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THE PROHIBITIONIST, as its name implies, will be devoted to Temperance, and the Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic. Special attention given to the workings of the different Temperance organizations.

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Readings from the Monthlies.

THE HOT SPRINGS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

THE following is from Prof. Hayden's article on the Yellowstone, in the February number of SCRIBNER'S. This article is a second in a series on "The Wonders of the West."

From the river our path led up the steep sides of the hill for about one mile, when we came suddenly and unexpectedly in full view of the springs. This wonder alone, our whole company agreed, surpassed all the descriptions which had been given by former travellers. Indeed, the Langford party saw nothing of this. Before us arose a high white mountain, looking precisely like a frozen cascade. It is formed by the calcareous sediment of the hot springs, precipitated from the water as it flows down the steep declivities of the mountain side. The upper portion is about one thousand feet above the waters of Gardiner's River. The surface covered with the deposit comprises from three to four square miles. The springs now in active operation cover an area of about one square mile, while the rest of the territory is occupied by the remains of springs which have long since ceased to flow. We pitched our camp upon a grassy terrace at the base of the principal group of active springs. Just in the rear of us were a series of reservoirs or bathing-pools, rising one above the other, semi-circular in form, with most elegantly scalloped margins composed of calcareous matter, the sediment precipitated from the water of the spring. The hill, which is about two hundred feet high, presents the appearance of water congealed by frost as it quickly flows down a rock declivity. The deposit is as white as snow, except when tinged here and there with iron or sulphur. Small streams flow down the sides of the snowy mountain, in channels lined with oxide of iron, coloured with the most delicate tints of red. Others present the most exquisite shades of yellow, from a deep bright sulphur to a dainty cream-color. In the springs and in the little channels is a material like the finest Cashmere wool, with its slender fibres floating in the water, vibrating with the movement of the current, and tinged with various shades of red and yellow, as bright as those of our aniline dyes. These delicate wool-like masses are undoubtedly plants, which seem to be abundant in all the hot springs of the West, and are familiar to the microscopist as diatoms. Upon a kind of terrace covering an area of two hundred yards in length and fifteen in width are several large springs in a constant state of agitation, but with a somewhat lower temperature than the boiling-point. The hottest spring is 162°; others are 142°, 155°, and 156°, respectively. Some of them give off the odor of sulphuretted hydrogen quite perceptibly. A qualitative analysis shows the water to contain sulphuretted hydrogen, lime, soda, alumina, and a small amount of magnesia. It is beautifully clear, and slightly alkaline to the taste.

The water after rising from the spring basins flows down the sides of the declivity, step by step, from one reservoir to another, at each one of them losing a portion of its heat, until it becomes as cool as spring-water. Within five hundred feet of its source our large party camped for two days by the side of the little stream formed by the aggregated waters of these hot springs, and we found the water most excellent for drinking as well as cooking purposes. It was perfectly clear and tasteless, and harmless in its effects. During our stay here,

all the members of our party, as well as the soldiers comprising our escort, enjoyed the luxury of bathing in these most elegantly carved natural bathing-pools, and it was easy to select, from the hundreds of reservoirs, water of every variety of temperature. These natural basins vary somewhat in size, but many of them are about four or six feet in diameter, and one to four feet in depth. With a foresight worthy of commendation, two men have already pre-empted 320 acres of land covering most of the surface occupied by the active springs, with the expectation that upon the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad this will become a famous place of resort for invalids, and pleasure-seekers. Indeed, no future tourist in travelling over the Far West will think of neglecting this most wonderful of the physical phenomena of that most interesting region.

The level or terrace upon which the principal active springs are located is about midway up the sides of the mountain covered with the sediment. Still farther up are the old ruins of what must have been at some period of the past even more active springs than any at present known. The sides of the mountain for two or three hundred feet in height are covered with a thick crust of the calcareous deposit, which was originally ornamented with the most elegant sculpturing all over the surface, like the bathing-pools below. But atmospheric agencies, which act readily on the lime, have obliterated all their delicate beauty. Chimneys partially broken down are scattered about here and there with apertures varying in size from two inches to two feet in diameter. Long, rounded ridges are also quite numerous, with fissures extending the entire length, from which the boiling water issued forth and flowed over the sides. Thus the sediment was continually precipitated in thin oval layers, so that a section of these oblong chimneys presents the appearance of layers of hay in stacks, or the structure of a cornucopia. Some of these chimneys were undoubtedly formed by geysers, now extinct; others by what may be called spouting-springs, as those which are in a constant state of violent ebullition, throwing the water up two to four feet—a phenomenon intermediate between a boiling-spring and a true geyser. The water is forced up through an orifice in the earth by hydrostatic pressure, and overflowing, precipitates the sediment around it; and thus, in time, it builds up a mound varying in height according to the force of this pressure. One of these cones is very remarkable, surpassing any observed in any other portion of the West. From its peculiar form we almost involuntarily named it the "Liberty Cap." It is entirely composed of carbonate of lime, in flexible cap-like layers, with a diameter at the base of fifteen feet, and a height of about forty feet. It is completely closed over at the summit. This is probably an extinct geyser, and was the most powerful one of this group.

