol. It was given "to prolong life," so it is said, "to support the failing strength," to give added force to the feeble, flagging pulse.

But what man or woman, sinking inevitably under some incurable malady, would wish his friends to protract for a few hours, if it were possible, a painful existence by means that may cloud his intellect and endanger his sanity so that in his last interview with the loved ones on earth he may possibly be maudlin? What, in that condition, would be the value of a Christian's testimony to the sustaining power of his faith in the power of the Redeemer, of the hope of a blessed future, inspired by the religion he had professed? What an everlasting shame it is, that one who has done all he could for years to convince the world of the folly and danger of drink, should himself be made to bear testimony to the very great val-

ue of the drug he has for years decried.—*Charles Jewett.*

"YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE."

A minister whose praise is in all the churches was asked on one occasion to visit a family in the deepest distress.

On his way to the house he met a brother minister, and repeated to him the sad story which had drawn him from his home. The minister was interested, and at once decided to accompany his friend on his errand of mercy.

The sight which presented itself as the two friends crossed the threshold was one not soon to be forgotten. In a room destitute of all the comforts that make an attractive home, a woman was dying. She was young in years, but on her face the traces of want and suffering and care were plainly visible. A babe wailing feebly was on the bed beside the mother, but her ears were closed to its cries.

A third person was present—the husband and father; but he seemed deaf to the voice of his child, as well as unable to comprehend the fact that his wife was even then passing away from earth.

He was a man tall and well-formed, with a finely-shaped head, and large, full eyes.

He arose and staggered towards the two gentlemen as they entered, and muttered something meant to be a welcome and an apology for the condition in which they found his home.

As his eyes met those of the gentleman who had been won to accompany his friend, the two stood a moment as if spell-bound. The clergyman was the first to speak. "Bond, can it be possible that you have come to this?"

The man thus addressed turned away his face a moment from the sad reproachful gaze bent upon him by the clergyman, and in that moment he seemed to rally his scattered senses; then he turned fiercely upon his questioner.

"You see me in a ruined home, and drink has brought me here. It has killed her," he added, pointing to his wife—"and you, sir, are responsible."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the clergyman in amazement.

"I once attended your church," continued the man.

"I know," answered the clergyman, "but as I had not seen you since your marriage, I concluded that you had left the city."

"You married me," was continued. "At my wedding the wine-cup was passed. I had never tasted the accursed cup; but that night, seeing you, my pastor, take a glass, I felt that I could not be wrong to follow your example, that it certainly could do no harm to take just one glass on my wedding night. But that one glass has proved my ruin, for it awakened an appetite for the intoxicating cup, and now I am its slave; and you, I repeat it, are responsible."

Hard must have been the heart of that pastor if he did not from that moment resolve to shun for ever that which might cause a weak brother to stumble. Not alone for our own safety, but for the sake of those about us who may be led astray by our example, should we resolve to touch not, taste not, handle not.—*H. H., in Temperance Advocate.*

JUDGE FLETCHER.

Mr. Fletcher, when a young man, boarded in the old Exchange Coffee House. Without much consideration, he had fallen in with the drinking fashions of the day so far as to have a glass of spirits and water brought to his room every night to be taken on going to bed as a "night cap." One night an unusual press of company prevented the bar-keeper from carrying up Fletcher's usual night dram. The equire didn't regard it as quite the thing for him to go to the bar and get his grog, and so he went to bed without his "night cap." But to sleep he could not. All night long he tumbled about for lack of his accustomed drink, and, as he did so, his active and discriminating mind worked most diligently. The fruit of his reflections appeared next morning, when on getting up weary and worn by his hard and restless night, Mr. Fletcher went to the bar-keeper:

"Mr. —, you didn't bring up my brandy and water last night, and as a consequence I have slept little or none all night."

The bar-keeper was very sorry. The neglect should not occur again.

"Not so," rejoined Mr. Fletcher. "Never bring me another drop of liquor unless I order it. If it comes to this, that I can't sleep without a tumbler of toddy, it is high time that I stopped drinking, and broke up the dangerous habit."

From that day Mr. Fletcher became a thorough-going temperance man.

The above anecdote is worthy the attention of all young men. Habit has an unaccountable power over us. In many cases it gets entire control, and every young man should stop before he becomes a slave to habits, particularly habits which are sure to ruin us.—*League Journal.*



THE ALBATROSS ON LAND.

We quote from the London *Times* part of a letter received from one of the exploring party on Her Majesty's ship "Challenger." The breeding place spoken of is on Marion Island, far to the southeast of the Cape of Good Hope:

"The whole of the wet, sodden flat lands were studded with the large white albatrosses, sitting on their nests. The magnificent birds, most of which were asleep, covered the ground in such numbers that they looked for all the world like a flock of sheep studded over a meadow. The nests, used yearly, were freshly covered with tufts of grass and moss, and stood some 2 feet above the swampy ground. It was evidently the commencement of the breeding season, as few eggs were obtainable. These splendid birds, weighing 19½ lbs, and measuring 10½ feet from tip to tip of wing, seen to such an advantage while in their glory at sea, so evidently at home as they sweep so gracefully through the air, are on land completely at sea. It appears to be impossible for them to hover; so, on alighting at the end of a swoop, the momentum of the body is carried on after their feet have touched the ground, until they literally turn head over heels on to their backs, from which inglorious position their efforts to regain their equilibrium are anything but graceful. While advancing to the nest, the neck is extended and body lowered as they waddle along, exactly like a goose. To rise in the air, they are obliged to run with extended wings for some 200 yards over the soaking grass before they obtain sufficient velocity for the air to get under the wings and allow them to feel themselves again masters of the situation.

"Once landed, they are powerless to resist attack. Fortunately for them, they have not many enemies. A sharp snap of the beak is their only means of offence or defence; but, as far as we were concerned, so long as we were unarmed, an ample one, for few ventured to molest them.

"To possess ourselves of the single egg—no nest contained two—the readiest way was to push them backward with a stick forced against their breast, which, balanced as they were on the edge of the raised nest, was easy work, the drop of two feet being just sufficient to send them on to their backs and prevent them rising until after the prize was captured; then, with a forlorn cry, as the bird discovered its loss, it quietly regained and settled itself on its rifled nest again.

"On our approaching the nest the bird's dignified appearance, with its erect, stately neck and sparkling dark hazel eyes, set in a snowy-white framework of solid fur-like plumage, was a grand sight and not easily to be forgotten. Indeed, so fine was it that, although there were two boat's crews besides the regular exploring parties on shore all day, few were killed beyond those actually required as specimens—one's natural love of destruction, particularly when there is no opposing defence, being eclipsed in the more exalted feeling of admiration; while a poor, helpless, ugly, and to us useless sea elephant, found gasping on the beach, was dispatched without a thought and left on the shore, a rich meal for the sea-gulls."

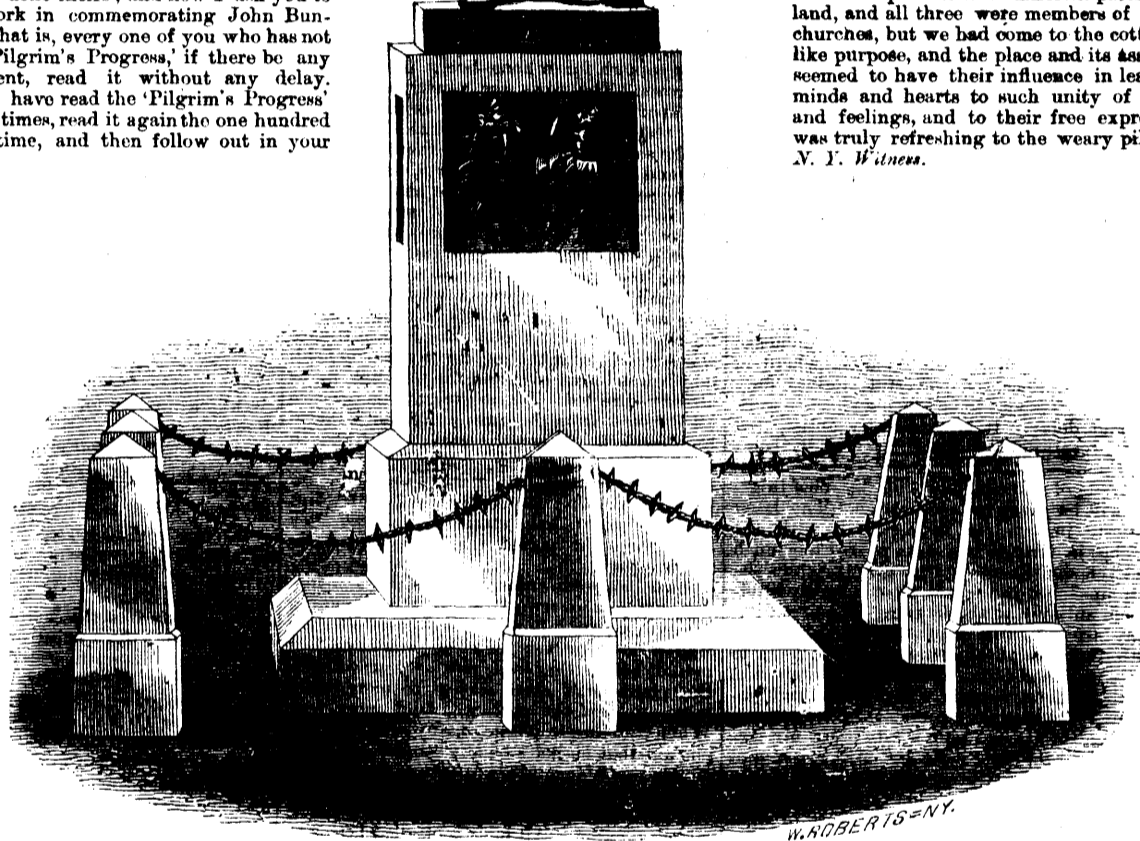
POISONING THE FAMILY.—If a lead pipe, which conveys drinking water into a dwelling, has an indentation, or a too sharp turn, or an orifice hardly large enough to admit a pin, lodgments of particles are made; these being kept wet, decompose the lead pipe, set the poison free, the family take a little of it day by day, and in weeks, or months, or years, one or more of the members begin to sicken without appreciable cause; some go abroad and get well, others pine away; some who are full of vigor, or are away from home a great deal, remain apparently uninjured. In these cases the effects are seen of taking a very little poison into the system every day. A hospitable English family was greatly chagrined from its having been observed in the neighborhood that every visitor to the mansion who remained there several days became ill, but immediately recovered when they returned to their own homes; the family itself had uninterrupted health, servants and all. The family physician took the matter in hand, and after patient and close investigation, ascertained that the family put their guests into their "spare rooms"—the very best in the building—and that these rooms were the only papered rooms, and that a paper had been used which was covered with green figures, looking like velvet. Some of this "green" was chemically examined, and found to contain dust of arsenic so fine that every breath of air would send it flying into the apart-

VISIT TO BEDFORD—BUNYAN'S STATUE.

LONDON, Aug. 8, 1874.

A recent visit to Bedford, and to the home of John Bunyan at Elstow, which were the scenes of his busy and useful life as well as of his long and cruel imprisonment, has furnished some views which may be appropriate to offer for use in the columns of the *Witness*. A statue to Bunyan has recently been erected at Bedford, which was unveiled on the 10th of June. The incident was well calculated to call forth expressions which were useful as recalling some of the incidents of his eventful career. And perhaps the most interesting incident of the occasion was in the fact that a large concourse of Christian men and women of the various denominations of England assembled with one accord to bear their part in the ceremonies of the occasion.

