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SPECIAL OFFER SEE 6TH PAGE.

GOD KNOWS.

Through all my little daily cares there is One thought that comfort brings whenever it comes:
"Tis this: "God knows." He knows indeed full well
Each struggle that my hard heart makes to bring
My will to His. Often, when night-time comes,
My heart is full of tears, because the good That seemed at morn so easy to be done
Has proved so hard; but, then, remembering
That a kind Father is my Judge, I say,
"He knows," and so I lay me down, with trust
That his good hand will give me needed strength
To better do his work in coming days.

Systematic Giving.

One might describe a living man by saying he breathes, but that is not all he does. To profess Christ is not all a living growing Christian does; he not only sees to be good, but to do good.
The conduct of some who are members of churches when called upon to sustain and carry forward the work of God at home or abroad, is so contrary to the spirit of christianity that their religious profession is completely destroyed or nullified. On this question of giving, and giving systemically as God blesses and prospers us, there's a complete misapprehension. So much opposed are some to the intelligent study of this subject, that if the pulpit points out their duty in this direction, a duty as essential to a living abiding trust in Christ as faith or prayer; they say, in order to quiet their own consciences, and with an assumed superior regard for sacred things, "We don't like to hear money matters brought into the pulpit." "We are constantly with our hands in our pockets." "It's money, money all the time." Think you, dear reader, that God is dependent upon you for the support of his church or poor? and have you comforted your heart at times, with the thought, that you have by your generous act actually relieved and helped God's work when there was no other way from which help could come. Oh ye dependent ones on the Almighty's bounty, step for a moment, and think, God does not ask your contributions for the churches sake or the poor, but for your sake for your good.
In the great scheme of human development, our benevolent affections must grow too. "The righteous girth and spareth

not." "Mercy and truth shall be to them that do good." "That they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute." "Laying up in store for themselves a good Foundation against the time to come."

The Lord Jesus knew whered he affirmed when he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." There are a few in this day who know the truth of the Master's words. Ah how much we need to keep constantly in mind the counsel of the Apostle who writing upon this very point to the Corinthians said "As ye shall love your lives, so love ye the life of supreme selfishness. It is impossible to be in a state of grace and be a selfish man. The development of the spirit of giving as seen on the day of Pentecost was but the natural unfolding of a Christian spirit, and the same spirit is required among God's people now, in order to the growth of Christianity. This wonderful display of benevolence on the part of the believers then, seems wonderful to us because of our low conceptions of this duty. There are many noble exceptions, we know, but can we shut our eyes to the fact that much of the giving—no not giving—but the money secured by the church, of all denominations, has to be drawn, coaxed, goaded, out of reluctant selfish, sordid ones, while a few refuse altogether to take the smallest responsibility, in the financial warts of God's cause and yet wish it understood that they "love God and His cause," and wish that understanding to be based largely on the fact that they support (?) the church by their presence and a few cents contributed when convenient. Those tell us that the handling of money is a dissection of the Sabbath day, and to preach on the subject is a profanation of sacred things. And on this principle they handle little money on the Sunday, but as large sums as possible during the week. Such parsimonious christianities function, "upon the first day (Sabbath) of the week let every one of you lay by him in store. Let every one on Sunday morning see what is due to God and lay it by for God. It would seem the early christians held, that the handling of money was indispensable to Sabbath sanctification, prayers and praises. Their contributions and prayers were offered together and they secured the blessing. This constant giving of our substance forms in us a benevolent spirit, this regular appeal prevents worldly extravagance. It brings us to a stated consideration of the question, how much is due to God out of the providential blessings of this week? All alike are included in this gospel of giving. The poor man is expected to "labour working with his hands that he may have to give to him that needeth." The fact is a egregious error has crept into the church and a wrong idea exists in many minds upon this whole question.

"I am willing to give what I can spare" and selfishness spares very little indeed. It is the parent form and central element of all sin. Anything that tends to the destruction of selfishness, and the building up of a benevolent disposition of heart, builds up most of christian character. Many have said "If I were rich it would be a pleasure for me to give," no—it would not all such talk is vain. You will fail up to the present to cultivate a benevolent spirit, and the process of growing rich, will consume even the idea you now have as to what you *will* do and what *will* be to you "a pleasure." A case has been known of a man at the age of three score and ten, with his \$100,000, free from debt, and well invested yet *cries like a child*, fearing he should come to want. It is not easy for a drunkard or profane man, a dishonest or licentious man to maintain a respectable standing in the church, but an intensely courteous man keeps up a semblance of religion and retains a fair stand-

ing in the church, and why? Because the churches standard of beneficence is so low and her perceptions of duty and Christian obligation dim.

We trust the time is at hand when the professor of religion who has no fixed system of giving and contributing regularly according to the Bible rule, and in proportion to his ability, will be regarded in the church with the same looking as the miser now is in society. That this having onto ourselves and withholding from Christ and his cause, will be as odious to all good people as the scowling of the thief, whose surprise and rage are manifested upon the individual or the community who refuse through selfishness to understand and do their duty in this respect and will be recognized in the withdrawing of the spirit's presence and Power.

A Talk With "Our Girls."

I must premise that those remarks do not concern gentlemen, whose faults and follies I leave for the consideration of others with the hollow hope that from derelicts they may hear their detentions, and learn "to put them to mending." With all due reverence for the higher efforts of our common nature, I address the young of my own sex, whom the world with malignant unanimity inclines to asperse as frivolous, irrational, and empty-headed.

THE YOUNG LADY:
I have a much to say to you.

Your value, girls, is—exactly what you choose to make it. At no age since Eve's, probably, was "loveliness," "fascinating frivolity," or "delicious helplessness," at a greater discount than to-day; at no time in the world's history were young ladies judged so entirely by their individual merits and respected according to the respect that they earn for themselves, apart from poetic flattery or tyrannical depreciation, as at the present. The age of chivalry, with all its benefits and harmfulness, has gone by for our sex, and we are to-day neither goddesses nor slaves of men, neither heroes nor semi-demons; but both plod on together—men and women alike—in the same road, daily experience illustrating the above keen truth of Holbros.

Recognizing the fact that each individual has a distinct existence in this world, and that in two at least of the three great facts of their lives are independent agents, is it right, girls, that we should accustom ourselves to hang our consciences, our duties and our opinions upon those of some other individual, or some aggregate of individuals? Surely not, let us think for ourselves, and act for ourselves. Helplessness, whether mental or physical, ought not to be considered feminine or beautiful.

It would be well if we could be persuaded to believe that the making of an elegant dress or a pretty bonnet—nay, even the cooking of a good dinner, is a highly creditable thing. With all due respect for brains I think young ladies cannot learn too soon to respect likewise their own ten fingers. It is a grand thing to be a good needle woman; any one who has ever tried to make a dress knows that skill, patience, ingenuity, may a certain kind of genius, is necessary to achieve any good result.

Learn to be just, girls. Some one says that from some natural deficiency in the constitution of our sex, it is difficult to teach us justice. It was a mistake to make that admirable virtue a female, and even then the allegorist seems to have found it necessary to handicap her eyes. No, kindness, usefulness, charity, come to us by nature; but common justice especially towards one another we do not prac-

tice. In dealing with men there is little danger but that they will take care of themselves. That "first law of nature," self-preservation, is implanted partly strongly in the average masculine mind. It is in transition, however, between women and women that giving to every one her just dues is forgotten.

Cultivate your *self*, girls. Forming one great sisterhood, you ought to deal tenderly with each others reputations, interests and hearts. It is surprising how little consideration even the most kindly and generous among us pay for each others' feelings, setting down the feelings of others as "cases" smothering the "cases" if quizzing or commenting upon them will but do it, and dismembering or grinding to the bone anything serious that does turn up.

Avoid gossip, it is the blight and curse of civilized life. Scores of well meaning young ladies—in their hearts really respecting and liking one another—are betrayed into the pitiful littleness of making up and discussing every slight peculiarity of manner, habit, dress or action in the other.

Be true to your friends, girls. Be the very peculiarities of our friendships, some one says, "women's friendships are rarely or never so firm, so just, or so enduring as those of men; when you find them." While I have a faint suspicion that there is some truth in this statement, Heaven forbid that I should so malign my sex as to say they are incapable of an emotion which, in its right form and place constitutes the strength, help and sweetness of many lives.

To be Contented.

We did not intend that the *Sabbath* should make any apology. We only intended in the kindest words, that *the* ignorant as to how we were able to furnish so large a paper, in order to say a smart (?) thing was not generous. A "patent" outside seems to be too often the rule, in Society. My dear *Sabbath* you knew the co-operative plan by which we are able to give so much excellent reading so cheaply and yet you said "how they manage it we do not know." We have nothing more to say on this subject unless called upon again. We think our *case*, although we "buy" them, a decided improvement upon those "produced in a different way in the" *Sabbath*. See it?

FROM HOME.—A large number have left the city for their summer holidays. We miss them from their accustomed places in the Sunday School, social and public services. While over taxed body and brain in many cases demand a rest and change for a few weeks, there are some so circumstanced that they cannot take the needed rest, and others, feeling no need, work on. In any case the good work must not stop. The Devil never takes a holiday but "pushes things" all the year round, and there are "men that have hazarded their lives for the name of the Lord Jesus Christ" who will not lose their reward. While enjoying your holidays forget not the work that remains to be done *by you and by you*, and that "the time is tender your holiday to our *work* is one with short." Do not as a matter of fashion expect the end sought by a change. When we take our recreations to increase our powers of mind and body for usefulness it's all right. Our recreations and vacations can be made a great blessing if we follow the counsel given. "Whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God not seeking mine own profit but the profit of *many*, that they may be saved."

A HOLIDAY HUNTS.

"Come to your room apart into a desert place and rest awhile."

Go forth the upland brook and bare, Where He dwelt but no rest awhile; Trace where He trod a former day, Low peaks that catch the day's first smile, Faith's hurrying feet are far away, And think no more what soil may say.

Go forth He dwelt bread and brown, A wreath of sand, a wreath of sand, On which He lets His curtains down, Tinkled by His already hand, I say a sapphire trail upstairs, By night an awe of burning words.

He dwelt He hid no more, and gray Hair attired, half forgotten prayers, Let thoughts expand, which yesterday Were stiffed by the ascending throng, Behind earth as a throbbing wreck, Catch movements of the great Unseen.

Come rest awhile, then work again, Awhile but not to stay for long, Grant me O Lord, a desert plain, A refuge from the ascending throng, And hush to our souls be given, Where climbing, we may rest near Heaven.

MARION BAKER.

A Scholar's Adventures in the Country.

BY MISS H. BECKER STOWE.

"If we could only live in the country," said my wife, "how much easier it would be to live!"

"And how much cheaper?" said I. "To have a little place of my own, and raise our own things!" said my wife. "Dear me! I am heart sick when I think of the old place at home, and father's great garden. What peaches and melons we used to have! what green peas and corn! Now one has to buy every cent's worth of these things, and they taste! Such wretched, miserable corn! Such peas! Then, if we lived in the country, we should have our own apples and nuts, and cream, and butter, and ice cream every day."

"To say nothing of the trees and flowers, and all that," said I.

The result of this little domestic chat was, that my wife and I began to ride about the city of — to look up some pretty, interesting, cottage, where our visions of rural bliss might be realized. Country residences, near the city, we found to bear rather a high price; so that it was no easy matter to find a situation suitable to the length of our purse; till, at last, a judicious friend suggested a happy expedient.

"Borrow a few hundred," he said, "and give your note; you can save enough, very soon, to make the mortgage; when you raise every thing you eat, you know it will make your salary go a wonderful deal further."

"Certainly it will," said I. "And what can be more beautiful than to buy peaches by the simple process of giving one's note? 'tis so neat and handy, and convenient!"

"Why," pursued my friend, "there is Mr. B., my next door neighbor — 'tis enough to make one sick of life in the city to spend a week out on his farm. Such princely living as one gets! And he assures me that it costs him very little — scarce anything, perceptible, in fact."

"Indeed!" said I; "few people can say that."

