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Religious Miscellany.

"SOMEROW AND JOY."

Doubt God's goodness?
Doubt His loving kindness?
Ah yes! but only for a little space,
When 'twas dark, so very dark and stormy!
And thick, misty clouds seemed hanging o'er me,
Hiding the Father's face.

Not one faint ray
Of light to point my way
Between the pillars yawning my feet—
Bleeding, as I pieced by many a rugged thorn—
While o'er my weary head sadly bowed down,
The chilling winds did beat.

And o'er and o'er
Did seldom thunders roar,
And vivid lightning flash athwart the sky—
Revealing all the gloom—so though God's wrath,
With bitter scorning vengeance, was poured forth,
Nor hope nor mercy nigh.

Darkness was past!
My way no more o'ercast;
For safely through the soul's wild, wintry night
He led me tenderly, holding my hand
Securely in His own, till the land
Was radiant with light.

Glad songs of praise,
My Father, now I raise!
In my full heart, too full for words to tell!
How great has been Thy love and tenderness!
How sweet the calm our out distress,
When Thou the storm did quell!

Oh! for the faith
That trust—'mid the dark shadows—yet may come—
Faith—'mid the fiercer sorrows that yet may come—
To breast the waves that bear me nearer Thee;
For the rude buffeting of life's dark sea
Will take us sooner home!

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH, THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

THE FERRY LECTURE FOR 1873.

This lecture occupied a little beyond an hour in delivery; the book contains 228 octavo pages; hence more than one-sixth of the whole could have been given at the public service; the "tending and proving" parts of the lecture were not given. Two great questions are fully discussed—viz., What is the constitution of the Christian Church? and What is the Communion of Saints? The first of these at present engages the thought of all the Churches, and attention has recently attracted to it by the unreasonable, unscriptural, and pertinacious claims of a large portion of the Church of England clergy. The second question is one of great moment to the Methodist Societies, and has occupied a prominent place in the discussions and discipline of the Convention for some years past. The Lecture is preceded by an elaborate analysis, which forms a very complete table of contents; the lecturer expressing in his preface what he felt in reading, "a certain want of artistic compactness" in the arrangement. We should have preferred a clear division of the book into chapters, rather than the introduction, then seventeen sections, and two supplementary essays. We find ourselves much confused by the fact that the numbers in the analysis which seem to mark sections have no corresponding numbers in the body of the book, but are referred to them. In a future edition we hope this will be corrected.

The lecturer makes Ephesians chap. iv. verses 3-16 the basis of his discourse, and shows the Church is not a thing of rigid definition, but it is a definite communion; that it is not a mere corporation; but that it is inherent life, this life giving it shape according to a divine plan, with wonderful variety in the adaptation of that shape to the requirements of different men and different times, of adaptation by growth asserting its divine right of communion with the Holy Spirit, a vital part of the history of Christian fellowship, further illustrating "the communion of saints," in which many Methodists and non-Methodists will be surprised to read so much patristic theology in support of class-meetings; the other sketch is a history of the origin of the High and Broad Church theories. The writer has gone with all his heart into the times of Cyprian, Augustine and the Reformers, and concludes with a few pages given to Dean Goulburn's recent book entitled "The Holy Catholic Church."

Such is the plan of the lecture, which we consider a timely, eloquent, and scholarly contribution to the religious literature of this country. The first passage of the book rendered us of one of the slow, long-tuned movements in the major key, with which, by a simple phrase in a few grand chords, Beethoven brings the mind to order, repose, and obedience at the opening of a symphony. We felt at once, the writer's heart is on fire, and he warns us; he is bringing us to the right temper for rightly considering his theme. This is a thoroughly Protestant book—not Protestant in that it is constantly striking right and left at Popery and High Churchism—(there are many sides strokes most adroitly given)—but in its recognition of the one rule of faith. A first question is, "Where must we go for the true idea of the Church?" The answer is sought from the Founder of the Church, from the Apostles,

from the Scriptures. The process adopted is one of careful induction; all the facts are gathered from the sacred page with a scientific care, and the conclusions drawn are asserted and supported with unhesitating reverence and faith. The Scriptures are largely quoted, always so as to throw a flood of light on the subject; or on the other hand they are illuminated as by a flash of genius, now by acute criticism, and now by fervent spiritual life. There is also a healthy breadth of thought which can see the good in others however disagreeable. "What is there to sadden or alarm," asks the author, "if it should turn out that the true ideal of the Church is not the present speciality of any one particular Christian community or school of theological thought, but that broken lights have fallen on us all from the Father of lights; that we have all much to learn from each other, and that there is not one of us but has somewhat to teach." In the figure of the text, the growth of the human body, the lecturer reveals in the exercise of both his imagination and his reason. The reader is carried along the analogy step by step from one great truth to another until he begins to fear the figure will not bear the tension to which it is subjected. Move on, however, he must, his interest and the logic compelling him, until he comes to that sense of security, that feeling of rightness, which the harmony of natural facts with revealed truth excites as it shows that the God who made all these things and the God of the Bible are one. One important conclusion reached is, that the Scriptures are more true to the facts of physiological discovery and some existing Church arrangements were necessary to remove difficulty from the interpretation of the passage.

The kernel, the germinant principle of the argument is founded on p. 25: "The formative life-force of the Church is the Spirit of God." And the substance out of which the Church organism builds itself up, by the Divine life within it, is nothing else but a seeking, beseeching, trusting, expecting, receptive soul.

"The life must needs manifest itself in some organization, and the organization it actually took was accidentally, but according to a law." Not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life." From this kernel there rises an argument, beautiful for its unity, interesting from its freshness, commanding by its completeness, and convinced by the way in which it includes all divinely-revealing essential facts, and eliminates all that is adventitious.

Methodists will be careful to inquire what the writer says of those institutions which distinguished him from many other Churches. There is nothing uncertain or vague in his teachings on Christian fellowship. In the body of the lecture, as well as in the after sketch, that subject is treated with unusual thoroughness and careful Scripture exegesis. We quote a passage on communion of faith: "St. Paul thanks God that Philomen's faith is not only toward the Lord Jesus, but unto all saints. How by 'communications.'" That the communion of the faithful may be effective; in other words, that by their faith being communitated, may become effectual—operative and productive. A still-born faith is very like an abortive faith. The ensnaring fear of man, a fastidious shrinking of nature, misplaced or morbid bashfulness, over-indulged peculiarities of temperament, conventional codes of religious decorum, an unscriptural and unhealthy sentimentality, or erroneous teaching, may suppress the faith of even a sincere and earnest Christian; but such suppression is to the individual a grievous privation and to the community an indefensible wrong. It is, moreover, the wrapping up in a splint which may be a very soft, silken, and daintily embroidered napkin, and very neatly and carefully folded, but still a general napkin—the personal experience of divine light and love, the most precious and productive talent which the absent but quickly-returning Lord can entrust to any of his servants.