The statue was presented to the town by the Duke of Bedford, who is a member of the Church of England. It is of bronze, and was cast from bells and cannon which were recently brought from China, and weighs more than three tons. The ceremony of unveiling was performed by Lady Stanley, and the worthy Dean took a prominent part in the ceremonies of the occasion. Some of the sentiments he uttered seem to be well worthy of perpetuating, and I, therefore, furnish a few sentences from them. He said: "The Mayor has done his work on this day; the Duke of Bedford has done his work; the sculptor and artist have done theirs; and now I ask you to do your work in commemorating John Bunyan, and that is, every one of you who has not read the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' if there be any such present, read it without any delay. Those who have read the 'Pilgrim's Progress' a hundred times, read it again the one hundred and first time, and then follow out in your



STATUE OF JOHN BUNYAN.

ment, and being breathed into the lungs, and swallowed into the stomach with the saliva, it was introduced immediately into the blood, causing arsenical poisoning.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

DYSPEPSIA OR BARBARISM.—During the last day of the session of the State Medical Society, one of the members, while referring to the remarks made by the President of that body at the banquet the previous evening, relating to the American style of eating, related an incident that had come under his observation at the breakfast table of the hotel where he was stopping, which showed, he said, the close connection between dyspepsia and barbarism. The doctor proceeded to say that, upon taking his seat at the table, his attention was attracted to two gentlemen who were seated opposite to him, one of whom made some enquiry in regard to the health of the other. The reply returned was: "I am not feeling very well; I am suffering from dyspepsia." At this juncture a waiter appeared upon the scene, and placed before the dyspeptic gentleman his breakfast, which consisted of three boiled eggs, two baked potatoes, a plate of beefsteak, a cup of coffee and four buckwheat cakes. The doctor was just then in the act of winding his watch, and concluded to time the victim of dyspepsia, who startled him by bolting all the edibles set forth in the remarkably short space of two minutes, ten seconds. "Now," quoth the doctor, by way of concluding his story, "was this a case of dyspepsia or barbarism?"—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

TAKING COLD.—It is pitiful to see how many people live in continual dread of "taking cold."

They are afraid to be comfortably clad, to breathe a bit of pure air at night, to feel the refreshing breezes or to step upon ground that is not dry as powder. What is this terrible thing which they so much dread? The exposure which is such an evil to them, is life and health to others. The cool wind which brings to one an attack of rheumatism, is reviving and invigorating to another. The trouble is probably not in the atmosphere, but in the person. The body is weak, is diseased, or has been made by pampering unfit to live as it was made to live. Fear of taking cold leads to increased debility or disease, and chronic ill or death are natural sequences. Give the body wholesome food, plenty of rest, loose clothing adapted to the season, keep the mind calm and the heart trustful, and one may enjoy the weather as it comes, and suffer far less of mortal ills than by a continual cringing and running away from the winds of heaven and charms of the earth.

SURGICAL MECHANISMS.—Two valuable surgical devices have lately been introduced into European hospital practice. One of these is the aspirator, which has been extensively employed by Dr. Dieulafoy of Paris, and by means of which fluids can be extracted from formations at some distance from the surface, with safety and certainty. Another novelty in this line of mechanism is the introduction of a bloodless method of amputation and other operations on the limbs, by means of a compressing bandage, by which the limb is blanched with a circular elastic cord, which compresses both the arteries and the veins of the limb. This plan, proposed by Prof. Esmarch,

lives the lessons which the 'Pilgrim's Progress' teaches you, and then you will all of you be better monuments of John Bunyan even than the magnificent statue which the Duke of Bedford has given to you."

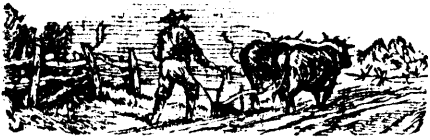
The design of the statue is as appropriate as could well be conceived as a fitting representation of the old hero. Bunyan is represented in the attitude of preaching, the fingers of the right hand are resting upon the leaves of an open Bible which is held in the left. Symbols of his imprisonment are at his feet, and on three sides of the granite pedestal are bronze reliefs illustrating episodes in the "Pilgrim's Progress." Upon the fourth side the following quotation is deeply cut in letters in the granite pedestal: "It had eyes lifted up to heaven; the best of books was in his hand; the law of truth was written upon his lips, it stood as if it pleaded with men."

The statue is placed upon a green in front of a church edifice in the central part of the village, and within a few hundred yards of the site of the old Bedford jail where Bunyan was imprisoned for twelve years, for no other crime than that of attempting to lead men to the Saviour by the preaching of His gospel, without the authority of the National Church. A walk of a little more than a mile brought us to the little village of Elstow, where was Mr. Bunyan's humble cottage home, and where his family remained during his imprisonment. The little cottage bears the marks of age, but has been preserved with scrupulous care as a memento of its former useful occupant. I met there two persons from different parts of England, and all three were members of different churches, but we had come to the cottage for a like purpose, and the place and its associations seemed to have their influence in leading our minds and hearts to such unity of thoughts and feelings, and to their free expression, as was truly refreshing to the weary pilgrims.—*N. Y. Witness*.

has been adopted by many hospital surgeons. It is considered, however, a point yet to be determined, whether there are any drawbacks to this system, and especially whether, in certain cases, embolism is likely to result from displacement of clot, which may have already formed in the veins of a damaged limb.

MOLECULAR CHANGE IN TIN.—A curious instance, apparently of molecular change in metallic tin is reported from Rotterdam by M. Oudemans. A commercial house in that city shipped, last winter, by rail, a quantity of tin in the usual form of blocks. On arriving at Moscow, the place of destination, the metal was found to be a powder of coarse crystalline grains. The attempt to melt it into homogeneous form again failed, perhaps on account of unskilful treatment. At least, so much may be inferred from the statement that the operation resulted in the formation of large quantities of tin oxide, which could scarcely have occurred if the melting had been so conducted as to prevent the access of air from the molten metal. The original powder had the color of molybdenic sulphide. Chemical analysis showed that the metal was almost perfectly pure, containing only about 0.3 per cent. of foreign ingredients (lead and iron). It is supposed that the transformation was due to vibration and intense cold, or possibly to either cause alone.

—The rank flavor often observed in coffee may sometimes be justly referred to the tin coffee-pot in which it is boiled and allowed to remain a while. It is better, if coffee is boiled at all, that an earthen or porcelain-lined vessel be used.



Agricultural Department.

FOREST CLEARING BY STEAM POWER

A few years ago Mr. Gilchrist, one of the managers of the Scottish Steam Cultivation Company, conceived the idea of clearing wooded land by the use of one of Fowler's well known steam plough engines. His first essay was made on an objectionable hedge, which disappeared with astonishing rapidity by the simple contrivance of attaching the end of the wire rope to each successive stem in the hedge, and making the engine give a gentle pull. Encouraged by the success of this experiment, he next tried the efficacy of the engine on trees of various dimensions, and succeeded in tearing them from their beds with such facility as to lead him to conclude that forest land might by this simple adaptation be cleared with unprecedented celerity, cheapness and efficiency. Recently experiments on a large scale were made on a wood on the estate of Mr. Irving, of Grangemuir, near Anstruther, in the presence of gentlemen interested in the formation of a company having for its object the clearing and colonization of the soil of Canada. The engine was set to work in the morning, and by noon nearly three hundred trees, covering about an acre and a half, had been torn up by the roots. Occasionally, but very rarely, the stem broke before the roots could be dislodged, owing to the chain having been attached too far up the tree, and once or twice the rope, being of insufficient strength, snapped; otherwise the work of extraction went on with surprising smoothness and efficacy. Many of the trees were a hundred years old, and rooted in a dry, stubborn soil. With machinery specially constructed for tree extraction, the giants of the Canadian forests may, to all appearance, be plucked up from the virgin soil as weeds from a garden-bed. It is the intention of the Canadian Land Clearing and Colonization Company, which is to be presided over by His Grace the Duke of Manchester, to clear and simultaneously colonize immense tracts of land in British America, where, in the first instance, ten powerful engines duly patented are about to be taken and set to work without delay. It is confidently anticipated that a revolution will be effected by the company's operations in the agriculture and timber trade of Canada, and thus a strong impetus will be given to colonization. The labor hitherto incurred in felling trees with the hatchet in Canada has often proved too much for even stout-hearted immigrants, while the "stumps" left in the soil have been an intolerable nuisance to the farmer. The new company are sanguine that they can overcome both these valid objections of emigrants to settle in Canada, and their expectations are, in our opinion, equally well-founded and patriotic. Among the spectators of the operations on the Grangemuir estate were Mr. Irving, the proprietor; Messrs. Miller, sen. and jr., of Durham, Upton and Millerton, Canada; Mr. Whyte, Emigration Commissioner for the Province of Quebec; the Provost of Anstruther, the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Jamieson, writer; and others. Communications, regretting inability to be present, were received by Mr. Whyte from the Duke of Manchester, and from the Hon. J. S. Robertson, Finance Minister for the Province of Quebec, who is at present in London on the business of his Government.—*Edinburgh Review.*

THE BETTER WAY TO RAISE TURNIPS.

We have tried a number of ways for the purpose of determining which is the most economical and convenient way to raise turnips. The immense labor of thinning out the rows, when the seed is sown in drills, in addition to the fatiguing labor of weeding young plants, often deters many farmers from attempting to produce even a small crop of turnips. Our own practice is as follows: If the turnips are to be started early in the season, a quantity of brush, pieces of old rails, bark and rubbish are spread over an area of ground about twenty feet square, where the soil is rich and mellow, and burned to ashes. This job is done in the former part of the growing season. For a crop of late turnips, a similar plot of ground is burned over, about the middle of July. Ground is always selected away from the farm buildings, near the middle of a field, or on the border of a forest, where fowls will not be liable to scratch up the young plants. As soon as the fire is out, the surface of the ground is raked over thoroughly, so that the ashes will be evenly mingled with the mellow soil. On this plot the seed is scattered evenly, broadcast and raked in. In the course of three or four weeks the plants will have attained sufficient size to be transplanted. As soon as the seed is put in,

let the ground where the turnips are to grow be ploughed and manured, if stable manure is to be applied. If bone dust is to be used, let the ground be harrowed every week, to root up the weeds. A few days prior to putting out the plants, harrow the ground again, open drills with a small plow, or tooth of a horse hoe, about three inches deep; scatter a sprinkling of bone dust, or superphosphate, in the drills, and cover it with a hand rake, leaving a slight depression, so that it may be known readily where to set the young plants. Wait a day or two for a shower. As soon as it rains, take up the plants with a spade, separate them carefully, leaving as much soil adhering to the roots of each plant as possible. Press the dirt gently around the roots of each one, and lay two or three hundred in a small basket. Now go to the field and let a boy hand one plant at a time to another person, who dibbles them in. We take a mower's old rifle and sharpen one end, which makes an excellent dibble. The dibbler makes a hole about three, four or five inches deep, according to the length of roots, takes a plant from the hand of the helper, places it in the hole, holding the stem erect, while the dibbler is thrust in the ground about an inch from the hole, and the soil is pried gently up against the roots of the plant. Set the plants about ten inches apart, and place them in straight rows. The dibbler never drops on his knees. We have learned that one can plant from five to ten rows sooner than he can weed and thin out one row. If the ground is raked off smoothly, as directed, one can see all the rows standing in a clean seed bed, after the young turnips are all put out, where there is not a weed to be seen. Before any more weeds will appear, the turnips will all be growing nicely, and will be large enough for a horse-hoe to pass between the rows. The rows are usually about two feet apart. By removing one or both of the side teeth of the hill horse-hoe, the ground can be so thoroughly scarified that the hoeing by hand will not require much labor.