TRIFLERS ON THE PLATFORM.

THERE was a time in the history of our popular "lecture system" when a lecture was a lecture. The men who appeared before the lyceums were men who had something to say. Grave discussions of important topics; social, political, and literary essays; instructive addresses and spirited appeals—these made up a winter's course of popular lectures. Now, a lecture may be any string of nonsense that any literary mountebank can find an opportunity to utter. Artemus Ward "lectured," and he was right royally paid for acting the literary buffoon. He has had many imitators; and the damage that he and they have inflicted upon the institution of the lyceum is incalculable. The better class that once attended the lecture courses have been driven away in disgust, and among the remainder such a greed for inferior entertainments has been excited that lecture managers have become afraid to offer a first-class, old-fashioned course of lectures to the public patronage. Accordingly, one will find, upon nearly every list offered by the various committees and managers, the names of triflers and buffoons who are a constant disgrace to the lecturing guild, and a constantly degrading influence upon the public taste. Their popularity is usually exhausted by a single performance; but they rove from platform to platform, retailing their stale jokes, and doing their best and worst to destroy the institution to which they cling for a hearing and a living.

This thing was done in better taste formerly. "Drollerists" and buffoons and "Yankee comedians" were in the habit of advertising themselves. They entered a town with no indorsement but their own, and no character but that which they assumed. They attracted a low crowd of men and boys as coarse and frivolous as themselves, and the better part of society never came in contact with them. A woman rarely entered their exhibitions, and a lady never; yet they were clever men, with quite as much wit and common decency as some of the literary wags that are now commended to lecture committees by the bureaus, and presented by committees to a confiding public.

It would be claimed, we suppose, by any one who would undertake to defend the employment of these men, that they draw large houses. Granted; they do this once, and perhaps do something to replenish the manager's exchequer, but they invariably send away their audiences disappointed and disgusted. No thoughtful or sensible man can devote a whole evening to the poorest kind of nonsense without losing a little of his self-respect, and feeling that he has spent his money for that which does not satisfy. The reaction is always against the system, and in the long run the managers find themselves obliged to rely upon a lower and poorer set of patrons, who are not long in learning that even they can be better suited by the coarse comedy of the theatre, and the dances and songs of the negro minstrel. Nothing has been permanently gained in any instance to the lyceum and lecture system by degrading the character of the performances offered to the public. A temporary financial success consequent upon this policy is always followed by dissatisfaction and loss, and it ought to be. Professional jesters and triflers are professional nuisances, who ought not to be tolerated by any man of common sense interested in the elevation and purification of the public taste.

But shall not lyceums, and the audiences they gather, have the privilege of laughing? Certainly. Mr. Gough's audiences have no lack of opportunity to laugh, and there are others who have the faculty of exciting the mirthfulness of those who throng to hear them; but Mr. Gough is a gentleman who is never low, and who is never a good object. He is an earnest Christian man, whose whole life is a lesson of toil and self-sacrifice. Mr. Gough is not a trifler; and the simple reason that he continues to draw full houses from year to year is, that he is not a trifler. Wit, humor, these are never out of order in a lecture, provided they season good thinking and assist manly purpose. Wit and humor are always good as condiments, but never as food. The stupidest book in the world is a book of jokes, and the stupidest man in the world is one who surrenders himself to the single purpose of making men laugh. It is a purpose that wholly demoralizes and degrades him, and makes him unfit to be a teacher of anything. The honor that has been shown to literary triflers upon the platform has had the worst effect upon the young. It has disseminated slang, and vitiated the taste of the impressible, and excited unworthy ambition and emulation. When our lyceums, on which we have been wont to rely for good influences in literary matters, at last become agents of buffoonery and low literary entertainments, they dishonor their early record and the idea which gave them birth. Let them banish triflers from the platform, and go back to the plan which gave them their original prosperity and influence, and they will find no reason to complain of a lack of patronage, or the loss of interest on the part of the public in their entertainments.—Dr. T.G. Holland, in Scribner's for February.

was no hypocrite. He has been called a buffoon; but the jovial faculty which delights a company with merry quips and tales has been highly valued in eminent statesmen and divines. Abraham Lincoln was often charged with buffoonery, and we remember Dr. Bethune, and we recall that the most brilliant punster in the country is a university chancellor. It is true that Fisk had a coarse, vulgar soul, that he loved to display himself for the admiration of fools; but this was not so much a moral failing as the result of his nature and of lack of cultivation. The public have known little of his better parts. It has recognized him as a coarse robber and libertine, and condemned him. His wealth, his display, his colonelcy of a city regiment failed to conquer society. He never could get his *entree*. His crimes were not too great, but they were too gross. This much homage for virtue we must set down to the credit of society. Every man's first thought on hearing of his assassination was, What a pity he should have died as he has. How often has it been said, Jim Fisk never will die rich. Divine Providence must make an example of him. We had all hoped that he might be tripped up at last by the law, have his wealth stripped from him, and thus suffer the penalty of his crimes. But a second thought tells us that it is as well that his licentiousness should bring his punishment as his dishonesty. The public needs this lesson quite as much as the other. Property will find means to protect itself. Robbery is a very tangible crime, and can be more easily punished. But the public virtue is comparatively undefended. Lust is the deadliest canker of society, and the hardest to correct. In these days, when a shameless woman dares to preach the doctrine of free love, and she has a right to change her partner as she pleases, we are not sorry to see that an *Annie* is so suddenly and so completely punished and his spoils taken from him, we are not sorry that his death should teach a more needed lesson—that social purity is the holiest law that binds humanity, and cursed be he that violates it. Who now evies Tweed, or Connolly, or Hall, or Fisk? The mills of the gods have ground quicker than usual, and a larger grist. It does not pay to be a villain.

