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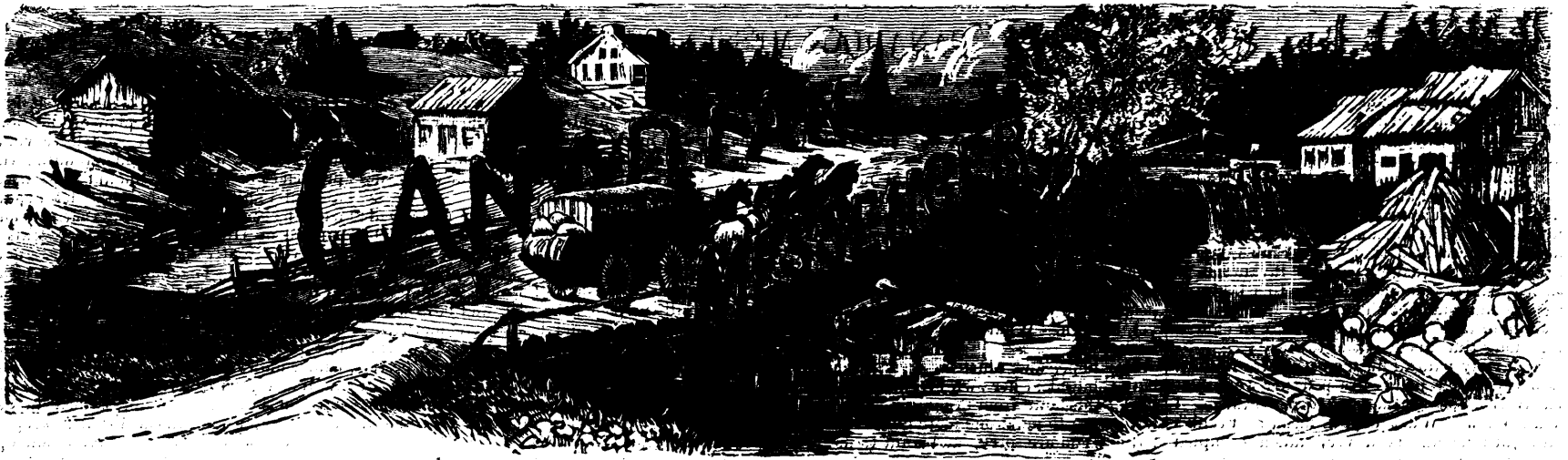
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Temperance Department.

THE WAR WITH INTEMPERANCE.

By Rev. Samuel A. Worcester, Missionary of the American Board of Foreign Missions.

AIR:—BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

Stalks abroad a direful foe,
Spreading death, disease and woe,
Causing tears and blood to flow

Over all the land;
Rise we then with all our might;
Rise and for our country fight;
Rise and put the foe to flight,
Closing hand to hand.

Shall the orphan cry in vain?
Shall the widow still complain?
Shall death and sorrow reign?

Are there none to save?
Fly the captives to reclaim;
Save from guilt and woe and shame;
Snatch them, burning, from the flame,
Dying, from the grave.

By the sufferer's suppliant tone,
By the maniac's plaintive moan,
By the murderer's victim's groan,
To the battle fly!

Lay the fell destroyer low;
Strike the last, the fatal blow;
Make no peace with such a foe;
Let the monster die!

THINE ENEMY.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

"You see that house, over there?" The speaker's voice quivered with excitement, and her cheeks were rosy red.

Yes, Mrs. Lee saw the house indicated, and thought the architecture very fine and imposing.

"Rum built that house, Mrs. Lee. To me there is nothing beautiful about it. I never look at it without I see the bloodshot eyes of his victims looking out of the windows at me. Ugh! it is horrible. Just think how he has murdered by the wholesale. Think of the families he has desolated. If ever a man in this world deserved the gallows that man does."

Mrs. Lee changed the subject. Singularly enough, her great heart took in the rum seller as well as the rum drinker. Her experience had shown her all sides. She knew that her enemy was as dear to the good Lord as her best friend. She was aware that a declaration of her principles would cause all future influence with her impulsive friend to be null and void; so she wisely kept quiet. The two friends walked on; Mrs. Lee's sympathies going out in a steady loving current to every class of sinners, and Mrs. Harrison wondering if it would be possible to pass a law which should put an end, not only to rum-selling, but to rum-sellers.

"There he comes now!" exclaimed Mrs. Harrison.

Mrs. Lee looked up into a pair of earnest, grey eyes, smiled pleasantly, and with a kind "good morning," which was immediately and almost impulsively returned, passed on. Mrs. Harrison was furious.

"Do you mean to tell me, my dear, that in this quiet country place you pass your neighbors without speaking to them?" enquired Mrs. Lee, doing her best not to notice her friend's anger.

"Have I not told you what a monster he is? Speak to him—No! I never have, and I never will."

"We differ a little, my friend, in our way of looking at things; but let us not quarrel over that. We are all God's children—all members of one great family. Your moral advantages have perhaps been greater than your neighbors. He is not to be scorned for that. At least this is my argument, the way I feel, the way my conscience compels me to act. If your convictions are the other way, you must obey them; but let us choose for ourselves with perfect freedom. I can not pass that man in this quiet country-neighborhood without speaking to him, and be true to myself. You can not speak to him, and satisfy your conscience. I am to be your guest for a number of weeks, and do you not see that there will be no chance of harmony unless we can cherish and act out our own opinions?"

Mrs. Harrison answered that she knew that was the case; but the sullenness of her answer showed that she could have no sympathy for her companion's views.

The rum-seller must have mentioned this greeting of Mrs. Lee to his wife, for, one day, returning from the depot with Mrs. Harrison, a very sweet-faced woman bent forward from her carriage, and bowed and smiled to Mrs. Lee.

"Who is that?" the lady enquired, in astonishment.

"Oh, that is the rum-seller's wife," Mrs. Harrison answered, with considerable disdain. "They find so very willing to recognize them, that they are very quick to notice any attention."

Mrs. Lee's mind was made up. She would call upon this family. There was a longing in that woman's eyes that she could not resist. Silver and gold the rum-seller's wife had in plenty, but that sympathy which comes from contact with kindly human hearts she was a stranger to. It so happened that when Mrs. Lee put her resolve into execution she found the lady of the house away, and the rum-seller only at home.

"My wife will be very much disappointed," he said, his voice full of regret. "I wish you would wait a few moments for her."

Mrs. Lee expressed her willingness to wait, and the host conducted her to the library, a large, elegant room, and settled himself to entertain her. The man's face was eloquent with thanks. He seemed quite unfit for ordinary conversation, and once or twice gave grateful utterance to his feelings.

"I am so glad you have come to see my wife," he said,—"so glad."

Now Mrs. Lee was a straightforward little woman, and it seemed quite natural that she should ask him why he was so glad.

"Is your wife very much alone?" she enquired.

"We have occasional company from the city," he replied. Mrs. Lee was very sure that she saw the blood redden his temples, as he continued, "but we have lived here two whole years, and you are the first woman in the neighborhood who has stepped foot across our threshold. My wife's health is very delicate, he went on slowly, and with a quiver in his voice, "Sometimes I fear that I shall not have her much longer."

If there is anything in the world equal to a pure, deep-hearted woman's intuitions, let us

know what it is. Mrs. Lee knew then, just as well as if she had been told, that his wife was dying of remorse and grief. She might never have another so good an opportunity for a conversation with this man, whom the neighbors despised; so she asked her whole soul in her face.

"What is the matter with your wife?"

"There doesn't seem to be any disease that the doctors can discover. She is weak and tired, and low-spirited all the time. I have tried everything, and every body, but she doesn't seem to mend under any treatment."

"I doubt very much if she needs any treatment, except perhaps that which you can give her."

The red blood mounted again to the temples of her companion.

"I give her, madam," he tried to say laughingly. "I am not a physician."

"I feel very certain that you are all the physician she needs. Your wife, I presume needs, wants, must have, to save her life, just one thing. If a fever patient wanted water, you would think it very foolish and wicked to offer coffee and tea, and lemonade, would you not? in short, everything but the one the thirsty soul longed for."

"Certainly," he answered glancing toward the door. "Have you ever talked with my wife?"

"Never, sir."

"Of course, you know what my wife is."

"I do."

"And you consider it infamous, and all that sort of thing?"

"I consider it the worst business that any man can be engaged in."

"Then what do you come here for?"

There was a mixture of sadness and fierceness in the tones that made her heart ache.

"Oh! I forgot; you came to pay your respects to my wife, my victim."

"And to see you, also," was the low, earnest answer. "Long ago, my dear sir, I learned to discriminate between the sinner and the sin. I loathe the sin, but I love you, and would help you in any way in my power."

"Your words sound very strange, and sweet," he said, after a moment's pause. "My wife wants me to go into another kind of business, to give the money I have made in this to the amelioration of the condition, of—of—" The words were hard to utter.

"Of the families of drunkards," suggested Mrs. Lee, in the same sweet voice.

"Yes, that is it. How well you understand her! This is a hard thing for a man to do."

Just here the pale, tender-eyed wife glided in, with a greeting which spoke volumes.

"I am so glad to see you, dear madam," she said. "I told my husband that if you did not come to see us, I should send for you, didn't I dear?" and the thin little hand caressed her husband's arm affectionately.

"And I told my wife that there wasn't the least hope of your coming; but her eyes sometimes see farther than mine."

"Husband told me," she went on, "that he met a lady who bowed to him, and whom he thought would do me good. Oh! I was so glad. I had asked God so many times to send me a friend; and"—drawing close to Mrs. Lee—"if I could have picked one out myself, I could not have been better suited."

"Our dear Father answers our prayers, sometimes, according to our desires," said Mrs. Lee, taking the thin hand in hers.

"Yes, and sometimes He doesn't seem to answer them at all. Oh, Mrs. Lee, I have prayed one prayer so long, so faithfully, so hard, without getting an answer, that I am almost discouraged. It is about him," pointing to her husband. "You don't know, I never can tell how kind and how loving he has been to me, ever since he married me. He thinks I am sick, because he sees me falling every day. I am not. Only for one thing,

I should be as healthy and as happy as any body. Won't you please kneel down here and ask God to answer my prayer?"

Mrs. Lee could hardly see the pleading woman for her tears, but she wiped them away, and looked up at the husband. His fine face was drawn with pain, and his whole manner that of one who suffers keenly.

"If you can do such things, Mrs. Lee, please oblige her," he said, with an effort at sternness.

Mrs. Lee's petition was earnest, touching, and to the point. Words could not have been more simple and eloquent. When she rose from her knees the rum-seller, with his wife in his arms, was sobbing like a child.

"God has heard! God has heard! Edward has promised! Oh, Mrs. Lee, he has promised to do the right. You know what Christ has said, 'When two or three are gathered together, I will be there.' You see I have had to pray alone all these years. Oh, my loved husband, I shall be well now, and strong enough to help you."

"Yes, wife; I believe you will," was the solemn answer. "And now, Mrs. Lee, I want you to hear me promise before God to do in this matter now, and in the future, just as my wife directs, even if the doing makes me a beggar."

"As much as my husband loves me, I should never have succeeded in getting him to leave the room. A coarse or a threatening word would have settled the question forever. You came pitying and loving both of us, and the work was accomplished. Oh, Mrs. Lee, how many are suffering and dying for the right word."

"I hear," said Mrs. Harrison, a week afterwards, "that Edward Lathrop has left the liquor business altogether. Somebody said he gave two thousand dollars to the temperance missionaries yesterday. Do you believe it?"

"I think it is true," was Mrs. Lee's quiet answer.

"Well, wonders never will cease. Let's go and call on his wife some time."

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

"You are very eloquent, Mrs. Bates, and in listening to you one might almost be converted to your view of the subject. But my husband says, and I think he is right, that women have enough to do in attending to their own domestic affairs. Indeed, if a woman has a house to keep, two or three children to feed, clothe, and send to school, and a husband to cheer and sympathize with when he comes home after his wearisome day of business, it is as much as she can do, more, I sometimes think than she can do properly, with justice, to her own health," and Mrs. Livingston sighed, as she looked wearily down at the little blue, merino sacque which she was literally covering with a weight of heavy embroidery.

Then she added with considerable feeling, "I really wonder, Mrs. Bates, how you can justify it to your conscience to leave your house at six and seven, and your seven children running wild, and their wardrobes not half attended to, while you are following up every new fancy that idle women may take into their heads. If I were your husband, I should utterly forbid your having anything to do with this temperance movement."

A faint flush might be momentarily seen upon Mrs. Bates' brow as she said gently, "My husband is quite satisfied with his cheery little home, and if his children are healthy, happy, and neatly if plainly dressed, which they certainly are, he is pleased to say that he owes a thank-offering to God for the blessing of his wife, and can only pay it by

giving a few afternoons of her time to His more immediate service."

A few moments of embarrassment followed, and then Mrs. Bates asked:

"What has become of your Frank? He has not been to spend an evening with our boys for a long time. The reading-circle has missed him sadly. The members are reading German plays now, and they say Frank's knowledge of the language would be invaluable to them. Harry commissioned me to ask him to be sure and come next Thursday. Why, now I think of it, I haven't seen Frank in church for a long time; is he out of town?"

A terribly painful flush crossed Mrs. Livingston's face; her hands grasped her work convulsively as she stammered out, "Frank—I don't know. What do you mean? Frank's all right; he has been very much occupied lately; he is a great favorite, you know; he don't have much time to spare even for me."

Mrs. Bates saw that something was wrong, and rising with ready tact, said:

"Really, I had no idea it was so late; it is time that I was attending to my domestic affairs; if I don't go straight home, John will have burnt cakes for his supper, and Johnny will have to go to bed without his good night story."

II.

It was a long time before Mrs. Livingston and Mrs. Bates met again. The latter had joined the Temperance League; and having thus drawn aside a corner of the curtain which hangs between our smooth conventional life and the tragedies daily enacted by myriads of our fellows who jostle us in the streets, mingle their breath with ours in public conveyances, and are carried past us to the silent cemetery, scarcely exciting our attention, had seen that which gave such an importance to every spare moment as to leave her very few for visiting; and her friend's "domestic affairs" were always of such an absorbing nature that she generally allowed social duties to devolve upon her acquaintances.