The seed for our late turnips has just been put in—July 18th. The hail storm ruined the early crop. Every turnip, carrot and parsnip was literally battered into the ground. In the former part of August we shall harrow and rake the ground where the early crop was growing, and dibble in the plants for the fall crop. A plot twenty feet square was selected, near the middle of the oats field, which was burnt over and the seed put in, as already directed. By means of this practice all damage from the turnip fly has hitherto been escaped. When the seed is scattered in drills where the crop is to be raised, the turnip fly will frequently devour almost every plant while they are in the seed bed. But after the plants have attained some size they are beyond the period when the fly can do much injury.

Two hands can transplant half an acre in a day, without overworking, if the foregoing suggestions are followed. If one can obtain a wagon load or two of clean muck, or leaf mould, before the seed plot is burned over, the plants will start sooner, be more easily taken up, and the roots will hold more soil. When dibbling in plants of any sort, it is important that no holes be left beneath the roots of any one. It is also important to press the damp soil gently around such roots as are not covered by soil that adhered to the rootlets when taken up. All long roots had better be clipped off before the plants are put out.—*N. Y. Observer.*

FALLING LEAVES.—"Leaves have their time to fall," but they are only a nuisance if left in the yards and on the sidewalks; but when gathered dry, and stored in the barn or shed they add greatly to the value of the manure pile in the spring. A litter of leaves in the horse stalls is more desirable than one of straw, for it can be renewed without the necessity of cleaning out the stall more than twice or thrice a week. Besides, the leaves absorb the ammonia more rapidly than straw, and can be more thoroughly worked over and trodden into it; and they also make the manure of much more value for flower gardens, as they are particularly rich in phosphoric acid, which is, next to ammonia, the most highly treasured constituent of plant growth. Apply a bed of leaves plentifully around the roots of your vines, shrubs, roses and all flowering trees, then throw a shovel of manure over them, and next spring will show how beneficial is their effect. Aside from the practical use of leaves, a due regard to appearances should prompt us to gather them up from our door-yards and lawns, and put them in some place where they will not lie around loosely. Dame Nature ought to have an attic in which to put away her cast off clothing, and not let the autumn winds scatter them broadcast; but she prefers that we should do her house cleaning for her, and so we should attend to it directly and reap the benefits of our labors in another season. Pile them in one corner of the yard if there is no cow or horse to use them. Cover them with a layer of earth and turn all the house slop upon them; and another spring

you will have a good supply of fertilizing material for your flower garden. Save the brightest and fairest, however, to adorn your sitting-room. Ours is already brilliant and beautiful with them.—*N. E. Farmer.*

PLANT TREES.—"Be aye after plantin' a tree, when ye ha na other work; it will be a growin' while ye are sleepin'." So says a Scotchman. We might add, some day you may sit in its shade, or eat of its fruit. If this will not be your privilege, it will be that of some one else, which will make the good deed all the more benevolent on your part. Have you, reader, planted a tree this spring? If not, shame on you! You could not find any place for it? So. No fence corner? No space along the highway? In Germany the roads are lined with fruit trees. How refreshing to the traveller! And no one sustains any loss by the arrangement. It spoils no one's ground, and the country looks all the more beautiful, by being thus turned into a fruitful garden. Then what a pleasure it is to plant a tree! To see how it grows! To know that we have had some hand in making the earth more beautiful, and fitter to be the abode of man! In this respect it "pays well" to plant a tree. Are there no church glebes and graveyards, that are still bare, unshaded and dry? Why not have beautiful groves around our churches? Why not have our graveyards shaded? There are a hundred reasons for having it done, which will suggest themselves to any reflecting mind. Suppose that instead of reading that Christ was buried in "a garden," we should read that He was buried on a grassless, treeless common!—*Guardian.*

KEEPING BELLS ON SHEEP.—Dogs that are disposed to kill sheep, know better. Hence any unusual noise, like the ringing of a bell, whenever they are about to attack the sheep, frighten them so that they abandon their blood-thirsty project. R. W. Mathewson, of Connecticut, writes to the *Country Gentleman* as follows: "The effect of the bells in preventing damage to sheep by dogs has been well proved in this vicinity the past season. Of fourteen flocks without bells but one escaped; in five flocks with bells on each sheep no damage was done. M. D. Fowler, of Mindfield, had a flock partially belled, and lost but one sheep, which strayed into another lot, was without a bell, and was killed. Mr. A. B. Coe bought a flock and put it in a lot adjoining the former, and soon found two dogs at work at the forty-fifth sheep. The dogs belonged within a quarter of a mile, and passed Mr. Fowler's sheep in getting into Mr. Coe's flock. Dogs, after getting the taste of blood of unbelled sheep, may attack sheep with bells on; yet I believe if all the sheep were belled, trouble from dogs would be very rare."

BARLEY FOR HORSES.—This cereal abounds in albumen, sugar, gum, and in fact, all the elements of animal nutrition, and contains in a very high degree those substances which enter most largely into the composition of fat and fleshy tissue. As a substitute for oats in feeding horses it is unsurpassed, its nutritive properties being, as compared with the latter, in the proportion of three to two; in other words, a bushel or 60 lbs. of barley contains 30 lbs. of nutritive matter, whilst a bushel of oats contains only about 25 lbs. In Great Britain and on the continent of Europe a barley-mash in the evening is considered indispensable to the comfort and well-being of the horse, and there is little doubt that this course of treatment accounts largely for the plumpness of rib and glossiness of coat for which the cavalry horses of the English, French, and other European armies are so remarkable.

THE MOST VALUABLE BREEDS OF POULTRY.—There is as much difference in the opinion of breeders or amateurs as to which is the best and most valuable variety of fowls to breed as there is in any one thing we know of. On this subject the *Practical Farmer* gives its opinion in this wise: "One of our experienced poultry breeders, after trying most of the new breeds, classifies them thus as regards value for the million: In situations where eggs for use or market are more the object than anything else he recommends the French Houdan, the Dominique, and White Leghorn breeds. For a fowl for general purposes and combining large size, good laying properties, quiet habits, easy fattening, and tender flesh, he prefers Partridge Cochins, Dark Brahmas, Light Brahmas, Buff Cochins. These are all hardy and every way desirable."

—A good field of corn is described by the *Danville Union*, Indiana, whose editor says: We found upon actual measurement that it would average eleven feet or over, many stalks being found thirteen feet high. We had to stand on the top of a 10-rail fence to see over the field, and the tops of the corn seemed as level almost as water. We have seen many fields of corn this season, but none better than this.

—It has been shown that at the Michigan Agricultural College a single bushel of plaster added a full ton of hay to the yield of an acre of ground in the five, most of it in the four mowings that followed—two crops being ta-

ken off the ground each of the two years succeeding the sowing of the plaster.

DOMESTIC.

CHOCOLATE CARAMEL.—This recipe is plain, but will be found good. One pound of brown sugar, half a cupful of grated chocolate, one cupful of sweet cream, one cupful of molasses; mix all well together, and boil until upon dropping a little into cold water it hardens.

FRICASSEED POTATOES.—Pare and slice, half an inch in thickness, the required quantity of potatoes, put them into a clean saucapan, pour over them cold water enough to half cover them, close the pot tightly, and let them cook fifteen minutes; drain off every drop of water; have ready half a pint of cream, or new milk, a large spoonful of good butter, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and some salt; pour this over the potatoes, shake them around, and just heat up. Serve hot.

CURRENT WATER ICE.—Extract the juice from four or five quarts of currants by squeezing them through a piece of flannel or thick cotton cloth. Sweeten it with white sugar until almost sickishly sweet, because in the action of freezing the sweetness is lost. Beat to a stiff froth the whites of five or six eggs, and add when the juice is put into the freezer. Half the quantity of water can be added to the currant juice, for if made wholly of the currants it will be of too strong an acid flavor. Freeze as directed above.

A GOOD SOUP.—Prepare and place the meat in cold water, over steady heat; add a teaspoonful of salt, to clear from scum. After skimming, add a little chopped cabbage, grated or sliced carrot, slices of onions. Sprigs of parsley are good as a flavoring. Boil steadily, and renew with cold water till ready for the vegetables; then season, add sweet turnips sliced, a few potatoes cut lengthwise, and a tomato or two. When done, skim out the vegetables and meat upon a platter, drop into the broth a few cakes mixed thick with plain cold water and flour. Thicken to your liking.

SPONGE CORN CAKE.—Corn-cake, delicious and as light as sponge cake, may be made by the following recipe: Mix thoroughly one teaspoonful of butter and one of sugar, until they are reduced to a cream-like substance. Add three eggs, well beaten, one scant quart of flour (to which has been added three teaspoonfuls, levelled, of sifted cream tartar) and three teaspoonfuls of milk (to which has been added one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda). Strain the milk, that no undissolved particles of soda get in, then add fine yellow corn-meal until the mass will hold the spoon from falling. A pint is quite enough. Stir as long as you can conveniently. Pour into two long cake tins. If the two tins are not required at the same time, the baking of one may be deferred from night until morning. Half the sugar may be omitted. If sour milk be used, omit the cream tartar. In a quick oven, a half an hour's baking is sufficient.

TRUTHS FOR WIVES.—In domestic happiness, the wife's influence is much greater than her husband's; for the one, the first cause—mutual love and confidence—being granted, the whole comfort of the household depends upon trifles more immediately under her jurisdiction. By her management of small sums her husband's respectability and credit are created or destroyed. No fortune can stand the constant leakages of extravagance and mismanagement; and more is spent in trifles than women would easily believe. The one great expense, whatever it may be, is turned over and carefully reflected on, ere incurred; the income is prepared to meet it; but it is pennies imperceptibly sliding away which do mischief; and this the wife alone can stop, for it does not come within a man's province. There is often an unsuspected trifle to be saved in every household. It is not in economy alone that the wife's attention is so necessary, but in those matters which make a well-regulated house. An unfurnished cruet-stand, a missing key, a buttonless shirt, a soiled table-cloth, a mustard-pot with its old contents sticking hard and brown about it, are really nothings; but each can raise an angry word or cause discomfort. Depend upon it, there is a great deal of domestic happiness in a well-dressed mutton-chop, or a tidy breakfast table. Men grow sated of beauty, tired of music, are often too wearied for conversation (however intellectual), but they can always appreciate a well-swept hearth and smiling comfort. A woman may love her husband devotedly—may sacrifice fortune, friends, family, country for him—she may have the genius of a Sappho, the enchanted beauties of an Armida; but—melancholy fact—if with these she fails to make his home comfortable, his heart will inevitably escape her. And women live so entirely in the affections, that, without love, their existence is a void. Better submit, then, to household tasks, however repugnant they may be to your tastes, than doom yourself to a loveless home. Women of a higher order of mind will not run this risk; they know that their feminine, their domestic, are their first duties.



The Family Circle.

LIVING WATERS.

There are some hearts like wells, green-moss and deep
 As ever summer saw;
 And cool their water is—yea, cool and sweet:
 But you must come to draw.
 They hoard not, yet they rest in calm content,
 And not unsought will give;
 They can be quiet with their wealth unspent,
 So self-contained they live.