Public Opinion.

THE FISK MURDER.

(Independent.)

THE man who was assassinated has often enough been called a harlequin, and often enough a thief. He was both of these, and he was a great deal more. He was one of the ablest as well as one of the drollest and one of the worst men in the country. This is not the age and New York is not the city in which buffoonery or robbery, singly or together, can amass the enormous wealth or grasp the huge corporations which James Fisk, Junior, controlled. This fellow, whom a country school barely taught how to read and write (that is, if writing does not include spelling), was a "self-made man." He got his education as the wily Ulysses got his—not by letters, but by seeing the world, by mingling with men, and sharpening his wits by the contact. But he had the wits to start with. He is a brilliant example of what a "self-made man" can accomplish if he has only brains. No ordinary man, whatever his education, could have died at the age of thirty-seven after having stolen Erie, checked Vanderbilt, bullied Wall Street, bought legislatures, enslaved courts. He was associated with other able men; it is true—with Tweed, and Gould, and Field; but he was the ablest man of them all, full of resources and full of courage. He could devise plans faster than the eminent lawyers who assisted him in his villainies could consider them; and he never lacked nerve to execute them.

The man was good enough, as the world goes, except in two somewhat important particulars: he was a robber, and a libertine. He had plenty of physical and moral courage. His conduct at the time of the July riots, though grossly lampooned by most papers, was highly creditable. He was generous and kindly. He was no drunkard. He

was no hypocrite. He has been called a buffoon; but the jovial faculty which delights a company with merry quips and tales has been highly valued in eminent statesmen and divines. Abraham Lincoln was often charged with buffoonery, and we remember Dr. Bethune, and we recall that the most brilliant punster in the country is a university chancellor. It is true that Fisk had a coarse, vulgar soul, that he loved to display himself for the admiration of fools; but this was not so much a moral failing as the result of his nature and of lack of cultivation. The public have known little of his better parts. It has recognized him as a coarse robber and libertine, and condemned him. His wealth, his display, his colonelcy of a city regiment failed to conquer society. He never could get his *entree*. His crimes were not too great, but they were too gross. This much homage for virtue we must set down to the credit of society.

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THE RULE OF RUM.

(The Nation.)

IF THE question were put, Who rules America? a candid answer would be, The liquor interest. Rum is king. We affirm this in no spirit of exaggeration. It is literally true, not only of our cities, but also of the country at large. Late events are sufficient to convince any one who will be convinced by evidence. The official robberies in New York, the disgraceful maneuvering in Massachusetts, in order at once to catch prohibitory votes and to avoid prohibitory legislation, the notorious management by which the ignorant and debased are drawn into the support of this and that candidate, or party clique, are closely and directly connected with the sale of intoxicating drinks. The ruling power in this city, gathers, and governs, and rewards its immense army of voters by appointing liquor dealers to numerous offices, by permitting a grog shop on every corner, and distributing stolen money to those small politicians who buy and sell votes with whiskey. In Massachusetts, where the efforts of temperance men have been most persistent, there is no political party, of considerable power, who dares take a decided stand in opposition to the unrestricted sale of intoxicating drinks. A law which means nothing, or an executive who does nothing, seems to be the most which years of struggle seems to have gained for temperance. And, if in other States there is less of open defeat, it is because the friends of legal restriction have not dared to challenge it. They know that the grog shop has a veto-power more potent than any mentioned in constitutions, and that no live law repressing temperance has yet been enforced, to any large extent, and for any but a short period.

Humiliating as the situation is, it is necessary to realize it. That a majority of voters are directly or indirectly controlled by those who fatten on the ruin of their fellow-men is past question. That indifference to fraud and corruption of every sort, turns largely on this one pivot of indulgence in drink, is a fact which we may not ignore, if we wish to institute a radical reform in society and government. For so long a consent of silence is accorded by a hundred thousand drinkers, every official arch-protected and profligate, can afford to be defiant. Chiefed in the enjoyment of their lusts, why should these gawking citizens disturb their protectors in the enjoyment of theirs? To ask the drunkard who steals from his wife and children, to rebuke the officers who permits him to do it, is to take a rather foolish view of human nature.