One Sunday evening Mrs. Bates was, with five other ladies, holding a prayer-meeting in a liquor-saloon in one of the low neighborhoods of the city. A strong body of police were detailed for their protection; but this precaution was quite needless, since there was not an arm in all that rough assembly but would have been raised in defence of "our ladies," had the insult been offered them. A barrier was placed between them and the audience, who stood packed together upon tier, with eyes out of which looked hungry spirits, famishing for the bread of life. Young forms were there with matted hair once curled over somebody's fingers, old, white heads, bowed, not with honored ripeness, but maudlin imbecility, and stalwart men of middle age whose sullied lips were better used to oaths and curses than to the holy hymns they were singing now. All sang, all listened reverently and with uncovered head to the words of prayer rising in this strange cathedral.

While Mrs. Bates was speaking earnestly to this rough but attentive audience, she became aware of a terrible familiarity and yet strangeness in a young face directly opposite to her. Again and again she studied the swollen lines, bloated eye-sockets, rough hair, and disordered apparel, and at length as an actual tear stood in the bleared eye, giving it a boy-like and innocent expression, she recognized, with a throb of inexpressible sorrow, Frank Livingston, and a pitying prayer went up from the depths of her heart that her old girl-friend might be forgiven for the way in which she had toward this her firstborn attended to her "domestic affairs."

"Does your mother know?" she said, as at the close of the meeting many crowded round the table to sign pledges, receive tracts, or shake hands with the ladies; and she secured an opportunity of intercepting Frank's retreat and speaking with him.

"She knows," he said doggedly, "and all the rest of them; they've been disgraced as much as they're going to be by me though. Father turned me out last week, and I suppose he was right. Since then I've found a roost up stairs; that's how I came to be here."

"How long has this been going on?"

"How long? Ever since I was a little boy I have loved the taste of liquor. You know mother always kept a first-rate cook, and all the puddings and pies and sauces were flavored with brandy, and we had lots of dinner-company, and then there was always wine on the table, and I used to stay after they were gone and drink up all that was left in the glasses. Sometimes I would carry a bottle of champagne up stairs, and invite in the boys. But one night we all got drunk, and father found it out—mother never would; she was too busy sewing ruffles on to the girl's dresses—and he said I must stop, it wasn't respectable to drink, and I tried to, but I couldn't. So as I had plenty of money, I went with the boys where we could get as much as we wanted, and—and—you know the rest; I need not tell you."

"My poor, poor boy, what are you living on now?"

"Whiskey; that's cheap, and you don't want anything else."

"Frank Livingston, look at me; do you know what you are doing?"

"Mrs. Bates, you don't know anything about it. They taught me about hell in Sunday-school; but I know what it is now. I might as well be there now as here. I tried to take some laudanum last night, but the people here would not let me. I shall take it yet, though. What's the use of living with no hope?"

No hope, and nineteen years old! The lady thought of her own bright group returning at this hour from evening service, and she felt drawn to make one more effort for the lost boy. "You are sorry, and want to do better, Frank, I am sure."

"No, I don't; I don't care any more."

"O Frank! I saw tears in your eyes a little while ago."

"Well, you were speaking of His compassion and for one minute I wondered if it were possible He could have any compassion left for me."

The voice was tremulous now. Mrs. Bates saw that the chord had been struck, and unwilling that any human words should weaken the impression, obtaining a whispered and reluctantly-given promise from Frank that he would come to the Ladies' meeting the next day, she hurried away, wondering if the care of one's own and one's neighbor's sons was not at least a part of the "domestic affairs" intrusted to women.

III.

"If there are any who would like us to pray for them, we would be glad to have them signify it by rising." So said the leader of the meeting the next afternoon; and with trembling limbs and flushed countenance, Frank Livingston, among a score of others, arose. The picture drawn by the sympathetic voice of a woman, of infinite Goodness stooping to have compassion on utter villainess, offering infinite strength to supplement entire weakness, had so rested in his imagination and stirred his heart, that he felt irresistibly drawn to hear it again; and now he stood committed; the first step heavenward had been taken.

Of the struggle of the next three weeks it is impossible to write. God alone knows the agonies of a soul bound in the iron chains of an over-mastering appetite—will gone, self-respect gone, hope gone, all gone but a resolute determination to grasp the outstretched hand of mercy, which was raised "even as by fire." But Frank was in earnest. Three days and nights he passed without food, since there was no restaurant accessible to him where liquor was not sold. At first he slept on the green sward of the park; then one of the ladies offered him the bed he had been too proud to accept from his mother's friends; and he found little jobs of cutting wood, putting in coal, and the like, by which he earned a pittance sufficient for present support. But every afternoon found him at the meeting, attentive and earnest; and every day, by word or gesture, he continued to implore the ladies, "Pray for me."

At length, when some of his most earnest friends were beginning to feel almost discouraged, so difficult did it seem for this poor prodigal to find peace in his Father's house and heart, he rose one day and said in faltering accents, "I, even I have some faint hope in Christ, and faint as it is, I would not part with it for the universe. Now I will sign the pledge, for I trust the dear Lord will enable me to keep it. Thank God for the ladies of this Union. What would have become of us poor fellows but for them?"

There may be a greater amount of joy among the angels who surround the throne of God, but it could hardly be deeper than that which broke out from those woman hearts in one glad strain of "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

IV.

A very merry tea-party had assembled at Mr. Livingston's house. It was Frank's birthday, and if the fatted calf had not been killed to honor the prodigal's return, the joy which this ancient emblem signified was all there. Nor was wanting the substantial cheer dear to the many little Livingstons and Bateses who surrounded the board. The only unusual peculiarity of that always bountifully-supplied table was the entire absence of anything the constituent parts of which were the "accursed thing" which had so nearly wrecked the happiness of that home.

"Frank," said his father, "I have resolved to take you into my own office, and I shall give you plenty of work, for we all know by experience how much mischief Satan finds for idle hands, especially young hands, to do;" and turning to Mrs. Bates, he added: "Will you let me have your Harry in my office also? I believe I can give him a much better salary than he is now receiving, and I will promise to leave him an equal share in the business with Frank when I am called away. I do not pretend to offer this as compensation; God alone, to whom you look and in whose name

you labor, can give adequate rewards for such work as he has enabled you to do for my unhappy and neglected boy; but I shall feel that he will be safer and the business more prosperous, if it has added to it as an element of success the son of such a mother."

The conversation was broken by little Della Livingston, who had been well crammed by the juvenile Bateses with temperance statistics and facts.

"Mamma, I wish you would go and take care of all the poor little girls and boys whose fathers get drunk and beat their mothers—who don't have anything to eat or any clothes to wear. You may give them all my pretty new dresses, and I will wear my old ones all summer. That will be ever so much nicer, for I sha'n't be afraid to spoil them, as I am all the pretty ruffles and work."

"You don't know what you are saying, little daughter," said Mrs. Livingston; "but your words are sharp, nevertheless. O Jane, my old school friend, where would my precious boy be; how could I ever meet and answer God's claim upon my responsibility concerning him, if you had not understood better than I did, and been more faithful to your convictions of a mother's duty concerning her 'domestic affairs'?"

Mrs. Bates' "John" was a silent man, and when he did join in a conversation, it was to add something which he thought of great weight, and now he said, with a glance of loving pride towards his wife and another of gratitude towards heaven,

"I think that when a consecrated woman gives her time, her talents, her voice, her influence, her money, or anything else her Master has intrusted her with, to his blessed service, in doing good to the bodies or souls of her brothers and sisters, children of the same loving heavenly Father, and so members of the same great household, she is faithfully attending to her own 'domestic affairs.'"—*Christian Weekly.*

DOCTORS AND ALCOHOL.

The Rev. G. M. McCree, at the annual meeting of the United Kingdom Band of Hope, said: Our chief difficulties have arisen from the medical profession. Educated, philanthropic, and invaluable as its members are, we have found them, as a whole, hindrances to the progress of our movement. I do not forget the noble speeches of Dr. Beaumont, of Bradford, who was a champion of our cause when scientific and medical advocates were few and far between; nor the vast labors of Dr. Grindrod, author of "Bacchus," a perfect library in

itself; nor the names of Mr. Mudge, of Boumin; Mr. Higginbottom, of Nottingham; Dr. Munro, of Hull; Dr. Bowen, of Preston; Collette, of Guernsey, and many others of splendid repute; but I still maintain that medical men have hindered our movement, and not seldom by their advice robbed us of bright children, reformed drunkards, wavering friends, and useful speakers, and how many ministers of the Gospel they have led off our platform suffering severely from relaxed nerves, sore throats, and Timothian infirmities I cannot tell. Of this I am certain, that a severe censure might righteously have been passed upon some medical men for the manner in which they have treated our converts and our cause, and I think that the time has fully come for us to affirm that a medical man who ignores the experiences and discoveries contained in temperance medical literature is walking in darkness instead of in the light.

What, then, shall we do with the doctors? It is a hard question, but I will try to answer it.

But, first, let me tell you a little story of a Quaker and his doctor. A Quaker, who had been seriously ill, but was fast recovering, was recommended by his medical man to take some "stout." "Indeed," said the Quaker, "how am I to get strength out of that which does not contain it?" "But you must take it," said the doctor, "or I will not be answerable for the consequences." "Thou mayest makethyself perfectly easy about it, for I will take the consequences but not the drink." "Well you'll do yourself great harm," said the doctor. "Nay, friend, I can't do harm by abstaining from a bad thing." "But you require it as a medicine just now," said the doctor. The Quaker hesitated for a moment, and then said, "Doest thou like stout, doctor?" "Yes, I do." "I thought so," said the Quaker; "go thy way, I pay thee for thy skill and not for thy likings."

I will now venture to furnish a few counsels. I would advise that committees should endeavor to supply the medical men, who attend their Band of Hope children, with the *Medical Temperance Journal*. It is published quarterly, by Mr. W. Tweedie, and would be sent to any address for two shillings a year. If you sent it for one year, it is possible that you would have no more trouble as to medical men prescribing alcohol to your members. Whenever you have any meeting or lecture of a first-class character, you would do well to forward reserve seat tickets for medical men and their families, and, you might thus induce them to take a deep personal interest in your work.

You would do well also, whenever it is possible, to imitate the wise plan of the Stannary Band of Hope, Halifax, and have your own medical man, with the understanding that he prescribes no alcohol. Should it be necessary to send a child to an hospital, let a courteous letter be sent with it, stating that it belongs to a Band of Hope, and suggesting—that, if possible, a non-alcoholic treatment be adopted. Do not be alarmed if you are told that total abstinence will kill the child. So many of us have been killed so many times over in that way, that we have lost our fear, and I for one do not think that wine endows mortal men with eternal life. I am like a good Quaker who had taken the usual course of medicine prescribed in certain diseases, and was informed that to keep off the debility it was necessary to take London porter twice a-day. "Sir," he said to the doctor, "I readily took the physic you sent me, because I believed you to be a skilful and conscientious man; but not having the same knowledge, or the same good opinion, of Dr. Buxton & Co., I will take none of his physic; and I am confirmed in this resolution when I call to mind some of my own friends who have taken his medicines for twenty or thirty years, and are not yet cured." I would earnestly advise that our more powerful societies and organizations should, once a year, at least, convene meetings to be addressed exclusively by medical men, or, when this cannot be done, to endeavor, even at great expense and trouble, to have one medical man at the annual meeting, and then take care that a lengthy report of his speech is secured for the local papers. Let me add, in addition to what I have said, that when a new medical man settles in a village or town that it would be well to send him a copy of your annual report, and Dr. Henry Munroe's small book (price one penny), entitled, "Is Alcohol a Necessity of Life?" You will thus render him informed of your existence, your watchfulness, and your intelligence—three things which medical men sometimes forget. And when elaborate and costly efforts are impossible, then let copies of Sir Henry Thompson's famous and powerful letter be used as opportunity may offer, and such seed, although small, may fructify and spread when you and I have gone away to the land no human eye can see.

LONDON TEMPERANCE HOSPITAL.—The first annual meeting of this new effort to command and justify the practice of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks under all circumstances, was very successful—even too much so, indeed, for the comfort of those who were there. The room at the London Tavern was most inconveniently crowded, and the people who had to stand under the open windows in a piercing east wind, must have required a good deal of nursing next day, either in the Hospital or elsewhere. Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, Bart., president of the institution, presided, and spoke earnestly and strongly in favor of the treatment of disease without alcohol, and he sustained his opinion by reference to several high medical authorities. The report of the last year's work was read by the Rev. Dawson Burns, the indefatigable honorary secretary. It stated that, from the first week in October to the end of April, 73 in-patients had been admitted, and 482 out-patients; and the Board had reason to believe that all of them were fully satisfied with the attention received. After this seven months' trial the officers of the institution were satisfied that the principle on which it is established is a perfectly sound one. It was urged that greater things ought to be attempted—that provision should, at all events, be made for fifty in-patients. As an incentive to greater liberality on the part of others the members of the Board had resolved largely to increase their individual subscriptions. The meeting was addressed by Dr. Grindrod, Canon Ellison, Dr. Edmonds, Mr. Thomas Cash, chairman of the Board, Mr. John Hughes, treasurer, and other gentlemen, upon whose advocacy resolutions in support of the principle of the non-alcoholic treatment of disease, and in behalf of an extension of the operations of the London Temperance Hospital, were unanimously adopted.

GOOD SECURITY.—By the new liquor law of Mississippi, no person can be licensed to sell liquor till he has secured the recommendation of more than half the men in the township over 21 years old, and more than half the women over 18 years of age.

COUNTER ATTRACTION.—Two liquor-saloons in Chicago have been compelled to close, owing to the fact that in the Bethel Home, near by, a restaurant has been opened where a bowl of good coffee and three slices of bread are furnished for five cents, cheaper, better and more satisfying than beer or poor whiskey.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.—So successful have been the efforts of the women in Northern Ohio to break up the liquor-traffic, that no strong drink can be obtained at any hotel or saloon in Cleveland. Many liquor-sellers are demoralized, and have quit the business. Ladies of wealth and influence lead the movement.



NITROUS OXIDE—ETHER—CHLOROFORM.

An article on nitrous oxide gas, in the *Sanitarian* for April, gives some information which will be new to most of our readers, and of which they will appreciate the importance. This and all other gases which induce insensibility do so by excluding, during their inhalation, common air or oxygen, as is the case in hanging or drowning. This exclusion first paralyzes the nerves of sensation, and this is all the length it should go in order to painless operations. Second, it paralyzes the brain hemispheres, so that the intellect is impaired and consciousness gradually lost. Third, it paralyzes the cerebellum and affects its muscular action. Fourth, it paralyzes the spinal cord and relaxes the voluntary muscles; and, finally, it paralyzes the medulla oblongata, which presides over the involuntary action of the heart and lungs, and this last result is fatal. From this article we learn that sulphuric ether is more dangerous than nitrous oxide in one way, but its effect being more rapid, there is no necessity for extreme carbon poisoning of the blood, and the inhalation may be suspended from time to time so as to admit of supplies of oxygen. It is therefore better for long operations.