And there are some like springs, that bubbling burst
 To follow dusty ways,
 And run with offered cup to quench his thirst
 Where the tired traveller strays:—
 That never ask the meadows if they want
 What is their joy to give—
 Unasked, their lives to other life they grant
 So self-bestowed they live!

And One is like the ocean, deep and wide,
 Wherein all waters fall;
 That girdles the broad earth, and draws the tide,
 Feeding and bearing all;
 That broods the mists, that sends the clouds abroad,
 That takes, again to give;
 Even the great and loving heart of God,
 Whereby all love doth live.
 —Christian Union.

FANNY'S BIRTHDAY GIFT.

BY JOANNA H. MATTHEWS.

(Published by Robert Carter & Bros., New York.)

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Perhaps it would be hard to say who felt the most pleasure and relief in this arrangement, the generous little girl or her mother. Mrs. Leroy was glad to see her way to help Harold, without disobeying his father's commands; and Fanny was so rejoiced to be of service to her brother, that she did not give one thought of regret to the locket, although she had wished for that so much, and she had no degree and little use for the drawing-box. Fanny was a sunshiny face that she brought down stairs that morning, to the breakfast-room.

"Hallo, Fan!" said Charlie, catching sight of her radiant look, "what's come to you this morning? Is it school you're so beaming over?"

"No-o," said Fanny, "not just that. But I am glad it is such a pleasant morning, so I can go to school. I was so afraid it would be a rainy day to-day."

"So you moaned and moped over it for nothing, you see," said Charlie. "It's as pleasant to-day as it was yesterday. Are there no maybes or mightbes on hand this morning?"

"She has shut up the whole apiary this morning, I believe," said Ella. "Not one has flown in sight, or even buzzed."

But this was too good to last, as Ella found, when by and by she started with Fanny for school.

For glad as Fanny was to go and join her pleasant class with Miss Ashton once more, disappointed as she would have been, had weather or other *contretemps* kept her at home,—no sooner was she on her way there, than she was, as usual, beset by sundry fears and misgivings, and forthwith began to worry Ella with her apprehensions. The maybes flew thick and fast.

She was afraid Miss Ashton would not care for her as much as she used to; knew all the other girls would have gone ahead of her; perfectly certain she should never be able to keep up with the class; just as sure as any thing that she would miss and miss, and disgrace herself before the whole class; and did not "believe the girls would like her any more."

Ella tried to encourage and console her at first; but at length her patience—never very long-lived—gave way, and she said abruptly,—

"I thought you were not going to be 'tiresome' any more; that you had found out it was really wrong."

"Oh, dear!" said Fanny, piteously. "Well so I did, but I forgot." Then pettishly, "I can't help it; it's no use to try; but they were now at Miss Ashton's door, and there was time for no new complaints on either side.

One at least of Fanny's morbid fancies was speedily dispelled; namely, that "the other girls wouldn't be glad to see her, or care for her any more."

On her entrance into the school-room they crowded about her with exclamations of pleasure, greeting her with, "Here Fanny's!" "O Fanny, we are so glad to see you!" "We thought you would never come back, and we missed you so!" "Are you quite better, Fanny?" "Isn't it nice to have Fanny back?" and the like. She had no reason to doubt her welcome, or their pleasure in having her among them once more.

And when Miss Ashton came, her warm kiss and loving words made it plain to Fanny that absence had not lessened her teacher's affection and interest in her. Even Mrs. Ashton, Ella's teacher, of whom Fanny stood greatly in awe, expressed her pleasure at seeing her back again at school.

As to her fears about her standing in her classes, there was more ground for them, it is true; for Fanny was a delicate child; and while she had been away her mother had wished the young brain, always over active and sensitive, to take a rest, and she had allowed her to have but few steady studies. Indeed, while they were abroad, their life had been rather unsettled, so that it had not been easy for the little girl to have regular lessons.

But, after all, it was not so bad. What she had lost in some things she had more than made up in others. She was rather behind the girls of her own age in arithmetic, music, and history; but in geography and French she had outstripped them all.

Just now the class were busy with the geography of Europe. France, where the Leroy's had spent more than six months, was the country at present under discussion; and our little Fanny, who had quick eyes and ears, and who always remembered all that was told her, was very much at home on this subject, and could tell much that was quite new and interesting, not only to her classmates, but also to her teacher.

As to her French, her tongue was so glib over that, and she had acquired such a correct pronunciation, that Miss Ashton laughingly told her she would have to take lessons of her herself, and threatened to put her in "a class of one."

Fanny had been a faithful little correspondent, too, to the dear grandpapa and grandmamma she had left at home, and so she had improved greatly in composition and writing, so that, altogether, she found she might have dispensed with those doleful prophecies that the girls "would think her a perfect dunce," that she would "disgrace herself," and so forth. On the whole, she found herself in quite a satisfied and tranquil frame of mind when at recess the other children crowded about her, and again expressed their delight at having her with them.

"Fanny," said Lily Norris, "don't you remember how you said you were perfectly sure you should never, never see any of us again, or come back to our school? But you did, you see, after all; and I'm glad enough of it."

"I thought I might be drowned or something, you know," said Fanny, who did remember the fears which had beset her before she left home. "You know very often steamers are drowned or burnt up or collisioned or something."

"And very often they're not," said hopeful Lily, who never took trouble before it came, and made light of it when it did. She was not one to look on the dark side.

"Yes," said Maggie Bradford, "I might be afraid to go to sea for fear I'd be sea-sick,—ugh!—'cause people most generally are, and it is too, too horrid; but I wouldn't think I was going to be drowned or burnt up or such things, 'cause people generally are not. But I'll never go to sea again if I can help it."

"I'm not sea-sick," said Fanny; "and, if I wasn't so afraid all the time, I'd like being at sea."

"Well," said Maggie, "each a son goût." "What does that mean?" asked little Belle Powers.

"It's French for 'One man's meat is another man's poison,'" said Lily; and Belle was quite satisfied with this explanation, although some of the older children laughed at such a free translation.

All that Lily Norris or Maggie and Bessie Bradford told her was gospel in the eyes of little Belle. She never questioned the truth or wisdom of any of their sayings.

"Fanny," said Lily, "don't you like to have a good time?"

"Why, yes, course I do," answered Fanny.

"Then what makes you always be thinking dreadful things are going to happen to you?" asked Lily. "I should think that would be just the way to have a horrid time. And most generally you are pretty well off, aren't you?"

"Ye-es," said Fanny, half-reluctantly. She knew very well that she was quite as happy and "well-off" as most little girls, and much more so than some; and, although she answered so, she was not exactly unwilling to own it. Perhaps it was that she did not wish so many

allusions to her besetting fault. Every one seemed to find it necessary to be harping upon that same string.

But Bessie Bradford stepped in to her relief when Maggie said,—

"I should think it would spoil all one's fun and pleasure to be thinking all the time that misfortunes and accidents might happen," and Lily, who was apt to be free and not very correct with her quotations, added,—

"Yes, it seems as if it was a kind of trampling your pearls before swine."

This might be fine, but Fanny did not feel it to be complimentary, and she looked rather hurt; and Bessie said, with her air of grave reproof,—

"Children, this looks rather like finding fault with Fanny, and she's just come back to us. Do you think we ought to talk so to her?"

"No, we ought not," said Maggie, promptly. "We'll change the subject, girls."

On the whole, now that her fears about school were dispelled, this proved an unusually happy day to Fanny. The consciousness of her happy secret, of the kindness she had done to Harold, and the feeling that she had, of her own thought and by her own generosity, helped him out of his trouble, gave her a pleasant sense of satisfaction with herself and others, and made all about her bright and hopeful. Not a thought of regret did her unselfish little heart give to the once much-coveted locket; not once did she even wish that some other way of relieving Harold had been found than by her own act of self-sacrifice.

It was not until towards evening that she saw Harold again, for she went out with her mother that afternoon for a drive, so that when he returned from school, she was absent.

She had just come from the nursery, Dot in hand, and was passing along the upper hall on her way down-stairs, when Harold rushed out upon her from his room, and, seizing her about the neck, whispered joyfully in her ear,—

"It's all right, Fan darling. Mamma wants my drawing-box, and she's going to give me full price for it; all that a new one would cost in the stores. It's as good as new, to be sure; but it's jolly of her, isn't it? What she wants of it is more than I can think; but she says she does want it for a purpose; and so there's enough now to pay off poor Jerry. Oh, it's awfully jolly! I feel better to think I'm free than if I had a dozen drawing-boxes just given to me. Hallo, Dot!" loosening his hold of Fanny's neck, and trying to find some vent for the exuberance of his spirits, "do you want to see me slide down the banisters?"

"No," answered the solemn little maiden, on whose mind the danger of such a proceeding had been strongly impressed, more with a view to Robbie's safety than her own, for she was not likely to attempt it. "No, for it is a danger for you. 'Ou will break 'our net.'"

But Harold was already half way on the swift journey, and brought up with a spring at the foot of the stairs before the words were well out of Dot's mouth.

"Now come," he said, holding out his hands to her. "I'll jump you four steps."

"No, no, only fee," answered Dot, half shrinking even from such a feat as that; and it was with a little shriek, partly terror, partly delight, that she found herself seized upon and "jumped" the four steps.

To see Harold like himself again, to know that he was "free," and to feel that she had been the means of this, was reward enough for the warm-hearted little sister; and she was so gay all dinner-time that the boys and Ella really wondered at the sunshiny brightness of her face and manner. Not a whimper, not a foreboding, was heard; not a "maybe" or a "nightbe" flew in sight.

JERRY'S HOME.—CHAPTER VI.

"Fanny," said Mrs. Leroy, when her little daughter returned from school, next day, "would you like to go out with me this afternoon?"

"Yes, mamma, indeed I would. Where are you going?"

"We will have a drive in the Park; but I have a visit to make first, and I should like to have you with me."

"Then I suppose I had better put on my new blue suit, mamma," said Fanny.

"No, dear," answered her mother, "that is not at all necessary. An every-day dress will answer; indeed, it will be the most suitable."

Fanny wondered a little, and perhaps she would have been better pleased if her mother had given her permission to wear the new suit; but she was not vain of her dress or appearance, and it did not trouble her much.

But the mystery was solved when, as she stood at the front-door waiting for her mother, Mary Jane brought out a large basket, closely packed, and put it into the carriage.

"Oh, I see!" said the little girl to herself, "Mamma is going to see some sick or poor person. I hope there's nothing dangerous the matter with them."

Fanny soon found she was right. They drove uptown; and, in one of the side streets,

stopped before an old tumble-down-looking house. It had probably once been the comfortable, handsome country-seat of some wealthy owner, with grounds going down to the river, fine old trees, and extensive gardens. But gardens and trees were gone now, only a couple of huge stumps near the rickety stoop serving to mark where some kings of the forest had once stretched their mighty arms; and the city had grown up close around the old-fashioned mansion, and spread itself over the once carefully trimmed lawns and walks. Why the dilapidated old house was still left standing was matter of wonder to many; but that was the owner's business, not ours. Such as it was, it afforded a roof—a leaky one—and some kind of a shelter, to the dozen or so of families who occupied the different rooms; but Fanny's first words when she saw it were,—

"O, mamma! what a dreadful place to live in!"

"And there are many, many worse in this great city, dear," said her mother. "Places where I could not think of taking you, or even of going myself."

"Worse than this, mamma? And people really live in them?"

"Yes, Fanny, live and die, and work and love one another; and, perhaps, are even happy and contented."

"How could any one be happy or contented here?" murmured Fanny, as she stepped out of the carriage. She never could be, she thought; it seemed such a dreadful place to live! Contented here! she could not bear to set her foot inside the threshold.