Are we, then, to wait for the reform of drinking habits in order to stop the iniquity which rules in high places? To do that would be to wait for the river to flow by, in order to seal up the fountain. We cannot hope, either for temperance, or for other reforms, while this combination of low in-

dulgence, and high criminality remain unshaken. It will be seriously threatened so long as a hundred diverse purposes distract the friends of order.

To make any reform movement thoroughly and permanently successful, there must be on the part of Christian leaders concentration of purpose. As affairs now are, a dozen reforms of varied importance, and pertaining to the most complicated and distant interests, are permitted to distract the action of good men. Satan and his servants are wiser than the children of light. Let the action of either political party be what it may on other questions, the devil makes sure the liquor shall be free. The common-place proverb, "One thing at a time," and the scripture injunction to do with one's might he carries out to the letter.

The followers of Christ should likewise be intent on carrying one position at a time. The most important thing first, and nothing else until that is gained this policy would, with God's blessing, be more efficacious than the most strenuous efforts divided among many minor causes. Such a policy points to a separation of local from national politics and a separation of moral questions from partisan tactics. Until Christian citizens are willing to combine, irrespective of the claims of party, for the purpose of destroying one evil at a time, we must submit to the rule of the stronger, when, however, it may be guided with a certain thinness of good government, is, nevertheless, the rule of rum.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

(Morning Post.)

THE country has deplored the exceptional persistence of sorrowing with which the Queen has mourned the loss of her husband. In the country has not been slow to admit that, if ever such sorrowing were justified by facts and circumstances of unusual weight and cogency, it was in this case. The 14th of December, 1861, overwhelmed the nation with surprise as well as with grief, for the fatal termination of the Prince Consort's illness was anticipated by but very few in the country. But as years rolled on, and the real worth and character of the Prince became more thought upon and understood, so the feeling of the national loss sustained became more and more deep. So deep, general, and earnest is this feeling, that, did the Prince of Wales to-day lie but on a bed of ordinary unalarming sickness, the fact would assuredly tend to bring very vividly before the public mind the life and the death of the Prince Consort. But now, that the Prince of Wales is immediately menaced by the same death as that of his father, there is, as it were, a multiplication of the sorrow of the country. The two cases come to be viewed together; and what the country has lost, and what the country may lose, are considerations not to be very widely separated on this particular day and at this particular juncture.

(Daily News.)

IT was only when Prince Albert was no more a living presence, and his gentle and gracious character had become a memory, that the strength and charm of his virtues began to be fully discovered, and that word—too often idly uttered—"irreparable" was pronounced with one accord over his tomb. So true it is that we only learn to value what we have lost. To his family and friends, and to those who were permitted to enjoy his confidence in public or private intercourse, his admirable qualities, his conscientiousness, his fidelity, his devotedness, his exquisite purity of thought and feeling, his large and comprehensive intelligence, were well known. The public had always respected him, but had often failed to penetrate, through the calm and stately outward aspect, to the noble spirit that inspired a consistent integrity of character and conduct, and bequeathed a stainless example.

Do no affect fine language; speak in a simple straightforward manner, without pretence or affectation.

By attending to order, we avoid idleness that fruitful source of crime and evil. Acting upon a plan, meeting everything in its own place, constantly tending innocent and useful employment for our time.

A Yankee in Taxes, who sat listening to the stories of a Louisianian in regard to the marvellous growth of sugar-cane on his plantation, near New Orleans, finally said, "That ain't nothing. I've seen cane in Ew England more'n a mile long." "What kind of cane was it?" was the general inquiry. "A hurricane!" answered the triumphant Yankee.

The "Abyssinian sketch" has superseded the "Grecian Bend" and the "Kangaroo droo" among the bells of fashion. It is supposed that this will have a short run, as the "Madagascar flutter" and the "Feejeean sprawl" are waiting to be adopted.

While the flames were devouring the North Side of Chicago, a clergyman met a bewildered young man in Chicago Avenue. "Where am I?" he asked. "On being informed, he said, 'Well, I've been married three weeks; I don't know where my wife is; but if she is burned, it is the Lord's will: let her go.'" And off he started.

Tales and Sketches.

(From the Christian Union.)

MY WIFE AND I;

OR,

HARRY HENDERSON'S HISTORY.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WEALTH BEGINS LOVE.

Eva Van Arsdel was seated in her apartment in all that tremendous flush of happiness and hope, that confusion of feeling, which a young girl experiences when she thinks that the great crisis of her life has been passed, and her destiny happily decided.

"Yes, yes," she said to herself, "I like him, I like him; and I am going to like him, no matter what mamma, or Aunt Maria, or all the world say. I'll stand by him through life and death."

At this moment her mother came into the room.

"Dear me! Eva, child, not gone to bed yet! Why what's the matter? how flushed your cheeks are! Why you look really feverish."

"Do I?" said Eva, hardly knowing what she was saying. "Well, I suppose that is becoming at any rate."

"Aren't you well?" said her mother. "Does your head ache?"

"Well? certainly, nicely; never better, mamma dear," said Eva, caressingly, coming and seating herself on her mother's knee, and putting her arm around her neck—"never better, mother."