"Why," said my friend, "he has a couple of peach trees for every month, from June till frost, that furnish as many peaches as he and his wife and ten children can dispose of. And then he has grapes, apricots, etc.; and last year his wife sold fifty dollars' worth from her strawberry patch, and had an abundance for the table beside. Out of the milk of only one cow they had butter enough to sell three or four pounds a week, besides abundance of milk and cream; and madame has the butter for her pocket money. This is the way country people manage."

"Glorious!" thought I. And my wife and I could scarcely sleep all night, for the brilliancy of our anticipations!

To be sure our delight was somewhat damped the next day by the coldness with which my good old uncle, Jeremiah Standfast, who happened along at precisely this crisis, listened to our visions.

"You'll find it pleasant, children, in the summer time," said the hard-fisted old man, twirling his blue-checked pocket handkerchief; "but I'm sorry you've gotten in debt for the land."

"Oh, but we shall soon save that — it's so much cheaper living in the country!" said both of us together.

"Well, as to that, I don't think it is to city-bred folks."

Here I broke in with a flood of accounts of Mr. B.'s peach trees, and Mrs. B.'s strawberries, butter, apricots, etc., etc., to which the old gentleman listened with such a long, leathery, unmoved quietude of visage as quite provoked me, and gave me the poorest possible opinion of his judgment. I was disappointed, too; for as he was reckoned one of the best practical farmers in the country, I had counted on an enthusiastic sympathy with all my agricultural designs.

"I tell you what, children," he said, "a body can live in the country, as you say, amazin' cheap; but then a body must know how" — and my uncle spread his pocket hand-

kerchief thoughtfully out upon his knees, and shook his head gravely.

I thought him a terribly slow, stupid old body, and wondered how I had always entertained so high an opinion of his sense.

"He is evidently getting odd," said I to my wife; "his judgment is not what it used to be."

At all events, our place was bought, and we moved out, well pleased, the first morning in April, not at all remembering the ill savor of that day for matters of wisdom. Our place was a pretty cottage, about two miles from the city, with grounds that had been tastefully laid out. There was no lack of winding paths, arbor, flower borders and rose-bushes, with which my wife was especially pleased. There was a little green lot, strolling off down to a brook, with a thick grove of trees at the end, where our cow was to be pastured.

The first week or two went on happily enough in getting our little new pet of a house into trimness and good order; for, as it had been long for sale, of course there was any amount of little repairs that had been left to amuse the leisure hours of the purchaser. Here a door-step had given away, and needed replacing; there a shutter hung loose, and wanted a hinge; abundance of glass needed setting; and as to painting and papering, there was no end to that. Then my wife wanted a door out here, to make our bed-room more convenient, and a china closet knocked up there, where no china closet before had been. We even ventured on throwing out a bay window from our sitting room, because we had luckily lighted on a workman who was so cheap that it was an actual saving of money to employ him. And to be sure our darling little cottage did lift up its head wonderfully for all this garbishing and furnishing. I got an early cock-sparrow up and watered geraniums, and both bathed ourselves and each other on our early hours and thrifty habits. But soon, like Adam and Eve in Paradise, we found our little domain to ask more hands than ours to get it into shape. So says I to my wife, "I will bring out a gardener when I come next time, and he shall lay the garden out, and get it into order; and after that, I can easily keep it by the work of my leisure hours."

Our gardener was a very sublime sort of man — an Englishman, and of course used to man out no noblemen's places, and we became as grasshoppers in our own eyes when he talked of Lord This and That's estate, and began to question us about our carriage-trade and conservatory; and we could with difficulty bring the humble limits of our expectations, merely to dress out the walks, and lay out a kitchen garden, and plant potatoes, turnips, beets and carrots, was quite a descent for him. In fact, so strong was his aesthetic preferences, that he persuaded my wife to let him dig all the turf off from a green square opposite the bay window, and to lay it out into divers little triangles, resembling small pieces of pie, together with circles, nomials, and various other geometrical ornaments, the planning and planting of which soon engrossed my wife's whole soul. The planting of the potatoes, beets, carrots, etc., was intrusted to a raw Irishman; for, as to me, to confound the truth, I began to fear that digging did not agree with me. It is true that I was exceedingly vigorous at first, and actually planted with my own hands two or three long rows of potatoes, after which I got a turgid rheumatism in my shoulder, which lasted me a week. Stooping down to plant beets and radishes gave me a vertigo, so that I was obliged to content myself with a general superintendence of the garden; with a general superintendence of the garden; that is to say, I charged my Englishman to see that my Irishman did his duty properly, and then got on my horse and rode to the city. But about one part of the matter, I must say, I was not remiss; and that is, in the purchase of seed and garden utensils. Not a day passed that I did not come home with my pockets stuffed with choice seeds, roots, etc.; and the variety of my garden utensils was unequalled. There was not a pruning hook of any pattern, not a hoe, rake or spade, great or small, that I did not have specimens of; and flower seeds and bulbs were also forthcoming in liberal proportions. In fact, I had opened an account at a thriving seed store; for, when a man is driving business on a large scale, it is not always convenient to hand out the change for every little matter, and buying things on account is as neat and agreeable a mode of acquisition as paying bills with one's notes.

"You know we must have a cow," said my wife, the morning of our second week. Our friend, the gardener, who had now worked with us at the rate of two dollars a day for two weeks, was at hand in a moment in our emergency. We wanted to buy a cow, and he had one to sell — a wonderful cow, of a real English breed. He would not sell her for any money — except to oblige particular friends; but as we had patronized him, we should have her for forty dollars. How much we were obliged to him! The forty dollars were speedily forthcoming, and so also was the cow.

"What makes her shake her head in that way?" said my wife, apprehensively, as she observed the interesting beast making wondrous demonstrations with her horns. "I hope she's gentle."

The gardener fluently demonstrated that the animal was a pattern of all the softer graces, and that this head-shaking was merely a little nervous affection consequent on the embarrassment of a new position. We had faith to believe almost anything at this time, and therefore came from the barn-yard to the house as much satisfied with our purchase as Job with his three thousand camels and five hundred yoke of oxen. Her quondam master milked her for us the first evening, out of a delicate regard to her feelings as a stranger, and we fancied that we discerned forty dollars' worth of excellence in the very quality of the milk.

But alas! the next morning our Irish girl came in with a most rueful face. "And it is milking that bustle you'd have me be after," she said, "sure, an' she won't let me come near her!"

"Nonsense, Biddy," said I, "you frightened her, perhaps; the cow is perfectly gentle," and with the pail on my arm, I sallied forth. The moment madam saw me entering the cow-yard, she greeted me with a very expressive flourish of her horns.

"This won't do," said I, and I stopped. The lady evidently was serious in her intentions of resisting any personal approaches. I cut a cudgel, and putting on a bold face, marched toward her, while Biddy followed with her milking-stool. Apparently, the beast saw the necessity of temporizing, for she assumed a demure expression, and Biddy sat down to milk. I stood sentry, and if the lady shook her head, I shook my stick; and thus the milking operation proceeded with success.

"There!" said I, with dignity, when the frothing pail was full to the brim. "That will do, Biddy," and I dropped my stick. Dump! came madam's head on the side of the pail, and it flew like a rocket into the air, while the milky flood showered plentifully over me, and a new broadcloth riding-coat that I had assumed for the first time that morning. "Whew!" said I, as soon as I could get my breath from this extraordinary shower bath; "what's all this?" My wife came running toward the cow-yard, as if with the milk streaming from her hair, filling my eyes, and dropping from the tip of my nose; and she and Biddy performed a recitative lamentation over me in alternated waltzes, like the chorine in a Greek tragedy. Such was our first morning's experience; but as we had announced our bargain with some considerable flourish of trumpets among our neighbors and friends, we concluded to hush the matter up as much as possible.

"These very superior cows are apt to be cross," said I; "we must bear with it as we do with the eccentricities of genius; besides, when she gets accustomed to us, it will be better."

Madam was therefore installed into her pretty pasture lot, and my wife contemplated with pleasure the picturesque effect of her appearance, reclining on the green slope of the pasture lot, or standing ankle deep in the surging brook, or reclining under the deep shadows of the trees. She was, in fact, a handsome cow, which may account, in part, for some of her sins; and this consideration inspired me with some degree of indulgence toward her foibles.

But when I found that Biddy could never succeed in getting near her in the pasture, and that any kind of success in the milking operation required my vigorous personal exertions morning and evening, the matter wore a more serious aspect, and I began to feel quite passive and apprehensive. It is very well to talk of the pleasures of the milk-maid going out in the balmy freshness of the purple dawn; but I imagine a poor fellow pulled put of bed on a drizzly, rainy morning, and equipping himself for a scamper through a wet pasture lot, rope in hand, at the heels of such a tormagant as mine! In fact, madam established a regular series of exercises, which had all to be gone through before she would suffer herself to be captured; as, first, she would station herself plump in the middle of a marsh, which lay at the lower part of the lot, and look very innocent and absent-minded, as if reflecting on some sentimental subject.

"Suke! Suke! Suke!" she ejaculated, cautiously tattering along the edge of the marsh, and holding out an ear of corn. The lady looks gracious, and comes forward, almost within reach of my hand. I make a plunge to throw the rope over her horns, and away she goes, kicking up dust, and water into my face in her flight, while I, losing my balance, tumble forward into the marsh. I pick myself up, full of wrath, behold her placidly chewing her cud on the other side, with the meekest air imaginable, as who should say, "I hope you are not hurt, sir." I dash through swamp and bog furiously, resolving to carry all by a coup-de-main. Then follows a miscellaneous season of dodging, scampering and bo-peeping, among the trees of the grove, interspersed with sundry occasional races across the bog aforesaid. I always wondered

how I caught her every day, and when I had tied her head to one post and her horns to another, I wiped the sweat from my brow, and thought I was paying dear for the eccentricities of genius. A genius, she certainly was, for besides her surprising agility, she had other talents equally extraordinary. There was no fence that she could not take down, nowhere that she could not go. She took the pickets of the garden fence at her pleasure, using her horns as handles as I could use a claw hammer. Whatever she had a mind to, whether it were a bit in the cabbage garden, or a run in the corn patch, or a foraging expedition into the flower borders, she made herself equally welcome and at home. Such a scampering and driving, such cries of "Suke here" and "Suke there," as constantly greeted our ears, kept our little establishment in a constant commotion. At last, when she one morning made a plunge at the skirts of my new broadcloth frock coat, and carried off one flap on her horns, my patience gave out, and I determined to sell her.

As, however, I had made a good story of my misadventures among my friends and neighbors, and amused them with sundry whimsical accounts of my various adventures in the cow-churning line, I found, when I came to speak of selling, that there was a general condense on the subject, and nobody seemed disposed to be the recipient of my responsibilities. In short, I was glad, at last, to get fifteen dollars for her, and comforted myself with thinking that I had at least gained twenty-five dollars' worth of experience in the transaction, to say nothing of the fine exercise.

I comforted my soul, however, the day after, by purchasing and bringing home to my wife a fine swarm of bees.

Augustan age, and then she is a domestic, tranquil, placid creature. How beautiful the murmuring of a hive near our honeysuckle of a calm, summer evening! Then they are tranquil and peacefully amassing for their stores of sweetness, while they fill us with their murmurs. What a beautiful image of disinterested benevolence!

My wife declared that I was quite a poet, and the beehive was duly installed near the flower pots, that the delicate creatures might have the full benefit of the honeysuckle and magnolia. My spirits began to rise. I bought three different treatises on the rearing of bees, and also one or two new patterns of hives, and proposed to rear my bees on the most approved model. I charged all the establishment to let me know when there was any indication of an emigrating spirit, that I might be ready to receive the new swarm into my patient mansion.

Accordingly, one afternoon, when I was deep in an article that I was preparing for the *North American Review*, intelligence was brought me that a swarm had risen. I was on the alert at once, and discovered, on going out, that the provoking creature had chosen the top of a tree about thirty feet high to settle on. Now my books had carefully instructed me just how to approach the swarm and cover them with a new hive; but I had never contemplated the possibility of the swarm being, like Haman's gallows, forty cubits high. I looked despairingly upon the smooth-bark tree, which rose, like a column, full twenty feet, without branch or twig. "What is to be done?" said I, appealing to two or three neighbors. At last, at the recommendation of one of them, a ladder was raised against the tree, and, equipped with a shirt outside of my clothes, a green sash over my head and a pair of leather gloves on my hands, I went up with a saw at my girdle to saw off the branch on which they had settled, and lower it by a rope to a neighbor, similarly equipped, who stood below with the hive.