Chloroform is the most powerful and dangerous of the anaesthetics. While it produces less carbonæmia than the others, it alters the blood corpuscles so as to prevent them from assimilating oxygen. Cardiac syncope, or the stoppage of the heart which sometimes occurs in administering chloroform, and which is peculiar to it, is fatal and in many cases the action of the heart is weakened.

The following extracts will show the dangers attending the administration of any anaesthetic:

WHAT TO OBSERVE DURING ANÆSTHESIA.

The play of those functions interfered with should be watched with great solicitude. We should, above all, not allow ourselves to become reckless because of our familiarity with the conditions, after repeated administrations without accident.

The respiratory movements, the pulse, the color of the skin, and of the blood flowing during an operation, the pupils of the eye, should each in turn claim the undivided attention of him who leads his patient to the very verge of the grave. If danger threatens, the respiratory mechanism will give warning by labored and short inspirations, feeble and long expirations, laryngeal stertor, sudden stoppage of the thoracic movements. A feeble pulse, though it may beat rapidly, tells of the progressively impaired force of the capillary circulation. Arrest of the pulse may occur, dependent not upon capillary stasis, but from arrest of the heart's action, called "cardiac syncope." Chloroform is the only agent which induces this most fatal of all the dangers of anaesthesia.

The occurrence of blueness or lividity of the skin, so common when nitrous oxide is administered, as also the dark hue of any flowing blood, are omens of advancing carbonæmia, which it is our duty to restrict within certain limits. Extreme pallor (from chloroform) indicates impaired action of the heart and warns of approaching cardiac syncope. If the pupils show progressive dilatation, they tell us to admit air, as danger threatens from carbonæmia.

Dr. Amory, of Massachusetts, tells us: "Never has an animal died unexpectedly; there is a peculiar condition produced by this gas, which, when seen, requires instant relief. Animals, at a certain stage, appear to stop all attempts at respiring, and lie motionless; if not forced to inhale air, they will die." This impresses upon us the importance to watch particularly the respiration, and not to rely too much on the pulse, in anaesthesia. It is an observed fact, that after respiration has stopped in apparent death, the heart continues to pulsate for some time before actual death supervenes.

OF THE SELECTION OF PATIENTS.

From what we have so far developed, we would draw the natural inference, that any condition involving imperfect respiration or heart's action, would contra-indicate, or at least add to, the dangers of anaesthesia. Phthisis pulmonalis, cancer of the lungs, intrathoracic tumors, distention of the pleura, compressing the lung, also pleuritic adhesions, impairing their elasticity, are contra-indications.

PRECAUTIONS.

1. I conceive that a man administering this gas should be held responsible, by law, for the life of the patient, if he has not required a certificate of fitness from the patient's medical

adviser, and it should be discovered by post-mortem, that apparent contra-indicating conditions were present. The reckless manner in which this agent is daily given in New York is but another evidence of the laxity of our laws, in protecting the community from those unqualified to administer remedial agents to the human organism.

2. For the purity of ether and chloroform, the administrator can hardly be held responsible, as their preparation requires an apparatus only possessed in large laboratories, especially adapted for the purpose. At present there are certain manufactories whose names, by long experience, have been found to be a sufficient guarantee for the purity of the articles which they furnish for the physician's use.

Not so in the instance of nitrous oxide, which is prepared by the administrator, or his assistant (!). The method of obtaining the gas free from all impurity is, in itself, simple and well established. Attention and care will always insure its purity. I regard the administration of gas, in the preparation of which any of the established rules have been neglected, as hazardous; and as such, the administrator should be responsible for its effects.

3. In the inhalation of the several anaesthetics the methods differ in certain particulars. With nitrous oxide, air should be entirely excluded, if prompt anaesthesia is desired. With ether, the patient's throat and larynx should be accustomed to the vapor, then all air should be excluded. Not so with chloroform, which requires 96½ per cent. of air to be mixed with chloroform vapor. Such is the mixture as advised by Mr. Clover, the present English authority on chloroform.

If anaesthesia is necessary to be resorted to, especially if the patient's weak condition cannot bear the shock of the operation intended, it is very necessary that its full effect should be induced. It must be remembered that in a partly anaesthetized person the anaesthetic, if it be chloroform, weakens the power of the heart, and thus the shock of the operation, if pain is felt by the patient, reacts upon the heart, producing fatal syncope more readily than without the anaesthesia.

SCHOOL VENTILATION.

The *Practitioner* of London, England, says:—

We presume there must be some climatic peculiarities in the United States which render it necessary that the question of the ventilation of schools there should be mainly a question of artificial means. At any rate, while here the schools tend to be open for several years to trust chiefly to "natural ventilation," so called, all the recent papers that we have received from the United States on school ventilation have shown a preference for systems of artificial ventilation, or dealt with the subject from this point of view as a determined necessity. And it must be confessed that the field thus opened to the ingenuity of inventors has not been idly cultivated. Reading the accounts of the arrangements for ventilation and warming which obtain in some of the schools of Philadelphia and New York, it is a marvel to us what the influence must be upon the physical and mental condition of the children, of the artificial atmospheres prepared for them. If the different appliances serve their end, the occupants of the class-rooms and collecting rooms must during their occupancy be much in the same condition as delicate morsels in a Norwegian cooking-box. Happily school-hours are limited, and we apprehend that in the United States, as here, human appliances are subject to human fallibility.

What has chiefly contributed to the discredit of artificial systems of ventilation and warming in this country has been the impossibility, in the majority of cases, of obtaining for ordinary purposes that amount of attention to them which was necessary to secure their efficient operation; and in such cases it has been found that ventilation has had to be obtained (if obtained at all) in spite of the system rather than in consequence of it. An apt illustration of this fundamental drawback to artificial systems of ventilation is furnished in the *Sanitarian* for August last. In an article on "School-poisoning in New York" there is a description of the warming and ventilating arrangements of the City School House, which is peculiarly instructive. The class-rooms in this building are arranged to be warmed by furnaces in the basement. The fresh air is intended to be admitted to chambers surrounding the furnaces, and after being warmed there it is passed to the different classes. The inlet and the outlet openings of the class-rooms (both improperly placed) appear, according to the appended diagram, to communicate with the same flue. If this be the case, the upper class-rooms (the building having three stories) would receive, in addition to the warmed fresh air, foul air from the lower class-rooms. Now, on a late examination of these arrangements, it was discovered that the fresh-air inlet of one furnace had been converted into a hencoop, that one only of the other fresh-air inlets took its air from the external atmosphere and admitted a good supply, and that but one of the evaporating-

pans attached to the furnace had a supply of water, the others being dry and dusty. Moreover, on the reporter ascending to the roof to examine the outlets of the foul-air flues, which were brought together in two louvred cupolas, he discovered that one of these cupolas had been boarded up for a pigeon-house! Our own experiences of artificial ventilation of buildings have been much to the same effect as in the above story. They began with a new hospital, built at a time when notions as to artificial ventilation were rampant in this country. The wards were all arranged to be ventilated by a "vacuum system." Shafts communicated with lofty turrets, in which big furnaces were placed. With these shafts were connected other shafts opening on the floors of the different wards. Inlets for fresh air were placed at the upper part of each ward communicating directly with the outer air. The experimental trials of this apparatus were a wondrous success. When the ward doors were closed, the registers of the open fireplaces shut down, the fresh-air inlets opened, and the furnaces of the exhausting-towers lighted, the air rushed up the shafts from the wards with the force of a small gale; and delighted committee-men exhibited to delighted committee-women and visitors the spectacle of strips of paper whipped out of sight by the ascending current and along the shafts, and rejoiced to think that infection and infectious matters could be got rid of with a like facility. When we made acquaintance with the hospital it had only counted a few months' existence; but we lived in it some little time before we came to a knowledge of its wondrous system of ventilation. The only officer who had known the buildings thoroughly was dead. The ventilating turrets were locked up, and the keys misplaced. The "outlet" openings in the floors of the different wards had been explained to us as inlet openings for warm air, but disused because the physicians preferred open fires. Diminutive ward windows, the sashes not reaching within four feet or more of the ceiling, were regarded as blunders, in which efficiency had been sacrificed to architectural effect—these windows having in fact been designed with reference to light alone, and not to ventilation. We lived in the hospital some months, and during that time the system of ventilation was never used, and we were never able to assure ourselves that it had ever been used after patients had been admitted to the hospital. "Sure, sir," exclaimed the senior nurse, "how could we use it, unless we screwed the beds to the floor, and made the patients lie to the beds?" At any rate the system was never used in our time, and, what is more, its want was never felt. For notwithstanding small window space, we contrived with this and the fresh-air inlets, and the doors and open fireplaces, to get all the ventilation that was desirable, and, much to the content of the home-committee, to spend on extra beds and patients the considerable cost that would have had to be devoted to the service and feeding of the furnaces, had their use, and the system of flues to which they were attached, been other than an ingenious sham.

It is generally forgotten that the difficulty of successfully carrying into ordinary practice schemes of artificial ventilation, is, as a rule, in proportion to their ingenuity. If the same amount of trouble were bestowed in teaching school-teachers how to deal, for purposes of ventilation, with the simple arrangements of open fireplaces and common sash-windows, as is given to inventing fanciful methods of warming and ventilation, the objections which attach to those common-place methods would be diminished, at least in this country, to a vanishing point. It would be an easier task to teach school-teachers what it is practicable for them to understand, and what must of necessity be under their supervision, than to teach them complicated and perhaps doubtful systems of warming and ventilation, of which the supervision must be under some less educated person, and which cannot be under their immediate control. The London School Board very wisely contents itself, in its "Rules to be observed in Planning and Fitting up Schools considered in reference to Schools of large size to be erected in London," to limiting the number of scholars in the school-rooms, and requiring a certain superficial area for each child, with "thorough ventilation." In practice this has had the excellent result of causing to be applied to school purposes the principles of warming and ventilation which have now been accepted in this country for hospitals. We shall presently return to this subject and describe some of the new schools erected under the School-Board Rules.—*London Practitioner*.

AS A MAN THINKETH.—Dr. Brown-Sequard, the eminent surgeon, in a lecture delivered in New York the other day, said: "The cure of any illness which does not consist in a disorganization of the tissues, can often be accomplished when the person thinks it can be done. If we physicians, who treat patients every day, had the power to make them believe that they are to be cured, we certainly would obtain less

fees than we do, and I must say that the best of us would rejoice at it. There is no doubt at all that if we could give to patients the idea that they are to be cured they would often be cured, especially if we could name a time for it, which is a great element in success. I have succeeded sometimes, and I may say that I succeed more now than formerly, because I have myself the faith that I can in giving faith obtain a cure. I wish, indeed, that physicians who are younger men than myself, and who will have more time to study this question than I have, would take it up, especially in those cases in which there is a functional nervous affection only to deal with, as it is particularly, though not only, in those cases that a cure can be obtained. Indeed a cure may thus be obtained in certain organic affections—even in dropsy it may lead to a cure. You know that it will stop pain; that going to a dentist is often quite enough to make the toothache disappear. I have seen patients come to me with neuralgia, who dreaded the operation I was about to perform, and just at the time I was about to undertake it, ceased to suffer."

THE VOICE OF THE CROCODILE.—According to Dr. Mohnike, the voicelessness on the part of the adult crocodile is due to a special and gradual modification of the tongue and larynx, involving the vocal chords, and dependent upon and coincident with definite periods of growth. In the young of this species the length of the head is more than twice as great as the breadth, while in the full grown animal this proportion is very considerably diminished, at the same time that the lower jaw becomes more fixed and immovable, and the tongue more firmly connected with all the surrounding parts. It is to this gradual, but very decided, hardening and stiffening of all the ligaments of the larynx, as well as of all parts of the internal structure of the mouth, that Dr. Mohnike ascribes the loss of voice observable with advancing age in the crocodile; and accounts for the fact, which he had himself an opportunity of observing, that the older animals may be irritated and injured, and even tortured to death, without giving utterance to the faintest sound.—*Academy*.

GRANULAR INFLAMMATION OF THE EYES.—A prominent oculist says that the contagious Egyptian or granular inflammation of the eyes is spreading rapidly throughout the country, and adds: "I have in many, and I may say in the majority of cases, been able to trace the disease to the use of the so-called towels. Such towels are generally used in our country hotels, and sleeping apartments of the working classes, and being thus used by nearly every one, are made the carrier of one of the most dangerous, and, as regards its symptoms, most troublesome disease of the eye. I, therefore, would strongly recommend that the use of the rolling towel be abolished, for thereby we will discard one of the great instruments for the spread of such a dangerous disease of the eye, by which thousands of workmen are annually deprived of their means of support."—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

SAFETY OF ANÆSTHETICS.—If the force of statistics be of any value, ether appears, beyond question, to be the safest anaesthetic. By combining American and British data relating to this question, the result shows conclusively that chloroform is eight times as dangerous as ether, twice as dangerous as a mixture of chloroform and ether, and, as far as experience goes, it is more dangerous than bichloride of methylene. The report of the London Chloroform Committee, appointed to investigate this subject, states that not only is ether less dangerous than chloroform, but that with every care and the most exact dilution of the chloroform vapor by the most skilful hands, the state of insensibility may pass in a few moments into one of imminent death.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

A SAFEGUARD.—The practical suggestion is made that as sunstroke is caused by the chemical ray as well as the heat ray of the sun, that it would be well for those who have to be exposed, to have linings in their hats of orange-yellow to arrest the chemical ray, and of green to arrest the heat ray. It is asserted that by this precaution much of the oppressive heat of the sun on the head can be relieved.

A NEW THING.—Paper flour barrels are being made in Iowa. They are said to be airtight and water-proof, to weigh much less than the ordinary wooden barrels, and to be able to stand more rough usage. One of the manufacturers predicts that in five years every barrel of Western flour will be sent East in barrels made from the straw the wheat grew on.

—Competent chemists give it as their opinion that bitter almonds are poisonous. When steeped in water, they yield prussic acid. A London jury has lately brought in a verdict censuring the use of burnt almonds in confectionery. This whole business of preparing confectionery should be exposed. Perhaps a reform would have a beneficial effect upon the health of our children.—*N. Y. Independent*.



Agricultural Department.

"IF I HAD LEISURE."