The style of this book is specially individual. Gregorian. It is full of beauties; sometimes they grow so luxuriantly as to run a little over the wall, but they are there. We call a few of them. The Broad Church theory, according to which the only heresy is a firm and consistent belief, and the only schism the coming out from the world and being separate. "The Christian is never intended to lie like a worm in wall fruit," embedded in solitary surfeitings. "On Apostolical succession: 'The notion of a succession of bishops conveying by digital contact from age to age the whole volume of divine grace—remission of sins, regeneration, the Holy Spirit, &c., by those only who have received such digital contact.'" "As contrary to the letter as to the spirit of the New Testament." On the Christian minister: "The minister is pre-eminently his servant; not his servant to command. He is not the mere paid agent of the people committed to his charge. He is his ruling servant, and their serving ruler. He is a labourer worthy of his meat and hire, but he is no hiring over the flocks." Of the sacrament without fellowship: "There is no danger of making the cup of the Lord a mere sleeping draught to the unwary conscience." "What professional man, what man of science, what student does not know, or if he know not does not prove, that highly intellectual habits have a tendency to blunt the spiritual susceptibilities and to fill over the eye of faith, and, as a sunken shaft dries up by percolation a living stream, make to dwindle the clear current of celestial joy." "Cyprian has given us one simple for dislocation—the Holy Spirit's seal." Here we must stop; many of the best passages are too long to quote. We feel confident each thoughtful Methodist will read and re-read many passages of this book. It is more written for the student than the "Tongue of Fire," but it reminds us more of the religious influence and scriptural character of that book than any Methodist issue we have since read. It is printed to correspond with the previous Ferry Lecture, and this will inform our readers that it is in the best style for pleasant reading, or for a library copy.—Methodist Recorder.

CONGRESS STREET M. E. CHURCH.

The Pastor, Rev. C. B. Pitblado, preached in the morning from Peter 1:19. "The precious blood of Christ." "Blood!" It is precious as it flows from the side of the soldier bravely in the battle trench, or trickles from the wound of the patriot, or gushes from the gash of the martyr. But it is more precious as it trickles from the brow and the temples, or oozes from the hands and the feet, or springs from the side of the dying Nazarene. The blood of Christ is the soul of christianity, and the hope of christianity, and the hope of the world. It was spoken of, on the Mount of the transfiguration glory; it dropped from the sweeter in the garden; it fell from the Redeemer as He hung on a cross in Palestine; it will be the chorus of heaven's songs. First: It is precious, because it procures the ransom and pardon of humanity. Humanity is in a sad plight. There are sin charms round its soul. It is in bondage—by sin against God and man; chained by sin against the mount of fire, and the fountain of blood. Sin is to be washed as scarlet, and countless as forest leaves, and foul as the grave, and dark as night. What is to be done? Can mines of gold, or seas of pearl, or hills of diamonds procure the breaking of the chain, or the pardon of sin? No! no! What can? Listen! I hear Paul in speaking about Jesus, cry, "In whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins." Listen! I hear the elders sing, "The blood of Christ is precious, because it can alone clean the sin-stained soul. Man needs not only to be redeemed; needs not only to be pardoned, but he needs also to be washed. The soul is a lewded dungeon, and requires to be purified. It is soiled with the soot of panemission; tarnished with the filth from the sewer of Satanism, and must be washed. Anything that washes the soul, and the dew to wash the flowers, and the rain to wash the forests, and water from spring or stream to wash the body, but as I do! all the dew that ever fell on leather-bell or lily leaf, all the springs that ever bubbled, and the streams that ever ran, and the seas that ever splashed, cannot wash out one sin stain from the soul. Blood can. What blood? Not the blood of heroes that has dripped the Thermopyles of the world, or been spelt at the Maratons of the nation; nor the blood of the martyrs who reddened the arenas of Rome, or silvered in the fogot fires of Smithfields, or dyed the brooks and stained the heath of Scotland, or tinged and saturated the hill slopes of Piedmont; not the blood of goats, or the blood of a mere man can wash sin from the soul, but "the precious blood of Christ" can wash all sins from all souls. Hark! I hear a cry rising along the years, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His son clearest us from all sin." Nature is a desert; the precious blood of Christ, "What are you doing there?" He answers, "I am trying to wash my skin white." Well, you will succeed in that sooner than man will succeed in washing his black soul clean, if he refuses to come to the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. Nature says, "you need not come to me." Science cries, "you need not come to me." The Bible of God says, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

More acute than all literary-kings, and money-kings, and law-kings, and mag-kings, who ever thought, or toiled, or sang, and yet He wore a crown of thorns and died an Calvary. He is a King whose foot prints have gleamed goldenly as He has marched down the ages; a King who sat on the throne of heaven until kingdoms before the Pharaohs deck in Egyptian palace, or Abasenus sat in Shabans; and yet He wore a crown of thorns, and died on Calvary. He is a King who will reign when the baby scepters, and gilded crowns and toy thrones of earth, have turned to dust; and yet He ruled on Calvary for man. As I stand amid the darkness brooding round the cross, I hear voices ringing down the gloom, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities." "Voices!" It is precious the love of God, because He hath laid down His life for us. The darkness has gone, I behold an empty grave, an ascending victim, an enthroned advocate. Jesus is home again. No dust on His feet. No bloody sweat on His brow. No tear in His eye. His heart is with man still. His blood can save all the human race. Carry the tidings round the world. Let the ships carry them. Let the caravans carry them. Tell all nations and tribes that they are the love of God, because He hath laid down His life for us. The darkness has gone, I behold an empty grave, an ascending victim, an enthroned advocate. Jesus is home again. No dust on His feet. No bloody sweat on His brow. No tear in His eye. His heart is with man still. His blood can save all the human race. Carry the tidings round the world. Let the ships carry them. Let the caravans carry them. Tell all nations and tribes that they are the love of God, because He hath laid down His life for us. The darkness has gone, I behold an empty grave, an ascending victim, an enthroned advocate. Jesus is home again. No dust on His feet. No bloody sweat on His brow. No tear in His eye. His heart is with man still. 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Provincial Wesleyan.
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1874.