As a result of this maneuver the fastidious little insects were at length fairly installed at housekeeping in my new patient hive, and, rejoicing in my success, I again sat down to my article.

That evening my wife and I took tea in our honeysuckle arbor, with our little ones and a friend or two, to whom I showed my treasures, and expatiated at large on the comforts and conveniences of the new patent hive.

But alas for the hopes of man! The little ungrateful wretches, what must they do but take advantage of my oversleeping myself, the next morning, to clear out for new quarters without so much as leaving me a P.P.C.: Such was the fact; at eight o'clock I found the new patent hive as good as empty, but the bees I have never seen from that day to this!

"The rascally little conservators!" said I, "I believe they have never had an idea from the days of Virgil down, and are entirely unprepared to appreciate improvements."

Meanwhile the seeds began to germinate in our garden, when we found, to our chagrin, that, between John Bull and Paddy, there had occurred sundry confusions in the several departments. Radishes had been planted broadcast, carrots and beets arranged in hills, and here and there a whole paper of seed appeared to have been planted bodily. My good old uncle, who, somewhat to my confusion, made

no a call at this time, was greatly distressed and scandalized by the appearance of our garden. But, by a deal of fussing, transplanting and repainting, it was got into some shape and order. My uncle was rather troublesome, as careful old people are apt to be—anticipating us by perpetual inquiries of what we gave for this, and that, and running up provoking calculations on the final cost of matters; and we began to wish that his visits might be as short as would be convenient.

But when, on taking leave, he promised to send us a fine young cow of his own raising, our hearts bristled with our impatience. "Tain't any of your new breeds, nephew," said the old man, "yet I can say that she's a gentle, likely young critter, and better worth forty dollars than many a one that's cried up for Ayrshire or Durham; and you shall be quite welcome to her."

We thanked him, as in duty bound, and thought that if he was full of old-fashioned notions, he was no less full of kindness and good will.

And now, with a new cow, with our garden beginning to thrive under the gentle showers of May, with our flower borders blooming, my wife and I began to think ourselves in Paradise. But alas! the same sun and rain that warmed our fruit and flowers brought up from the earth, like stinky gnomes, a vast array of purple-leaved weeds, that almost in a night seemed to cover the whole surface of the garden beds, our gardeners both being gone, the weeding was expected to be done by me—one of the anticipated relaxations of my leisure hours.

"Well," said I, in reply to a gentle intimation from my wife, "when my article is finished, I'll take a day and weed all up clean."

Thus days passed by, till at length the article was dispatched, and I proposed to my gardeners, now that any thing earthly could give us as fast as law days! There were no bounds, no alleys, no beds, no distinction of best and carrot, nothing but a flourishing congregation of weeds nodding and bobbing in the morning breeze, as if to say, "We hope you are well, sir, we've got the ground, you see?" I began to explore, and to hoe, and to weed. Ah! did anybody ever try to clean a neglected carrot or beet bed, or bend his back in a hot sun over rows of weedy onions! He is the man to feel for my despair! How I weeded, and sweat, and sighed! till when high noon came on, as the result of all my toils, only three beds were cleaned! And how disconsolate looked the good weed, thus unexpectedly delivered from its sheltering tares, and laid open to a broiling July sun! Every juvenile beet and carrot lay flat down, wilted and drooping, as if, like me, they had been weeding instead of being weeded.

"This weeding is quite a serious matter," said I to my wife; "the fact is, I must have help about it."

"Just what I was myself thinking," said my wife. "My flower borders are all in confusion, and my petunia mounds so completely overgrown, that nobody would dream what they were meant for!"

In short it was agreed between us that we could not afford the expense of a full-grown man to keep our place, yet we must re-enforce ourselves by the addition of a boy, and a brisk youngster from the vicinity was pitched upon as the happy addition. This youth was a fellow of decidedly quick parts, and in one forenoon made such a clearing in our garden that I was delighted. But after he had appeared to view, all cleared and dressed out with such celerity that I was quite ashamed of my own slowness, until, on examination, I discovered that he had, with great impartiality, pulled up both weeds and vegetables.

This hopeful beginning was followed up by a succession of proceedings which should be recorded for the instruction of all who seek for help from the race of boys. Such a loser of all tools, great and small; such an invariable lever-upon of all gates, and letter-down of bars; such a personification of all manner of anarchy and ill luck, had never before been seen on the estate. His time while I was gone to the city, was agreeably diversified with rooting on the fence, swinging on the gates, making poplar whistles for the children, hunting eggs and eating whatever fruit happened to be in season, in which latter accomplishment he was certainly quite distinguished. After about three weeks of this kind of joint gardening, we concluded to dismiss Master Tom from the firm, and employ a man.

"Things must be taken care of," said I, "and I cannot do it." "Tis out of the question," said so the man was secured.

But I am making a long story, and may chance to outrun the sympathy of my readers. Time would fail me to tell of the distresses manifold that fell upon me—of cows dried up by poor milkers; of hens that would not set at all, and hens that, despite all law and reason, would set on one egg; of hens that, having hatched families, straightway led them into all manner of high grass and weeds, by which means numerous young chicks caught premature colds and perished; and how, when I, with manifold toil,

had driven one of these monometeoric gadgets into a coop, to teach her domestic habits, she came down upon her and slew every chick in one night; how my pigs were always thriving gymnastic exercises over the fence of the sty, and mauling in the garden. I wonder that Fourier never conceived the idea of having his garden land plowed by pigs, for certainly they manifest quite a decided elective attraction for turning up the earth.

When autumn came, I went solemnly to market, in the neighboring city, and bought my potatoes and turnips like any other man; but for between all the various systems of gardening pursued, I was obliged to confess that my first horticultural effort was a decided failure. But though all my rural visions had proved illusory, there were some very substantial realities. My bill at the seed store, for seeds, roots and tools, for example, had run up to an amount that was perfectly unaccountable; then there were various smaller items, such as horse-shoeing, carriage-mending for he who lives in the country and does business in the city must keep his vehicle and apparatus. I had always prided myself on being an exact man, and settling every account, great and small, with the going out of the old year; but this season I found myself sorely put to it. In fact, had not I received a timely lift from my good old uncle, I should have made a complete breakdown. The old gentleman's troublesome habit of ciphering and calculating, it seems, had led him beforehand to foresee that I was not exactly in the money-making line, nor likely to possess much surplus revenue to meet the note which I had given for my place; and, therefore, he quietly paid it himself, as I discovered, when, after much anxiety and some sleepless nights, I went to the banker to ask for an extension of credit.

"To live cheap in the country, a man must know how."

DOMAINS.

I wandered through the summer fields, All in the idle and golden noon, And his Christ's fall-sweers of old, I pitched the care of corn.

High up a lark sung rapturous hymns, Low down, among the rustling stems, His brain may listened, and the dew Set round her nest with gems.

Had he down and dreamt, and dreamt of summer morings in the land, Where you and I, dear love, went forth, Each to raise, hand in hand.

Each to sow the non-consummation sweet, Through golden locks, alas! 'twas but The corn flowers and the wheat.

What N. P. Willis Thought of Edgar Poe.

The ancient fable of two antagonistic spirits imprisoned in one body, equally powerful, and having the complete mastery by turns of one man, that is to say, inhabited by both a devil and an angel—seems to have been realized, if all we hear is true, in the character of the extraordinary man whose name we have written above.

Some four or five years since, when editing a daily paper in this city, Mr. Poe was employed by us, for several months, as critic and sub-editor. This was our first personal acquaintance with him. He resided with his wife and mother at Fordham, a few miles out of town, but was at his desk in the office from nine in the morning till the evening paper went to press. With the highest admiration for his genius, and a willingness to let it atone for more than ordinary irregularity, we were led by common report to expect a very capricious attention to his duties, and occasionally a scene of violence and difficulty. Time went on, however, and he was invariably punctual and industrious. With his pale, beautiful and intellectual face, as a reminder of what genius was in him, it was impossible, of course, not to treat him always with deferential courtesy, and to our occasional request that he would not probe too deep in a criticism, or that he would erase a passage colored too highly with his resentments against society and mankind, he readily and courteously assented far more yielding than most men, we thought, on points so excusably sensitive. With a prospect of taking the lead in another periodical, he, at last, voluntarily gave up his employment with us, and, through all this considerable period, we had seen but one presentation of the man—a quiet, patient, industrious and most gentlemanly person, commanding the utmost respect and good feeling by his unvarying deportment and ability.

Residing as he did in the country, we never met Mr. Poe in hours of leisure; but he frequently called on us afterward at our place of business, and we met him often in the street—invariably the same sad-mannered, winning and refined gentleman, such as we had always known him. It was by rumor only, up to the day of his death, that we knew of any other development of manner or character. We heard, from one who knew him well (what should be stated in all mention of his lamentable irregularities), that, with a single glass of wine, his whole nature was reversed, the

demons became apparent, and through some of the usual signs of intoxication were visible his evil was palpably manifest. Possessing his reasoning faculties in exalted activity at such times, and seeking his acquaintances with his wonted look and manner, he easily assumed personating only another phase of his natural character, and was accused accordingly of depicting atrocious and bad traits of his nature. In this reversed character we repeat it was never our chance to meet him. We know it from hearsay, and we mention it in connection with this sad intimation of physical constitution, which puts it upon very nearly the ground of a temporary and almost irresponsible insanity.

The arrogant, vanity and depravity of heart of which Mr. Poe was generally accused, I seem to see, referable altogether to this reversed phase of his character. Later that degree of intoxication which only acted upon him by demoralizing his sense of truth, and which he doubtless said and did teach that it might be accountable with his better nature, but when himself, and as we know him only by his modest and unadorned humility, as to his own shortcomings, were a constant charm to his character. His letters of which the constant application for autographs has taken from us, we are sorry to confess, the greater portion exhibited this quality very strongly. In one of the carelessly written notes of which we chanced still to retain possession, for instance, he speaks of "The Raven" that extraordinary poem which electrified the world of imaginative readers, and has become the type of a school of poetry of its own, and in evident earnest attributes its success to the few words of commendation with which we had prefaced it in this paper. It will throw light on his same character to give a literal copy of the note.

"FORDHAM, April 20, 1843.
To live cheap in the country, a man must know how. I am so glad to hear that you will like, in some respects, has been just published in a paper for which sheer necessity compels me to write now and then. It pays well as times go, but unquestionably it costs to pay ten cents; for whatever I send it I feel I am consigning to the touch of the Caputines. The verses accompanying this, may I beg you to take out of the bundle, and bring them to light in the *Home Journal*. If you can oblige me so far as to copy them, I do not think it will be necessary to say, 'From the' that would be too bad—and, perhaps, 'From a late paper,' would do."

"I have not forgotten how a 'good word in season' from you made 'The Raven' and made 'Edgar' (which, by the way, people have done me the honor of attributing to you, therefore I would ask you if I dared) to say something of these lines if they please you. Truly yours ever,
EDGAR A. POE."

In double proof of his earnest disposition to do the best for himself, and of the trustful and grateful nature which has been denied him, we give another of the only three of his notes which we chance to retain.

"FORDHAM, January 22, 1848.
MY DEAR MR. WELLS: I am about to make an effort at re-establishing myself in the literary world, and feel that I may depend upon your aid. My general aim is to start a magazine, to be called 'The Stylus'; but it would be useless to me, even when established, if not entirely out of the control of a publisher. I mean, therefore, to get up a journal which shall be *my own*, at all points. With this end in view, I must get a list of at least five hundred subscribers to begin with, nearly two hundred I have already. I propose, however, to go South and West, among my personal and literary friends, to college and West Point acquaintances, and see what can do. In order to get the means of taking the first step, I propose to lecture at the Society Library, on Thursdays, the 1st of February, and, that there may be no mistake, my subject shall not be *literary* at all. I have chosen a broad text, 'The Universe.'"

"Having thus given you the *facts* of the case, I leave all rest to the suggestions of your own tact and generosity. Gratefully and gratefully, your friend always,
EDGAR A. POE."