"If I had leisure, I would repair that weak place in my fence," said a farmer. He had none, however, and while drinking cider with a neighbor, the cows broke in and injured a prime piece of corn. He had leisure then, to repair his fence, but it did not bring back his corn.

"If I had leisure," said a wheelwright last winter, "I would alter my stovepipe, for I know it is not safe." But he did not find time, and when his shop caught fire and burnt down, he found leisure to build another.

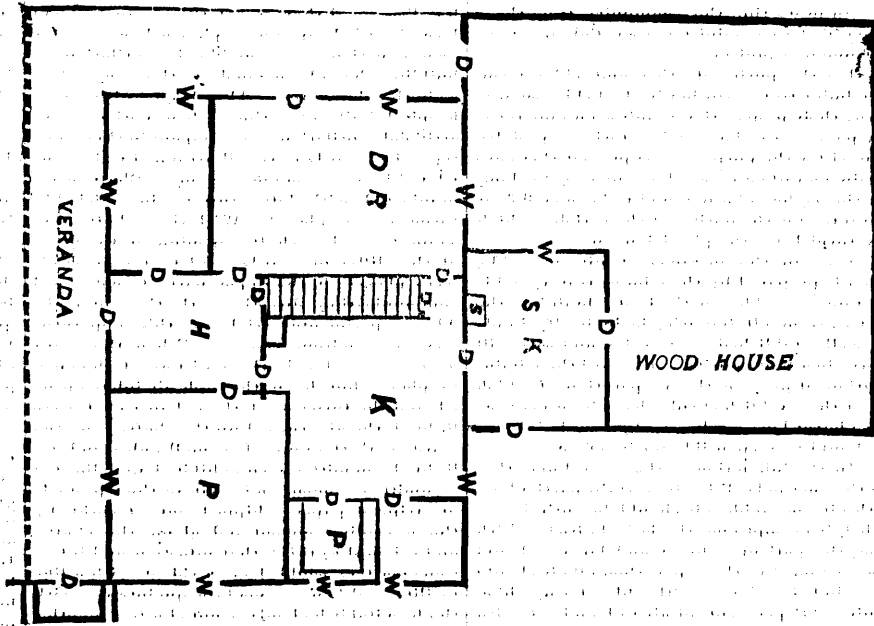
"If I had leisure," said a mechanic, "I should have my work done in season." The man thinks his time has been all occupied, but he was not at work till after sunrise; he quit work at five o'clock, smoked a cigar after dinner, and spent two hours on the street talking nonsense with an idler.

"If I had leisure," said a merchant, "I would pay more attention to my accounts, and try and collect my bills more promptly." The chance is, my friend, if you had leisure you would probably pay less attention to the matter than you do now. The thing lacking with hundreds of farmers who till the soil is, not more leisure but more resolution—the spirit to do, to do now. If the farmer who sees his fence in a poor condition would only act at once, how much might be saved! It would prevent breechly cattle creating quarrels among neighbors, that in many cases terminate in lawsuits which take nearly all they are both worth to pay the lawyers.

The fact is, farmers and mechanics have more leisure than they are aware of, for study and the improvement of their minds. They have the long evenings of winter, in which they can post themselves up on all the improvements of the day, if they will takeably conducted agricultural journals and read them with care. The farmer who fails to study his business and then gets shaved, has none but himself to blame.—*Cor. N. E. Farmer.*

FERTILIZERS.

We have never found any fertilizer that stood the test so well as barnyard manure. Guano and the phosphates answer a good purpose for a few years, but they do not contain all the elements of good manure. Wood-ashes and plaster are also excellent in their place; but the objection to all specific and concentrated fertilizers is that they do not furnish plants with the required variety of food and do not render the soil light and porous, as do more bulky manures. The thorough irrigation of a garden, the laying it up in a finely pulverized, porous state, so that it will absorb air and moisture like a sponge, is a matter of great importance and seldom fully appreciated by young gardeners. This porous condition of the soil enables it to absorb from that great reservoir of fertility, the air, a vast amount of plant food. Plants cannot, however, live on air alone, and many suburban gardeners, who keep no stock, are constantly enquiring: "Where can we get fertilizers?" We answer: If the home resources are carefully utilized, there will seldom be any necessity for purchasing commercial manures. As good poultrette can be manufactured at home as by the Lodi Manufacturing Company. The slops of the chamber and the kitchen, if placed on a compost heap, will go far toward enriching a small garden. If a few hens were kept (and no family with a garden-plot should be destitute of a henery), the droppings of these fowls will be found better than the most of the purchased guano. To economize and extend this domestic guano, the bottom of the henery should be kept well lined with fine charcoal or plaster or coal-ashes, something that will absorb the volatile portions of the manure. Common sods from the road side are excellent for this purpose, and leaf-mold from the forest is super-excellent. If a garden is old, and seems exhausted from long-continued cropping, a coating of well-rotted muck or leaf-mold plowed in, will sometimes give it a new lease of life, and we will warrant a rejuvenation if, together with this muck or leaf-mold, the garden is dressed with a coat of wood-ashes, say at the rate of fifty bushels of unleached or twice this amount of leached to the acre. The ashes should be placed near the surface of the soil. Plaster (sulphate of lime) is one of the cheapest of fertilizers, and we advise every gardener to secure a barrel of plaster in the spring, and sprinkle it on his plants as they shoot out of the ground. It will not only add to their food, but will serve to keep off the legion of insects which prey on the tender leaves. Whenever you cut your potatoes for planting, place them in a barrel, and while the cuts are fresh sprinkle over them a little of this plaster and



PLAN OF FARM-HOUSE.

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

SIR,—Some time since there was an enquiry in the *Witness* for plans of houses and barns. I have as yet seen no response from anyone, and having a little spare time to-day, I thought that I would try my hand. The plan I send you is in its internal arrangement somewhat after the plan of the house I occupy, which is pronounced to be very convenient by all the women that have had to do with it. The plan I now send you is, I think, an improvement on what we have. The veranda, 7 ft. wide, is on the east side and south end. I think that every farm-house ought to have a veranda; it is so pleasant to sit on a summer evening, or indeed at any time when the weather is fine. The approach to the house from the highway goes past the north end of the house, where there is at the door at the end of the veranda a platform convenient for getting out of or into the buggy or sleigh with dry feet; the door at the other end of the veranda opens into the back yard, which is also very convenient. The front door opens into a hall, 13 ft. by 10 ft., in which is a warming and ventilating stove; that is, it admits the air from the outside of the house under the floor and warms it, and is capable of warming the whole house simply by opening any of the doors where you wish the heat to go to.

On the right hand is the parlor, 15 x 15 feet, which is generally is not much used; therefore it need not be very large. I have heard one good lady say that she preferred a small parlor, it looked so much more cozy and comfortable, and was far easier furnished than a large one, and I have heard another lady say, "Give me a small kitchen in which to do my work, and I can do it with less labor, both in the keeping of it clean, and having things handier and less travelling to do." The kitchen here is 15 x 15, and off the kitchen is a pantry 7 x 7½, and a wash or bath room of the same size, in which is the pump for soft water, the cistern being in the cellar below; there is a way for letting off all the water in the cistern by the cellar drain, should it ever be necessary to do so. The wash room is very convenient for anyone who has been at dirty work to shut themselves in and strip and wash with-

give the barrel a shake. The plaster will stick to the watery surface of the potatoes, and our word for it the young shoots will come out of the ground with unawanted vigor.

Soot from the stoves and chimneys is rich in fertilizing material, and when the stoves and pipes are taken down in the spring they should be cleaned and the soot carefully saved. This dirty stuff can easily be changed in the garden into luscious melons or still more luscious peaches. Old mortar from the kitchen walls or any other old walls is rich in fertility. It has been absorbing gases for years, and should never be thrown into the street, as is too often the case. If your neighbors throw their old mortar away, gently rebuke their wastefulness by appropriating it to your own garden and send them a few tomatoes or a dish of strawberries, with an extra coloring and flavor derived from this old mortar. We might go on indefinitely enumerating these home resources for fertility; but we have said enough for the thoughtful, and the heedless would not be benefited should we say more.—*A. Hyde, in Independent.*

HAY.—All observing stock-keepers know that all animals subsisting on pasture and hay are fond of a variety; that all animals, however liberally supplied with the best of hay or the richest and most succulent pasture, will eat more or less of coarse, woody and unpalatable grass and hay. It is common to see

out-interruption. In the rear of the kitchen is the woodhouse, 15 feet wide, which may be of any desired length (it is no better for being too long), with a board partition across it to make a summer kitchen, 15 x 12, in which is the sink, which I think is better there than in the kitchen proper, on account of the smell that, do your best, will come from it sometimes. The stairs go up from the hall to the bedrooms above, and the cellar stairs under them from the kitchen; there is only one chimney to the house, which is placed between the hall and the kitchen; it is nearly in the centre of the house, and ought to be built from the bottom of the cellar, and have a fire-place there, which would be the means of keeping the cellar well ventilated. The small room on the left hand side of the hall, 8 x 15, may be used as a bedroom, store-room or milk room as may be found most convenient. The dining-room and living-room all in one, 22 x 15, is the pleasantest room in the house; here, the newspapers and other reading lie on a side table ready for use at any spare time. This room is handy, too, to the kitchen both winter and summer, so that there is not much travelling for the women in setting the table, &c.; it has a door opening on the veranda to the south, which, in fine weather, makes it very pleasant; this door ought to be double for winter, so should the outside hall door—indeed it would be better to have all the windows double too. There is a lawn for a croquet ground on the east and south sides of the house, where the young folks enjoy themselves at play; said a good lady when she saw it, "It is a great pity to see such a nice piece of land wasted," but I would say to my brother farmers that a lawn and croquet ground is not wasted, and even suppose that they did not get an ounce of grass from it, if, together with the reading they provide inside of the house, should be the means of keeping their boys at home in the evening, instead of going to the "corners;" besides, it adds to the appearance of the house to have nice surroundings. W. J.

P.S.—There ought to be a hole in the chimney near the floor in the hall large enough to allow as much air to escape into the chimney as comes in through the stove, say about 10 inches square.

horses and cattle, and even sheep, that are liberally fed with the best of hay, eat straw and corn fodder with avidity for a change. It has long been a general practice to mix clover and timothy, also clover and orchard-grass seeds, for both pasture and meadow. It is claimed by many that the last two mature so nearly at the same time that they are adapted to being grown together for hay; but I have not found such to be my experience. They do not reach the most profitable stage for hay simultaneously, and to cure them most profitably they require an entirely different process. My greatest success in curing clover hay has been mainly by fermentation, with very little sun or air, but in making orchard-grass hay I have been most successful when I have thoroughly teddered and aired it, and I have never succeeded in making a good quality of hay of it by curing it in the cook. The same is true of clover and timothy when grown together, the clover matures much earlier than the timothy, and the former being generally the greater crop of the two, the first year it is cut for the clover, and the timothy has very little weight or value that early. When each variety is sown separately each may be harvested in the proper stage of growth without loss by cutting another variety prematurely. The hay of the various kinds may be stored separately, so that all may be accessible, and thus the feed of animals may be changed as it is desirable.—*Cor. Germantown Telegraph.*

PRESERVING WOOD BY PAINT OR WHITEWASH.

—A characteristic feature of the farmer of Central Pennsylvania, and even further south, is his general use of whitewash for all farm buildings and outhouses. Even the farms fronting the road for hundreds of feet are lined with fences glistening in the white glare of a permanent coat of whitewash. It is needless to say that there is an indescribable appearance of neatness in the looks of the farm, which betokens much in the way of tasteful improvement. But there is an added advantage in the free use of whitewash besides the mere looks—viz., that it helps very materially to the preservation of the wood from decay. A whitewashed fence will stand the effects of the atmosphere fully twice as long as one not so painted, and in farm economy this feature is most to be looked after by the farmer. We know of no receipt so practical and simple and well adapted to the use of farmers as the following, which was specially recommended by the Lighthouse Board of the Treasury Department. It has been found by experience to answer on wood, brick, and stone nearly as well as oil paint and is much cheaper. Slake half a bushel of unslaked lime with boiling water, keeping it covered during the process. Strain it, and add a peck of salt, dissolved in warm water; three pounds of ground rice put in boiling water and boiled to a thin paste; half a pound of powdered Spanish whiting, and a pound of glue, dissolved in warm water; mix these well together and let the mixture stand for several days. Keep the wash thus prepared in a kettle or portable furnace, and when used put on as hot as possible, with painters' or whitewash brushes.—*Independent.*

COMMON MISTAKES.—What a common mistake it is, amongst even some of our most intelligent men, to select low, sheltered, warm places if possible, whereon to lay out their orchards, quite forgetful of the fact that by so doing they are laying their fruit and other trees all the more liable to the ravages of frost. This may seem paradoxical; but let us examine the philosophy of it. On hills, where the wind blows freely, it tends to restore to plants the heat lost by radiation, which is the reason that hills are not so liable to sharp frosts as are still valleys. When the air is cooled it becomes heavier, and rolling down the sides of the valleys, forms a lake, so to speak, of cold air at the bottom; this adds to the liability of frosts in low places. The coldness is frequently still further increased by the dark and porous nature of the soil in low places, radiating heat faster to the clear sky than the more compact upland. A knowledge of these properties, therefore, teaches us the importance of selecting elevated localities for fruit trees and all crops liable to be cut off by frost; and it also explains the reason why the muck or peat of drained swamps is more subject to frosts than other soils on the same level. Therefore, corn and other tender crops, upon such porous soils must be of the earliest ripening kinds, so as to escape the frosts of spring by late planting, and those of autumn by early maturity.—*Selected.*

THINNING FRUIT.—The persistent advice we have always given to thin your fruit freely, if you wish for good crops and large fruit, is well instanced in the example of a fruit-grower at Union Spring, N. Y. Early in the season he directed his hired man to thin the pears on a row of fifty bearing trees, by taking out one-half of the poorest-looking ones. This was done; but, being a year of great abundance, the thinning was not sufficient. The pears grew so much larger in consequence of the operation as to heavier load and a greater number of bushels than the remaining unthinned trees. He thinks it would have been better to have thinned out one-half the remaining pears by a second operation, both on account of the benefit to the trees by bearing a smaller number of specimens and the great superiority of the fruit and its higher price in the market.—*Independent.*

LEMON PIE.—DELICIOUS.—For four pies: To twelve eggs, whites and yolks, well beaten together, put four teaspoonfuls and eight level tablespoonfuls of white coffee sugar; rub eight level tablespoonfuls of sifted flour into one teaspoonful of cold water; add the grated rind and the juice of six large lemons; mix all together, and bake immediately in one crust. For each pie, beat until stiff the whites of two eggs; add two tablespoonfuls of nice sugar; put on this frosting and bake three minutes.