SCHEME OF UNION.
To the Ministers of the Wesleyan Methodist
Church in Eastern British America:
DEAR BROTHERS,—At our last Confer-
ence it was—

Resolved,—That the proposed plan of
union between the Conference of E. B. Ameri-
ca and the Canada Conference shall be sub-
mitted to the ensuing March Quarterly Meet-
ings of the respective Circuits within the
Conference bounds, to afford them an oppor-
tunity of giving an expression of their judg-
ment upon the same, in the event of their re-
ceiving the approval of the British Conference.

The approval so contemplated having
been given, and the time for holding the
March Quarterly Meetings being now at
hand, it is deemed proper thus to re-mine
the Superintendent of the several Circuits
of the duty which has been devolved upon
them.

It is their part to submit the scheme as
it was agreed upon at Frederickton, and as
it is contained in the printed Minutes of the
Conference; and as the subject is one of
great importance, every practicable effort
should be made to secure a full attendance
of the members of the Quarterly Meeting on
this occasion.

The plan is to be submitted for the con-
sideration of the Lay representatives of our
Church, and for the expression of their
opinion on two points:
1. Is this scheme of union, as a whole
worthy of our acceptance?
2. Is the incorporation of Lay Repre-
sentatives in the General Conference desir-
able or not?

On each of these questions a vote of the
Meeting should be taken, and as soon after
as practicable the decision ought to be for-
warded to the President of the Conference
who, with as little delay as possible, will
make known the result through the col-
umns of the PRO-VINCIAL WESLEYAN.

Praying that in all our deliberations
the Head of the Church may manifestly guide
us, I am,
Dear Brethren,
Yours very truly,
CHARLES STEWART.

Sackville, N. B., Jan. 24, 1874.

PAUL AND CHRIST.—By J. M. CRAMP,
D.D.—We have read this book with a little
surprise. Dr. Cramp has written two hun-
dred pages with but a solitary allusion to
Baptism. This was naturally unexpected,
for, firstly there was no limitation to
take it up, since the narrative upon which
the venerable author has written so well,
abounded with references to the subject;
and, secondly, because so much of Dr.
Cramp's valuable life has been devoted to
the exposition and defence of certain prin-
ciples, that one comes to think of him as
their champion. A footnote—an extract
from Tyndal—is the only expression on
Baptism in the treatise. We honour Dr.
Cramp for this. He has demonstrated that
a great subject has considerations which
rise immediately above popular prejudices.
We must also confess to a feeling of dis-
appointment. There is no attempt in the
book to discuss, or throw light upon, the
marvellous phenomena of Paul's conversion;
to illustrate the peculiar providence con-
nected with his training—the intimate link-
ing of his early and later life by a liberal
education and subsequent sublimed power in
argument—by studious observation of er-
rors and habits which he was destined to
refuse and shame out of existence. How
he was trained in stoicism, that he might
the more fully endure in the day of trial;
educated in philosophy that his best
weapons might be drawn from the armoury of
his opponents. There is but little of this
in the book. It is also to be regretted that
the words are allowed to take prominence in
these pages which will inevitably offend the
taste of critics—should it meet with any
such. "Grand" and "glorious," with
similar superlatives, are well enough in
their place, when employed to convey a
writer's admiring opinions; but used in
conjunction, while they may be admissible
as the page or lips of a budding theologian,
they are not becoming in a veteran divine.
Much would be anticipated to in the treatise
of our Lord's character, which the
"P." readers will not find in this produc-
tion. He chose a suggestive title, and we
think several months to think of what the
book might be.

But all this is qualified in some sense
when we find that Dr. Cramp's object was
to trace a comparison of Paul's life with
that of Christ—not to write a polemical or
philosophical treatise. The subtle gifts of
early and later times have been specially
sanctified by God for the treatment of this
very theme. This book draws largely and
with discrimination from Deans Alfred and
others who have invested it with a new
charm. There are marked indications of
research, learning, honest and faithful pur-
pose, throughout "Paul and Christ." It
is suggestive, as every thoughtful reader
will immediately discover. Toward the
close particularly, in meeting the difficulties
which perplex ordinary readers, as they
give attention to the history and writings of
St. Paul, the author's remarks are judicious
and timely.

We welcome this book, and cheerfully
recommend it to the public. It is beau-
tifully printed and the binding is exceed-
ingly elegant.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of monies are only to
Thursday, 27th Jan.

THE MOUNT ALLISON ENDOWMENT FUND.
—The wisdom of our Conference in taking
vigorous hold of this project must be quite
apparent to every one. A special providence
seemed to have originated and carried it for-
ward to a certain stage. Then, it must go
forward with increased fervour or the serious re-
sponsibility would be ours of allowing it to
decline without accomplishing more than a
fraction of what lay within the compass of
possibility. The Conference saw this.

How it rose to the occasion with strong
purpose, repeated avowals of loyal intention,
and especially with gifts which, from the
donors, were more than princely, while
that was there ever forget! Then, that
every advantage might be conserved, an
active and earnest Agent was sent apart.
Hard times, commercial disasters, have
doubtless retarded in some measure the
scheme, but ultimate success is pretty well
assured.

Let it now be felt that much depends
upon the ensuing few months. Our insti-
tutions are favoured with numbers of stu-
dents. They have attracted to themselves
extraordinary sympathy, and inspired the
firmest confidence by their sterling merits
in all respects. The day is not far distant
when our Educational establishments and
Agencies must be extended. The growth
of our church will soon demand this. Now
is our opportunity to lay a broad, sub-
stantial foundation for a future Educational
structure worthy of ourselves and adequate
to our necessities.

SOVEREIGNS IN SANDWICHES.—Among
the most cunning of contrivances which
benevolence invents, is that by which an
honoured Minister was gladdened not very
long ago. On his homeward journey,
turning to the rest his hospitable friends
had provided, he was startled by finding
folks of the whitest bread and richest but-
ter laid out with gold! How often does our
Heavenly Father in a similar manner give
us true riches with our nourishment! Im-
agine we have only bread, the wealth of
providence is frequently concealed for a
time from our eyes.

We are quite sure that favoured mini-
ster has preached none the worse for the
recollections of his surprise luncheon. Indeed
the church, we rejoice to know, is richer
to-day in the reflex enjoyment of its own
recent gifts. Men are more eloquent in the
consciousness of possessing others' love
and confidence, and women sing more
sweetly than ever since Christmas last.
As to the precious children, the sunny mem-
ories of the 25th of December are still giv-
ing a beautiful glow to their cheeks and
sparkle to their eyes. We pity those who
did no good turn on Christmas!