"Mamma," she said, clinging to her mother's hand, and shrinking from the curious, eager eyes which peered out upon them from the broken windows and crazy doors, "Mamma, does the person you are going to see live here?"

"Yes, dear. Do not be afraid."

"But, mamma," hesitated Fanny, "do let's take our charity to St. Barnabas or the Little Cripples' Home. It's so nice and clean there; it don't seem so dreadful. We might catch something dreadful here. I'm sure we will, almost perfectly certain."

"And I am almost certain that we run no greater danger here than we do in a pleasanter place," said her mother; "for I have taken pains to find out that there was no risk. Do you think your mother would take you where there was danger, Fanny? Still, you may go back to the carriage, and stay there, if you please."

"No, mamma," said Fanny, meekly, "I know you wouldn't but I thought you might not know. But if you went into a danger, I would rather go too."

Her mother looked down at her and smiled, and gave the little hand in her own an encouraging clasp. Yes, she knew that. And although our Fanny was the most ardent coward, afraid of mere shadows, and always conjuring up such shadows where none existed, with which to frighten herself, yet we, as well as her mother, must do her justice. For, though she worried herself and annoyed others with all these manifold fears and fancies, they were real, not affected; and, after all, she did possess a certain kind of courage; for, when she saw her duty, she would not let them conquer her, and stand in her way, but did what she felt to be right; although it might be with shrinkings and tremblings.

"A spunky coward!" Charlie called her.

And now she felt rather ashamed that her fancies should have come in the way of her wish to be of use to those who were in need; so when her mother turned towards the crazy, rickety old stairs, she would not say she was afraid to trust herself upon them, although her heart was in her mouth.

After all, they must be safe, or mamma would not take her up; and so she consoled herself as they went on,—up to the very top of the house, flight after flight, until they reached the garret floor, where mamma looked around for a moment, then knocked at a door.

Presently a girl came, and opened it. A girl a little older than Fanny, but much smaller, with a pale, pinched face, which told of hunger and care.

"Is this Mrs. Scott's room?" asked Mrs. Leroy.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the child.

"And is she in?"

"Yes, ma'am; but she's sick, too sick to get up," said the girl, looking back into the room, as if uncertain whether to admit the visitors.

"Ask the lady in," said a feeble voice beyond; and the girl opened the door wider, so as to allow the ladies to pass.

Mrs. Leroy and her little daughter stepped inside.

The room was clean, and not very small; but a more bare, desolate-looking place it would be hard to find.

A table with three legs, propped against the wall; two chairs, one without a back, the other with no seat to speak of; a long, low wooden bench; and a hanging shelf, with some bits of crockery upon it,—comprised all the furniture, if furniture that could be called which only served to make the room more miserable and cheerless looking.

Upon a low mattress at the side of the room lay a woman, a child beside her.

When Fanny and her mother entered, the latter raised herself and looked at the little girl with mingled astonishment and admiration. A little, wan, thin face it was, more pinched and haggard than that of the elder sister. A chubby boy of four, who sat in a corner building houses with bits of wood, was the only healthy bit of life in the room.

It was Fanny's first visit to the home of poverty; that is, to such a home as this. She had gone with her mother often to St. Barnabas', St. Luke's, or the Little Cripples' Home; had been greatly interested in the children so kindly cared for there; and had not only freely given of her toys, books, and money for them, but had worked and planned for their pleasure and comfort. But face to face with such misery as this, such utter, cheerless poverty, she had never been brought. It was a thing entirely new to her, and as terrible as novel.

"I had heard you were ill and in distress, and came to see if I could be of use to you," said Mrs. Leroy, speaking to the woman, who seemed too weak to try to raise herself.

The tears welled up to the poor woman's eyes at the sound of the kind voice speaking in tones of sympathy, and she answered,—

"Ill, indeed, ma'am, and distressed too. But then," she added, "it's not so bad as it was a day or two back, for a kind gentleman gave my boy, my boy Jerry,—he's out now, looking for work,—a kind gentleman gave him enough to get us food for these last three days. If it hadn't been for that, I don't know where we would have been. Mary, give the lady a seat; child, you're forgetting your manners."

In rather a shamefaced way, as if she did not like to ask the lady to take such a poor seat, Mary brought forward the backless chair, as being the best of the two; but Mrs. Leroy took it with as gracious a "Thank you," as if it had been of cushioned velvet. Then, with some little help from the chubby boy, she pulled along the bench, until one end of it was near enough to Mrs. Leroy to afford Fanny a seat beside her mother.

Mrs. Leroy knew something of the woman's story; for this was lame Jerry's mother, and she had heard all that Harold had learned from the boy.

"I was just getting better, ma'am, and had some work, shirts from a store; and Mary and I, working hard, had finished them up last Saturday; but, when she took them home, the man said he couldn't pay her until this week; and, though she went twice on Monday, she couldn't get a cent. So, thinking maybe he didn't care for a child like her, I thought I'd better go myself; so Tuesday I set out with Mary. But then he told me the work wasn't well done, and not a bent could I get from him; and I felt it so hard I could not bear it, and there was no one to stand my friend. And then—and then—well, you see, ma'am, I hadn't eaten nothing since the morning before, and, being weak like, I hadn't the strength left to get home, and I fainted on a stoop in the street, and poor Mary frightened out of her life, and the police had to bring me home. So here I've laid ever since; though I do feel a bit better to-day; and the children had food to-day and yesterday."

"Why?" exclaimed Fanny, astonished by what she thought a remarkable coincidence. "She must be Charlie's cold-chicken woman!"

"Miss," said the woman, astonished in her turn. Fanny had spoken without thinking, and she now felt a little shy about explaining herself; but she said, "I think my brothers saw you sitting on the stoop, and they heard you had had nothing to eat for so long, so Charlie run in and took a cold chicken off the table for you, but, when he came back, you had gone."

"Oh, I know! I saw some boys,—some young gentlemen," said Mary; "and they asked me what ailed mother; but I didn't know they cared. I pose the policeman put us in the wagon before the young gentleman came back."

"They were so sorry they hadn't any money to give you," said Fanny. "At least," she added, "too conscientious to keep back a part of the truth, 'two of them had not.'"

"And what is the matter with this little girl?" asked Mrs. Leroy, looking at the puny child, who still sat on the bed beside her mother, watching with wide-open eyes of wonder the little lady and her mamma.

"She's always been a delicate one, ma'am," answered Mrs. Scott, "and, there's nothing special the matter, more than the weakness; but she's been dwindling away the last three months, and I think it's just the cold of the last winter, and the want of food. You see there's been many days that the children haven't had more than a bit of bread from morning till night, and it's two months or more since the poor dear has had a mouthful of meat or any thing strengthening; and that's what the dispensary doctor said she needed. But where was I to get it?"

Fanny was perfectly confounded. Such distress, such want as this she had never imagined. She had made herself miserable more than once over fancied poverty,—had done so that very morning, as we know; but her wildest imaginations had never pictured such trouble as this. The poverty which she had dreaded was a comfortable, respectable sort of an arrangement, where all luxuries must be given up, and where all would have to work hard for a support, it is true; but actual want, starvation, she had never dreamed of,—that poor, delicate little child dying for want of proper food, and the mother helpless, and unable to procure it for her.

Tears rose to Fanny's eyes at the thought; and while her mother talked farther to Mrs. Scott, she turned to Mary.

"What did you do?" she asked. "Didn't you feel dreadfully when you thought you were all going to be orphans? I should think you'd have cried your eyes out."

"I didn't think I was going to be orphan, Miss," said Mary.

"Not when your mother was so ill?" asked Fanny.

"No, miss, not much, 'cause I knew she'd get better if she could get enough to eat: the doctor said so; and I hoped the help would come somehow. Mornin's, when we was hungry, I thought 'twould be coming in the afternoons; and, at night, I thought it would come in the morning; and, at last, it did, for the good gentleman gave Jerry money. So we've had enough to eat since. Yesterday, we had potatoes, and to-day too. I did want to get a bit of meat for mother and Lottie there; but mother said no, we must make it last till Saturday, unless Jerry gets a job. But, poor fellow, he's so lame it's hard work for him to get a job he can do."

"I should think you'd have felt so dreadfully! I should think you'd have cried your eyes out!" said Fanny. "I should I know."

"I hadn't time, miss. Besides, 'twouldn't never do for me to be givin' up, nor Jerry, neither. Why, you see, if mother was to see one of us a frettin', then she would just give up herself."

Just then, a stumping noise was heard upon the stairs; and Mary, saying, "There's Jerry now, miss; and he likes some one to come and take one of his crutches, so he can take hold of the banisters: I must go," ran quickly out.

"Mary must be a great help to you," said Mrs. Leroy, as the child left the room to go to her brother's assistance. "She seems to be a handy child."

"Indeed, ma'am, and she is," answered Mrs. Scott, "and I don't know what I could do without her, letting alone the work she does. How the child keeps up her spirit, I can't see; but she's as hopeful and cheery as if we were well-to-do; never frets herself, and won't let the rest of us. Why there, this morning, I was dreadful despairing because the money the gentleman gave Jerry was all but gone, and I did not see what we were to do for to-morrow, and the rent, too, coming due next week; and we've not a stick more to sell; but she bade me keep up heart, 'cause God sees," she said. "And then I thought sure enough He knows how it is with us, and He won't let it be worse than we can bear. When things seem dreadful bad, she says, 'Well, they can't get worse: that's one comfort,' and when they begin to mend a bit, she always 'knew they would soon be better.' She's just like a bit of sunlight in a dark place, my Mary is,—bless her!"

Fanny felt self-reproached. Here was this girl, scarce any, if at all, older than herself, with, as Fanny thought, not a bit of brightness in her life,—working hard, half-starved, with little prospect of anything better in the future; mother and sister ill and weak, brother lame and almost helpless,—still cheering and encouraging all the rest, hopeful, trusting, and ready to believe that "God knew," and so would lead them in His own way, for His own ends.

While she, with every thing this world could give, was always fretting and fearing, dreading that some evil might come, some happiness be taken from her. She took little pleasure or satisfaction herself in all the good gifts which had fallen to her lot; made herself "tiresome" to others, and robbed them of a portion of their comfort. Besides, Aunt Silvia had told her that she was having a bad influence over her darling Dot, who always thought it right to copy all that she did or said.

Fanny's thoughts, if put into words, might not have read just thus; but this was the substance of them. Self-reproach and self-conviction were there; and our Fanny felt abashed before this little, poor, half-starved girl.

She had thought much during the last two days of her fault and its consequences, although this had as yet borne but little fruit.

But now she felt the contrast between herself and Mary, and that it was not to her own credit.

Jerry came in in good spirits, having earned "a quarter" during the morning, but much tired and exhausted. The basket which Mrs. Leroy had brought was most welcome to the whole hungry family, containing as it did strengthening food enough for all, food sadly needed, but such as they seldom tasted; and little Johnny, peeping into the basket as Mary unpacked it, whispered to her that "God really did thee we didn't have meat for the many dayth, for here it's a big pieth of real live meat, all cooked too!"

Mrs. Leroy bade Mary come to her for work the next morning; and then she and Fanny left.

"Mamma," said Fanny, remorsefully, when she and her mother were once more seated in the carriage, "if we were so dreadfully off as that, I don't believe even you would be able to bear me; I know I should be so horribly 'Deep Grief.' I couldn't help thinking how much more Mary trusted God than I did."