LEMON CUSTARD PIE.—For two pies: Mix together the yolks of six eggs (well beaten), four heaping tablespoonfuls of white coffee sugar, the grated rind of three large lemons, and about one pint of milk. Bake in one crust; put on a frosting made of the whites of four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of white sugar and the juice of three lemons; bake till the frosting is a pale brown.

LEMON PIE No. 2.—Grated rind and juice of one lemon, beaten yolks of two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar and one of melted butter. Bake in one crust; add a frosting made of the whites of two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar; bake three minutes.



The Family Circle.

MAMIE'S WISH.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

I'd like to be a little bird,
Swinging on a tree,
With leaves and blossoms for my home,
Sweet as sweet, can be.
I'd like to be a bobolink,
Or else a pretty dove;
But, Mamma, dear, I'd rather be
Your precious little love.

I'd like to be a butterfly,
Just a little while,
With great big wings of black and gold—
How I would make you smile!
I'd flutter straight into your room,
And fly and flit and twirl;
But, Mamma, dear, I'd rather be
Your darling little girl.

I'd like to be a lovely rose,
Blooming out for you,
My dainty dress of satin pink
Sparkling with the dew;
I'd like to be a lily-bell,
Or else a violet;
But, Mamma, dear, I'd rather be
Your sweetest little pet.

—Independent.

FANNY'S BIRTHDAY GIFT.

BY JOANNA E. MATHEWS.

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

CHAPTER II. (Continued.)

Yesterday, as Harold was on his way from school, this time alone, Fred Bradford had rushed up to him, and, telling him that he had found the thief that had stolen the book, had him come with him, and he would point him out, and help Harold to "serve him out."

No sooner said than done, Harold followed only too readily, all his anger roused at the thought of meeting with the purloiner of the book.

A boy was sitting upon the lower step of a house, beside him was a rack filled with books. He had thrown off the strap by which it had been slung about his neck, and worn and weary looking, had sat down for a little rest. He looked up as Harold and Fred came near, and stopped suddenly beside him.

"Buy any books, young gentlemen?" he said.

"There," said Fred, neither he nor Harold paying the least attention to the question, "there isn't that?"

"That" was "it," most certainly, as Harold saw at one glance. The book was one too conspicuous to be passed over among the motley and, rather, indifferent collection in the rack; but he made assurance doubly sure by snatching it out without a word to the boy, and opening it at the first fly-leaf. That where his name had been written had been carefully cut out, but there was no mistaking the book; for upon the inner side of the cover was his family coat of arms, drawn and painted by Ella, who had a taste for all such things. The outside of the volume was scuffed and rubbed, as though it had received hard usage since it passed out of the care of its rightful owner.

All the fury of his passionate nature aroused at the defacement of his book, and the sight of the supposed culprit, Harold thundered out,—"You scoundrel you! You thief! I've caught you, have I? I'll pay you off for this?"

Without another word of explanation, or even of accusation, he seized upon the rack, and tossed the books into the middle of the street. A heavy rain had fallen that morning, and the street was still wet and muddy; but even the damage he had wrought by this did not satisfy Harold's desire for vengeance,—punishment he would have called it,—and, conscious of nothing but that, and his own blind fury, he dashed the rack upon the sidewalk, and began kicking the scattered books here and there.

At the first attack upon him, and Harold's seizures of the Macaulay, the young bookseller had looked up astonished, though still without fear; for how was he to guess what was coming upon him? But when he saw the sudden ruin of all his stock, he half rose with a little cry, then sank helplessly back upon the step and covered his face with his hands.

And now Fred saw what he had not noticed before, that the boy was lame, and that a crutch lay beside him. He made no resistance, no attempt to recover or rescue his damaged property; how could he indeed, poor fellow, lame and helpless, and at the mercy of the young tyrant who so fiercely attacked him?

Fred had been shocked at the suddenness and fury of Harold's revenge; and now he was still more so, and hastily tried to interfere, and prevent further hurt to the books. Alas! it was too late. Soiled, rumped, and torn, they lay scattered far and wide in the mud; and Harold's rage was not yet exhausted.

Fred Bradford was himself naturally passionate and heedless, and he still looked upon the boy as a thief who merited little or no mercy; but all his generosity and chivalry were roused at the sight of such reckless cruelty to one so helpless, and he not only called loudly to Harold to desist, but he tried to lay hands upon him and force him to consider what he was about. As well try to hold the wind from blowing as to stop the course of Harold's fury until it had spent itself, after he had once given himself into the power of this familiar demon. It was long since he had given way so; for, to do the boy justice, he had really been striving to keep his temper under control, and for months he had not allowed it to have possession of him in this manner. Terrible had been the consequences of some of his ungoverned passions, many and severe the lessons that he had received, repeated his promises and resolutions; yet again and again had he fallen, and now again once more, after this long interval of watchfulness and care.

This was a quiet street, where there were not many passers-by; and as the whole thing took place in far less time than it has taken to tell it, the destruction of the books was about completed before Harold was brought to a pause. Two ladies had come past, and seeing Harold's rage, and Fred vainly trying to stop him, had said one to the other,—"A school-boy fight; let us hurry on,"—and so "passed by on the other side."

The first thing which brought him to his senses was a loud, stern call from a powerful voice.

"Harold Leroy, are you mad? What is the meaning of this?"

The tone was that of one used to command and to be obeyed, and not accustomed to be trifled with or unheeded; and Harold and Fred, who had both forgotten near whose house they were, turned at the sound.

A tall, stately, military-looking man stood at the top of the steps upon the lower one of which the poor boy sat; his bare head, and the open door behind him, showing that he had been called out by the sight of the extraordinary scene before him.

At sight of him Harold stood ashamed and confounded. There was no man, save his own father, whose eye he would not sooner have met after such an exhibition of temper.

The gentleman looked from him to the poor boy at his feet, then back to Harold and the scattered books and shattered rack, and repeated his question.

"Harold Leroy, what does this mean?"

Harold did not, perhaps could not, answer. His anger was fast cooling down, shame and repentance taking its place; and he had not a word to say, even in his own defence, although he did still feel himself to have just cause of complaint against his victim.

But Fred sprang forward and answered for him.

"O Colonel Rush! he oughtn't, I know he oughtn't; but he was so provoked! He could hardly help it; only he oughtn't to know. But he's a thief, this boy; he stole Harold's Macaulay's Lays; and he's ruined it, and now offering it for sale second-hand, I s'pose, the rascal; and how could a fellow stand it? But I'm sorry I told Harold,—awfully sorry; I ought to have told a policeman. And he's lame too; and, indeed, it's partly my fault, colonel. But we didn't know he was lame."

In spite of his generous defence of his friend, Fred's incoherent speech did not throw much light on the matter; and, although the colonel did believe that Harold might have been very much tried, he could not but see that he must have given way to most unjustifiable passion.

"And so you must take the law into your own hands?" he said sternly to Harold.

"But this boy is a thief, sir," said Fred, as Harold still stood speechless.

"I am not," said the boy indignantly, as he took up his crutch, and putting one hand on the railing of the stoop, raised himself with difficulty to his feet; "I'm not a thief! I never took a thing that did not belong to me in all my life, poor as I am; and the books weren't mine, but another fellow's. He's laid up, and I'm taking them round for him. But he's honest too, I'll be bound Steve is; and he was going to give me half of all I sold. But—here sobs choked his voice—"now I'll have to pay for them, and however will I do it? It's a shame, so it is! and you call yourself a young gentleman, maybe! I wish the police had you, so I do."

He broke down utterly; and, laying his arm upon the railing, bent his head upon it, and sobbed aloud.

And now indeed a policeman appeared upon the scene, and, looking in wonder upon the group and the books, demanded to know the cause of the trouble.

Colonel Rush replied that he did not yet understand it, but he saw that one of the parties in the difficulty—perhaps both—was much in the wrong, and he would soon find out. Ringing the bell, he directed the servant who appeared to pick up the books and rack, ordered all three boys into the house, and told the officer to follow.

As the young book-vendor raised his head, and prepared to obey, the policeman, recognizing him, and exclaimed,

"Halloo, Jerry! Why, is it you, my boy? What's the row?"

"Oh, Mr. Neal! said the boy, "is it you? You'll speak for me, won't you? They say I'm a thief."

"They do, do they?" said the officer; and then turning to the Colonel, he added, "I don't know what's up, sir, but you won't find an honest boy in the city than Jerry Scott. Stand up for you? That I will, my lad. What have they been a taxin' you of?"

"Come in, come in," said the colonel, rather impatiently. "Officer bring the boy in and I will see him righted."

Casting no very favorable eyes upon the two young gentlemen, but looking as if it would afford him a good deal of satisfaction to lay hands upon both, and march them off to the station, the policeman nevertheless obeyed, and helping the lame boy up the steps followed Colonel Rush into the hall of his house. He knew the colonel, and respected him; so was sure that his little friend would find justice at his hands.

CHAPTER III.—JERRY'S HOPES.

"Now," said the colonel, "Fred, you are the coolest of the three, though there is not much to be said for any one of you, and I wish you to give me a straightforward account of this trouble. You two boys will not interrupt him."

Fred did as he was bid, telling of the loss of the Macaulay, and how some of the school-boys had said they had seen a boy with a rack of books slung round his neck, hanging about while they were engaged, at their game of ball. Passing this boy this afternoon, and looking towards his stock, he had noticed the book which he believed to be Harold's lost treasure, and had rushed off to call him, that he might recover his property, if possible. Very reluctantly he began to tell that part of the story which related to Harold's unbridled rage, but the colonel told him this was not the time to tell that part of the story, and Fred closed by once more saying how sorry he was that he had brought Harold to the spot, and excited his anger. Still it was evident that Fred believed the strange boy guilty, spite of his own denial and the testimony to his good character given by the policeman.

Jerry told his story in as straightforward a way as Fred had done. All embarrassment at talking with the strange gentleman was lost sight of in the sense of his own bitter wrongs, and with his friend Neal to uphold him he spoke bravely and coolly; for, great as was the misfortune brought upon him, Colonel Rush had promised to see him "righted," and the policeman had whispered to him that he might be sure he would not be a loser in the end. He did not seem to be revengeful, either, and the colonel was pleased with his manner and way of speaking. He was a slight, delicate-looking boy; and Colonel Rush's pity for him was increased by the sight of his thin, worn face, and his air of great though decent poverty.

He had a friend (it seemed)—the Steve of whom he had spoken, and in whose honesty he seemed to put as much faith as in his own. Steve was employed by a man who kept a new and second-hand book-stall, to sell books about the streets, in the cars, or at the railroad depots. He was obliged to leave the value of the books with the man, who paid him so much on every volume he sold during the week. If the books should be lost or injured, of course Steve had to pay all they were worth.

On the day before this, Steve was jumping on a car just as it started, when he was thrown down, and quite badly hurt. It would be some days before he was able to get on his rounds again; and, knowing Jerry to be in want of a job, he had proposed to him to carry round his rack of books, promising him the half of all he earned. Jerry had gladly accepted the offer. This was only his first day; he had sold but one book; and now the rest were ruined. Steve must pay for them; and he must pay Steve, who was a poor boy himself, and could by no means afford to lose even one day's earnings much less such a sum as this.

And where even the beginning of the payment was to come from poor Jerry could not tell, and here he quite broke down again.

Poor boy, his whole face and air told a tale of suffering and want; yet he made no show of complaint, nor did he ask more than his just due in the matter of the books.

Harold could not but believe his story; it

had the stamp of truth in every particular; and his remorse was now great for the consequences of his unbridled passion. However it might be with Steve, it was plainly to be seen that Jerry had not stolen the Macaulay.

So at least the colonel judged; so the policeman was ready to declare; and so both the other boys were now willing to believe. The policeman said, also, that he had often seen Steve, and knew nothing against him, nor did he believe him to be a thief.

"But who is the man he gets his books from?" he asked Jerry.

Jerry answered that he did not know the man's name, but he kept his stall on the corner of such and such a street.

"Humph!" said Neal, "that's him, is it? Well, Jerry, my advice to you is to keep clear of that fellow and all his belongings, and tell your friend Steve he'd better do the same."

"Steve don't seem to trust him too much," said Jerry. "He says he's always wanting to cut his pay short, telling him the books have been scuffed, and such like. When he can find something else to do, he's going to cut loose from him."

"He'd better," said the policeman. "The police has their eye on him."

"You think him dishonest, then," said Colonel Rush.

"A receiver of stolen goods, sir," said the officer. "Leastways, he's suspected; though nothing has been proved against him as yet. I hope he hasn't been getting Steve into mischief."

And he looked with rather a doubtful eye on Harold's book, which now lay on the hall-table, at the colonel's elbow.

"Oh, no, I don't believe he has," said Harold, as eager now to make amends for his unjust suspicions as he had before been eager to avenge his wrongs on the supposed culprit.

Perhaps it is as well to say here, in a few words, that it was afterwards proved that neither Jerry nor Steve had taken the book.

It had been taken by another boy, who was employed by the man who kept the book-stall. This man was proved also to be, as Neal said, a receiver of stolen goods, and a rascal who tempted his boys to steal whenever they could, and then paid them a small sum for such books as they procured in that way and brought to him. Seeing that Steve appeared to be an honest boy, he had not as yet ventured to propose such a thing to him; though there is little doubt that he would in time have tried to corrupt him.

"Well," said the colonel, turning to Harold, when Jerry had told his story, "well, Harold, what are we to do now? These poor boys cannot bear the loss of the books. They are responsible for them, whether the man has come honestly by them, or no."

"I will make it right, sir," said Harold; "I will make it right, of course. I will pay for the books; but—but I'm afraid I can't do it all at once."

And Harold gave a rueful look at the pile of soiled and defaced books, which the colonel's servant had gathered up and brought in, and which now lay, a sorry sight, upon the marble-tiled floor of the hall. "I'll give him my allowance as fast as I get it, colonel," he continued, "but I have only half of this month's and I shall only have half of three months to come. You see, sir,—it was hard for Harold to make this confession, and he blurted it out at once, thinking to have done with it,—"you see, I ran in debt, and had to tell my father. It wasn't the first time, and papa paid it for me; but he has stopped half my allowance until it is made up, and he said he wouldn't help me out of such a fix again. My allowance was paid a day or two since, and Jerry shall have every cent of it to go as far as it will to pay for the books."