CLIMATIC.—We write on Wednesday,
28th January. The weather is our sub-
ject,—and such a subject! Our winter set
in early in December with the utmost se-
verity, thermometer ranging at from 20
above to zero. Then ensued a most flatter-
ing period. During four weeks windows
were thrown up, wrappings stored away,
everything in short was done to deceive us
into the fond delusion that we were near-
ing the tropics. Last Monday morning,
26th inst., the wind shifted to S. West, then
to N. West. The thermometer fell to 20,
to 10, to 5, to the cipher, to 10 below, and
finally rested at 18 below zero! The wind
meantime blew fiercely. In Canada or
Western New Brunswick, even with the
thermometer at 20 below zero, the atmos-
phere is dry, calm and bracing. The
ground is crisp, solid and inviting for ex-
ercise. Here the Atlantic claims a run
in our winter experiences. The humidity
came in from sea last Monday, freezing
into vapour that filled the harbour and
sifted through every chink of door and
window, mercilessly searching one's gar-
ments and piercing almost to the marrow.
Whistles blew on the harbour to prevent
collision. Ships came in from sea moving
like half-rigid icebergs. It would have
quicken'd Dante's imagination for an ad-
ditional chapter in his Inferno on frigid ex-
tremes.

Now, to-day our quaint stores of brick
and stone are coated with retiring frost,
and when the sun comes out, will glisten
like fairy palaces. Windows are up once
more. The Atlantic has triumphed. Its
excess of moisture shames the Northern
Winds back to their own region. The
thermometer is up among the thirties!

N. B.—Jan. 31st.—Thermometer again
down to zero!
Feb. 2.—Thermometer 14 below zero!

"LIFE'S MYSTERY" is a Poem, in Pam-
phlet form, by William Thomas Thornton,
an English writer. The Mystery of Exis-
tence, is that which he seeks to explain,
but this pamphlet is itself a greater mystery
and needs a commentator sadly. The Or-
igin of Evil is not more successfully treat-
ed. These subjects can never be explained
with our limited knowledge; it was
never intended that mankind should under-
stand them, so that all treatises upon the
so complicated are but a waste of time and
paper.

SAVED.
No. 6.
When a few months ago the great At-
lantic steamer was broken up on its
Nova Scotian coast and hundreds of lives
lost, one passenger, a New York merchant,
was saved. From the great peril of sink-
ing wreck and treacherous billows, breaking
over sharp sunken rocks, and from the cold
and chill and agonizing suspense, he safely
reached the shore. With others, rescued
by humane and heroic effort, he was wel-
comed and cared for in the city of Halifax.
The tidings of wreck and almost unparal-
lelled loss of life had been communicated
to New York. Friends who expected him
to sail by the Atlantic were waiting for
some message in almost hopeless suspense.
The great heart of the continent throbed
with a candid sympathy as if each man and
woman had a brother or a sister on board
that ocean steamer. To relieve the agonizing
suspect of friends a telegram was at
once despatched to New York. No

details were communicated. No account
of the disaster was sent. None was
needed. There was but one word flashed
along the wire. It was—*SAVED!* That
one word spoke volumes of deliverance
from danger, from wreck from watery
grave. The message was framed by the
merchant's partner in business, and now it
hangs up in their New York counting
room. *Saved!* That message is still a
memento of deliverance. It still brings a
thought of joy and gratitude to the heart.

It is one word which sums up the
everlasting Gospel, which speaks of deliv-
erance from bondage, from sin, death and
hell, which speaks of the rupture of joy and
hope? That word is *salvation*.

During one of those terrific gales which
sweeps around the British coast, that spare
either the stately ships, nor the merchants
treasure, nor the widow's sailor son, an
Australian ship was wrecked in the Chan-
nel. On the deck of the strained and sink-
ing vessel stood an Australian miner
with countenance starry, beamed and
scarred. His gold and other securities,
which had cost so much of his labour, toil
and the hard work of the best years of his
life, were contained in a belt that he was
buckling around his waist—preparing for
a plunge into the freezing waves. A little
girl came up to him at that moment,
with tears in her eyes and a tremulous
voice. She said to him "Oh! save me!
Do save me!" He looked at her with
his treasure—the work of years—and then
at the pleading face of the little girl, that
was pleading for salvation from this
grand and humane impulse, he tossed the
belt into the sea. With "somebody's
child" in his arms he sprang from the
deck. Through surf and sea he safely
reached shore. Gold and securities were
lost, but the child was saved. That same
name may be unknown, but it deserves a
place in the annals of heroic deeds. He
may be borne to an obscure grave; but he
deserves a burial place in Westminster
Abbey.

Oh! save me! comes in touching ap-
peal from thousands of children un-
cared for—suffered to grow up in crime and
wickedness—the poorest and meanest of these
world more than a world. "It is not the will
of our Father which is in Heaven that one
of these little ones should perish."

We can all understand the thrill of a
message which comes from one rescued from
the waves—saved from a watery grave;
but from earth to heaven messages are
communicated by an agency writer, that
the electric flash of salvation shines from
earth to heaven. Why is it that seraphs turn
their golden harps? Why do they gather
in their loftiest choirs? What can angu-
ish have raptured heaven, and heighten
the ecstasy of angelic joy? What is there
upon earth to give rise to the music of
heavenly praise and sanctuary? There is
love in the presence of the angels of God
over one sinner repenting. *One sinner
saved.*

Either the angels of God make too much
to do about one saved soul, or we make too
little to do. Either their rapture is too
great, or we have never felt as deeply as
we ought to feel sympathy with the soul-
saving purposes of the Redeemer.

TWO OR THREE OLD ROOTS.
The English language belongs to what
are called the Low German languages.
These, together with the High German
languages, make up the Germanic or Teu-
tonic class. This class, lastly, together
with six others, the Indian, the Iranian,
the Greek, the Latin, the Slavonic, and the
Celtic, constitute the Indo-European or
Aryan family of languages. These Aryan
languages yet contain many traces of their
common origin. Many roots of our
English, found in words of every day use,
can be traced back to a time when the
ancestors of Greek and Roman, Teuton and
Celt had not yet left the table-lands of Cen-
tral Asia. Marvellous, indeed, is their vital-
ity, and few things can be more interest-
ing than to trace the fortunes of these ancient
roots, and notice how great a variety of
meanings,—meanings too, that are often
directly opposed, may belong to words
sprung from the same stem. It is the ob-
ject of the present paper to direct attention
to the multiplicity of appearances in English
of a few of these ancient roots, and to
show how common words which to the superficial
glance have no apparent or even possible
connection.