A loving pat of the little hand she had laid upon her mother's knee and a smile were the only answer. Mrs. Leroy left the lesson to work its own way.

(To be Continued.)

NOT A BIT AFRAID.

"Yes, I know it's a serious case; the doctor said so. But I don't trouble myself about that; I'm not a bit afraid."

"But you told me just now that you had not attended to religion a great deal. You know this is the first time I ever saw you; so I know nothing about you but what you tell me. I suppose, in fact, you have lived like many more, without much thought about your soul?"

"Yes, sir, that's it."

"And yet you are not afraid?"

"No, sir, I don't feel afraid at all. I'm not troubled in my mind. I have been nowise wicked."

The minister looked grave. "You mean you have not been a thief, or a great drinker, or a swearer, or a liar, or anything of that sort?"

"No, no; I have not been anything of the kind. I know plenty who have; but I've always tried to live respectable."

"Well, but do you mean to say you are not a sinner?"

"Oh, we are all sinners of course."

"But does not that mean anything? Does it not signify, being a sinner?"

"I've never done anything bad in particular, is I know of. At all events I don't feel afraid."

"I wish you did," said the minister earnestly; "I wish you did with all my heart. I know I should, if I were you."

The sick man looked surprised; but he made no answer, so the minister went on:

"As for me, I could not speak as you do. I know that I am a poor sinner; and that, but for my Saviour, I must be lost forever. But I have gone to him, and sought his blood to wash away my sins, and I do humbly believe in him; and he, alone, takes my fear away. You have told me what you feel, and now I have told you what I feel."

"Well, that's all right, sir, no doubt," was all the sick man said. The minister went on again:

"Oh, my friend, it will never do to say you are not afraid, while you have not gone to Christ; you ought to be afraid, you have good reason to be afraid. I must be plain with you. I dare not build you up with false hopes. Don't you know that you must stand before God, and give account for all your life? Don't you know about the great judgment day, when the books will be opened? Those books will have in them all you have ever done in all your life. Can you face that? Are you not afraid, when you think of that? There will be another book opened then, the Book of Life. That will contain the names of all who are saved by Jesus Christ. And everybody else (do you remember that?) will be cast into the lake of fire. You know you have not lived to God, you know you have not sought Christ, your religion has been nothing but a name; and, say what you will, you know quite well that you have often and often done wrong. Now, how can you say you are not afraid?"

The man shifted uneasily on his bed.

"Perhaps," said he "I ought to be more afraid than I am."

"Yes, indeed, you ought. I don't want to give you pain, I want to comfort you; but I dare not give you false comfort. I want you to see the truth. You are a poor sinner in need of a Saviour. You may think lightly of your sins now, and hardly call them sins at all; but if you saw them as they really are, oh how black they would look to you! I pray God to teach you to see yourself, and to see your sins, now, before the books are opened. And now let me speak to you about Jesus Christ. He pitied us poor sinners, and came and died on the cross to save us. Thousands have been saved by him. He has never turned one away who went to him for salvation. I hope I have gone. I know I have. I could not rest in my bed if I had not. I want you

to go to him too. He calls you to him. Just as you are, he bids you look to him and be saved. He is willing to be your Saviour. Now, remember now, he is willing to be your Saviour. Do not put this off. Sometimes people put away such thoughts, because they trouble them. Oh, do not you do so. Here you are alone on your bed, away from everybody. Now pray, pray for the Holy Spirit to teach your heart, pray that Jesus may be your Saviour. Let me pray with you before I go."

And the minister knelt down and prayed. And when he rose from his knees the sick man held out his hand, and his eyes were wet with tears, and he did not say again that he was not afraid; but he said in a low voice, "I hope God will forgive me. You'll come and see me again, sir."—N. Y. Observer.

MENTAL CULTURE.

BY NATHAN ALLEN, M. D., LL.D.

In the advancing knowledge of physiology it has been discovered that all mental culture should be based upon the brain—that education should be pursued in harmony with the laws of life and health, and that where these are violated, the advantages of the former afford poor compensation. Formerly no attention, or scarcely any, was paid by school boards and teachers, in the matter of education, to the condition of the body or the development of the brain, and even at the present day very little is paid them, compared with what should be given to those great physical laws which underlie all mental culture. The lives of a multitude of children and youth are sacrificed every year by violating the laws of physiology and hygiene, through mistaken or wrong methods of mental training; besides, the constitution and health of a multitude of others are thus impaired or broken down for life. Nowhere else in society is a radical reform needed more than in our educational systems. Inasmuch as the laws of the body lie at the foundation of all proper culture, they should receive the first consideration. But in educating the boy or girl, from the age of five to fifteen, how little attention is given to the growth and physical changes which necessarily occur at this most important period of life! The age of the child should be considered; the place of schooling, the hours of confinement and recreation, the number and kinds of studies, together with the modes of teaching, should all harmonize with physical laws, especially those of the brain.

The system or mode of treating, in education, all children, as though their organizations were precisely alike, is based upon an unnatural theory. Great injury, in a variety of ways, results from this wrong treatment; in fact, injuries are thus inflicted upon the sensitive organizations and susceptible minds of young children from which they never recover. That many of our most independent and clear-headed educators themselves express so much dissatisfaction with the working and results of our schools, affords evidence that something is wrong in the present system. As we contemplate the great improvements made in education for the last thirty or forty years, and are surprised that educators were content to tolerate the state of things then existing, so will the next generation, when still greater and more radical changes shall have been introduced, look back with astonishment at this generation, and wonder that it was so well satisfied with its own methods. When our educators become thoroughly convinced that physical development as a part of education is an absolute necessity—that a strict observance of the laws of physiology and hygiene is indispensable to the highest mental culture, then we shall have vital and radical changes in our educational system; then the brain will not be cultivated so much at the expense of the body, neither will the nervous temperament be so unduly developed in proportion to other parts of the system, now so often bringing on a train of neuralgic diseases which cannot easily be cured, and exposing the individual to the keenest and most intense suffering, which all the advantages of mental culture fail, not unfrequently to compensate.

The more this whole subject is investigated, the more reason we shall find for making allowances or some distinction in scholastic discipline, with reference to the differences in organization of children, and for adapting the hours of confinement and recreation, the ventilation and temperature of school-rooms, the number and kinds of studies, the modes of teaching, etc., to the laws of the physical system. But another and still more important change must take place. Some time—may that time be not far distant—there will be a correct and established system of mental science, based upon physiological laws; and until this era arrives, the modes and methods of education must remain incomplete and unsatisfactory. The principles of this science, in the very nature of things, must rest upon a correct knowledge of the laws and functions of the brain; and until these are correctly understood and reduced to a general system, all education must be more or less partial, imper-

fect and empirical. While the old theories of metaphysicians are very generally discarded, they still have practically a powerful influence in directing and shaping our educational systems and institutions. In the selection and arrangement of studies very little attention is paid to the peculiar nature or operations of the various faculties of the mind, or the distinct laws that govern their development and uses. For illustration—instead of educating, drawing out, and training all the mental faculties in their natural order and in harmony, each in proportion to its nature or importance, the memory is almost the only faculty appealed to in every stage of education; and this is so crammed and so stuffed that frequently but little of the knowledge obtained can be used advantageously. Instead of developing the observing faculties by "object teaching," appealing to the senses of sight and hearing, those two great avenues of knowledge, or giving much instruction orally, we require the scholar to spend most of his time in studying and poring over books, mere books. The mind is treated as a kind of general receptacle into which knowledge almost indiscriminately must be poured, yes, forced, without making that knowledge one's own, or creating that self-reliance which is indispensable to its proper use. In this way the brain does not work so naturally or healthily as it ought, and a vast amount of time, labor and expense is wasted—nay, worse than wasted. From this forced and unnatural process there often results not only a want of harmony and complete development of all parts of the brain, but an excessive development of the nervous temperament, and not unfrequently an irritability and morbidness which are hard to bear and difficult to overcome. And not unfrequently it ends in a permanent disease of the brain, or confinement in a lunatic asylum.

THE FADED WRAPPER.

"Are you sorry that father has gone away to stay over night, Alice?" said one of Mrs. Montgomery's children to his sister. "It rains so that no one will call; and now mother will wear that faded wrapper all day. I heard her tell Barbara she would have a good long day for sewing. She doesn't think it worth while to set even the dining-room table just for us."

"Don't you wish she would spill ink on that dress, Philip?" was the answer. "Then, she wouldn't wear it any more."

"No, indeed, I don't want it any worse, for she would wear it just the same on rainy days and when papa is away."

Now, mamma, in the next room, heard this discussion of the children, and arose to take a survey of herself in the looking-glass. It was not a very pleasing picture that the polished mirror gave back to her view.

"How Harry Warren's mother," said Philip, "is always dressed nicely, any time of the day."

"She wears such pretty bows on her hair and neck," said Alice. "But she isn't half so pleasant as our mother," she added, loyally, "if she does look prettier."

The mother's eyes glistened as she looked down on the old wrapper.

"To be compared to Aunt Warren," she thought, "and by my own children, too. Who would have thought they were such sharp little things? They notice every trifle."

Mrs. Montgomery's spirit was quite stirred. She would not allow such a rival, she said to herself, if she could eclipse her.

"You shall be disappointed about the old wrapper, for once, Mr. Philip," she added, smiling; so she took a soft white dress, just the thing to enliven a dull day. Then she puffed her hair in the prettiest style, and proceeded to dress herself with unusual care. The delicate lace collar was adorned with a bow of palest pink, and her hair tied back with a ribbon to match.

It is wonderful how these simple additions to the toilet changed her whole appearance. A little taste does much for a woman's toilet, and yet how small, often, is the cost. A simple knot of violet or crimson velvet will make a dull dress look bright and even elegant. As a great painter said, "Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle."

Mrs. Montgomery's face wore a brighter look than usual that day, as she entered the nursery. Her dress had actually raised her spirits; but she was hardly prepared for the burst of admiration that greeted her. It is not often that compliments are sincere and heartfelt as were those of her little ones that day. But her children's tones quickly changed to one of anxiety. "Are you going away anywhere, mamma?" they asked directly.

"No, dears, I am going to sew on the machine all day; so we can have a nice time together."

Little Alice hung over her chair a minute, admiringly, and fingered her buttons, as she said, with a smile of deep content in her eye,

"You look nice, mamma."

Mrs. Montgomery smiled as she threaded the needle of the machine, while Philip added proudly:

"She looks nicer than Harry's mother, even when she has her silk dress on."

That was reward enough; she had eclipsed her rival.

"I'll remember this day's lesson," said the mother, in her own heart, and she did remember it.

The rainy day dress was doomed, and they helped to rip it up with sincere pleasure. It made excellent lining for a new one, and it often preached its old sermon over, as it hung wrong side out in the closet.

Mothers, when you allow yourselves slovenly ways among the little ones, in the seclusion of the nursery, remember there's a child there "a takin' notes." Those notes will be read even when your head lies low. Of all the bright pictures that hang on memory's wall, there is none to me so fair as a sweet, loving mother, whose appearance was always neat and tasteful, even in working dress. Children may love an untidy mother, after a fashion, but they can never respect her. She can not keep the hold on them in after years that one of the opposite habits possesses. Besides, if you are untidy yourself, they will probably grow up to imitate you. Don't neglect the details of dress, that add so much to appearance because there will be "no one about but the children."—*Wood's Magazine.*

SOUL DESTROYING.—That sin which is most deceitful is most dangerous. Dr. Crosby, of New York, lately said: "If I were to point out the most alarming sins to-day—those which are most deceitful in their influence and most soul-destroying in their ultimate effects—I would not mention drunkenness with all its fearful havoc, nor gambling with its crazed victims, nor harlotry with its hellish orgies; but the love of money on the part of men and the love of display on the part of women. While open vice sends its thousands, these fashionable and favored indulgences send their ten thousands to perdition. They sear the conscience, incrust the soul with an impenetrable shell of worldliness, debauch the affections from every high and heavenly object, and make man or woman the worshipper of self. While doing all this the poor victim is allowed by public opinion to think himself or herself a Christian; while the drunkard, the gambler or the prostitute is not deceived by such a thought for a moment."