"This is a bad business, Harold," said Colonel Rush, gravely. "I do not suppose these boys can wait." Then, turning to Jerry, he asked,—

"When must Steve settle with this man?"

"On Saturday night, sir."

"And how much were your books worth?" asked the colonel.

Jerry pulled from his pocket a little memorandum-book, in which Steve had set down the price of each volume as a guide to Jerry in making his sales, and handed it to the colonel.

"I sold one copy of this, sir," he said, "so, if you please, you can take it off what I have lost. I'm afraid there isn't one there will sell now. Steve says many a one likes a book second-hand as well as new if they get it at less price, and don't care if it's a bit scuffed; but muddled like that!—I'm afraid there wouldn't one sell now."

"I am afraid not," said the colonel; and, taking the list from the boy's hand, he ran his eye over it, adding together the prices of the books, until he had the value of the whole.

He told Harold the sum, and the boy heard with dismay that it would take the whole of

his diminished allowance for four months to pay for the books. Of course Steve could not wait for that length of time. What was he to do?"

"See here, Hal," said Fred Bradford, "I ought to shoulder half of that. It's my fault any way: if I had not told you, and been mad myself, you wouldn't have been in such a box. I'll pay half, old fellow. But Harold ought to have back his own book, colonel,—ought he not?—and not pay one cent for it either."

"Of course he must have his book," said Colonel Rush, turning to the policeman. "There will be no objection to that."

"Certainly, sir," said Neal; "but, if you please, I'll take the book first, and settle with that fellow about it. The young gentleman shall have it back, all right."

Harold thought that his book was any thing but "all right," as he looked at the marred binding, which had evidently been purposely injured to make it appear like a second-hand book. But poor Harold, now that he was in his right senses, felt that he was not the one who had most cause of complaint; and he said no word of his own wrongs. He agreed that the policeman should take the book, and try to discover the thief; but, after a little more talk between the colonel and Neal, it was decided that nothing should be done about it until Saturday, when it was time for Steve to give in his account.

Then the policeman went away, saying he knew the colonel and the young gentleman would "make it all right with Jerry."

But how to do this immediately, was the question. Harold, as has been said, could not at once pay the needful sum; and Jerry and Steve could wait no longer than Saturday morning. Mr. Leroy was from home, and was not expected to return until Saturday evening; so that poor Harold saw no way out of his difficulty. He positively refused Fred's offers of help, although the latter pressed it upon him; nor did Colonel Rush quite see the justice of Fred's paying a part of the penalty of Harold's sin.

Nor would Harold borrow either from Fred or the colonel, although the latter did offer to satisfy Jerry's claims, and let the debt be to him. He had given a solemn promise to his father, he said, that he would not again run in debt; and he would find some other way than this.

He did see one loop-hole out of his trouble, but it was one which he was most unwilling to take, and he did not mention it at present.

At last it was decided that Harold and Jerry should meet at Colonel Rush's house on the next Saturday, when, in some way, the money must be ready for Steve, and the matter settled with justice to all.

(To be Continued.)

TITHES OF ALL WE POSSESS.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLASS.

Mr. Sherburne knitted his brows, gave a sigh, and leaned back in his chair. Mrs. Sherburne started from her knitting and her thoughts, and said in a rather anxious tone:

"What is it, Walter?"

"The same old story." There was a peculiar discouragement in his voice. "Another deficiency, as I supposed there would be, although it is larger than I imagined."

"How much?"

"One hundred and twenty odd dollars, and the insurance; well, say one hundred and fifty. I made a good deal of allowance in the summer because so many people were away and the collections small. And now it is worse than then."

She had been thinking before her husband spoke of what she would do this spring. She was tired of the green and gold in the library, so she would have a pretty drab moquette carpet with a blue border, chairs to match, the edges relieved with blue gimp, blue and pearl damask lambrequins over the white curtains, and blue picture cords. How lovely the room would look!

"It's too bad," she said as a blue and silvery haze floated through her brain.

"I am willing and glad to contribute my share, always, but it is putting your hand in your pocket continually. Expenses must be lowered somehow."

"And Mr. Murray's salary is only eighteen hundred. You can't very well begin there. We could not live on that."

"No, we could not have the face to offer him any less," and Mr. Sherburne smiled over his perplexity.

"There must be something wrong about the giving," said Mr. Sherburne, thoughtfully. "It seems as if we were giving all the time. The congregation is small, to be sure, and it comes harder upon those who can afford to give—"

"All can contribute something. I mean to have a good talk at the next meeting."

"I suppose we give away a tenth, at least?"

"Oh, more than that," returned Mr. Sherburne. "And if every one did—"

She rose, and opened a drawer in her dainty writing-desk, taking therefrom an account book.

"Walter," she said, with a smile, "just to be certain, let us count up our charities for the last year. Your income was—how much? At least you said you had invested three thousand outside of your business."

"Yes and we spent nearly five; call it eight thousand."

"I think we have," she returned slowly, "but let us be sure. We may owe a little," and she smiled archly.

Some moments of silent calculation elapsed. The Sherburnes were quite methodical in their habits, and always kept an account of expenses.

"Two hundred and thirty," said Mrs. Sherburne.

"Three hundred and ninety-seven," said Mr. Sherburne.

"Which only makes six hundred and twenty-seven," exclaimed Mrs. Sherburne in surprise.

Mr. Sherburne laughed. "I would not have believed it," he declared, good naturedly, and yet a little annoyed. "So we owe enough to make up the deficiency. And yet it seems as if we had given continually the past year. There was one hundred toward the debt, and our yearly subscription of two hundred—"

"We have not given it all to the church," said Mrs. Sherburne. "There have been some private charities. But you know we resolved when we were married to devote one-tenth of our income to the Lord's work."

"And I have never regretted it. My income was three thousand a year then, and though I am not rich, I feel that I have prospered abundantly."

"How much do you suppose our church expenses are in the course of the year?" she asked.

"I can tell you very soon," turning to his books. "For pastor's salary, eighteen hundred, sexton, music and incidentals, five hundred, and a floating debt of four hundred has been paid. Three thousand a year would be ample and allow us a little on the church debt."

"There are in our congregation at least five men who have as large an income as you."

"The Thompsons and the Wests are much richer. I have no real estate besides this house."

"Granting that each one gave five hundred, which would still allow a margin for outside charities, you see there would be three thousand immediately."

Mr. Sherburne glanced up in surprise.

"Then there are five families who spend perhaps two thousand a year, and twenty perhaps who spend a thousand, and quite a number of poor people, though very few who are destitute. So it seems to me that our regular church income ought to be between three and four thousand without any special effort."

"What a calculator you are! I have never looked upon it quite in that light."

"I had occasion to go to the laundry this afternoon while Mrs. Briggs was ironing. She asked me for some old clothes for a poor woman whose husband had died suddenly, and we had a little talk about giving. She said she had always considered it a sacred duty to lay by one-tenth of all she earned, which she did every Saturday night. She earns from eight to ten dollars a week. That must be a great sacrifice to her, although it is a great pleasure as well. Her whole heart is in the cause. And the Apostolic injunction was 'to lay by as we were prospered.' God has blessed us in every respect—in health, prosperity, happiness, and our two lovely children. Surely we can do this for the sake of Him who died while we were yet sinners. Even if it is for a poor, struggling church, it is for His sake as well."

"A very good sermon, my dear," said Mr. Sherburne. "I am almost sorry that you cannot come to the meeting to-morrow night and explain the matter in this straightforward way. Why, if we church members, we Christian men and women, gave one-tenth even, which surely is not so wonderful a sum, there would be no want in our churches. We should not have to preach begging sermons, and there would be a surplus in the treasury for the calls of our needy brethren. And if such a woman as Mrs. Briggs, with a hopeless invalid son, can do it, surely we more fortunate people ought."

"And we surely mean to try," she said with a sweet smile, her face still flushed and her eyes bright yearning.

"I'll never complain again until I have looked over my accounts," said Mr. Sherburne. "I am afraid our charities appear much larger to our partial eyes than they really are. Neither will I add what I ought to give with what I have given."

Melrose was a pretty city suburb. The residents had found it rather inconvenient to go down town two or three times on a Sunday. By degrees two or three chapels had been built. Mr. Sherburne and several of his brethren had resolved theirs should be free. Subscriptions paid monthly or quarterly, and collections at

the principal services, were the chief dependence. For two years there had been considerable enthusiasm, but now it was an old story. "You are always begging," one member after another would say; and Mr. Sherburne being treasurer, sometimes found his task hard and ungracious.

But he went to the meeting the next evening with a light heart, and a check for one hundred and seventy-five dollars in his pocket. The pastor's monthly stipend was due, the last quarter to the sexton, the insurance, part of an unpaid coal bill, and several small odds and ends.

The brethren glanced at each other in dismay.

"There must be some unpaid subscriptions," said one.

"The collections have fallen off a good deal," said another.

"It seems as if we were making special efforts all the time," said Mr. West in a rather dissatisfied tone.

Mr. Sherburne rose in his grave, quiet fashion.

"Brethren," he began, "I have a few words to say on this subject. Last evening my wife and I had a little talk. We resolved long ago that since the Jews gave a tenth of their substance toward religious purposes, we as Christians could do no less on principle. Even this to my mind does not cover the whole ground. It seldom compels us to cast into the Lord's treasury all that we have. Mrs. Sherburne and I were quite sure that we had kept our pledge the past year, but come to look over our accounts we were surprised to find quite a deficit on our side. I am very happy to make an offering of this amount to-night, which more than covers our indebtedness. And I am resolved never to complain of giving largely again until I have given more than a tenth of my income. Some of our poorest members do this, and I for one will not be ashamed by the widow's two mites."

Then he began to do up the separate parcels in envelopes and address them. There was a hush of silence in the room.

"Brother Sherburne, I expected to help make up the deficiency," said Mr. West. "We must not allow you all the generosity."

"Mine is a just debt," replied Mr. Sherburne. "I hardly call it generosity until we give more than we can afford, and feel the pinch somewhere."

"You may add another hundred to my yearly subscription," exclaimed Mr. West.

"And to mine," said Mr. Landor. "I confess that I have not come up to the Scriptural injunction in giving. It has sometimes seemed a hardship to me to be importuned for one thing and another, yet I have prospered year after year. I have hardly thought of myself as a steward of the Lord."

The ground being once broken, the brethren began to compare notes. They could not help but see that with an average of much less than one-tenth they would be in a very prosperous condition. It was a personal question with them, and it was not necessary to gauge their benevolence by what brother Smith or brother Brown did. They parted with a warm and heartfelt shake of the hand, each resolved to do a little better in the future.

The church at Melrose prospered abundantly. One and another wondered what could be the secret of its success. They gave to the missionary cause, to their poorer brethren; little debts were wiped out, and salaries paid promptly. Yet the congregation was scarcely above the average of ordinary churches in pretty country towns, not to be called a poor church, but many with as available resources fall into a languishing state. The pastor is disheartened, the brethren are always importuning.

Is it right: If we felt the matter as obligatory upon us as the Jews did, would the cause drag wearily? If we laid by as we were prospered, think of our Lord and Master first, would it seem a heavy burden to us, and grievous to be borne? Ah, this fund, this tenth, would be the most precious part of our earnings, the most joyous of all our gifts. We should not lay it grudgingly upon the altar and glance at it with longing eyes that strangely enough magnify it to twice the amount. For "the Lord loveth the cheerful giver."—*Methodist*

COMMON SENSE IN EDUCATION.

BY REV. E. SHEPPARD, MAPLETON, ONTARIO.

When a young man has completed his education and goes forth, into the midst of the realities of life, to exercise his calling, or fulfill the duties of his profession, he will find innumerable cases in which he cannot be guided by technical rules alone, but must use, also, a measure of judgment and tact to adopt or vary the rules of art to the peculiarity or emergency of the case he may have in hand.

Or, setting aside success, it is necessary in order to save ourselves from ridicule, to see that an application of learning is not in opposition to the plain perception of common sense. This has long since been strikingly illustrated

in the vanity of the sophistical youth, who, fresh from college, anxious to display his logical attainments, proved to his father that a horse chestnut is a chestnut horse, but who received a good lesson in common sense by his father giving him a saddle and bridle and a horse chestnut, that he might enjoy a ride as a reward for his proficiency!

During many years experience as a member of the Board of Public Instruction and as superintendent of schools, the writer has had abundant reason to notice and lament the great lack of good sense, in the candidates for certificates, and in the teachers engaged in teaching school. Many who could furnish good answers in the regular routine work of the different branches, would write the most absolute nonsense in answer to questions which required the exercise of judgment and the dictates of common experience. The writer remembers some cases that were so very silly that they may probably be attributed merely to nervousness or absence of mind.

Let two illustrations suffice.—Printed question, "What relation was Abraham to Jacob?" Answer, by the erudite candidate, "His grandmother!" Question in grammar, "What is plural of woe?" Answer, (probably by some learned old bachelor), "Women!" In the course of one examination a series of instances nearly as absurd, and which were undoubtedly attributable to bad mental training, presented themselves to the annoyance of the examiners. And then in the school-house the teacher might be seen hobbling on the crutches of definitions, rules and keys, or strutting on the stilts of scholastic idealism, instead of moving onward in the exercise of good practical judgment and common sense. Of course, when there are these deficiencies in the instructor, the pupils must lack a very important element in their education, an element too, which is so very apt to be overlooked and neglected in after life, that an educated man may be a learned simpleton. The reader must have met with many such in all the different vocations of life.

The educated farmer who prides himself upon his knowledge of agricultural chemistry and vegetable philosophy, who can talk by the hour, most philosophically, upon the organic and inorganic elements of soils, the proper rotation of crops, and the utility of artificial manures to supply the needed constituents of plants to the soil which nourishes them, and yet allows his vulgar, common place dung heaps to accumulate, year after year, at his stable doors, under the dropping of the eaves and the flowing of

spouts, the water carrying away the vegetable substance of the manure into the stagnant ditches of his barn yard,—had better with all his getting—get a small portion of common sense.

To remedy as far as possible, the great deficiency we are illustrating, the teacher of the young should be thoroughly practical and sensible, both in precept and example. Everything should be called by its common name. The general nature and bearing of all that is thought should be constantly kept before the pupil, that the end in view may not be lost sight of, in a cloud of details, or by a thick mist of logomachy.

The exercises in each branch should be so varied that the scholar must think for himself, in order to apply the rules he has learned. The exercises, too, should, whenever it is compatible, be of the commonplace character, connected with the wants and experiences of common life. All readings and recitations should be in a natural voice. All lessons should be learned by mind not "by heart." Memory must not supersede judgment and discernment. The learner should know that education is for the man and not man for the education; that success in life depends not alone on the amount of knowledge obtained, but in the amount of wisdom used in its application.—*Ontario Teacher.*

THE GOOD FELLOW.