Brief and chance-taken as these letters are, we think they sufficiently prove the existence of the very qualities denied to Mr. Poe: humility, willingness to persevere, belief in another's kindness, and capability of cordial and grateful friendship. Such he assuredly was, *when sane*. Such only he has invariably seemed to us, in all we have happened personally to know of him, through a friendship of five or six years. And so much easier is it to believe what we have seen and known than what we hear of only, that we remember him but with admiration and respect; those descriptions of him, when morally insane, seeming to us like portraits, painted in sickness, of a man we have only known in health.

But there is another, more touching, and far more forcible, evidence that there *was* goodness in Edgar Poe. To reveal it, we are obliged to venture upon the lifting of the veil which sacredly covers grief and refinement in poverty—but we think it may be excused, if so, we can brighten the memory of the poet, even were there not a more needed and immediate service which it may render to the nearest link broken by his death.

Our first knowledge of Mr. Poe's removal to this city was by a call which we received from a lady who introduced herself to us as the mother of his wife. She was in search of employment for him, and she excused her errand by mentioning that he was ill, that her daughter

was a confirmed invalid, and that their circumstances were such as required her taking it upon herself. The consciousness of this lady made her heart and soul with an ardor and sympathy giving up of her life, to preparation and a wonderful tenderness, her gentle and maternal care, regarding the poor, but long-lingering but naturally and unconsciously refined manners, and her application and yet approval of her own slowness upon earth, that when in adversity she was ill. It was a hard lot, that she was watching over Mr. Poe, with his hereditary difficulty and a state he might have the popular level to be well paid. He was always in pecuniary difficulties, and with his weak wife frequently in want of the barest necessaries of life. Winter after winter for years the most touching sight to us in this whole city has been that tireless mother to get up, study and industriously clad, going from office to office, with a poem, or an article on some literary subject, to sell, sometimes simply pleading to be taken some that he was ill, and begging for him mentioning nothing but that "he was ill," whatever might be the reason for his wanting nothing and never, and all her tears and words of distress, suffering one weary to escape her lips that could convey a doubt of his, or a complaint, or a lessening of pride in his goodness and good intentions. Her daughter died, a year and a half since, but she did not desert him. She continued his unnumbering angel, living with him, caring for him, guarding him against exposure, and when he was carried away by temptation, and grief and the loneliness of feelings unreciprocated, and away from his self-abandonment prostrated in desolation and suffering, begging for him still. If woman's devotion, born with a first love and fed with pure, unselfish, and holy as the light of an invisible spirit say for him who inspired it?

There is a picture in a great capital that justice warrants and that we can quote. At one's A woman's devotion, born with a first love and fed with pure, unselfish, and holy as the light of an invisible spirit say for him who inspired it? There is a picture in a great capital that justice warrants and that we can quote. At one's A woman's devotion, born with a first love and fed with pure, unselfish, and holy as the light of an invisible spirit say for him who inspired it? There is a picture in a great capital that justice warrants and that we can quote. At one's A woman's devotion, born with a first love and fed with pure, unselfish, and holy as the light of an invisible spirit say for him who inspired it?

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Nelson's Hope.

A certain anecdote has just turned up relative to the history of the picture of "The Death of Nelson," painted by West. Just before Nelson went to sea for the last time, West sat next to the great captain at an entertainment given in his honor and in the course of dinner Nelson expressed his regret to Sir William Hamilton that he had little taste or discrimination for art. We give the rest in the words of Tucker.

"But," said he, turning to West, "there is one picture whose power I do feel, I never pass a print-shop where your 'Death of Wolfe' is in the window without being stopped by it." West, of course, made his acknowledgments, and Nelson went on to ask why he had painted it more like it.

"Because, my lord, there are no more subjects."

"I didn't think of that," said the sailor, and asked him to take a glass of champagne.

"But, my lord, I fear your intemperance will yet furnish me such another scene, and if it should, I shall certainly avail myself of it."

"Will you?" said Nelson, pouring out bumpers, and touching his glass violently against West's. "Will you, Mr. West? Then I hope I shall die in the next battle."

We all know how the painter fulfilled his promise in "The Death of Nelson."

A French Epigram.

True speakers always ill of me; I speak always all our foes; Yet spite of all our noise and pother, The world believes for one nor for other.

Thales and his Pupil.

"What," asked a pupil of his master, Thales, "what recompense can I make to show my gratitude to you for your excellent lessons?" "Teach others," was the philosopher's reply.

Washington Irving on Good and Evil.

With every exertion, the best of men can do a moderate amount of good; but it seems in the power of the most contemptible individual to do incalculable mischief.

Pascal on Man.

What a chimeric is man! What a confused chaos! What a subject of contradiction! A jumble of all things, yet a feeble worm of the earth! The great guardian and depository of truth, yet a mere bundle of uncertainty! The glory and the scandal of the universe!

Men are constantly falling on life's battlefield. We who stand must not scorn, but help them. We did not see the conflict, and therefore cannot know the scars, whether they stand for heroism or cowardice.



PATIENCE.

BY MISS M. W. FERRISS.
- If you are fretful and impatient,
If your brain hurries and hinders you,
If the world seem dark and dreary,
Wait a wee, and drama weary.
- If the hopes you fondly cherish,
Dash'd to earth, seem state to part,
Wait a wee, patience, till the morning,
No man's life is wholly sorrow.
- If a cup please don't work to please you,
If the fates should vex and tease you,
If you can be bright and cheery,
Wait a wee, and drama weary.
- If you give you leisure, take it,
For the gift, a blessing make it.
Faith is His, no what ailing,
Serve His will by patient waiting.
- If it work instead of leisure,
Duties instead of longed for pleasures,
Hurry for your lot seem dreary,
Wait a wee, and drama weary.

The Uses of an Enemy.

BY REV. DR. DEEMS.

ALWAYS keep an enemy on hand a brack, hearty, active enemy.

Remark the uses of an enemy:

1. The having one is proof that you are somebody. Wisely washed, empty, worthless people never have enemies. Men who never move never run against anything; and when a man is thoroughly dead and utterly buried nothing ever, *consequently* their *positive*, to run against something is proof of motion.

2. An enemy is, to say the least, not partial to you. He will not flatter you. He will not exaggerate your virtues. It is very probable that he will slightly magnify your faults. The benefit of that is two-fold; it permits you to know that you have faults, and are, therefore, not a monster, and it makes them of such size as to be visible and manageable. Of course, if you have a fault you desire to know it, when you become aware that you have a fault you desire to correct it. Your enemy does for you this valuable work which your friend cannot perform.

3. In addition, your enemy keeps you wide awake. He does not let you sleep at your post. There are two that always keep watch, namely, the lover and the hater. Your lover watches that you may sleep. He keeps off noises, excludes light, adjusts surroundings, that nothing may disturb you. Your hater watches that you may not sleep. He stirs you up when you are napping. He keeps your faculties on the alert. Even when he does nothing he will have put you in such a state of mind that you cannot tell what he will do next, and this mental *quiescence* must be worth something.

4. He is a detective among your friends. You need to know who your friends are, and who are not and who are your enemies. The last of these three will discriminate the other two. When your enemy goes to one who is neither friend nor enemy, and assails you, the indifferent one will have nothing to say or chime in, not because he is your enemy, but because it is so much easier to assent than to oppose, and especially than to refute. But your friend will take up cudgels for you on the instant. He will deny everything and insist on proof, and *proving* is very hard work. There is not a truthful man in the world that could afford to undertake to prove one-tenth of all his assertions. Your friend will call your enemy to the proof, and if the indifferent person, through carelessness, repeats the assertions of your enemy, he is soon made to feel the inconvenience thereof by the zeal your friend manifests. Follow your enemy around and you will find your friends, for he will have developed them so that they cannot be mistaken.

The next best thing to having a hundred real friends is to have one open enemy.

Across the Arctic Circle.

BY THE LATE DR. ISAAC I. HAYES.

WHEN we came to cross the Arctic Circle, instead of having the midday sun, we had no sun at all; for one of those villainous fogs, so prevalent during the summer in the Arctic regions, set upon us and hung about us, hiding everything for several days.

It rolled over us like a great wave, submerging us in damp and darkness. The wind was southerly, and the air was charged with moisture, which was precipitated by the cold water and icebergs over which it passed. I verily believe there never was such another fog. A thin layer of mist rested on the sea, above which one could climb and sit upon the royal yard and be in sunshine, and from that delightful elevation overlook the great waste of rolling vapor, and watch the glittering icebergs and then protruding through it into the light; and in the distance trace the great white mountain peaks and illimitable glaciers of Green-

land. This was the sublime aspect of it; but down on deck there was nothing to be seen at all. Three ship-lengths away the atmosphere was as impenetrable to vision as a stone wall. From the quarter-deck we could scarcely see the look-out on the fore-castle. The fog trailed about the rigging, sometimes in great streaks like festoons of white "illusion" and down upon the deck came dripping a perfect shower of the condensed vapor. In five minutes every thing was as wet as if the clouds had been dropping rain. The *Patience* was bewildered. Her compasses, never reliable at the best of times, were here, in the far North, utterly worthless. Every compass seemed to have an idea of its own as to where North was, and only changed its mind on being vigorously joggled; and no two of them agreeing after they were joggled. The situation was rather embarrassing, but for all the captain would not leave to. He would keep going some-where, at any rate. The danger was that he might hit an iceberg. The sea was dotted all over with them. "All right," said the captain; "I don't think we'll hurt it much."

That we should have a chance of proving it seemed the most likely thing in the world. For we sometimes heard from them as the billows broke against their sides or rolled within their ways worn caverns, and their smothered voices were often painfully near; yet we did not see any of the large themselves, until suddenly there came a thrilling cry from the look-out, "Ice close ahead! dead ahead!" This warning went through the ship as if it had been "breakers," the worst of all sounds to hear. The captain said never a word, but rang his bell, "Stop her!" "Back astern!" "Full speed!"

Spikes of ice, and the icebergs, to our alarm, to see before them a huge mass of whiteness looming through the fog. It seemed impossible that we should escape it. Notwithstanding the reversal of the screw, we were yet forging ahead. The moments were like that terrible interval on a railway train between the first thump of the car off the track and on the ties, and the crash which follows, scattering death and destruction. It was one of those short periods of one's life when the memory is apt to be remarkably fresh respecting mispent time. Happily, this was the worst of it. The ship slowed to starboard, which saved her jib-boom, and by that time the headway was stopped, and we began to go astern. But we were then in the very vortex of the breaking waves - in the hissing foam of the angry sea.

A few moments more, and the iceberg that had caused us such a fright was swallowed up in the gloom, and giving it a wide berth this time, we steamed on more cautiously at "dead slow," groping through the worse than darkness of the night.

We had no further adventuring of that description; but the uncertain currents of the sea, and the unreliable state of our compasses, caused us to become bewildered in our course. We did not once get even a glimpse of the sun for three days, and of course were running wholly by dead reckoning. The fog had become so deep that we could no longer climb above it and sit in the sun on the royal yard. "I'd give my old gun," said the captain, weary with watching, and disgusted with uncertainty, "I'd give my old gun (a rare instrument) to know where we are."

Now the captain had just come into the little cabin, which for the cruise we had "shoved up" on the main-deck amidships. The window overlooked the bulwarks, and the noises of the deck and of the machinery were kept away a lucky circumstance, for at the very instant of the captain's speech my ear caught an ominous sound. I listened again to make quite sure, and then told the captain that if he kept on three minutes longer at the present rate of speed I would claim the gun. "Where would we be then?" inquired the captain, somewhat incredulously. "On the rocks!"

The sound was unmistakable. The low murmur that comes from the shore is very different from the loud roar from the waves breaking on the iceberg in the deep sea, and the practiced ear can quickly distinguish the one from the other. The headway of the ship was arrested as soon as possible, and the fog lifting a little, we could faintly see the fatal line of surf. But we had still twenty fathoms water under us, and had plenty of room to wheel round, and crawl back upon our old track until we were beyond soundings, when we returned to our old trade of groping for another day, at the end of which, to our great joy and relief, and with the sudden boom of a mousing peeping from its dark hole, we slid from under the oppressive canopy of vapor into the bright sunshine.