The first, in what is probably its oldest
form, is found in Sanskrit—the oldest of
the Aryan tongues—as *magh*, meaning to
make, to measure. We will first trace it in
its first meaning. The verb *make* itself,
then, and all its inflections and derivations
contain this stem. Very closely connected
with *make* is the Gothic verb *mag*, to beget,
then to be strong, to be able. In its second
meaning it is in English softened into *may*
and gives us likewise the German *macht*
and all its derivatives which will
suggest themselves to every one.

In Latin the same stem appears in *magis*,
magistrus, from which the English *magister*,
magistrate, *magnitude*, &c. *Mag* to beget
furnishes us with the Gothic *magus*, a
sorcerer, the Latin *magus*, a sorcerer, the
Scottish *mag*, as in Macbeth, Macdonald,
and the English *maid* or *maiden*, though
of different spelling. The verb *make* is
From the stem *mag* we have in Sanskrit the
verb *ma*, to think. Closely connected
with this are the Latin *mentis*, *mentis*,
with its derivatives *mental*, *mentis*, *memini*,
remember, with the English *remembrance*,
memory, &c.; the Greek *menia*, a fever,
from which *menagogue*; the German
English, our *mean* to intend; and even the
English *mentis* through the Latin
mentis. It likewise is found in the
Latin *maneo*, to abide, from which come
both *man* and *manes*, different spellings from
one original. The first apparatus for count-
ing money in Rome (i. e., the first mint)
was set up in the temple of *Juno Moneta*,
Juno the *mnisher*. Many people worship
money without knowing that it borrows its
name from a heathen goddess. The verb
man, gives us *manly*, the *thinner*, *man*, and
man furnishes the other sex with its name,
woman, that is *wife-man*. Similarly in
Latin from *vir*, a man, comes *virgo*, a
virgin. *Man* has many other derivatives
in common use, as *manly*, *manhood*, *manly*,
manly, &c. The primitive root of *man*,
the hand, i. e., the worker, which gives us
the English, *emancipation*, *manacle*, *manu-
facture*, *manifest* and *manure* which is just
contracted spelling of the French *manure*,
to work by hand, hence to cultivate,
hence to *manure*. *Manure*, too, is claimed
to have the same origin. Next, that from
the same source is the Latin *mas*, a male,
from which *masculine*, *manly*. Also the Sans-
crit *matr*, Latin *matr*, English *mother*,
and from *matr* our *matrimony*. And
strange to say, derived from *man* in mate-
ria, English *matter*, material, that from
which anything is *made* or from which it
is produced. The phrase *mother of in-
vigor*, to denote the vigor plant precisely
illustrates this derivation, meaning the
matter of vigor, its *material* cause.

From *ma*, to measure, comes the name of
that heavenly body which acts as a meas-
ure of time, namely, the moon. Each
revolution of the moon marked out a por-

tion of time, to which was given a name
taken from her own; to wit, the Anglo-
Saxon *month*, our *month*. The same
stem with the same meaning gives us the
Sanskrit *masa*, the Persian *mas*, the
from which we have a good many deriva-
tives. Of similar origin is the Latin verb
metor, from the participle of which, *mensur*,
we have *measurement*, *dimension*, &c. These
are about all the derivatives furnish-
ed by the root in its present signification.
Taken both meanings into consideration,
however, it means as a large number of
words that range through a great many
meanings. It is curious indeed, to reflect
that from the same primitive stem we can
get such words as *man*, *maid*, *mother*, *mat-
ter*, *male*, *money*, *moon*, *measure*, &c.

The next root is one very pleasantly dis-
cussed by Max Muller in his Lectures on
Language. It is *Ar*, meaning to plough,
to open the soil. From this we have the
Latin *aratus*, the Greek *arone*, and the verb
our *arise*, to plough, used in the English
of two centuries ago. Then as the plough
is the most important instrument for the
acquiring of wealth by the farmer, we have
the noun *earnings*, and the verb to *earn*.
The root *Ar* also appears in the Greek
and I believe that *aroma* in the sense of
perfume had the same origin; for what can
be sweeter or more aromatic than the smell
of a ploughed field? In Genesis xxxiii.
27, Jacob says, "The smell of my son is as
the smell of a field which hath been
ploughed." This same stem gives its name
to the land which in general, i. e., the
earth. Ploughing in general likewise re-
ceived a name derived from this root, in a
name, however, which ages ago lost its speci-
fic meaning, and has since received another
and the root *Ar* appears in the English
art, *artillery*, *artful*, &c. Still
another descendant is in Anglo Saxon
arand, meaning primarily the work of agri-
culture, then work in general. In modern
English it has suffered in dignity, for we have
it in *errand* and *errand-running*, whatever its
intrinsic merits, is somewhat looked down
upon by the sophistic mind. One more
ordinary word we may yet mention. This
root, which cuts the same as the plough-
share does the earth. Lastly the proper
names, *Armenia*, *Erin*, and *Argan* itself
contain the primitive *Ar*.