We wonder if "The Good Fellow" ever mistrusts his goodness, or realizes how selfish, how weak, how unprincipled, and how bad a fellow he truly is. He never regards the consequences of his acts as they relate to others, and especially those of his family friends. Little fits of generosity towards them are supposed to atone for all his misdeeds, while he inflicts upon them the disgraces, inconveniences, and burdens which attend a selfishly dissolute life. The invitation of a friend, the taunts of good-natured boon companions, the temptations of jolly fellowship, these are enough to overcome all his scruples, if he has any scruples, and to lead him to ignore all the possible results to those who love him best, and who must care for him in sickness and all the unhappy phases of his selfish life.

The Good Fellow is notoriously careless of his family. Any outside friend can lead him whithersoever he will—into debauchery, idleness, vagabondage. He can ask a favor, and it is done. He can invite him into disgrace,

and he goes. He can direct him into a job of dirty work, and he straightway undertakes it. He can tempt him into any indulgence which may suit his vicious whims, and, regardless of wife, mother, sister, who may be shortened in their resources so as legitimately to claim his protecting hand,—regardless of honorable father and brother,—he will spend his money, waste his time, and make himself a subject of constant and painful anxiety, or an unmitigated nuisance to those alone who care a straw for him. What pay does he receive for this shameful sacrifice? The honor of being considered a "Good Fellow," with a set of men who would not spend a cent for him if they should see him starving, and who would laugh over his calamities. When he dies in the ditch, as he is most likely to die, they breathe a sigh over the swill they drink, and say, "After all, he was a Good Fellow."

The feature of the Good Fellow's case which makes it well nigh hopeless, is, that he thinks he is a Good Fellow. He thinks that his pliable disposition, his readiness to do other good fellows a service, and his jolly ways, atone for all his faults. His love of praise is fed by his companions, and thus his self-complacency is nursed. Quite unaware that his good fellowship is the result of his weakness; quite unaware that his sacrifice of honor, and the honor and peace of his family, for the sake of outside praise is the offspring of the most heartless selfishness; quite unaware that his disregard of the interests and feelings of those who are bound to him by the closest ties of blood, is the demonstration of his utterly unprincipled character, he carries an unruffled, or a jovial front, while hearts bleed or break around him. Of all the scamps society knows, the traditional good fellow is the most despicable. A man who for the sake of his own selfish delights, or the sake of the praise of careless or unprincipled friends, makes his home a scene of anxiety and torture, and degrades and disgraces all who are associated with him in his home life, is, whether he knows it or not, a brute. If a man cannot be loyal to his home, and to those who love him, then he cannot be loyal to anything that is good. There is something mean beyond description, in any man who cares more for anything in this world than the honor, the confidence, and love of his family. There is something radically wrong in such a man, and the quicker, and the more thoroughly he realizes it, in a humiliation which bends him to the earth in shame and confusion, the better for him. The traditional good fellow is a bad fellow from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. He is as weak as a baby, vain as a peacock,

and as imprudent as a child. He has not one redeeming trait upon which a reasonable self-respect can be built and braced.

Give us the bad fellow, who stands by his personal family honor, who sticks to his own, who does not "treat" his friends while his home is in need of the money he wastes, and who gives himself no indulgence of good fellowship at the expense of duty! A man with whom the approving smile of a wife, or mother, or sister, does not weigh more than a thousand crazy bravos of boon companions, is just no man at all.—*Scribner's*.

LORD CHANCELLOR ERSKINE.

Back to England in 1772, he figured for a season in society in London, was introduced to Dr. Johnson, and, as Boswell tells us, had the honor of wrangling with that incomparable gossip and disputant. In 1773 he was promoted to be a lieutenant in his regiment, and again was kept on the move from town to town. This idling away of existence, as he felt it to be, was irksome and hopeless. He could not buy steps in the service. Was he to live and die a lieutenant? No; something better must be thought of. Meditating on the awkwardness of his position, he one day, by way of a little recreation, entered a court-room in which the town assizes were held. This was in August, 1774. He was dressed in his regimentals, and attracted the attention of the presiding judge, Lord Mansfield, who, on learning that he was a son of the late Earl of Buchan, invited him to sit on the bench beside him and, further, took some pains to explain to him the nature of the case that was being tried. This was the turning-point in Erskine's fate. He suddenly grasped at the idea of studying for the law, and from what he saw and heard, felt assured that he could have little difficulty in excelling the barristers to whose pleadings he had just listened.

A new chapter now opens in the life of Erskine. He had tried two means of livelihood, and they had failed. A third was now to be attempted. The hazard was considerable. His brothers were uneasy at his resolution; but his mother, with a consciousness of his abilities, had no fears as to the result.

There were several difficulties to be encountered. He would, in the first place, require to study three years for the degree of M.A. at Oxford or Cambridge; then he must be admitted as a law student at Lincoln's Inn.

How was all this to be accomplished while he was still in the army, and where was the money to come from to pay his fees? These untoward obstructions were successfully overcome. He procured leave of absence for six months from his regiment; and, as regards the routine of study at the university, we believe he derived some privileges in virtue of his birth. He got through his terms at Cambridge, and at last he sold his commission for a sum which gave him a lift onward. It needed it all. He had a wife with an increasing family. They were stowed away in lodgings at Kentish Town, one of the north-west suburbs of London, and the whole, as well as himself, practised the most rigorous economy. Looking at the position in which he was placed, with absolutely no friends to aid in his advancement, we can scarcely picture anything more lonely or depressing. Erskine, however, had in him the right stuff, out of which great men are buoyed to the surface. All he needed was a lucky chance to bring himself into a blaze of notoriety.

In July, 1778, he was called to the bar, and for some months he underwent certain private discipline as a pleader. In November, the lucky chance came, and it did so in a way so curious and unforeseen as to deserve special notice. Being invited to spend the day with a friend, Mr. Moore, he was on his way to do so, when, in leaping across a ditch in Spa Fields, he slipped his foot and sprained his ankle. In much pain he was carried home, and the engagement at his friend's house was necessarily broken off. Towards the evening, he felt himself so much recovered that he resolved to join a dinner-party for which an invitation had been received in the course of the day. He went—the inducement to dine at home not being particularly great. It happened to be a large dinner-party. There was much lively conversation, with sallies of wit, in which Erskine shone with his accustomed brilliance. He made a favorable impression on Captain Baillie, an old salt, whom he had never seen before. Baillie was full of his own story. It was a case of oppression. For having, in a printed statement, shown up certain gross abuses in the administration of Greenwich Hospital, he had, through the influence of Lord Sandwich, the First Lord, been suspended by the Board of Admiralty, and a prosecution for libel now impended over him in the Court of King's Bench. Discovering that Erskine had been a sailor, and was now called to the bar, he, without saying a word on the subject, determined to have him for one of his counsel.

Next day, while sitting in a despondent mood, Erskine heard a smart knock at the door. An attorney's clerk enters, and puts into his hand a paper along with a golden guinea. It was a retainer for the defendant in the case of the King v. Baillie. Any one can imagine his delight at the unexpected circumstance. The guinea, his first fee, was treasured as a family keepsake. At first he was not aware that there were to be along with him four senior counsel, each of whom would speak before him; and a knowledge of the fact was rather discouraging. Still he studied and mastered the case, his acquaintanceship with sea-affairs and seamen adding zest to his mode of treatment. Before the case came on, three of the seniors were for a compromise. Erskine resolutely stood out. He saw his game. At the debate in court, before Lord Mansfield, these seniors were dry and prosy. The fourth, Mr. Hargrave, began to speak, but he was compelled to leave by indisposition. It was too late to do any more that day, and the case was adjourned, which was fortunate, for the court would next day listen unjaded to Erskine's line of argument.

On the day following, 24th November, 1778, the great day of Erskine's triumph, the case was left to his guidance. He stepped forward modestly, and, in a pleasing tone of voice, stated that he appeared as junior counsel for the defence, and begged to be heard. He was unknown to every one, except, it might be, to Lord Mansfield, who, on a former occasion, had shown him some polite attention. Warning as he advanced in his argument he, in a flood of forensic eloquence, in bitter but just terms pointed out the infamy of Lord Sandwich's proceedings, and besought the court to do justice to the object of his oppression. Instead of deprivation of office, fine, and imprisonment, poor Baillie deserved the highest approbation. The man," he said, "deserves a palace instead of a prison who prevents the palace built by the public bounty of his country from being converted into a dungeon, and who sacrifices his own security to the interest of humanity and virtue." The force, the truth of this eloquent harangue, produced an impression almost unprecedented. The court, crowded with men of distinction, was mute with astonishment. The speech was without rant, or mouthing, or any indecorum. It was fervid, elegant, and convincing; for it came from the heart, and was free from any of the hackneyed arts of a practised barrister. As the best tribute to so much eloquence, the case against

the defendant was discharged. Baillie came off victorious. Erskine's fortune was made. As he left the court, and walked down Westminster Hall, attorneys pressed around him with briefs and fees. In the morning he was poor and comparatively unknown. In the evening he was famed, and in the way of making several thousands a year. Some one asked him how he had the courage to speak with such boldness to Lord Mansfield. The answer he gave has been immortalized. He said: "Because I thought my little children were plucking at my gown; and that I heard them saying, 'Now, father, is the time to give us bread.'"

After this, Erskine pursued a successful career at the bar, without, as was remarked, incurring either envy or detraction. His good temper and gentility of manner made him a universal favorite. In 1779 he was employed in defence of Admiral Lord Keppel, who had been wrongfully accused of misconduct at the battle with the French fleet off Ushant. He was successful in getting a verdict of acquittal; and, full of gratitude for his zeal and industry, Keppel presented him with a thousand pounds.—*Chambers' Journal*.

INTELLIGENT DOGS.

Jim is a large brown-and-white mastiff, with an intelligent face, short, alert ears, wide-awake eyes, and a general air that seems to betoken that he considers himself master of the situation. Somewhat, perhaps, on the "love-me-love-my-dog" principle, he has been much petted by the family across the way. Whenever the young gentlemen of the house called upon Miss Ida, Jim went also, and in summer watched proceedings through the lower parlor window from his position on the piazza, and in winter from the warmest corner of the hearth-rug. When the family were invited to dinner, Jim was included as a matter of course, and was regaled with many dainty bits from the table as he sat behind the hostess's chair. Although usually very chary of making new friends, Jim was on excellent terms with the gentle, pale-faced lady, who never passed him without some kindly notice, and when she ran in for a call invariably escorted her home. When she sickened and died, the other day, Jim shared in the general sorrow, and lay on the porch for hours regarding the house opposite with an unwonted look of grief on his grave face. The morning of the funeral he went to the house, and during prayers stood in the most dignified manner near the casket that contained all that was mortal of his lovely friend; then followed decorously behind the procession to the church, where although he had never been inside the door before, he walked gravely up the broad aisle and took his place in the pew with his master, where he sat wide awake through the service, and then walked beside the mourners to the grave, seeming by his demeanor to realize fully the solemnity of the occasion. After the burial he trotted gravely home, with the self-satisfaction of the dog that had done his duty.

Nig is a large, handsome fellow, without a white hair to mar the beauty of his shining black coat; and Tige is a black-and-white water spaniel, that lives next door, and with which Nig is very intimate. You have heard the old saying that "dogs never trade bones," but these dogs are a living illustration of the falsity of that statement. One day, when a beef-bone had been given to Nig, he laid it down behind the garden fence and ran off up the street, presently returning with Tige. They both examined the dainty morsel, tasted and smelt of it; when Nig lay down beside it, while Tiger ran home and came back immediately with a large pork-bone, with which Nig expressed his satisfaction by commencing to gnaw, while Tige took the beef-bone and trotted complacently homeward. They not only trade, but frequently make each other presents of food, and they sometimes gnaw the same bone, first one and then the other regaling themselves.

Pinto is a proud little English coach-dog, living up the street, and, being rather smaller, the two cronies seldom condescend to notice him. The other day, however, Tige and Pinto walked out together around some of Pinto's favorite haunts, and, wishing to show off, I suppose, he dug up a bone which he had laid by for a rainy day, looked at his companion boastfully, as much as to say "Don't you wish it was yours," and ran off to hide it in a new place. Tige elevated his nose as if such puppyish actions were entirely beneath his dignity, and went prospecting for woodchucks in the bank near by. Pinto hid his bone, and, giving his companion the slip, ran for home across the orchard. Tige watched him out of sight, very coolly unearthed the prize and trotted proudly home with it, where I have no doubt he shared it with his friend Nig.

I know of a Newfoundland dog which

rocks the cradle, and is thus of great assistance to his mistress; and of a St. Bernard dog which takes the baby out to ride, drawing the carriage back and forth a beaten path as carefully as a child. Several years ago there was a black-and-tan, called Ned, which lived on Emery street, in Springfield. His master worked for Wason, and Ned always went to the corner of the street to meet him at noon and night. He would lie and sleep quietly, not regarding the whistles of the numerous locomotives and manufactories in the least, until Wason's oar-shop whistle sounded. Then Ned would spring for the door, and, when let out, would run to the corner and wait till his master came, never venturing on Main street alone.—*N. Y. Independent*.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE.