Indeed, the limit of the fog was almost like a wall - sharp and well defined; and while the quarter-deck was still in shadow, the fore-castle the fog might roll over us again, the *Patience* was made to do her best, and we steamed on into a scene of a very different description still, however, among the icebergs, that now in a bright, instead of a cloudy atmosphere.

It was fortunate that the fog terminated when it did, for otherwise we would have been in great jeopardy. The icebergs were, in fact, so numerous, that the horizon was for a time quite obliterated. We turned and twisted among them to right and left, as one would follow the zigzags of the Boston streets, from Brattle Square to - well, any other place you choose to mention.

We might have been in a state of constant terror had we not been in a state of constant admiration. The atmosphere from a wonderful fog changed to a wonderful brightness. It gave rarely seen anything to compare with it. The hour was approaching midnight, and the horizon, with its upper limb just above the line of waters, for some time previous the sky had been peculiarly brilliant; but when the sun went fairly down, the little clouds, which had before been tipped with crimson, melted away, and the whole sky became uniformly golden; while the sea, quite motionless, unruled by even the slightest breath of air, reflected the gorgeous color like a mirror; and the icebergs, of every size, from the puny fragment a few fathoms only in diameter to the enormous block hundreds of feet in height, and of every shape, from the wall-sided semblance of a giant citadel to the spired edifice of a huge cathedral, presented an aspect of indescribable brilliancy as they floated there in the golden sea.

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It was fortunate that the fog terminated when it did, for otherwise we would have been in great jeopardy. The icebergs were, in fact, so numerous, that the horizon was for a time quite obliterated. We turned and twisted among them to right and left, as one would follow the zigzags of the Boston streets, from Brattle Square to - well, any other place you choose to mention.

We might have been in a state of constant terror had we not been in a state of constant admiration. The atmosphere from a wonderful fog changed to a wonderful brightness. It gave rarely seen anything to compare with it. The hour was approaching midnight, and the horizon, with its upper limb just above the line of waters, for some time previous the sky had been peculiarly brilliant; but when the sun went fairly down, the little clouds, which had before been tipped with crimson, melted away, and the whole sky became uniformly golden; while the sea, quite motionless, unruled by even the slightest breath of air, reflected the gorgeous color like a mirror; and the icebergs, of every size, from the puny fragment a few fathoms only in diameter to the enormous block hundreds of feet in height, and of every shape, from the wall-sided semblance of a giant citadel to the spired edifice of a huge cathedral, presented an aspect of indescribable brilliancy as they floated there in the golden sea.

A few moments more, and the iceberg that had caused us such a fright was swallowed up in the gloom, and giving it a wide berth this time, we steamed on more cautiously at "dead slow," groping through the worse than darkness of the night.

We had no further adventuring of that description; but the uncertain currents of the sea, and the unreliable state of our compasses, caused us to become bewildered in our course. We did not once get even a glimpse of the sun for three days, and of course were running wholly by dead reckoning. The fog had become so deep that we could no longer climb above it and sit in the sun on the royal yard. "I'd give my old gun," said the captain, weary with watching, and disgusted with uncertainty, "I'd give my old gun (a rare instrument) to know where we are."

Now the captain had just come into the little cabin, which for the cruise we had "shoved up" on the main-deck amidships. The window overlooked the bulwarks, and the noises of the deck and of the machinery were kept away a lucky circumstance, for at the very instant of the captain's speech my ear caught an ominous sound. I listened again to make quite sure, and then told the captain that if he kept on three minutes longer at the present rate of speed I would claim the gun. "Where would we be then?" inquired the captain, somewhat incredulously. "On the rocks!"

The sound was unmistakable. The low murmur that comes from the shore is very different from the loud roar from the waves breaking on the iceberg in the deep sea, and the practiced ear can quickly distinguish the one from the other. The headway of the ship was arrested as soon as possible, and the fog lifting a little, we could faintly see the fatal line of surf. But we had still twenty fathoms water under us, and had plenty of room to wheel round, and crawl back upon our old track until we were beyond soundings, when we returned to our old trade of groping for another day, at the end of which, to our great joy and relief, and with the sudden boom of a mousing peeping from its dark hole, we slid from under the oppressive canopy of vapor into the bright sunshine.

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TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

MEET SUNDAY. The Temperance Reform movement was never more active and active in England and America than it is to-day. Surely it must succeed.

PROHIBITION SOUND. The General Congressional Conference, whose sessions have just been held, representing all churches, declared its unqualified faith in the soundness of the Prohibitory law.

TEMPERANCE AND PROSPERITY. The wheat harvest of the State of Kansas proves to be the heaviest ever produced. It is said that "that State is on the high road to prosperity financially, churchwise, Sabbath-schoolwise and in the [pursuance of the] enforcement of Prohibition."

THE THIRD STATE FOR PROHIBITION. The people of the State of Iowa have recently voted on the Constitutional Amendment prohibiting the sale of liquor. There seems to have been great excitement over the question, a very full vote was cast, and the Prohibitionists carried the election by a very large majority. This is the

TESTIMONY TO THE EFFICIENCY OF THE MAINE LAW. The largest Republican convention ever held in Maine, and which comprised 41,327 delegates, unanimously declared that the prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating liquor had "promoted the moral and material interest of Maine and had demonstrated the wisdom of the law through the practical annihilation of that traffic in a large portion of the State."

Which Profession?

We hear of professional thieves, professional burglars, professional gamblers and professional men. By the last term we are to understand ministers, doctors, teachers, artists and lawyers. There is a sense, however, in which all men are professionals, *i. e.*, professors of good or bad principles, professors of religion or professed unbelievers. To which of these professions do you belong? Men often see their profession as a stepping-stone to certain social circles. That profession may justly be regarded the best which introduces us into the best society. Demons and angels are the lowest and highest grades of society. A profession of Christ and His religion admits us to the latter, while disbelief dooms us to the former. Our Lord says, "Whosoever shall confess Me before men I will confess him before the angels of God; but he that denieth Me before men shall be denied before the angels of God." This is the touchstone by which you may examine your title to a place in the heavenly mansions. You are either the friend or foe of Christ. He will not deny His friends, neither confess His enemies. Have you confessed Christ before men? Have you made a public profession of Christianity? Have you voluntarily assumed the vows and obligations of the Gospel according to Christ's requirements in the order of His Church? Have you acknowledged your faith in, and attachment to, Christ? Have you with the heart believed unto righteousness, and with the mouth made confession unto salvation? Do you own and confess Christ by the general course and tenor of your conduct, particularly by obedience to His commands and observance of the instituted ordinances of His church? Then will He confess you before His father in Heaven, and introduce you to the society of His holy angels. Your confession should be public because it is His declared will and express command. The profession should be public and open. His church cannot succeed and flourish if those who are its friends conceal their sentiments and fail to give it their open countenance and support. A. B. STONE.

Horriaturn, Pa.

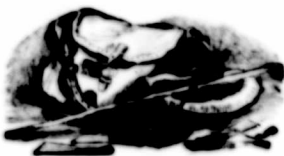
White Lies.—Lord Bacon notes a sensible remark of Montaigne: "That a liar is brave toward God, and a coward toward men; for a lie faces God and shrinks from men;" and this is true in every departure from veracity, where the matter is addressed to a sane mind. Truth is essentially a unit which admits of no fractions, of no modifications: it is a sunbeam, clear, pure and direct; its fountain is God, and when resident in man, is the noblest of his principles, the most powerful of the sources of his usefulness. Such a virtue ought not to be tampered with; for when once turned from its thorough course, no one can say what may not be its ultimate sinistosity.

Interesting Facts for Little Folks.

COMETS. The beautiful comet which we saw recently in the heavens makes this whole company of visitors extremely interesting. Tycho Brahe first showed that comets are farther away than the moon. Newton and Halley gave much time to their study. Some comets which have had beautiful tails as they neared the sun, have, after coming close to him, had only a short tail, or none at all, while others have shown immense tails after having come within his atmosphere. The great comet of 1744 had six tails, and Biela's comet had two heads and two tails. Those two pursued their course side by side, first the one brighter and then the other. Meteors are believed to be broken portions of comets. Comets are probably made up of gases. Some of them when viewed through a spectroscopic present the same results as when carbon is looked at. The periods of comets vary, some it is believed going round the sun only once in 2,000 years.

Analysis of Man and Woman.

Man is strong; woman is beautiful. Man is daring and confident; woman is diffident and unassuming. Man is great in action; woman in suffering. Man shines abroad; woman at home. Man talks to convince, woman to persuade and please. Man has a rugged heart, woman a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery; woman relieves it. Man has science; woman taste. Man has judgment; woman sensibility. Man is a being of justice; woman of mercy.



PROFESSOR'S TALK.

SOLAR ECLIPSES.

WHEN the moon passes between the earth and the sun then there is a solar eclipse; that is, the rays of the sun are cut off from the face of the earth.

A solar eclipse is caused by the moon only. There are two planes between us and the sun, and although each is much larger than the moon, yet there is no eclipse when either gets between the earth and the solar center. The reason is, they are so far away that when either is thus seen it seems as if a play-marble were crossing the face of the sun. Such a phenomenon is called a *transit*.

The moon is so near us that, although a comparatively small globe, it is apparently large enough to cover the face of the sun of day.

When the moon is precisely on a straight line running from the earth through the centers of the moon and sun, the eclipse is total; but when it is several thousand miles farther away from the earth than ordinarily, then its apparent size is smaller than the face of the sun; and hence at the very moment there otherwise would be a total obscuration, it is an *annular* eclipse. That is, the part of the sun that can be seen is like a ring. It is as if you were to see a big, conical black hole through it.

Frequently the moon passes as if it were a little higher up or lower down than the imaginary line running from the earth through the solar center, and instead of the entire face of the sun being covered there is more or less a *partial* eclipse.

There are then three kinds of solar eclipses—partial, annular, and total. The last is by far the most interesting. The sudden darkness thus caused resembles neither the darkness of night nor the gloom of twilight. Stars and planets appear, and all animals are dismayed by the dismal aspect of nature. The very chickens return home to roost.

Astronomers take especial interest in total eclipses. Aside from calculating in advance the very day, the exact hour, the precise minute and fraction of a second when such an event will occur, they make great preparations for months beforehand to observe it, and often travel thousands of miles and transport many cases of instruments to make the observation as complete as possible.

The latest total eclipse occurred on May 17th last. It was visible in the northern part of Africa. The duration of the totality was but seventy-two seconds, yet our scientists say the results justify the expense and pains taken.

The first item of interest was the discovery of a comet heretofore unseen. Fortunately it was photographed and thus the picture of the daring intruder in solar domains will form a study of attractive interest.



WATERLOO BRIDGE.

The next item is the observation of phenomena that establish almost to a physical demonstration a lunar anti-sphere. It was heretofore generally supposed the moon was a worn-out planet and its surface a scene of utter desolation without an atmosphere. But now we likely will have to modify our suppositions, and the coming century may lead to greatly enlarged views of this satellite.

The most important item is that the spectrum of the corona was photographed for the first time. We may hope for increased knowledge of the constitution of the sun's magnificent appendage—an appendage, seen only in a total eclipse, so grandly beautiful as to make the beholder feel like calling his eyes in the celestial presence. The corona with its silvery light, its spreading wings, its circles, arches and curves stretching out into fathomless depths around the darkened sun, is considered as one of the most impressive and awe-inspir-

ing sights in which celestial magnets and grandeur are ever embodied. And of such we have a photograph.

Up Vesuvius by Rail.

A half-way up Vesuvius? It is a little thing of that kind, covering only the last four thousand feet of mountain summit. But the boldness of its design and the originality of the effort struck our minds by the associations wrought in our work. Vesuvius, which affords a lofty summit, terraced the whole world in its awakening. Vesuvius whose mysterious fires have a need to expiation in the outlet from a world of domestic rage and heart-burn, now set fire on its bosom a little chain by which a Liparian ear, drawn up and down, brings pigmy loads of creation to gaze unblinded and fearless at the glare of the mountain's volcanic wrath. Such a mode of climbing to the top appears, at least, not less poetic than the old system of elevation in a chair borne by four straddling and swearing bearers.