Next let us look at the root *dik* or *dic*.
This means to point out, to indicate. As
pointing out is the editorial or the
finger, our *digit*. But the ten fingers are
used in counting; hence the numerals from
one to nine together with the zero or cipher
are called *digits* likewise. This leads us
very naturally to the Latin *dictum*, which
is not ten, what is its origin to the same
source; and from *decem* come such words
as *decimate*, *decimate*, and *dime*, through
the French *disme*. Moreover, as the Roman
year began in March, the *tenth* month was
called *Aprilis*. Again, finger-counting
began with the left hand, and when the
number *decem* was completed, the *dexter*
(dexter) a right hand was held up. From
dexter we have *dextrous*, *dexterity*, &c.
Sicm *dic* gives us, moreover, the Latin
dictus, *it* to be pointed out, worthy, a se-
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the analogy of *respectable*, which primarily
means, *worth looking back at*. *Dignus*
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The Family.
(From the Messenger.)
MY MOTHER.
WRITER THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF MY MOTHER'S DEATH.
By W. M. STERLING.
The leaves are falling, falling fast,
Each solemn autumn morning gray,
Reminding me of an autumn past,
Of one dear, and so lonely day.
To-day, just twelve long years ago,
When fading leaves were seen and dry,
The dearest one on earth of mine,
Diseased of flesh and to the skies.
Disease so suddenly had fixed
His poison fangs her vitals in,
That 'er a year with sorrow mixed,
The monster Death was surely seen.
How dear, that October day,
The sky hazed o'er with leaden clouds,
The sun seemed sinking in pain,
And gloominess marked nature's brow.
The colored leaves from top-most bough,
In silent sadness reached the ground,
As that dear one on earth so low,
That in my heart no hope was found.
A sickly light, the taper threw,
Upon that loved yet dying mother;
And as she lay, her bedside drew,
Her gladness angels hovered o'er.
No struggle marked the dying hour;
From groans and sighs, in silence ceased;
Then rit and broken in a cloud,
Angels, e'er the soul released.
With gladness wing they haste away,
To Heaven's sweet rest and pure abode,
The resplendent spirit to convey,
Where now she stands before her God.
Thou now art free from earth's rude storm;
In Jesus' presence now at rest,
Nor would I lack thee an earthly form,
Yet thee on earth my life how best.
Oh mother, mother, mother dear!
Auntie is over in my soul,
Thy presence can't be grieved here,
But I with thee shall soon be home.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE METRO-DIST LOCAL PREACHER.
We take the following interesting incident from the *Wesleyan Sunday School Magazine*, for July—
Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. When her present Majesty was about thirteen years of age, with her mother, the late Duchess of Kent, paid a visit to Anglesea, staying with that distinguished veteran, the Marquis of Anglesea. While there she was very fond of riding about in Welsh costume, and great was the delight of the good people of Anglesea as they beheld her passing by in her "ragged" hat, looking like a peasant girl of health and beauty. One Saturday afternoon, however, her riding habit was torn, and as it was important that it should be immediately repaired, a tailor in the neighbourhood, John Jones, by name, was sent for. He, however, being but a poor countryman, and totally unacquainted with the manners of the courts, inquired for the "Lord Chamberlain of the Household," and being told that there was no such official, he returned home again without having fulfilled his errand. Afterwards he discovered that he should have asked for the "Steward of the Household." The next morning, however, being Sunday, there came a second message commanding his immediate attendance. But John Jones was a Methodist, and accordingly he returned for another. "I cannot come to-day, I am just going to chapel." Shortly after service, however, the "House Steward," probably supposing that after he had been to chapel he would not object to coming, sent a third message telling him to come at once. But John Jones was not only a Methodist, but was likewise a local preacher, and the answer he sent this time was, "I am just going to my appointment to preach, but I will come to-morrow morning early." Accordingly, on Monday morning he went. "Where were you yesterday?" said the House Steward, frowning, when he made his appearance. "Why couldn't you come when you were sent for?"
"I couldn't," came yesterday," said John Jones, "because I want to chapel in the morning, and then in the afternoon and evening I had to go to my appointments to preach."
"Chapel, indeed! preach, indeed!" said the House Steward. "Didn't you know that Her Royal Highness had torn her habit, and wanted it repaired immediately?"
"Yes," replied John Jones, "but I don't work on Sunday."
"Not work on Sunday?"
"No, I never have, and don't intend to, to please anybody."
"What do you mean to say that you would not attend to a little matter of this kind for the future King of England?"
"I do, sir," said he, "for although I am only a poor man just now, I may some day be a king by and by. It is far better for me, therefore, that I should forfeit the favour of earthly princes, than that I should lose my right to that crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."

At this the House Steward's countenance relaxed into a smile, he gave him the riding habit to take away with him to repair, and the matter being reported to the Duchess and the Princess they expressed themselves as highly pleased with his conduct, and sent a message to say that if they could show him any kindness or favour they would be most happy to do so. The circumstance was much spoken of at the time, and tended greatly to raise the Methodist in the esteem of those who had hitherto opposed them. John Jones afterwards removed to Liverpool, where he was, on July 11th, 1870 (having laboured for nearly sixty years as a local preacher,) brought to his grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."

BEREAN LESSONS.
Lesson vi. THE FIRST PLAGUE. Exod. vi. 14-23. Topic: The Message rejected.
Golden Text.—"To-day if ye will hear his voice," etc. Heb. iii. 15.
I. GENERAL STATEMENT.
Time B. C. 1491. Moses and Aaron work a miracle before Pharaoh. Exod. vi. 1-10. The sorcerers imitate them; Aaron's rod swallows up the magicians' rods, verses 11-12. Pharaoh's heart is hardened. God brings the plague of blood.

II. NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.
1. A HEAVENLY WARNING, verses 15-18. (1. *Gleaned before.* Pharaoh had not heeded the warning in verse 12. Now leaving his palace in THE MORNING he early meets the warning. THE WATER. The Nile—the patron deity of Egypt—to which the king went

to bathe or offer his devotions. 2) *Given with divine emphasis.* Thus Rob. Exod. vi. 2-4. In Egypt rods were carried by nobles and officials as symbols of authority or rank. Moses' rod was a ready deeply significant to Pharaoh, verses 9-13. THE LORD HATH SAID. High claim of authority. THOU SHALT KNOW. God is willing to testify all reasonable doubts. Miracle upon miracle. "Line upon line." Isaiah xxviii. 10-18. 3) *Withfulness of detail.* v. 17-18. Thus to let Pharaoh know the full extent of his responsibility. So throughout the Scriptures the sinner is warned with awful minuteness.

Warn the boatman before he enters the current, and then if he is swept down the rapids he destroys himself. Warn the man before he drinks the cup of poison; tell him it is deadly; and then, if he drinks it, his death lies at his own door. And so let us warn you before you depart this life; let us preach to you while as yet your bones are full of marrow, and the sinews of your joints are not loosened.—*Spurgeon.*
2. A HORRIBLE PLAGUE, verses 19-31. 1) *The Ammonite's sin.* AARON . . . ROD . . . (One word from heaven would have sufficed; but God will ever work by human agency.) 1 Cor. 3. 9. 2) *Divine power.* THE LORD COMMANDED. The rod is nothing; but wielded by Divine authority it is the symbol of Omnipotence. "Meek things" "to confound the mighty." 1 Cor. 1. 27. 3) *Wide extent of the plague.* WATERS . . . STREAMS . . . PONDS, etc.; that is, the Nile and its branches, and the bodies of water, large and small, and every drop of water everywhere in Egypt. BLOOD. Real blood, doubtless. Yet the miracle would be as great if the water had but the appearance of blood. Blood-thirsty Pharaoh had made the bloody decree to slay every male infant of Israel; now he, in turn, shall have male infant in the universe—shall now become a national abhorrence. FISH . . . DIED. Double miracle. A chief article of food all destroyed. The Nile dried no longer an object of devotion; the plague of death is in it. Sin turns all blessings into curses. Mal. 3. 3. Sin would detract God himself.