"Well, Eva, then I'm glad of it. I have something to tell you,"—and she drew a letter from her pocket. "Here's this letter from Mr. Sydney; I want to read you something from it."

"Oh dear mamma, what's the use? Don't you think it rather stupid, reading those letters?"

"My dear child, Mr. Sydney is such a good man, and so devoted to you."

"I haven't the least objection, mamma, to his being a good man. Long may he be so. But as to his being devoted to me, I am sorry for it."

"At least, Eva, just read this letter—there's a dear; and I am sure you must see how like a gentleman he writes."

Eva took the letter from her mother's hand, and ran it over hurriedly.

"All no use, mamma dear," she said, when she had done. "It won't hurt him. He'll get over this just as people do with the chicken pox. The fact is, mamma, Mr. Sydney is a man that can't bear to be balked in anything that he has once undertaken to do. It is not that he loves me so very dearly, but he has set out to have me. If he could have got me, ten to one, he would have tired of me before now. You know he said he never cared anything about a girl that he knew he could have. It is simply and only because I have kept myself out of his way and been hard to get that he wants me. If he once had me for a wife, I should be all well enough, but I should be *good*, and he'd be off after the next thing he could not get. That's just his nature, mamma."

"But, Eva dear, such a fine man as he is."

"I do not see that he is so very fine."

girls marry! Why, there's that young Rivington; he's drunk these nights in the week, so they tell me. And there are worse stories than that about him. He has been bad in every kind of way that a man could be bad. And yet, Polly Elmore is perfectly crazy with delight to have her daughter get him. And here's Wat Sydney, who, everybody says, is always perfectly sober and correct."

Well, mamma dear, if it is only a sober, correct man that you want me to have, there's that Mr. Henderson, just as sober and correct and a great deal more cultivated and agreeable."

"How absurd of you, my daughter! Mr. Henderson has not anything to support a wife on. He is a good moral young man, I admit, and agreeable, and has talent and all that; but my dear Eva, you are not fitted to contend with poverty. You must marry a man that can support you in the position that you have always been in."

"Whether I love him or not, mamma?"

"My dear Eva, you would of course love your husband. A man that is able to take care of you and get you everything that you want—give you every wish of your heart—you would love of course."

"Well, mamma, I have got a man does exactly that for me, now," said Eva, "and I don't need another. That's just what papa does for me. And now, when I marry, I want a companion that suits me. I have got now all the bracelets, and jewelry, and finger rings that I can think of; and if I wanted forty more I could tease them out of papa any day, or kiss them out of him. Pa always gets me everything I want; so I don't see what I want of Mr. Sydney."

"Well, now, my dear Eva, I must speak to you seriously. You are old enough not to be talked to like a child. The fact is my darling there is nothing so insecure as our life here. Your father, my love is reported to be a great deal richer than he is. Of course we have to keep up the idea, because it helps his business. But the last two or three years he has met with terrible losses, and I have seen him sometimes so nervous about our family expenditures that, really, there was no comfort in life. But, then, we had this match in view. We supposed, of course, that it was coming off. And such a splendid settlement on you would help the family every way. Mr. Sidney is a very generous man; and the use of his capital, the credit that the marriage would give to your father in business circles, would be immense. And then, my child, just think of the establishment you would have! Why, there is not such an establishment in the country as his place on the North River? You saw it yesterday. What could you ask more? And there is that villa at Newport. You might be there in the Summer, and have all your sisters there. And he is a man of the most splendid taste as to equipments and furniture, and everything of that sort. And as I said before, he is a good man."

"But, mamma, mamma, it will never do. Not if he had the East and West Indies. All that can't buy your little Eva. Tell me, now, mamma dear, was pa a rich man when you married him—I mean when you fell in love with him?"

"Well, now, dear, not very though people always said that he was a man that would rise."

"But you didn't begin in a house like this, mamma. You began at the beginning and helped him up, didn't you?"

"Well, yes, dear, we did begin in a quiet way;

and I had to live pretty carefully the first years of my life; and worked hard, and know all about it; and I want to save you from going through the same as I did?"

May be if you did I should not turn out as you are now. But, really, mother, if pa is embarrassed, why do we live so? Why don't we economize? I am sure I am willing to do it."

"Oh, darling! we mustn't. We mustn't make any change; because, if the idea should once get running that there is any difficulty about money, everybody would be down on your father. We have to keep everything going, and everything up, or else things would go abroad that would injure his credit; and he could not get money for his operations. He is engaged in great operations now that will bring in millions if they succeed."

"And if they don't succeed," said Eva, "then I suppose that we shall lose millions—is that it?"

"Well, dear, it is just as I tell you, we rich people live on a very uncertain eminence, and for that reason I wanted to see my darling daughters settled securely."