The plan of the Vesuvius railway is very different from that which ascends the Rigi. The incline is much steeper, and the course is direct. The expenditure of an endless rope running round pulleys at either end of the course and worked by a stationary engine, has long been familiar. It is, we suppose, older than the locomotive, and was, till quite recently, used in the Liverpool tunnel, between the *subterranean* *White Hill*, of Vesuvius is considerably steeper than that of any other incline hitherto used for passenger traffic—unless that of the *Sophien Alp*, near Vienna, equals it. The line up which the railway is run ascends at an angle of from thirty three to forty-five degrees. On such an incline, to trust a railway-carriage to the tenacity of a rope, over ten thousand feet long in its double course, might seem somewhat daring. But ropes of steel wire are more trustworthy than any chain, and the little carriage is fitted at either end with powerful brakes, which, it is said, would be sufficient to hold it stationary in mid-career, even were the rope to break. We earnestly trust, however, that the capacity of the brakes may never have to be proved by such an accident.

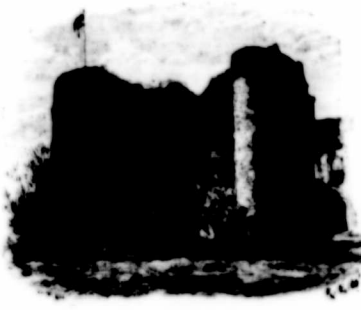
On first sight there appears to be only one rail laid on a single row of sleepers running along the middle of the way. But there are really three rails—one at the top of the sleeper, and one at either side beneath its base. Those side rails are laid at an angle, and adapted to wheels, whose axes project from the floor of the carriage at an angle of about forty-five degrees, which wheels, tightly grasping the rails on either side, keep the carriage secured upright. The carriage itself is so contrived that, notwithstanding the incline at which it runs, the passengers sit comfortably on horizontal seats, with a level floor beneath their feet. The station is situated close to the ob-

servatory of Professor Palmieri, up to which point the ascent can readily be made in ordinary carriages. The upper station is a hundred feet beneath the lip of the crater, but a solid path, cut in zig-zags up the short ascent, makes the passage easy. Over a year ago the line was opened with festive observances. The invited guests might well congratulate themselves upon taking part in an opening ceremony to which the history of railways can show no parallel, and, probably, never will. From their dining hall, built in imitation of a Pompeian villa, they looked down upon the silent ruins burned nearly two thousand years ago, and on the shining town of Naples, brimming over with modern life. The blue waters of the Mediterranean stretching away to the horizon were bounded hitherward by classic parks and romantic islands where every rock was eloquent of the past. And here, in clear air, hanging between

heaven and earth, such celebrated the construction of industry's honest struggle for the union of the past with the present; for the conquest of nature's mysteries, and for the redemption of the millions with opportunities and pleasures denied it and to all but a privileged few. The work has a beauty which we trust even when Vesuvius it has nearest rivals may be willing to respect.

Waterloo Bridge.

Few people in this country really know much about London. We go there and spend a few months and are bewildered. It is to the wonder of the world, the El Dorado of wealth, the heart of industry, arts, business, products of every kind from every part of the world, mighty marvellous magnificent London. When a man has been there five or ten years he begins to say "Oh all the cities of the world there is nothing like it." There are few men now to be found out. There are few structures in London more wonderful than the magnificent



WATERLOO BRIDGE.

bridges which cross the Thames. One of the finest of these bridges, of which there are over twenty, is Waterloo Bridge, as represented in our illustration.

Tunbridge Castle.

Tunbridge is a town of considerable size and importance. It is in the County of Kent, England, and stands on the Medway. It is only twenty-seven miles from London. The castle, which is situated on the Medway, near the entrance of the town, dates from the close of the thirteenth century, has a noble gate-tower of great size, richly ornamented, and is at present occupied as a military training school.

Lord Byron and Count D'Orsay on Manners.

"MANNERS make the man," said Count D'Orsay. "I never judge from manners," replied Lord Byron; "for I once had my pocket-picked by the civillest gentleman I ever met with, and one of the mildest persons I ever saw was Ah Pacha."

Pestalozzi on Thought.

THINKING leads man to knowledge. He may see and hear, and read and learn, whatever he pleases, and as much as he pleases; yet he will never know anything of it, except that which he has thought over, that which by thinking he has made the property of his mind. Is it, then, saying too much, if I say that man, by thinking only, becomes truly man? Take away thought from man's life, and what remains.

Solon's Laws.

ONE day, while Solon was composing his laws he was ridiculed for his trouble. "Writings can never restrain men," said the objector. "They are spider's webs, which catch only flies." "Men," replied the philosopher, "readily observe that which they are agreed on, and I frame my laws in such a manner that the citizens will know it is to their advantage to be *practise* than to break them."

Alme Martin, on the Responsibility of Wives.

A MAN disposes of the life and honor of a woman, guided by his passions, she wishes, and her wishes are fulfilled, she wills, and is directly obeyed. Her childish will may give a hero to her country, or an assassin to her family, according to the loftiness of her soul, or the blindness of her passion.



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| B | 1,000 | 16,000 |
| C | 11,300 | 20,415 |
| D | 12,800 | 12,000 |
| E | 6,400 | 15,747 |
| F | 12,800 | 10,431 |
| G | 8,200 | 16,300 |
| H | 13,400 | 17,110 |
| I | 7,000 | 16,500 |
| K | 7,200 | 6,215 |
| L | 9,200 | 16,000 |
| M | 11,200 | 15,015 |
| N | 4,200 | 6,720 |
| O | 9,000 | 7,800 |
| P | 11,010 | 15,400 |
| Q to Z | 63,140 | 80,017 |

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Herbs of Good for Wages.

"If death, where is thy sting? If grave, where is thy victory?" - I Cor. xv. 55

DEATH STANDS ABOVE AT WHISPERING LOW. I KNOW NOT WHAT INTO MY EAR OF THIS STRANGE LANGUAGE ALL I KNOW IS THERE IS NOT A WORD OF LIE.

The Oldest City in the World.

DAMASCUS is the oldest city in the world. Tyne and Sidon have crumbled on the shore. Baalbec is a ruin. Palmyra is buried in a desert. Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and the Euphrates. Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a center of trade and travel, an exile of verdure in the desert, "a presidential capital," with martial and sacred associations extending through thirty centuries. It was near Damascus that Saul of Tarsus saw the light above the brightness of the sun; the street which is called "straight," in which it was said "he prayed," still runs through the city.

The caravan comes and goes as it did a thousand years ago; there is still the sheik, the ass and the water which the merchant of the Euphrates and the Mediterranean still occupy the streets "with the multitude of their wares."

The city which Mohammed surveyed from a neighboring height, and was afraid to enter, "because it was given to man to have his enemies," for his part he resolved not to have it in this world, is today what Julian called the "Eye of the East," as it was in the time of Isaiah "the head of Syria." From Damascus came the dæmon, the phume and delicious apricots. Damask, the beautiful fabric of cotton and silk, with vines and flowers raised upon smooth, bright ground, the damask rose introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII, the Damascus blade, so famous the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried the artist into Persia; and the beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with gold and silver, a kind of mosaic engraving and sculpture united, with which boxes, bureaus and swords are ornamented. It is still a city of flowers and bright waters; the streams of Lebanon and the "silk of gold" murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of the Syrian gardens.

Comedones.

Tax black points, flesh-worms, or comedones, which are found in the face, and especially near the nostrils, are not at all produced by the accumulation of the particles of dirt or dust, as has generally been believed, but by pigmentary matter, which is soluble in acids. It is known, in fact, that black comedones, which accompany acne, often appear not only on persons exposed to dust, or rather careless in their person, but also on chlorotic young girls who live in good circumstances. Besides, observation shows that the discoloration not only exists on the surface of old comedones, but descends always to the lower parts. Accepting this fact, Unna has used successfully acids in the treatment of comedones. He generally prescribes kaolin four parts, glycerine three parts, acetic acid two parts, without or with the addition of a small quantity of some etheral oil. With this pomade he covers the parts affected in the evening, and it need be during the day. After several days all the comedones can be easily expressed—most of them even come out by washing the parts with pumice-stone soap. The same results can be obtained by bandaging the parts affected for some time with vinegar, lemon-juice, or diluted hydrochloric acid. The acids act like cosmetics, as they transform the black color into a brown and yellow shade, and destroy it gradually altogether; they produce a quicker desquamation of the horny bed which interrupts the exit of the comedones and brings to the surface the glandular openings.

Employment.

It may be laid down as an incontrovertible principle that no one can be happy without employment—regular, diversified, continually-recurring employment. There may be the possession of wealth—there may be an ample and beautiful domain—there may be everything externally to enjoy—but unless there be appropriate and varied employment to occupy the body, engross the mind, and awaken the energies, there cannot be happiness. It is the active, industrious, persevering man that is the happy man—not the idle, the slothful, the useless—not the person who has no definite plan, no fixed and important object, no personal and collective energy. Worry kills more people than work, and laziness—though many will not believe it—kills more than both together.

Absinthe.

The consumption of this seductive health-destroying liquor appears to be on the increase in England and the United States, and it is now being sold in a large number of places in London and New York. Mr. Winter Blyth, an analyst and medical officer of health for Mary-lebone, has made examinations of samples of his liquid. It is a yellowish green liquor, which contains as a peculiar ingredient, a poisonous oil having a deleterious effect on the nervous system. The oil is called worm-wood oil, and is produced in nature by the *Artemisia absinthium*. Other flavorying oils are always added, such as peppermint, angelica, cloves, cinnamon and aniseed. The color is produced by the juice of nettles, spinach, or parsley, or in other words, is due to the common green "chlorophyll" found in all green plants. Most samples of absinthe contain sugar. The average composition of absinthe is as follows: Absolute alcohol, in one hundred parts, 50.00; oil of wormwood, 31; other essential oils, 2.52; sugar, 1.50; chlorophyll, traces; water, 45.65. Absolute nuxvom drunks sleep, and absinthe combined produces convulsions. The poor wretches given up to absinthe-drinking suffer from a peculiar train of nervous symptoms, the most prominent of which is epilepsy of a remarkably severe character terminating in softening of the brain and death. The last moments of the absinthe-drinker are often truly horrible.

Control of Feeling.

It is sometimes said that however responsible we may be for our deeds, we cannot be held accountable for our feelings, as they come and go unbidden. Yet, it is true that every feeling is dependent for its continuance upon its at least mediately under our control. We cannot, it is true, by an effort of the will at once expel from the heart a gust of passion; but we can deny the angry utterances that tremble on our lips. We cannot suddenly kill a selfish desire, but can refuse to commit the unjust or unkind actions that it prompts. We cannot immediately banish curiosity or a love of gossip; but we can withhold from them the food on which they thrive. In the same way if what are worthy and honorable are weak within us, we can strengthen them, by following steadfastly that course of conduct which they suggest. We can increase our sense of justice by doing justly, or sympathetic feelings by tender and loving acts, our good temper by self-government.

Guitaun.

To assert that the fatal deed of that shrewd, silly, melodramatic wretch was in any sense the outcome of the political institutions of the United States is an unwarrantable insult to the dignity of the American people. It is putting a weapon into the hand of every Old World tyrant, and forging a chain for every Old World victim. The despot has the same right and reason to say that Guitaun was the fruit of free suffrage that the civil service reformer has to say that he was the fruit of civil service corruption. Guitaun was no more the fruit of the spoils system, than the rose-bush is the fruit of the rose-bush. He was the fruit of no political, or religious, or social system, whatever. He was not fruit at all. He was an excrescence, disease—a malignant pustule of humanity, which no known principle of moral or natural science could cause or cure. That lurid, arid, arid intelligence, unguided by conscience, unwarmed by love, which served him for a soul, is a result of the inscrutable laws of the universe. Guitaun was a substance as foreign to the body politic of the United States as was his bullet to the body of his illustrious victim.

Unfairness to the Bible.