Care should be taken in the selection of the site to have it central, not in too public a place, in a dry locality, neither marshy, nor yet sandy. The lot should be oblong in shape, say 8 rods front and 10 deep, the schoolhouse should be placed about two-thirds of the way back from the road. The building should face the south, if possible, having windows on the sides only, and a blank wall at either end. This secures a good arrangement of light, each pupil having it on his right hand in the fore noon, and his left in the afternoon, and the blank wall in front of him to relieve his eyes. Desks and seats for two each, arranged in rows with aisles between and set in an oblique or diamond-shaped form, facing the front door, will be found the most convenient and most in conformity with anatomic and hygienic principles. Blackboards should be made in the wall, and should be entirely across the end of the room, behind the Teacher's desk, as well as additional ones for the memoranda on either side. For the practical and successful teacher there cannot be too much black board. It has been invariably my experience that where there is a lack of practicality in arithmetic or grammar, and a want of style in putting down work, I could trace it to the neglect of the use of this most indispensable article of school-furniture. Were I, as a teacher, to have the choice of putting out of the school the Blackboard or the text-books on arithmetic and grammar, I would unhesitatingly sacrifice the latter and feel satisfied that I had retained the most practical means of imparting instruction. Heat and ventilation are very important particulars to be taken into consideration in the erection and management of our schools. No scientific fact is more surely demonstrated than that the constant breathing of impure air is a prolific cause of pulmonary and other diseases. In an ill-ventilated room, such as is the case in most of our country schools, the physical and mental powers become languid, the face flushes, the head burns, the blood becomes feverish, and nausea and fainting are most likely to ensue. Under such circumstances mental activity and energy are impossible. The remarks of Mr. Newton Bateman, the superintendent of Schools for the State of Illinois, are so pertinent to the objects with which I am dealing that I cannot do better than quote an extract. He says:—"When disease invades our herds, State legislatures and national conventions make haste to investigate the cause and remedy the scourge, and they do well—gigantic pecuniary interests are involved. And yet, consumption no more surely visits ill-ventilated and over-crowded stock-yards and cattle-trains, than it does our schoolhouses when subject to the same conditions. Keen-eyed self-interest watches the progress and ravages of the cattle plague, counts the beasts it destroys, and with loud voices tells the public of its loss. But who notes the insidious forms of disease which makes victims of our children in the very places where physical education, as well as intellectual, should be realized? or who counts the little graves, or tells the people of their danger? Many a parent lays his little darling in the dust, and in desolation of soul muses on the ways of Providence, when the stifling terrors of the place which for weary months or years had been silently sapping the pillars of the little one's life should have suggested more earthly themes for meditation to the sorrowing father. There is no excuse for unventilated or badly ventilated schoolhouses. Other accommodations and comforts are more or less expensive; this one is not. Every school-house, large or small, humble or elegant, costly or cheap, may have a plentiful supply of pure fresh air, almost without money and without price. If provided for in the original plan of the building, good ventilation may be had, with very little if any additional cost; and even in most existing buildings the consequences of neglect upon this vital point may be remedied, partially at least, with but a small outlay. But be the cost what it may, pure air is a necessity of health, both mental and physical, and no Board of School Directors in the State should be allowed to neglect it with impunity."—*From report of H. I. Slack, Esq., M. A., Inspector, Lanark*.

SELECTIONS.

—St. Mark's gospel, which is the subject of the next six months' lessons, has been discussed quite exhaustively by theologians from an historical point of view. Its origin and the career of the evangelist, however, remain obscure as ever. It is generally supposed that the gospel was written at Rome between the years of A.D. 60 and 70, under Peter's direction, with whom Mark was a co-worker. This is the shortest of the four gospels, and in some respects is the minutest in description. Christ's genealogy, the Sermon on the Mount, and most of the parables are omitted, but aside from this it gives a very direct and concise account of the Saviour's life and work. Teachers and scholars wishing all the historical information that is to be had in regard to the gospel must consult Bible dictionaries and Scriptural biographies. But this is not so important, of course, as the matter of the gospel itself, which should receive the closest study from all. Let the map be consulted frequently and the Saviour's journeyings be clearly marked out. The scholar will in that case remember his sayings and doings by associating them with places. A profitable and delightful series of lessons is before the schools for the remainder of the year, and none can regret studying them thoroughly. —Christian Union.

THE CRISIS OF SOULS.—Often when travelling among the Alps, one sees a small black cross planted upon a rock, or on the brink of a torrent, or on the verge of the highway, to mark the spot where men have met with sudden death by accident. Solemn reminders, these, of our mortality! but they led our minds still further; for we said within us, if the places where men seal themselves for the second death could be thus manifestly indicated, what a scene would this world present! Here the memorial of a soul undone by yielding to a foul temptation, there a conscience seared by the rejection of a final warning, and yonder a heart forever turned into stone by resisting the last tender appeal of love. Our places of worship would scarce hold the sorrowful monuments which might be erected over spots where spirits were forever lost—spirits that date their ruin from sinning against the gospel while under the sound of it. —Spurgeon.

TEACHING TO WALK.—The Sunday-School Times has a thoughtful article on helping the young in the divine life. It says: "In urging Willy to repent of sin and come to Jesus, guide the awkward steps by which he shall walk further and further in repentance and faith towards the Saviour. Tell the little fellow that whenever he forgives and is gentle, though he take, and he did not mean to, he stops his At last it was decided that every time he works faithfully to do the tasks that are set him, every time he is honest in word and deed, when it costs to be so; every time he skips the hard words that profane boys use, and every time he reads carefully God's Word and earnestly prays to be kept from doing wrong, he is through these works of repentance coming nearer Jesus; he is taking steps that bring him closer to God; he is 'going on' in the way to know and love him better. Even a boisterous, unimaginative nature like Willy's will see in this something to 'take hold of' as a help for his awkward, uncertain steps. He will be helped spiritually to walk towards the Lord he is bidden to come to."

THE NAMES "JOHN" AND "WILLIAM."—Ever since the Conquest, Mr. Bardsley informs us that the race for popularity among Christian names in England, has been greatest between "John" and "William." In the age after the arrival of the Normans, "William" was the commonest Christian name. In Domesday, for instance, there are sixty-eight "Williams," forty-eight "Roberts," and thirty-eight "Walters," but no "Johns." In 1173, at a banquet given at the court of Henry II., it was commanded that none but those of the name of "William" should dine at it; and accordingly 120 "Williams," all knights, sat down to the table. In Edward I.'s time this disproportion had become less marked, for in a list of Wiltshire names, containing 588, there are ninety-two "Williams," to eighty-eight "Johns." A century after, "John" had outstripped its competitor. In 1347, out of 183 common councilmen for London, thirty-three were "Johns," the next highest name being "William," with seventeen, while "Thomas," in consequence of the canonization of Becket, springs into notoriety with fifteen. In 1385, the guild of St. George, at Norwich, in a total of 376 names, possessed 128 "Johns" to forty-seven "Williams" and forty-one "Thomases." From this period, owing to the two saints who bore that name, and despite the aversions felt for the worthless monarch who had also borne it, "John" retained its supremacy, and to this circumstance we owe the name of "John Bull." "William" retained, as Mr. Bardsley says, "a sturdy second place." It fared worst at the hands of the Puritans, who rejected it as a Pagan name, with horror; but it recovered its ascendancy with William of Orange and the Protestant Revolution, and it now stands, as it did eight centuries ago, at the head of all

the names in our baptismal registers, while John has again sunk into the second place. —Our English Surnames.

THE ETERNAL ROCK.—What a commentary upon the word, "Whoever falls on this stone shall be broken," is the whole history of the heresies of the Church and the assaults of unbelief! Man after man, rich in gifts, endowed often with far larger and nobler faculties than the people who oppose him with indomitable perseverance, a martyr to his error, sets himself up against the truth that is sphered in Jesus Christ; and the great divine message simply goes on its way, and all the babblement and noise is like so many bats flying against a light, or the wild seabirds that come sweeping up in the tempest and the night, against the hospitable Pharos that is upon the rock, and smite themselves dead against it. Skeptics will know in their generation, who made people's hearts tremble for the ark of God, what has become of them? Their books lie dusty and undisturbed on the top shelf of libraries; whilst there the Bible stands, with all the scribbles wiped off the page, as though they had never been! Opponents fire their small shot against the great Rock of Ages, and the little pellets fall flattened, and only scale off bits of the moss that has gathered there! My brother, let the history of the past, with other deeper thoughts, teach you and me a very calm and triumphant confidence about all that people say now-a-days; for all the modern opposition to the Gospel will go as the past has done, and the newest systems which cut and carve at Christianity, will go to the tomb where all the rest have gone, and dead old infidelities will rise up from their thrones, and say to the brand-new ones of this generation, when their day is worked out, "Ah, are ye also become like one of us?" "Whoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken;" personally, he will be harmed; and his opinions, and his books, and his talk, and all his argumentation, will come to nothing; like the waves that break into impotent foam against the rocky cliffs. —Alex. McLaren.

NOTES ON THE LESSONS

August 23.—Mark v. 24—34.

POWER OVER DISEASE.

1. Notice the duration of the disease. This is marked in a way that, if pointed out to children, will interest them not a little. We are told that the woman had suffered for twelve years; and we are also told (vers. 42) that the daughter of Jairus—to whose bedside Jesus was going when the woman touched him—was twelve years old. Put it, therefore, in this way: When Jesus was a young man of about twenty years of age, working for his daily bread in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth, two events occurred simultaneously at Capernaum—a Jewish lady fell ill, and a little baby-girl was born to the ruler of the synagogue; and all the while that baby was growing up to the age of twelve (to children this will seem a long time) that lady was getting worse and worse! And how striking that the Nazarene carpenter should on the same day heal the lady and raise the child!

2. That Christ's power did what could be done by no other power. If the woman were not already cured it was not that the physicians had not tried, and it was not that she had stultified their fees. "All her living" was spent upon them: that is she was a well-to-do person, perhaps a lady of wealth, and now she was reduced to poverty. Yet in one moment, "without money and without price," she is perfectly cured by the power of Jesus.

3. But the most remarkable feature in the narrative is the means of the cure, namely, the touch; to this the Golden Text especially directs our attention by describing another occasion when "as many as touched him were made whole;" and upon this the teacher should endeavour to base his application of the lesson—which, if clear, can scarcely fail to be impressive.

Take an illustration or two. Here is a dark room; in the gas-pipes there is plenty of illuminating power, but it is useless without a match to set the gas alight, and even this is useless, unless the little valve be opened and the gas turned on. Here is a house on fire; under the streets there is power, in the shape of water, to put the fire out; but nothing can be done if there be no means of removing the plug. Here is a group of starving children; in the cupboard there is bread for them, but they will starve notwithstanding if they have no key. In either case we may say, here is need—there is power; but how bring the power to bear upon the need? So with the woman at Capernaum. Here was her need; there, a few yards from her, was One with ample power to supply her need. But the question was how to bring the power and the need into contact.

Now what did bring her need into contact with Christ's power? Was it the touch? There was nothing in the mere touch that could convey the blessing. Peter was quite right when he pointed to the thronging and pressing multitude. They, too, touched Jesus; in them there was no doubt, wants—some of the various, "ills that flesh is heir to"—yet no

"virtue" went forth to them. No, but look at Christ's words in verse 34, "thy faith hath made thee whole." The key, the link, the channel, or medium of blessing, was faith. She touched him believing that he could and would cure her, and at once she was cured.

So it is—and here comes our application—with spiritual blessing. We need the cure of manifold and inveterate diseases of our souls, (these can be referred to with the class in detail, for example, deceitfulness, wilfulness, passion, forgetfulness of God.) In Christ there is power all sufficient to give us complete spiritual healing. But how is his power to be brought down to our need? Not by mere attendance on outward religious ordinances. In these we, in a sense, "touch" Christ, but only as the multitude at Capernaum did. But let us go and touch him with the hand of faith, that is, seek the blessing, believing in both his power and his will to give it, and of a surety we shall, like the woman, "feel within us that we are healed of our plague." —English Teacher's Notes.

POWER OVER DEATH.

August 30.—Mark v. 22, 23, 35-49.

FOR SENIOR SCHOLARS.—DIRECTIONS.

- 1. Remember that the attention of the older scholars must be won by exciting their interest in the subject. 2. Remember that they cannot be chided, commanded, or coerced as little children may sometimes be. "They must be taught as though you taught them not. And things unknown proposed as things forgot." 3. Appoint beforehand one pupil to prepare a brief paper (three minutes long) on "Lamentations at Oriental Funerals;" another a definition in writing of "Ruler;" another a very brief word-picture of the scene where the ruler presents himself to Jesus. 4. Elect a secretary of the Bible or Senior class, and let all proceedings be faithfully recorded. One of the most pleasant and edifying exercises for an adult class is a "Bible Reading."

SEED-THOUGHTS.

- 1. Who and what was this ruler? 2. Did many of this class become Christ's disciples? (John vii. 48.) 3. How can we harmonize Matt. ix. 18, Mark v. 23, and Luke viii. 42, about the daughter's death? 4. Did the father or the messenger believe, or ask, that she might be raised from death? 5. Does Christ, in answer to faith and prayer, do more for us than we expect? 6. What effect on their faith did Christ suppose the report of her death might have? 7. Why did Christ suffer so few to witness the miracle? 8. Is it generally useful to the ignorant, the hostile, and the unbelieving to witness great miracles? 9. Why was it more for Christ's glory to raise the dead than to heal the sick? 10. What did Christ mean in saying the damsel is not dead? 11. How many did witness this resurrection? 12. Why did Jesus enjoin secrecy? 13. Why, then, on other occasions, did he command publicity? Note.—"Talitha," in the ordinary dialect of the people, is a word of endearment addressed to a young maiden, so that the words are equivalent to "Come, my child." —Alford.

BLACKBOARD EXERCISES.

Before the school assembles have written on the board these words: *The voice of Jesus.* Commence the lesson by asking how, and in whose name, we come to the Father? (Write Prayer.) Why do we write the word prayer? Because he hears prayer. What did Jesus say in answer to the prayer of the ruler? *Be not afraid, only believe.* Does the voice of Jesus give the same comfort now? (Write Comfort.) Tell the school that our trials bring us a heavenly Comforter, and then by questions and readings from the Scriptures impress upon their minds the life-giving power of Jesus, and that he is able to awaken us from spiritual death? Write upon the board some of the blessings that the voice of Jesus can confer upon us, and close by stating the all-important truth—that there is no salvation without faith in Christ. *Have you heard the voice of Jesus giving life to you?*

THE PRIMARY CLASS.

What a wonderful being was Jesus! He had power over the waves, over the devils, over diseases, and in this lesson it is seen that he had power over death. The synagogue was the place where God's law was read, and explained. Praise and prayer were also offered there. The "ruler" was the officer who had charge of these services. How his heart must have been saddened at the sickness of his little daughter. He believed that Jesus could save her from death. How, then, must he have felt when a messenger came to him to tell him that she was already dead. O if he had only come for Jesus a little sooner! But Jesus knew what he could do. He said to him, "Be not afraid, only believe," and the man did be-

lieve. Three disciples went with Jesus to the house. Who were they? The people were mourning with great noise. They laughed when Jesus told them the child was not dead but only sleeping. He meant by this that he could bring her to life as easily as a sleeping person could be awakened. Then, when he had sent everybody out but the three disciples and the father and mother he spoke to the little girl, and she arose and walked. Thus Jesus had power over death. How kind and loving he was to give the child back again to its parents. And thus he will raise the dead, to life in the great resurrection day. If we love him and are faithful, though death may separate us for a time, Jesus will unite us again. —S. S. Banner.

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