"Well, mamma, now I will tell you what I have been thinking of. Since 'riches make to themselves wings and fly away, what is the sense of marrying a man whose main recommendation is, that he is rich? Because that is the thing that makes Mr. Sydney more, for instance, than Mr. Henderson, or any other nice gentlemen we know. Now what if I should marry Mr. Sydney, who, to say the truth, dear mamma, I do not fancy, and who is rather tiresome to me—and then some fine morning his banks should fail, his railroads burst up, and his place on the North River, and his villa at Newport have to be sold, and he and I have to take a little unfashionable house together, and rough it—what then? Why, then, when it comes to that, I should wish that I had chosen a more entertaining companion. For there isn't a thing that I am interested in that I can talk with him about. You see, dear mother, we have to take it 'for better or for worse'; and as there is always danger that the wheel may turn, by and by it may come so that we'll have nothing but the man himself left. It seems to me that we should choose our man with great care. He should be like the pearl of great price, the Bible speaks of, for whom we would be glad to sell everything. It should be somebody we could be happy with if we lost all beside. And when I marry, mother, it will be with a man that I feel is all that to me."

"Well, Eva dear, where'll you find such a man?"

"What if I had found him, mother—or thought I had?"

"What do you mean, child?"

"Mother I have found the man that I love, and he loves me, and we are engaged."

"Eva, child! I would not have thought this of you. Why haven't you told me before?"

"Because, mamma, it was only this afternoon that I found out that he loved me and wanted me to be his wife."

"And may I presume to ask now who it is?" said Mrs. Van Arsdel, in a tone of pique.

"Dear mother, it is Harry Henderson."

"Mr. Henderson! Well, I do think that is too dishonorable; when I told him your relations with Mr. Sydney."

"Mother, you gave him to understand that I was engaged to Mr. Sydney, and I told him, this afternoon, that I was not, and never would be. He was honorable. After you had that conversation with him, he avoided our house."

and avoided me. I was wretched, but this afternoon we met accidentally in the Park; and I insisted on knowing from him why he avoided us so. And, at last, I found out all; and he found out all. We understand each other perfectly now, and nothing can ever come between us. Mother, I would go with him to the ends of the earth. There is nothing that I do not feel able to do or suffer for him. And I am glad and proud of myself to know that I can love him as I do."

Oh well, poor child! I do not know what we shall do," said Mrs. Van Arsdel, with profound dejection.

"Dear mother, I will do everything I can to help you, and everything I can to help papa. I do not believe there is one of us children that would not. And I think it is true, what Ida is always telling us, that it would be a great deal better for us if we had less, and had to depend on ourselves and use our own faculties more. There are the boys in college; there is no need of their having spending-money as they do. And I know if papa would tell them of his difficulties it would make men of them, just as it would make a woman of me."

"Well, I do know," said Miss Van Arsdel. "Your father has not told me of any particular embarrassments, only I see he is anxious and nervous, and I know him so well that I always know when his affairs trouble him. And this is a great blow to me, Eva."

"Well, dear mother, I am very sorry it is so; but I cannot help it. It would be wicked for me, mother, to marry any other man when I love Harry as I do. Love is not a glove that you can take off as you please; it is something very different. Now, with him, I never felt tired. I always like to be with him; I always like to talk with him; he never makes me nervous; I never wish he was gone; he can always understand me, and I can understand him. We can almost tell what the other is thinking of without speaking. And I will risk our not being happy together. So please do, dear mother, look a little cheerful about it. Let me be happy in my own way."

"Well, I suppose I must," said Mrs. Van Arsdel, with a deep sigh, taking up the lamp. "You always did have your own way, Eva."

"Oh, well, mother dear; some day you'll be glad of it. Good night."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FURTHER CONSULTATIONS.

After the departure of her mother, Eva in vain tried to compose herself to sleep. Her cheeks were flushed, and her brain was in a complete whirl. Her mother had said and hinted just enough about the financial condition of the family to fill her with vague alarms. She walked uneasily up and down her luxurious chamber, all whose appointments spoke of wealth and taste; and it was with an unpleasant feeling of insecurity that she regarded the pictures and statues and sofas and all the charming arrangements, in perfecting which her father had always allowed her *carte blanche* as to money. She reflected uneasily, that in making all these expensive arrangements, she had ordered simply what pleased her fancy, without inquiry as to price, and without ever glancing

over a bill to know the result; and now, she found herself affianced to a young man without any other resources than those which must come from the exertion of his talents, seconded by prudence and economy. And here, again, offered to her acceptance, was another marriage, which would afford her the means of gratifying every taste, and of continuing to live in all those habits of cosy luxury and careless expenses that she could not but feel were very agreeable to her. Not for one moment did she feel an inclination or a temptation, to purchase that luxury, and that ease, by the sale of herself; but still, when she thought of her lover—the difficulties that he must necessarily meet, of the cares she must bring upon him—she asked herself, "Was it not an act of injustice to him to burden him with so incapable and helpless a wife, as she feared she should prove?"

"But I am not incapable," she said to herself, "and I will use it; I will show that I am good for something. I wonder if it is true that papa is embarrassed. If he is, I wish he would tell us; I wish he would tell us at once, and let us help him economize. I would do it; I am sure we all would do it."

It was in vain, under the pressure of these thoughts, to try to compose herself to sleep; and, at last, she passed into her sister Ida's room, with her usual systematic regularity as to hours, had for a long time been in the enjoyment of quiet slumber.