As you have stood some stormy day upon a sea-cliff, and marked the giant billow rise from the deep to rush on with foaming crest, and thro' itself thundering on the trembling shore, did you ever fancy that you could stay its course and hurl it back to the depths of the ocean? Did you ever stand beneath the leaden, lowering cloud and mark the lightning's leap and flash, and dashed, dazzling, dashing the gloom, and think that you could grasp the bolt and turn aside its path? Still more foolish and vain his thought the man who fancies that he can arrest or turn aside the purpose of God, saying, "What is the Almighty that we should serve him? Let us break his bands asunder, and cast away his cords from us!" Break his bands asunder! How he that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh!—*Dr. Guthrie.*

3. A HARDENED HEART, ver. 14, 22. 1) *Heart secrets known to God.* The Lord explains to Moses the inmost thoughts of PHARAOH'S HEART. Ps. 39. 2. HARDENED. Like steel; no impression can be made upon it by reason, sense, goodness, warning or warning. The sinner's heart of stone. Ezek. 11. 19. Pharaoh the representative of millions. He hardened his own heart: God permitted it. Every sinner's consciousness reveals the history and hardening of Pharaoh. 2) *A stubborn refusal repeated.* No wisdom in sin. To let THE PEOPLE GO would be highest wisdom. But sin blinds the vision. 3) *A refuge of lies.* MAGICIANS—the interpreters of difficult subjects. DID SO. Procured water by giggling, (verse 4.) AND WATER ENCOUNTERMENTS attempted to turn it into blood. They were consummate tricksters; and perhaps, too, they had Satanic help, permitted by God, that he might make the wrath of man to praise him. Ps. 146. 10. The stronger the opposition the more resplendent the glory of God's miracles. Let Pharaoh use every art, human and hellish, they are alike futile against the Omnipotent. Isa. 28. 17. The haughty king's question, "Who is the Almighty?" shall be answered. 4) *Defiance to the Almighty.* HARDENED. Thus the wicked advance from hardness to stiff-necked hardness, treasuring up "wrath against the day of wrath." (Rom. 2. 5.) "because of the blindness (margin, hardness) of their hearts." Eph. 4. 18. NEITHER . . . HEARKEN. Willfully deaf to the voice of the All-Powerful, the All-Loving God. Isa. 7. 24, 26.

There is enough tinder in the heart of the best man in the world to light a fire that shall run to the lowest hell; and the devil would quench the spark as they fall.—*Spurgeon.*
Stones are charged with the most specific of hardness: "As stubborn as a stone." And yet the hardest stones submit to be smoothed and rounded under the soft friction of water. Ask the myriads of stones on the sea-shore what has become of all their angles, once so sharp, and the roughness and unconformities of their whole appearance. Their simple reply is, "Water wrought with us, nothing but water; and water by the water, and yet do not to be fashioned by God, what wonder if the very stones cry out against you!"—*Paley.*
The human heart is hard, indeed; it sometimes appears soft, but it is only like a soft and melting peach, with a harder and rougher stone.—*Illustrations of Truth.*

ANECDOTE OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE.
Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise is in the habit of visiting the poor families on the Argyl estates in much the same way as her royal mother loves to do at Balmoral. A short time ago the Princess was making her usual round of visits to some poor people near Inverary, accompanied by her husband, when she went into the house of an old bed-ridden woman about 100 years of age. The royal visitor "spurred" if the old dame whether she was in want of any assistance. The "aunt" who thereupon asked the Princess to help her to a "wee drap o' tea" from the teapot which was before her. The royal lady got up to comply with the request, but on lifting the cover discovered that there was no tea therein. Upon informing the old woman of this, the latter requested her royal visitor to "just put a wee drappie o' water intil it." This only presented another difficulty—no water could be found in the house. Thereupon the Princess, with a smile, called in the aid of her noble spouse, who at once proceeded to the public well close by, and procured a supply of water, with which when boiled—his royal helpmeet proceeded to "mak' a bran new cup of tea, to the great delight of the old woman."

WHAT AILED OLIVER.
Get up, little boy! You are lying in bed too long; breakfast will soon be ready. The cary-bird has taken his bath, and is now singing a sweet song. Get up, get up, or I shall throw this pillow at you!
That is what sister Charlotte said to Oliver Reed, one frosty morning in November. He was a good little fellow; but he had one fault—he was too fond of lying in bed in the morning.
"Don't throw the pillow at me!" cried Oliver; "I'll promise to get up in five minutes."
"If you would be healthy, wealthy and wise, you must rise early, little boy," said Charlotte.
When Oliver came down to the breakfast table, his father said, "How is this, Oliver? You are late again."

Oliver hung his head, and Charlotte said, "I will send you to school, sir; but he went off to sleep again the night I felt the room, though he promised to be up in five minutes."
"I went to sleep, and forgot all about it," said Oliver.
"Come here, my boy, and let me feel your pulse," said his father. "I should not wonder if Oliver were suffering from a disease which is very common at this time."
Oliver gave his hand to his father, who, after feeling his pulse, said: "Yes, it is I think that Oliver has Slack's disease. Take up Slack's disease, and he will be cured in five days. It is a disease which is very common at this time."
The little boy wondered what Slack's disease could be; but he went up stairs with his sister, and was put to bed. He could not sleep, however. He heard children playing out of doors; he heard Ponto barking, and Tommy, the cary-bird, sing a sweet song.

Then Oliver called his sister, and said, "Charlotte, what is Slack's disease? Is it dangerous?"
"I rather think not," said Charlotte. You dear little simpleton, don't you know what father meant? He meant you were troubled with laziness; that's all."
Oliver said that a trick had been played on him. He jumped out of bed, dressed, ate his breakfast, and ran off to school, where he arrived just in season.
The day after, Oliver was the first up in the house. He is no longer troubled with Slack's disease.—*Nursery.*

A LITTLE ONE'S LOVE.
The Pongkheische Eagle tells an affecting story of a child between two and three years old whom a lady found on the street, evidently lost, and crying bitterly.
"Taking her by the hand, the lady asked her where she was going. 'I'm going down town to find my papa,' was the reply, between sobs of the child. 'What is your papa's name?' asked the lady. 'His name is papa,' replied the innocent little thing. 'But what is his other name?' queried the lady; 'what does your mama call him?' 'She calls him papa,' persisted the baby. The lady then took the little one by the hand and led her along, saying: 'You had better come with me; I guess you come in season.' 'Yes, but I don't want to go back; I want to find my papa,' replied the little girl, crying as if her heart would break. 'What do you want of your papa?' asked the lady. 'I want to kiss him.' 'Just then a sister of the child came along looking after her, and led her away. From subsequent inquiry it appeared that the little one's papa, whom she was so earnestly in search of, had recently died. In her loneliness and love for him she, tired of waiting for him to come, had gone to find him and greet him with the accustomed kiss."