We cannot fail to mind a single person who ever read the Bible and disbelieved it. It belongs peculiarly to the Bible to get hold of its hearers little by little; subtly it gets round about their hearts so that when they come to the Amen of the Apocalypse they find themselves spiritually, if not literally, on their knees in homage to the Spirit of the Book. We know numerous persons who abuse the Bible, who have never read it. Such opposition is natural, and when lunacy becomes philosophy, it will be about the most rational course to pursue. Not that such persons have not read part of the Bible; such parts they have perused without understanding; they misquote every passage which they cite, and they make imperfect reference to every Biblical proposition they undertake to dispute. They do not distinguish between *rose* and *Bible*—fractions and whole numbers. Only those who know the Bible should quote it. On y those who have carefully read it through and through should undertake to express an opinion about it. This is the law in all other criticism, and in common justice it ought to be the law in relation to the book we believe to be the inspired revelation of God.

Jesus Always.

A LITTLE girl went with her mother, a woman in lowly circumstances, as she had occasion to call on a wealthy lady in a neighboring city. The lady felt quite an interest in the child, and took her all over the house to show her the beauties and wonders of her comfortable home. Much surprised at all she saw, the little thing exclaimed: "Why, how beautiful! I am sure Jesus must love to come here, it is so pleasant. Doesn't He come here very often?" He comes to our house, and we have no carpet at home. Oh, how Jesus must love to come here!" The hostess made no reply, and her visitor asked again: "Doesn't Jesus come here very often?" Then, with emotion, the lady replied: "I am afraid not." That was too much for the child, she hastened to her mother and begged to be taken home, for she was afraid to stay in a house where Jesus did not come. That night the lady related to her husband the whole circumstances, and the question of the child went to the hearts of both husband and wife, and it was not long before Jesus was made a guest in their home.

Graduates, Go to Work.

JEANES from the newspapers the young men and young ladies who have recently graduated at the various colleges and institutions of learning are not likely to lack good advice. There is only one thing which we have to say about it, and that we say to the young men. Take off your coats and go to work in downright earnest. Your diplomas and your supposed stock of learning will not make much impression upon the world. Nor will any one feel bound to make things specially easy for you. The lower ranks of every trade and profession are crowded to overflowing. You can win your place as you prove it. You are fit for promotion, it will come to you, as a rule, but not if you are constantly stopping to wonder why it does not come. Go to work, then, in earnest. Show that the money spent in educating you has not been wasted. Prove that there is plenty of method in you, and remember that the highest method is Christian method.

An Evil.

Does not the practice now so common of entrusting our children at a very tender age to the care of foreign and uneducated nurses exert a great influence, not alone on the purity of the language of the child, but upon the purity of language of the nation at large? Such a thing was not thought of in ancient Greece. We are told that it would have been thought a great misfortune to any Hellenic child to be brought up by a Thracian or Egyptian nurse. And foreign slave nurses, with their rude accent and rude manners, were not allowed to take charge of children in the palmy days of the Greek language and culture till the children had learned their mother tongue perfectly! And the learning of any foreign language was quite beneath the ideas of a Greek gentleman! Is it any wonder that the Greek language is the most pure and perfect in the world?

Look to the Landing. A man was once rowing across a stream where the current was strong and the rapids below were dangerous. A single tree marked the only possible landing place on the other side. Unconsciously to himself, his little boat was yielding to the force of the current, and he was being carried downward, when a voice from the shore shouted: "Keep your eye on the tree." Looking up, he beheld to his terror how far he had floated out of his course; but, resolutely obeying the injunction, he stemmed the current and landed in safety. So, if we would make a safe voyage of life, we must not only use our oars, but keep our eyes fixed on the landing. We must keep in sight the ends we would accomplish, the principles we would establish, the objects we would reach. Only thus can we stem the current that is drawing us away, and escape the destruction to which it would carry us.

The Devil's Experts. Some men are so little learned in the arts of the devil as to expose themselves to the interference of the policeman; they are such clumsy servants of their bad master as to actually get imprisoned, and to be otherwise punished by the laws of their country. Others again are such adepts in the art of doing that which is forbidden that they can manage to build up a reputation for respectability while they are engaged in practices which cannot bear the light. So subtle are they, so deeply do they love the ways of the devil, that they resolve from him the most secret manifestations, while they can look abroad upon the world with a face which simulates the appearance of innocence. The law is impartial. To love is to know.

A PREACHER in Providence defined the soul as "the non-atomic center of psychic force," and used it as defined through all his sermons. It is this kind of folly that inspires contempt for preaching and empties churches.



CURRENT EVENTS.

A Wealthy Scientist. Darwin's will the price of property to the amount of \$7,000,000.

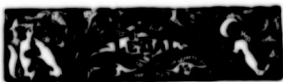
A Costly Celebration. It is said to have cost more to celebrate the victory of Yorktown than it did to win it.

Garfield Memorial Church. The cornerstone of the Garfield Memorial Church, at Washington, D. C., was laid on the 24 day of July just one year from the day President Garfield was shot.

"Great Paul." An immense bell has been added to the spire of St. Paul's Church, London, England. It was hoisted into the tower the other day, and then "sonoratory services" were conducted by Canon Gregory. The bell is christened "Great Paul."

How to Prevent your Will from being contested. A Parisian, who did not want to have his will contested, said in it: "I believe my heirs to be honest folks and good relatives. If they happen to wrangle after me over my property, I disinherit them and leave it to the poor of my parish." The will was not contested.

De Long's Disappointed Diary. Nothing more heartrending in its pitifulness than the last diary of poor De Long has been published for many a year. The sufferings which he and his brave companions must have undergone in their long and dreary voyage, only now contain no narrative so thrilling as this disappointed diary.



LEGAL ADVICE.

Partnership Notes Briefly.

Many persons have occasion to lend money to partnership firms engaged in manufacturing or selling merchanise; others may have occasion to become surety on notes made by such firms. A recent case fully lays down the law covering cases where a solvent partner seeks to evade payment on defaulted notes. We note the points in the language of the judge rendering the decision.

A general partner of a firm engaged in manufacturing and selling, may borrow money for the benefit of the firm and pledge its credit therefor, unless restrained by the articles of copartnership, of which the lender has notice.

Partnership is liable to the holder of a promissory note made by one member of a trading firm in its name, if the holder has no actual knowledge, suspicion or cause of suspicion of any fraud upon the partnership in the making of the note.

It is a general principle relating to trading partnerships, that each partner is the lawful agent of the partnership in all matters within the apparent scope of the business, and a firm formed for the purpose of manufacturing and selling are bound by the declarations of a partner during the partnership, whether oral or in writing, made in procuring loans for the carrying on of the business of the firm, and also in respect to transactions within the apparent scope of the partnership business.

If money is borrowed by a member of a firm engaged in manufacturing and selling for the use of the firm, without the actual knowledge of the other partner, yet if the money is necessary for the business of the firm, and the same is actually put with the funds of the firm, and used by the firm in the usual course of business, the partnership is liable therefor.

If money is borrowed by one member of such a firm for the use of the firm, and notes executed therefor in the name of the firm without the knowledge of the other partner, but such other partner afterwards learns of the transaction and makes no objection thereto, and suffers the money so borrowed to be used in the business of the firm, the partnership is liable to the holders of the promissory notes so executed in the firm name.

Where money is borrowed by the partner of such a firm in the name of the firm, and a note executed therefor, such note is *prima facie* the obligation of the partnership, and if the other partner seeks to avoid its payment, the burden of proof lies on him to show that the note was given in a matter not relating to the partnership business, and that also with the knowledge of the holder of the note.

Where a third person becomes surety upon the notes of such a firm at the instance of one of the copartners, he has a right to presume that the money obtained upon the notes is for the use of the firm, unless there is something to create a suspicion in his mind that the money is not loaned for the firm, and that the borrower is committing a fraud upon his co-partner. And where the surety, after default by the firm, pays the money thus borrowed upon the notes of the firm, if the other partner seeks to avoid the payment, the burden of proof lies upon him to show not only that the money was not applied to the use of the firm, but also that the surety on the notes had reason to believe it was not intended to be so applied at the time the money was so borrowed and his signature obtained upon the notes.



BRUNO AND THE GIRL BOY.

Bruno.

BY CORINNE JAMES.

MABEL and her pet dog Bruno were standing in the yard by the side of Bruno, waiting for Henry to join them on their way to school. And who is Bruno? Bruno is Henry's dog, and a right fine fellow he is. Would you not like to make his acquaintance?

"That is Henry's pony," said our friend as we drove into the yard. What do you suppose we were looking at? Why, a great shaggy Newfoundland dog. The huge fellow was hurrying to meet us, and seemed almost ready to leap into the sled. How comically he tossed his head, as he barked out a mild welcome, and how his great black eyes glistened! He was glad to see us, and no wonder, for his young master was sitting in the front seat of the large sled with the reins in his hand. Did you ever see a Newfoundland dog greet his best friends among the girls and boys? Yes, of course you may, and you know better than to let him have it all his own rough way, don't you, however kind he means to be?

But I must tell you about Henry. Then you will understand what his father meant by eating the dog a pony. Henry is one of those grown-up boys who is not able to walk. Along while ago, while he was yet a baby, a very severe disease came to him, and his mother was much afraid that he would not live. But God

did not allow the illness to take Henry's life. It was so violent, though, that when the little boy was able to leave his bed again it was found that the use of his limbs. His hands and arms were strong enough, but he could not run about and play, as you and I have done.

It was very sad for poor Henry, and yet it did not make him so unhappy as some might suppose. It was still a pleasure to live. He could see, and feel, and hear, and everything looked and sounded so beautifully all around him. He was not so unfortunate as those who, while they live, cannot see the pretty flowers nor hear the merry birds in the trees. All nature was open to him, and he looked upon it with joy. His father used to carry him along sometimes when he went abroad. Often the great wagon would be drawn up before the door, and then Henry would enjoy the ride as well as any one. Once in a while he was taken out in a neighbor's carriage with the other children, and very much pleased was he with such trips.

After a while Henry became old enough to go to school. But how was he to get there? He liked his books, and he was pleased with his school-fellows, but he was not able to hurry along to the school-house, as the others did. Still he became a pupil at the school. For a while he was carried to and from the place in the family conveyance. But that took so much of his father's valuable time that it seemed as if they ought to find some better way.

It was just at this point that Henry's father brought Bruno home. He was nothing but a little fat and shaggy pup then, but as he became older he grew to be a very large dog, and he and Henry were often together.

What was Henry's delight one day to find that his four-footed friend was ready to be put to service. He actually drew his young master in his little express cart about the yard, and as the owner of the cart directed him. It was not long before Henry had taught him to take the vehicle with its not very heavy burden anywhere upon the place or in the vicinity. That was good fortune for Henry.

And now you should see the two on their travels. Bruno has on a set of harness especially made for a pony-dog, or a dog-pony, whichever you choose to call him. Henry sits behind in his little wagon, line in hand. When everything is ready for the start, the signal is given, and away they go. Bruno keeps up a steady trot, and on smooth ground he makes very good speed.

It was a happy day when Henry drove to school for the first time. The children, no doubt, thought it was a jolly sight to see a dog hitched to a cart and pulling the part of a horse. I remember how I used to wish I had such a dog myself. Perhaps you would like one. But it was something more than sport for Henry. It was his only means of getting to school and home again, and he was pleased with it better than I can tell you.

Bruno soon learned what was expected of him. He accepted of the trot to school as a part of his daily duties and indeed the sole service that was required of him. He has made the journey every pleasant school-day since, and good dog that he is, he seems to like it. He knows that he has a charge to see to and that is a return trip to be made, and so he stays in the yard in the front of the school-house all day till his master is ready to go home again. In this he may remind you of Mary's lamb. But Bruno is a more useful animal about a school-house than Mary's woolly pet, for they

believe that he is very watchful all day long to keep everything out of the school-yard that has no right to be there. You should hear him bark when a stray cow looks over the fence.

I must tell you two incidents which I heard related about Bruno and his young master, and then I must cease talking.

One day, shortly after Henry and Bruno had begun their travels, our young friend went to spend the day at a neighbor's house. Bruno carried him there, and then stretched himself out on the porch to wait. Well, either he became tired with his long resting spell, or he began to feel hungry, at any rate he surprised the good people back at Henry's home by coming up to the door without the cart and its usual occupants. Henry's sister stood on the door-step looking very serious. But she simply said to him, in a quiet way:

"Oh, Bruno! naughty Bruno! He put his head down as if he were ashamed of himself, and started straight back to the neighbor's house. Presently he came trotting along with Henry and the cart behind him, and this time he seemed better pleased with himself. He has never forgotten to wait for his young master since.