Ida, dear! she said stooping over and speaking to her sister, "Ida, look here!"

Ida opened her eyes, and sat up in bed. "Why, child, not gone to bed yet? What is the matter with you? You will certainly ruin your health with these irregular hours."

"Oh, Ida, I am so nervous I can't sleep! I am sorry to disturb you, but, indeed, I want to talk to you about something that worries me; and you know you are always gone before I am up in the morning."

"Well, dear, what is it?" said Ida, stroking her head.

"Do you know mamma has just been into my room with a letter from Mr. Sydney. He is coming into the field again, and has written to mamma, and mamma has been in talking to me till I am just ready to cry. Now, Ida, you know all that took place between Mr. Henderson and me yesterday in the Park; we are engaged, are we not, as much as two people can be?"

"Certainly you are," said Ida, decisively.

"Well, now, mamma is so distressed and disappointed."

"You told her about it, then?" said Ida.

"Certainly; yes, I told her all about it; and oh, Ida! what do you think? mamma really made me feel as if something dreadful was going to happen in the family, that papa was getting embarrassed in his business, and perhaps we might all fail and come to ruin if I did not help him by marrying Mr. Sydney. Now, do you think it would be right for me? It certainly cannot be my duty!"

"Ask yourself that question," said Ida; "think what you must promise and vow in marriage."

"To be sure! and how wicked it would be to promise and vow all to one man when I know that I love another one better!"

"Then," said Ida, "asking a woman to take false marriage vows to save her family, or her parents from trouble, is just like asking her to steal money, or forge a false note to save them. Eva, you cannot do it."

But, Ida dear, is it really true, do you think, that papa is troubled in his business?"

"Papa is not a man that would speak freely to any woman on business matters," said Ida, "not even to me; but I know that his liabilities and ventures are terrific; and nothing would surprise me less than to have this air castle that we have been living in dissolve like a morning mist, and let us down on the pavement. All I have to say is, that if it comes it is just what I have been preparing for all my life. I have absolutely refused to be made such a helpless doll as young girls in our position commonly are. I have determined that I would keep my faculties bright, and my bodily health firm and strong; and that all these luxuries should not become a necessity to me, so but what I could take care of myself, and take care of others, without them. And all I have to say is, if a crash comes it will find me ready, and it won't crush me."

"But, Ida, don't you think it would be a great deal better if we would all begin now to economize, and live very differently? Why, I am sure I would be willing to move out of this, and rent it, or sell it, and live in a smaller one, and give up the carriages and horses. We could live a great deal cheaper and more quietly than we do, and yet have everything that I care about. Yes, I'd even rather sell the pictures—all except a few—and feel safe and independent, than to live in this sort of glittering, uncertain way, and be pressed to marry a man that I do not love, for the sake of getting out of it."

"Well, dear," said Ida, "you never will get Aunt Maria to let me stop running this race with the Elmore till the last gun fires, and the ship is ready to sink; that's the whole of it. It is what people will say, and the thought of being pitied by their set, and being beaten in the race, that will go further than anything else. If you talk about any drawing in of expenses, they say that we must not do anything of the sort—that it will injure papa's credit. Now I know enough of what things cost, and what business estimates are, to know that we are spending at a tremendous rate. If we had an entailed estate settled upon us with an annual income of two or three hundred thousand dollars, there might be some sense in living as we do; but when all depends on the value of stocks that are going up to-day and down to-morrow, there is never any knowing what may happen; and that is what I have always felt. Father made a lucky hit by investing in stocks that doubled, and trebled, and quadrupled in value; but now, there is a combination against them, and they are falling. I know it gives father great anxiety; and, as I said before, I should not wonder in the least—nothing would surprise me less, than that we should have a great crisis one of these times."

"Poor Harry!" said Eva, "it was the thought of my being an heiress that made him hesitate so long; perhaps he'll have a chance to take me without that obstacle. Ida, do you think it would be right and just in me to let him take such an inefficient body as I am? Am I quite spoiled, do you think—past all redemption?"

"Oh, no, darling," said Ida; "I have good hopes of you. In the first place, a woman that has strength of mind enough to be true to her love against all the pressure that has been brought to bear on you, has strength of mind to do anything that may be required of her. Of course, dear, it will come to the practical point of living in an

entirely different style from what we now live in; and you must count the cost. In the first place, you must give up fashionable society altogether. You must consent to be pitied and wondered at as one that has fallen out of her sphere, and gone down in the world. All the Mrs. Grundys will stop calling on you; and you won't have any turn-out in the Park; and you may have to take a small house on an unfashionable street, and give your mind to the business of calculating expenses, and watching outgoes and incomes."