NOTES ON THE LESSONS.

October 4—Mark vii. 31-37.

THE DEAF-MUTE.

At Bethsaida, to which place Jesus went on his way to Caesarea Philippi, they brought a blind man to him, and besought him to touch him. This case, and that of the deaf and stammering man brought to him in Decapolis, have many points of resemblance. In both, those who brought the diseased to Jesus prescribed to him the mode of cure. They besought him to lay his hand upon them, or to touch them. Was it for the very purpose of reproving and counteracting the prejudice which connected the cure with a certain kind of manipulation on the part of the curer, that Jesus in both instances went so far out of his usual course, varying the manner of his action so singularly, that out of all his miracles of healing these two stand distinguished by the unique mode of their performance? This at least is certain, that had Jesus in any instance observed one settled and uniform method of healing, the spirit of formalism and superstition which lies so deep in our nature would have seized upon it, and linked it inseparably with the divine virtue that went out of him, confounding the channel with the thing that the channel conveyed.

Besides, however, any intention of the kind thus alluded to, the variations in our Lord's outward modes of healing may have had special adaption to the state of the individuals dealt with, and may have been meant to symbolize the great corresponding diversity that there is in those spiritual healings of which the bodily ones were undoubtedly intended to be types. Let us imagine that the deaf stammerer of Decapolis was a man whose spiritual defects were as complicated as his physical ones; whose hard, unclean heart it was singularly difficult to reach and to renew; who required repeated efforts to be made, and a varied instrumentality to be employed, before he yielded to the power of the truth, or was brought under its benignant sway. Then see with what picturesque fidelity and appropriateness the slowness and difficulty of the one kind of healing was shadowed forth in the other. Jesus took him aside from the multitude, went away with him alone into some quiet and secluded place. The very isolation—the standing thus alone face to face was of itself fitted to arrest, to concentrate the man's thoughts upon what was about to happen. Then Jesus put his fingers into his ears, as if by this very action he meant to indicate the need there was of an operation which should remove the obstruction and that his was the hand to do it. Then with a like intent he touched the man's dry and withered tongue with fingers moistened with his own spittle. Then he looked up to heaven and

sighed—the sigh unheard—but the look upward and the emotion which it conveyed, were not lost upon the man. Then after all these preliminaries, in course of which we may believe that whatever of incredulity or whatever of unbelief there may have lain within was being gradually subdued, at last he said *Ephphatha*, and the ears were opened and the tongue was loosed.

Two things here were peculiar, the sigh and the preserving the old Aramaic word which Jesus used. Never in any other instance but in this, when Jesus was about to heal did a sigh escape from his lips. What drew it forth here? It may have been that as he drew the man aside and confronted him alone, the sorrowful spectacle that he presented became to the quick sympathies of Jesus suddenly and broadly suggestive of all the ills that flesh is heir to, and that it was over them collectively that the sigh was heaved. Such interpretation of its meaning leaves unexplained why it was this case, and it alone, which acted in such a manner upon the sympathies of the Redeemer. But the sigh may have had a deeper source. If this were indeed a man whose soul was difficult of reach and cure, he may have presented himself to Jesus as the type and emblem of those obstinate cases of spiritual malady, some of which would so long resist the great remedy that he came to the earth to furnish.

After the sigh came the utterance *Ephphatha*, a word belonging to the dialect of the old Hebrew language called the Aramaic or Syro-Chaldaic, which was then current in Judea. But if that was the language which Christ ordinarily used—in which, for example, the Sermon on the Mount was spoken—why was it that in this, and one or two other instances, and in these alone, the exact words which Christ employed are preserved in the evangelical record? It cannot be the peculiarity or solemnity of the occasion, or the particular emphasis with which they were spoken, that entitled them to be selected and preserved, for we can point to many other occasions in which, had Jesus used Aramaic words, they should have had as good, indeed a better claim to have been preserved. The true explanation of this matter seems to be that it was only upon a few rare occasions that Jesus did employ the old vernacular tongue—and that he ordinarily spoke in Greek. It has recently, and as I think conclusively, been established by a great variety of proof, that in the days of our Saviour, the Jews knew and spoke two languages; all the grown-up educated population using the Greek as well as the Aramaic tongue. The Greek predominated in the schools, was employed almost exclusively in written documents and by public speakers. It was in this language that Jesus addressed the crowds in the courts of the temple at Jerusalem, and the multitudes on the hill-sides of Galilee. We have, therefore, in our Greek New Testament, the very words before us which came from the lips of our Redeemer—more sacred, surely, than if they had been translated from the Aramaic, however faithful the rendering. Assuming that Greek was the language ordinarily employed by our Saviour, it would very naturally occur that occasionally he reverted to the old dialect, and that when he did so the words that he used should have been preserved and interpreted. Thus, for instance, in the house of Jairus, Jesus was in the home of a strictly Jewish family, in which the old language would be used in all domestic intercourse, the little daughter who lay dead there having not yet learned perhaps the newly imported tongue. How beautifully accordant then with the character of him whose heart was tenderness itself, that as he leaned over the lifeless form of the maiden and breathed that life-giving whisper into her ear, it should have been in the loved and familiar accents of the mother-tongue, saying, "Talitha cumi!"

It was perhaps still more natural that Jesus, in addressing the deaf stammerer of Decapolis, should have used an Aramaic word. He was a trade mountaineer. The vernacular was perhaps the only language of which he had any knowledge. At any rate, it was the one to which he had been the most accustomed. It could have been solely with regard to the man himself that Jesus employed the particular term *Ephphatha*. He meant him to hear and understand it. And it was heard, we believe, and understood; for this was not a case in which the faculty of hearing and speaking had never existed or been exercised. So soon as the physical impediments were removed, the man could speak as he had spoken before the loss of hearing had been incurred. When, after all the other signs of the coming cure had been given, the emphatic word was at last pronounced, how wise, how gracious was it that that word—the first heard after so many years—should have been one of his well-known, well-loved mother-tongue.—*Hanna's "Life of Our Lord."*

Oct. 11—Mark ix., 17-29

THE EVIL SPIRIT CAST OUT.

17. *One . . . said, never a great multitude, but some sad heart. master, the man was perhaps*

a disciple (though Ma. says "Lord"). Christians have their domestic sorrows. *My son, as much mine as if he were whole; His only son (Lu.) dumb spirit, preventing his praising God, or communicating with men.*

An anxious father.—I. Subject of his anxiety.—1. His son, hope of his house, his support in old age; 2. His only son, all his father's love and hope centred here; 3. His only son possessed a violent demon, etc. II. The efforts he made.—1. Went to the disciples, disappointed, yet not yielding to despair; 2. Brought him to Jesus; 3. Note his perseverance.

God's regard for faith.—A swallow having built its nest upon the tent of Charles V., the Emperor generously commanded that the tent should not be taken down when the camp removed, but should remain until the young birds were ready to fly. Was there such gentleness in the heart of a soldier towards a poor bird which was not of his making, and shall the Lord deal hardly with His creatures when they venture to put their trust in Him? Be assured He hath a great love to those trembling souls that fly for shelter to His royal courts. He that buildeth his nest upon a Divine promise shall find it abide and remain until he shall fly away to the land where promises are lost in fulfillments.—*Spurgeon.*

19, 20. *Faithless, unbelieving, generation, addressed generally to the people of the times of our Lord. how . . . suffer, endure, bear with. bring . . . me, word of rebuke, swiftly followed by word of mercy. they, father and disciples. spirit foaming, last struggle for possession, and last effort of Satanic malice.*

"The Kingdom of Satan, in small and great, is ever stirred into a fiercer activity by the coming near of the Kingdom of Christ. Satan has great wrath when his time is short."—*Trench.* "How deeply-rooted must unbelief be in our hearts, when we are surprised to find our prayers answered, instead of feeling sure that they will be so, if they are only offered up in faith and accord with the will of God!"—*Hare.*

Bring him unto Me.—I. The command imparted encouragement—assured the intention of mercy—would not have commanded to bring, without meaning to cure; II. Indicated great self-confidence of power; III. Intimated that to take his son elsewhere was useless; IV. Desired this evidence of faith—except he believed he would not bring him; V. Looked for prompt obedience—"bring him to Me,"—*now.*

Saving faith.—"It is not the quantity of thy faith that shall save thee. A drop of water is as true water as the whole ocean; so a little faith is as true faith as the greatest. A child eight days old is as really a man as one of sixty years; a spark of fire is as true fire as a great flame; a sickly man is as truly living as a well man. So it is not the measure of thy faith that saves thee—it is the blood that it grips that saves thee; as the weak hand of a child, that leads the spoon to the mouth, will feed as well as the strong arm of a man; for it is not the hand that feeds thee, but the meat. So, if thou canst grip Christ ever so weakly, He will not let thee perish."—*J. Adams.*

21, 22. *how long, etc., question not needful to the cure; nor to obtain information. The time could not affect the work of Christ; but to show sympathy and love, and especially to awaken and strengthen the father's faith of child, infancy. All this previous confession will make the cure more apparent. if . . . canst, very weak faith, if any, us, father and son. The affliction of one is sorrow for the other.*

A Sunday-school address.—"Consider:—I. The sorrowing parents. Help us. Other parents with healthy children, these with an afflicted son. Other parents deriving help from their children, these begging help for him and themselves. Compare parents you know. II. The afflicted son. Could not help his affliction. Terrible in its nature. Exposed him to danger—"fire, water, destroy him. His miserable appearance and life. Could not work, could not play. Needed constant watching. III. The compassionate helper. Felt for the parents. Did not laugh at the contortions of the youth. If he had not been able to help, He would not have scorned. But He did help. LEARN:—Be thankful for your own health, etc. Do not mock the unfortunate; cowardly. If you cannot cure like Christ, at least act like a Christian. Be pitiful, kind, tender-hearted." "As they lay copper in aquafortis before they begin to engrave it, so the Lord usually prepares us by the searching, softening discipline of affliction for making a deep, lasting impression of Himself upon our hearts."—*Nottidge.*

Weak, but increasing faith.—When the suspension bridge across the Niagara was to be erected, the question was, how to get the cable over? With a favoring wind, a kite was elevated, which alighted on the other shore. To its insignificant string a cord was attached, which was drawn over, then a rope, then a larger rope, then a cable strong enough to sustain the iron cable which supported the bridge, over which heavily-laden trains pass in safety. This could never have been done but for the little kiteming, which may represent a weak faith, yet reaches to Christ and heaven, and

may enlarge to gigantic proportions, and hold its possessor fast anchored within the veil.

23, 24. *if... believe*, the question for you to settle is not "what I can do," but "whether you can believe." *all things*, proper for Me to give and you to receive. *father... out*, he believed, at any rate, that belief was needful. *help... unbelief*, either by taking it away, or by healing my son.

Help my unbelief.—I. While the unbelief of others was rebuked, that of this man was pitied—why: 1. It was the result of old teaching and ignorance; 2. It was earnestly struggled against; 3. The man himself felt and confessed it; 4. How the unbelief of an earnest man is helped.