Another time Bruno disappeared from the house without leaving any clue as to where he had gone. It was Saturday. Now, you know, Saturday is a day when we have no school, and the teachers and the scholars all stay at home or go somewhere else than to school. But Bruno did not seem to know that. Some time during the day Henry was riding with some one past the school-house when what should he see but his own lushy-haired friend out in front of the school-house door! The faithful dog was there waiting patiently for four o'clock to come and school to be dismissed. Poor Bruno! He had gotten things, both new, a little mixed. I don't know whether Henry was more pleased to see Bruno than Bruno was to see him or not, at any rate, they rode home together in high spirits.

Perhaps I shall tell you more about Bruno some time. This will do, I think, for the present.

Burning Out a Wasp's Nest.

Some time ago, while walking in an American city, we asked a colored man, in one of the parks, the names of the several churches in view. Giving us what information was in him, he said:

"An' dat church I don't know de name of, but dat is de one dat burned down."

"Who burned it?" we asked.

"The sexton," he said.

"Why, how could it be that a sexton would burn down his own church?"

"Yin see, sar, dere was a wasp-nest dare, an' de sexton he tried to burn out de wasps."

"Well, did he burn out the wasps?" we asked.

"Yes, sar; he burned out de wasps, an' he burned down de church, too."

We meditated on this story as we walked. Wasps have their uses; but so far as we are able to discern, not in churches. Their utilities are decidedly non-ecclesiastical. But sometimes wasps will come into churches. It is very undesirable to have them there. One thing may be said of these insects, the less you trouble them the less harmful they are. Another thing is obvious that a greater evil may be brought to pass by an attempt to be rid of a smaller evil. It was bad to have the wasps; it was worse to be compelled to rebuild the church.

And yet, perhaps, the apparent disaster was providential, and the moral which Christianity may learn may be worth the money spent in rebuilding the church.

Into a church membership wasps may come. If, when they are in their nest, the nest can be quietly lifted, and it and its inhabitants set in the open field, so much the better; but don't let us destroy a church to destroy a wasp's nest. Let the evil be borne awhile. By-and-by the time will come when the wasps will depart, or be in such a condition that they can be removed with impunity. But whenever any Christian society shall determine to free itself

of the wasps, let it be careful as to its modes of extermination; above all, let it heed the counsel to avoid burning wasps out.



AMUSEMENTS.

Conundrums.

What kind of robbery is not dangerous? Safe robbery, of course.

Why is a pond person like a show-bill? Because they are both stuck up.

Why is a hen like the British Possessions? Because her son (son) never sets.

Where is a man most likely to find continually, peace, prosperity and happiness? In the dictionary.

Why are seeds when planted like gate-posts? Because they are planted in the earth to prop-a-gate.

Who of Shakespeare's characters was fondest of chicken? Macbeth, for he murdered "most foul" (fowl).

THE HARE AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.

My lady lay out on the floor.

Her big blue eyes were full of wonder.

For he had never seen before.

That hare in the corner door.

What kept the hare so near a wonder?

He leaned toward it, it glisten'd.

The mirror-halter brand within.

Until two clocks, like rose-red.

Lay side by side, then softly said.

"I can't get out, can you, come in!"

—DANIEL M. CHANNING.

Seeming Failure. Oftentimes our failures have been the beginnings of our best success. Many a man has risen up glad that the thing he loved most was taken away from him. In the incompleteness of his knowledge he said: "This is failure; this is disappointment; this is ruin; this is very much like cruelty in the rule of God over human life." But in one year, or in ten, that man came to say, "Thank God it was all for the best!"

"And above the rest this note will swell, My Jesus hath done all things well."

The Lord's Prayer from A. D. 1200 to 1881.

It is quite interesting to note the changes in the English language during the past six hundred years, as shown in the following forms of the Lord's Prayer:

A. D. 1258.

Fader ure in hevene halowede both the meime, cunen thi keneriche, thi wille both in heime and in the erthe. Our erthe dayes bried gif us thiik dawes. And wozif ure dettes as vi vorafen ure dettouras. And lede us nouht into temptoun, but delivereof uvel. Amen.

A. D. 1300.

Fadir ure in hevene, Halowed be thi name, thi kingdom come. Thi wille be done as in hevene as in erthe. Our erthe dayes bried gif us to-day. And forgive us oure dettes, as we forgive oure dettouras. And lede us not into temptoun, but delivere us of

svel. Amen.

A. D. 1611.

Our father which art in heaven, sanctified by thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven in earth also. Give us to-day our super-substantial bread. And lead us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil.

A. D. 1652.

Our father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory for ever. Amen.

A. D. 1688.

(Old Version.)

Our father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory forever. Amen.

A. D. 1881.

(New Version.)

Our father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts, as we have also forgiven our debtors. And bring us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one.

A MARRIAGE POWER.

Spenser that'sh the oft admitted The str strength of the string!

When many hearts are loved with grief To earth's wild fever'd blast— Know'st thou that then a word from thee Will light the sad, dark past?

When desolation and distress Obscure Hope's flick'ring light— Know'st thou that then a look from thee Will nerve one for the fight?

Well, then, this power, O matchless tar, Which God to thee has given; A gentle word from thee may wait Some weary soul to Heaven!

But, Oh, take care! for if this power Be wrongly used by thee— Know'st thou that then a look from thee, And what would be the plea?

"This talent of such priceless worth To thee I gave for aye; Why hast thou then in fickle mood Made such a sad abuse?"

The Voyage of the Bluebell.

ONE rainy day papa made two ships for his little girls. They were about a foot long. They had little white sails and tiny flags floating from the tops of the masts. They were gayly painted.

Sixton put his nose into the paint pan, so he was painted too. But it soon wore off.

Mabel's ship was decorated with blue, so she called it "The Bluebell."

Nelly's was bright with scarlet trimmings. A fine-sounding name would be best, she thought. She named hers "The Bride of the Seas."

When the pleasant weather came again, they had fine times sailing them. As they were always careful, they were allowed to go down to the lake. There was a little cove, with a bright sandy beach where they played. They sent the ships across this cove from one side to the other. Back and forth they went, in safety for a while.

There is sometimes danger for ships, however. This the children soon realized. One day a stray breeze caught the little "Bluebell." She did not sail across to the other side as she had done before, but out by the point, and away into the great, wide lake.

The wind was strong; the blue streamers fluttered bravely in the sunshine. She sailed far away, and at last was quite out of sight.

"Let's play she has gone to California," said Nelly, as they stood watching her.

"She will come back some time with a load of gold," added Mabel.

"The Bride of the Seas" stuck fast on a mud bank. John, the hired man, with a long pair of rubber boots on, rescued her. And she sailed many a pleasant summer day.

The little girls used often to make little boats from pieces of shingles, with paper dolls for sailors. These they sent out to find the missing ship. "I is many years now since the "Bluebell" started on her long voyage, but she has never returned.

Adelton's Opinion of Wine.

Wine lightens indifference into love, love into jealousy and jealousy into madness. It often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment, it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity.



WE ARE SO, SO HAPPY!

Pleasures of Reading No. 1.

The aggregate of our researches would be a very scanty stock, if detached and cut off from the communications and aids of other hands. If, for instance, we advert to the peculiar features, products, laws, customs, and costumes of different countries, how few have opportunities for a wide range of personal observation; but the tourist, or the traveller, carries into our assistance, and so of every branch of knowledge how few have the means or ability necessary to acquire a wide range in any one branch, apart from books. And what a blank, to many, would human life be without books? How valuable, diversified, and lasting the pleasure we derive from them! Yet there are some, even in the respectable classes of society, who show an invincible antipathy to them; although nature has given such a degree of extent to our curiosity, and such very narrow limits to our knowledge, that much cannot be acquired without time and patient labour.

Many delights sought by the young, while they raise the animal spirits, fail not to subvert the intellectual powers, and vitiate the taste. Reading, provided it be select, imparts a satisfaction far higher in kind and more adapted to a rational and reflective creature, than any which the votaries of fashion and luxury can boast. We gather the rich fruits which other men have planted. Good books contain the substance of what wise men have diligently collected; and the essence of their stores, refined by study, is given us in a narrow compass, and portable form. Yet there are thousands who would laugh at all the arguments and anecdotes which could be produced, to recommend intellect, industry, and content, or the exhortations of levity and ridicule are not worthy of a moment's notice. Nothing, truly good, is the worse in itself because some can neither realize it, nor perceive its true value.

With resources so rich and diversified, as the present age affords, a man of exursive mind, sound judgment and correct taste, can never feel that loathing of life, or fear those dreaded horrors, with which the idle and voluptuous are so often oppressed and agitated when left alone. "These studies," says the great Roman orator, "instruct youth, delight old age, adorn prosperity, afford relief and comfort in adversity; are pleasant at home and abroad; they are agreeable companions at night, in our travels, and in our rural retirements." Yet there are indeed too many, who, with every facility for receiving original and actual information, of the first-class, read nothing but reviews, magazines, abridgments, extracts, or worse, the uninteresting and vitiating novels. As a certain writer says, "They would purchase knowledge without paying for it; the fair and lawful price of time and industry. The appetite for pleasure, and that love of ease and indolence which is generated by it, leave little time or taste for sound improvement; while the vanity, which is equally characteristic of the existing period puts in its claim also for indulgence, and contrives to figure away, by those little snatches of reading in the short intervals of successive amusement."

Those who know how to profit by books will acknowledge that they impart a pleasure as durable as it is valuable. We are refreshed and invigorated, while we are conscious of being instructed and improved. By their aid we can enter the fair temple of science, and explore its wonders, or visit the region of the muses, or listen to their sweetest harmony and sublimed strains; we can accompany the hardy and enterprising traveller to distant climes, and mark their products, institutions, manners and habits, without either loss or hazard.

Brantford, Aug. M. S. J.

LENGTH OF SERMONS.—A little discussion? (some what one sided) has appeared in the city press on the above subject. We are disposed to think that sermons should not be measured by their length. A sermon should be the "square thing" measured by the cubic foot, if it has no depth, it ought to have no length not even "twenty minutes."

SPECIAL OFFER FOR THIS MONTH.—We will mail the Methodist Monthly for the next six months to new subscribers for 25 cents! Will our readers kindly show this number as a sample and secure for us one new subscriber each? There is not a paper published in Canada offering so much excellent reading as the Methodist Monthly for the money. Try it for six months and be convinced. Send your address and subscription to Mr. Charles Pilews, acting Business Manager, for Mr. J. N. Peet, who is absent in Winnipeg for a few weeks on business.

Christian Liberty

During the last few months we have had a pleasing exhibition of Christian liberty, which with comparatively little effort, and in a very quiet way, the magnificent sum of \$6,400.00 has been so generously subscribed by the members of our church and congregation. It is of course considered fashionable and proper for all churches, laying any claim to respectability and standing in the community, to be ornamented with an awe-inspiring mortgage. But sometimes the sentiment may be carried to excess and then the weight of the alban often presses too heavily upon the pillars and supports of the church thereby causing a crash, which in time occasions an "impulsantness" in the church. We do not say there was any such danger in the case of our church which we love so well, but the fun of carrying the thing year after year was found to be wearing away, and it was wisely thought best to make an effort and keep it under control.

The wisdom of the action taken by the Trustees Board is very manifest, as the interest on the church debt which was very considerable will, on account of the great reduction in the amount of the debt, be now kept under control, and met when due without difficulty.

The way in which nearly all of the subscriptions towards the reduction of the debt and the purchase of the new organ were handed in speaks volumes for the generous heartedness and liberality of the people. Our church now stands financially in a good position and as it is considered architecturally one of the prettiest churches in the city, and love its courts with increasing fervor. When the magnificent new organ already ordered from Hook & Hastings of Boston, is placed in position, the service of song will doubtless be much improved. But with all our liberality we have good grounds for giving.

"But what or who are we, alas! That we in giving are so free? Time own before our offering was, And all we have we have from thee."

For we are guests and strangers here, As were our fathers in thy sight; Our days but shadow-like appear, And suddenly they take their flight.

Yours &c. J. S. C.

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