LANDSEERIANA.
Since the death of Landseer, the English papers have contained many anecdotes about the great painter. Among others, the London Daily Telegraph gives the following:
"As to the origin of the 'Sleeping Bloodhound' picture, no less than three different versions are current, but the only thoroughly ascertained facts at present are that the late Mr. Jacob Bell had a favorite bloodhound, that the animal lost its life through an accident; and that Sir Edwin painted the dead creature in the attitude of sleep. Then, again, there is the celebrated repartee attributed to Sydney Smith, *oppos* to a request made by Lady Holland to sit to Landseer for his portrait. The witty countess of St. Paul's is said to have replied more humorously than really, 'It is thy servant dog, that he should do this thing?' but the private friends of Sir Edwin will testify that the illustrious artist frequently and earnestly expressed his entire disbelief that Sidney Smith ever made any such rejoinder. It has, in fact, no better foundation than the anecdote relating when John Wilson Croker was told—quite apocryphally—that Mr. Landseer was in embarrassed circumstances, he replied that he was not in the least surprised, going to his own knowledge, he had been 'singing to the dogs' for at least twenty years."
There is however, a Landseer anecdote which the late Charles Dickens was very fond of relating, and which possesses a stronger stamp of authenticity. It is to the effect that the artist, in his studio at St. John's Wood, was one day engaged in painting a most villainous-looking bull-dog, the proprietor of the animal, sporting character, being in waiting below. Some friend dropped in, and the painter suspended his work, coolly telling the bulldog to come the next day 'at 2 o'clock.' The story goes that the intelligent animal blinked his acquiescence, and was about to shamble down stairs, when the voice and the uplifted finger of his employer checked him. 'Stop!' cried Sir Edwin, 'halt-past two.' The dog blinked again and took his departure. The probability is that Sir Edwin, when he had finished his work, was so tired that he had fallen asleep, as though they were human beings, did half talk to the bulldog as though the brute understood every word he said—and who shall say that he did not?—but that the other moiety of his discourse was addressed to a servant in the room who understood his master's ways, and conveyed the expression of his wishes to the 'sporting character,' in waiting below. That the painter had such a domestic would seem feasible from character of Dickens' stories about Landseer. The author and the artist were dining together, when a servant entered and calmly inquired, 'If you please, Sir Edwin, did you order a lion?' The horror of Dickens was imagined—the garden of the Zoological Society not being far distant; but it was no lie that the servant was enquiring about. One of those noble animals had recently died at the gardens, and the menagerie authorities washed it up in another of Dickens' stories about Landseer, who did—no sketch the carcass before it was buried."

House and Farm.
HOW TO MAKE MONEY IN STOCK KEEPING.
In the first place, raise good stock; then you must have good feed. In order to have good feed, you must get some good hay. So I begin with the hay. I give the way I do it; I begin by saying as soon as the grass is headed out; cut where I expect to cut two crops first, and cut all I want to feed my cows and young stock before it is out of the field; that cut afterwards will be for oxen and horses that are fed with meal, potatoes, and roots. Hay that is cut early must be well cured. In bad weather, it is necessary to have some way to do it except out of doors. I usually have my barns and sheds filled with false scaffolds in the loft. Then in foul weather if I get it partially dried I finish curing in barns and sheds, which, it

well tended will make superior hay to that dried out of doors. If people would take half the pains in stacking that they do in curing their tobacco, their hay would all be good. I think I do not average one half ton poor hay in a season.
Now I will tell how I manage my stock. I begin with a calf. The calf should never be allowed to suck the cow. It will save the cow from belching one or two weeks—it will save more teats, a good deal of kicking, and in some cases a good deal of bad language, both in milking and teaching the calf to drink. The calf will learn to drink almost as readily as to suck; milk the cow and feed the calf the first thing; then tie it near the cow for one or two days; then take it out of sight of the cow and the trouble will soon be over. Feed new milk the first week; after that, skim milk. Calves should be kept in the barn through the winter of the season, and fed milk and the best of early cut hay. If the calf should scour, steep a little hemlock or white oak bark; a very little put into its milk will make it all right. Cattle in winter should be furnished with good warm stables. I believe as a general thing people do not expect their stock to gain much in winter; at least they do not in this vicinity, but this is wrong; they should gain more in winter than in the summer. It provided with all the early cut hay properly cured they can eat, and will care for them, they will gain more in winter than in summer. This is my experience. A sheep is a sheep, I will give some specimens of my raising: In 1870 I slaughtered a 2-year old ewe, dressed weight 687 lbs.; in 1872, one creature 19-2 months old dressed weight 736 lbs. In 1872 one 22-2 months, dressed weight 775 lbs. They were all raised and fattened on early cut hay and grass, with the exception of 700 lbs. of meal. I have one cow to come in the last of March that now gives 10 quarts of milk a day, led on good early cut hay.—*Boston Cultivator.*

THE HORSE.
I study my horse, and my horse studies me. If I am a coward, he is one; if I am lazy, he is lazy; if I am impatient, he is impatient; if I am lost in thought how dreamily he pursues his way! But a cat is a cat the world over, let the mistress be what she may. A dog is a dog in season and out of season whether he follows his master or his mistress. A sheep is a sheep, go back; I want to estimate the condition of my neighbours by the looks and conduct of their horses. When I saw a venerable pair seated in a rickety wagon drawn by a low headed, ewe-necked, ring-boned mare, by jerks along the road, I always pictured to myself the establishment from which that venerable pair came out. When I saw the village dog joggling about with rusty harness dispirited vehicle, and melancholy horse, I drew my own inference, and instituted a comparison at once between this man and his rival, who, without ostentation kept his equipage in order, and drew I will estimate the condition of my neighbours by the looks and conduct of their horses. When I saw a venerable pair seated in a rickety wagon drawn by a low headed, ewe-necked, ring-boned mare, by jerks along the road, I always pictured to myself the establishment from which that venerable pair came out. When I saw the village dog joggling about with rusty harness dispirited vehicle, and melancholy horse, I drew my own inference, and instituted a comparison at once between this man and his rival, who, without ostentation kept his equipage in order, and drew I will estimate the condition of my neighbours by the looks and conduct of their horses. 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