25, 26. *saw... together*, and that thus rapidly collecting multitude would be the occasion of much confusion. *I charge*, a power thou canst not resist. *enter... him*, care for the future. Christ cares not only for present good, but future safety and glory of His people. *dead*, the evil spirit did his worst, since he could— with this victim—do no more. *many*, the multitude having now collected round him.

Safety for the future secured by deliverance from present evil.—"Come out"—"Enter no more in."—I. That the future may be assured, there must be a present casting out of evil; II. That the future may be assured, the evil must be kept out by the all-powerful Word of Christ; III. Folly of those who are vainly hoping for future improvement without seeking present deliverance.

27-29. *took... hand*, etc., tenderness, sympathy, help, arose, cured, privately, that others might not know the secret of their failure. *why... out*, right for men who have failed in doing good, to enquire into the cause. *kind*, then there were varieties. "The pertinacity and cruelty of this one showed him to belong to the worst kind." *prayer... fasting*, you yourselves, must very strongly, in such cases, feel your entire dependence and nothingness.

Fasting and prayer. I. The extraordinary difficulties which some have to encounter: 1. From the great adversary of souls; 2. From their own indwelling corruptions. II. The extraordinary means which they should use in order to surmount them. Address:—I. Those who are yielding to their spiritual enemies; 2. Those who are conflicting with them.—*Biblical Museum*.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1875.

In making kindly reference to the troubles through which Mr. Beecher has been passing, Mr. Bowen, the proprietor and editor of the New York Independent, defends himself from the imputation of entertaining jealousy against either of the parties concerned in the painful quarrel by stating the fact that in the year Mr. Beecher closed his connection with the Independent, the income of that paper increased by the sum of \$40,000, and in the year after Mr. Tilton had left it the income again increased by the sum of \$25,000. Mr. Bowen does not ascribe this success to the departure of these gentlemen; on the contrary, he says that a newspaper is an institution, which, when it has once established itself thoroughly, must with ordinarily careful management continue to progress, independent of personal changes in its staff. Such has been remarkably the history of the MONTREAL WITNESS during the past three years, during which time the DAILY WITNESS has increased its circulation from 11,033 to 12,900, and the WEEKLY from 7,000 to 17,000, while the total income of the business has increased during these years from \$73,668 to \$97,985. The expenditure has, however, kept pace with the income.

The WEEKLY WITNESS was commenced twenty-eight years ago at less than half its present size at the rate of \$2.50 per annum; almost as much as is now charged for the DAILY. Its progress was sufficient to induce its establishment in a semi-weekly form in the year 1856, and as a daily in the year 1860. Most citizens will remember the small sheet that first bore the name of the DAILY WITNESS, which appeared at the time of the progress of the Prince of Wales through Canada. A paper of the character of the WITNESS, starting as a daily in such an insignificant form, was by most people looked upon as a good joke. Many of our earlier readers doubtless amused themselves by purchasing the news in connection with the pious and moral selections which appeared on the reverse of the sheet. As, however, a lively business had

sprung up in the city during the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, then not long ended, in what were called extras—small fly sheets sold at one penny,—a whole newspaper at a half-penny stood a good chance of replacing them in public favor. The DAILY WITNESS thus had a fair beginning, and in spite of many prognostications against the probability of its success and the many misgivings of its proprietors, who looked upon it rather in the light of an experiment, and who at first held themselves free to discontinue it after a specified time, its circulation has steadily gone forward year after year, and although it has had many rivals in the field of evening journalism it has never suffered from this to any appreciable extent. As it increased in circulation, advertising business naturally followed and demanded increased space, so that we are enabled now to issue at a little over the original price of one-half-penny, a daily sheet of first-class proportions, and containing more reading than any other in the city, with an advertising patronage at the highest rates which are asked in Montreal, and with a circulation which makes the extraordinary claim of being equal to that of all the other daily papers in the city put together.

The WITNESS ascribes its success, under Him to whom it owes and acknowledges its first allegiance, to the entire independence maintained throughout its history of any governing influences or interests save the good of the people of Canada. According to the best judgment of its conductors, it has sought without the bias of any political party or other restrictive constituency to further this end of its existence, without giving a thought to either hopes or fears of an interested sort. In following this course it has most naturally had to face assault after assault on the part of those who felt hurt by its animadversions, or who had deeper reason than they expressed to feel unfriendly towards it. Such attacks have, however, been far fewer, and have proved so far, much weaker to injure it than might readily have been imagined under the circumstances, while on the other hand, its conductors have been overwhelmed by many manifestations of appreciation and kindly feeling, which have been by their means evoked, and they look to the future with higher hopes than they have ever before indulged. They have learned to count upon the kindness of the readers of the WITNESS, old and young, to an unlimited extent, the past increase being very largely due to their exertions. Of such friends we have, we hope, an ever-increasing number, and to such we appeal, not omitting the young people, and even little children, to whose efforts we are largely indebted, and every one of whom can help us. If our readers believe that the WITNESS will do good among their neighbors, or that it will be for them a good investment of the trifle which it costs, we ask them, for the sake of all concerned, to commend it thus far to those whom they know, and if this is done during the coming three months as diligently as has been done at times in the past, we may hope to enter the year 1875 with a further and very large increase to our subscription list.

Our DAILY readers will have observed during this year a considerable increase in the number of special telegrams received by the WITNESS, bringing us European and American news, independent of that supplied by the Associated Press, and the news of other towns and cities in this Dominion. Many items of interest have also been added to the commercial information supplied, and country readers of all editions will be pleased with the farmers' markets telegraphed daily or weekly from the leading market towns of Ontario. Illustrations have been more numerous than in former years, and we hope to add to this kind of embellishment, as the facilities which the city affords for the production of pictures increase. We have but one improvement to announce for the coming year. It was our promise that if our friends would send us sufficient advertising patronage to fill the increased space we would again (for the

fourth time within a few years) increase the size of the WEEKLY WITNESS, this time by adding a column to the breadth of every page. The advertising business already secured by that addition is not yet sufficient to occupy all the additional space already added on account of it, but as we have reason to hope for a more rapid growth of that business in the future and as we have constantly on hand reading matter of interest which we are sorry that our weekly readers should lose, we are determined to begin the New Year with seven columns a page instead of six. The WEEKLY WITNESS will then be nearly double the size it was three years ago. Our friends will probably wonder at this constant increase in the amount given for the same money, and they will learn from it how much is gained to all concerned by the growth of our business. There is no reason to suppose that the WEEKLY has begun to reach the limits of its sphere. Although many of the three month subscribers will undoubtedly drop off, its general course should be onward till its circulation is five or ten times what it is now. If the DAILY is to continue increasing as hitherto it must make inroads upon the country parts to a much larger extent than ever, and many who have become acquainted with us through the WEEKLY may find, as time advances, that such a paper does not fulfil the requirements of this age of daily mails and daily telegrams. The DAILY WITNESS seems also to have a mission among the French-speaking people of this Province, as the avidity with which its French column is made use of proves.

Owing to the success of the three months system with the WEEKLY WITNESS, we have resolved to extend it to the DAILY and TRI-WEEKLY, during periods of the year when it is possible for us to receive the large number of subscription receipts to be passed through our books. During two months from the date of this Prospectus we shall be willing to receive new subscriptions to the WEEKLY WITNESS for three months at 15 cents, new subscriptions to the TRI-WEEKLY at 40 cents, and if two are sent together, 75 cents; and new subscriptions to the DAILY at 60 cents. To new subscribers remitting for a year in advance we shall also give any of these editions for the remainder of this year, in addition to the whole of next year. These very favorable terms are of course offered as premiums to new subscribers, and will be of no benefit to the persons who secure them to us. We find that much more is done out of good-will than for the sake of the trifling advantages which can be gained as commissions on such cheap newspapers. In the formation of clubs, however, we offer the same advantages as before. To any person sending us at full rates \$8.00 in one remittance, we will give \$9.00 worth of our publications, or to any person remitting cash for eight subscribers to any one publication, nine copies of that publication will be forwarded. The rates of subscription, payable invariably in advance, to the various editions of the WITNESS will be as heretofore.

DAILY WITNESS.....\$3.00 per annum.
MONTREAL [TRI-WEEKLY] WITNESS.....\$2.00
WEEKLY do.....\$1.00

All Subscriptions payable in advance.
Montreal, Sept. 15, 1874.

THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

This little fortnightly periodical, published at thirty-eight cents per annum, or at twenty-five cents if taken in sufficiently large numbers, acts as a pioneer to our other papers. With the exception of the Sunday-school lessons and similar matter, it contains nothing in common with the WEEKLY WITNESS. It has its agricultural, its scientific, its educational, and its temperance department, and is got up with a special view to the interests and needs of outlying families and country Sunday-schools. Considerable improvements in the style of the paper and some increase in the number of illustrations may be expected during the coming year. Its circula-

tion has increased during the past year from 13,500 to 15,000, and might be enlarged if friends will take hold of it actively. As it touches on no open questions, political or religious, it may be freely encouraged in schools, churches and societies which might regard it as unwise to take notice of a paper having any distinctive editorial character. It is now known we believe at almost every Post-Office, yet there is surely room for a vast increase in the number of its readers.

CANADIAN MESSENGER, single copies, 38 cents per year; Clubs of 7 to one address \$2; Clubs of 100 to one address \$25; all payable in advance.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

This magazine, which has attained an age greater, we believe, than any other Canadian magazine has ever been able to boast maintains the even tenor of its way, having now a well established body of readers, and also of writers. Having commenced with the view of giving an opportunity to the literary aspirations of our own people, and to supply the lack of those who feel that Canada should have a literature of its own, it has, without profit to us, in a measure fulfilled that end for many years. It has seen other magazines live and die. It has sought to adapt itself to the varied wants of the families which it enters, not forgetting the social and musical circle, nor the requirements of housekeepers, who have to inform themselves ever anew as to what people should eat, and what people should wear. There has been added, during the past year, a Review of the Times, which expresses itself sharply and vigorously with regard to everything that passes, though, we hope, not in a way to injure the popularity of the Magazine among those who differ, as every one must more or less do, with the opinions so expressed. The NEW DOMINION MONTHLY now affords a small remuneration to its writers, which will be increased whenever its prosperity may warrant. Meantime we commit the Magazine to the favor of all Canadians, who will, we do not fear to say, be acting patriotically either in supplying its pages, or recommending it to those who do not now receive it. Its circulation is 3,400.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, \$1.50; to Subscribers to the WITNESS, \$1; and to all Subscribers sending in a new subscriber \$1 for the new subscriber and \$1 for themselves. All payable in advance.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY

FOR SEPTEMBER. NOW READY. CONTENTS: Quelling the Lot (Continued). Heracles (Poetry). Caccans. The Leaves of Healing (Poetry). The Emigrant's Niece (Continued). Button Manufacture. Ball-Bleasers. Chimes (Poetry). John Kanack's Experiences (Concluded). YOUNG FOLK:—Tread by Bears (Concluded). My First Hair Dollar. Katy (Concluded). Not Bread Alone. Jacques. THE HOME:—Patchwork. "Fret Not Thyself." A Mother's Mistake. Notes on Nursing. Home Hints. Selected Recipes. MUSIC. LITERARY NOTICES:—The Catacombs of Rome. REVIEW of the Times. ILLUSTRATION:—Hon. George Brown (Frontispiece). Price \$1.50 per annum - - - 15c per copy. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Proprietors.

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