"Well, now, seriously, Ida, shouldn't mind these things a bit. I don't care a penny for Mrs. Grundy, nor her works and ways. As to the little house, there'll be the less care to keep it; and as to its being on an unfashionable street, what do I care for that? Nobody that I really care for would fail to come and see me, let me live where I would. And Harry and I just agree in our views of life. We are not going to live for the world, but for ourselves and our friends. We'll have the nicest little home, where every true friend of ours shall feel as much at home as we do. And don't you think, Ida, that I should make a good manager? Oh! I know that I could make a house pretty—charming—on ever so little money, just as I get up a spring hat, sometimes, out of odds and ends; and I quite like the idea of having it to do. Of course, poor papa, I don't want him to fail; and I hope he won't; but I'm sometimes like you, Ida, if all should go to ruin, I feel as if I could stand up, now, that I have got Harry to stand up with me. We can begin quietly at first, and make our fortune together. I have thought of ever so many things that I could do for him to help him. Do you know, Ida,—(I rather guess you'll laugh)—that I brought home his gloves and mended them this very evening? I told him I was doing to begin to take care of him. You see I'll make it cheaper for him in a thousand ways—I know I can. He never shall find me a burden. I am quite impatient to be able to show what I can do."

"To begin, darling," said Ida, "one thing you must do is, to take care of your body; no late hours to waste your little brain. And so don't you think you had better go to your room and go quietly to sleep?"

"Oh, Ida! I am going to be so good and so regular after to-night; but to-night, you know, is a kind of exception. Girls don't get engaged every day of their lives, and so you must forgive me if I do make a run on you to-night. The fact is, with my talk with Harry this afternoon, and with mamma to-night, and all the fuss that I see impending, my eyes are just as wide open as they can be; and I don't believe I could go to sleep if I were to try. Oh, Ida! Harry told me all about his mother, and all about that handsome cousin of his, that he has spoken of so many times. Do you know I used to have such worries of mind about that cousin? I was perfectly sure that she stood in my way. And now, Ida, I have a most capital idea about her! She wants to go to France to study, just as you do; and how nice it would be if you could join company and go together."

"It would be pleasant," said Ida. "I must confess I don't like the idea of being *damoiseau errant*, wandering off entirely alone in the world; and if I leave you, darling, I shall want somebody to speak to. But come my dear little pussy, you must lie down and shut your eyes, and say your prayers, and do try to go to sleep."

"You darling good little doctor, you," said Eva, "it is too bad of me to keep you up! There I will be good—see how good I am! Good night!"

And kissing her sister, she sought her room, and went to bed.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MAKING LOVE TO ONE'S FATHER-IN-LAW.

Life has many descents from romance to reality that are far from agreeable. But every exalted hour, and every charming passage in our mortal pilgrimage, is a luxury that has to be paid for with something disagreeable. The German story-teller, Tieck, has a pretty legend of a magical region where were marvelous golden castles, and fountains, and flowers, and bright winged elves, living a life of ceaseless pleasure; but all this was visible only to the anointed eyes of some favored mortal to whom was granted the vision. To all others this elfin country was a desolate wilderness. I had given me within a day or two that vision of Wonderland, and wandered—scarcely knowing whether in the body or out—in its enchanted bowers. The first exhilarating joy of the moment when every mist rose up from the landscape of love; when there was perfect understanding, perfect union, perfect rest; was something that transfigured life. But having wandered in this blessed country and spoken the tongue of angels, I was now to return to every-day regions and try to translate its marvels and mysteries into the vernacular of mortals. In short, I was to wait upon Mr. Van Arsdel and ask of him the hand of his daughter.

Now however charming, with suitable encouragement, to make love to a beautiful lady, making love to a prospective father-in-law is quite another matter.

Men are not as a general thing inclined to look sympathetically on other men in love with any fine woman of their acquaintance, and are rather provoked than otherwise to have them accepted.

"What any woman can see in that fellow!" is a sort of standing phrase. But possessors of daughters, are, a fortiori, enemies ready made to every pretender to their hands. My own instincts made me aware of this, and I could easily fancy that had I a daughter like Eva, I should be ready to shoot the fellow who came to take her from me.

Mr. Van Arsdel, it is true, had showed me, hitherto, in his quiet way, marked favor. He was seldom much of a talker, though a shrewd observer of all that was said by others. He had listened silently to all our discussions and conversations in Ida's library, and oftentimes to the reading of the articles I had subjected to the judgment of the ladies; sometimes, though very rarely, interposing little bits of common sense criticism which showed keen good sense, and knowledge of the world.

Mr. Van Arsdel, like many of our merchant princes, had come from a rural district, and an early experience of the hard and frugal life of a farm. Good sense, acute observation, an ability to take wide and clear views of men and things, and an incorruptible integrity, had been the means of his rise to his present elevation. He was a true American man in another respect, and that was his devotion to women. In America, where we have a clear democracy, women hold that influence over men that is exerted by the aristocracy in other countries. They are something to be looked up to, petted and courted. The human mind seems to require something of this kind. The faith and fealty that the middle-class Englishman has toward his nobility is not all snobbery. It has something

of poetry in it—it is his romance of life. Up in those airy regions where walk the nobility, he is at liberty to fancy some higher, finer types of manhood and womanhood than he sees in the ordinary ways of life, and he adores the unseen and unknown. The American life would become vulgar and common-place did not a chivalrous devotion to women come in to supply the place of recognized orders of nobility. The true democrat sees no superior in rank among men, but all women are by courtesy his superiors.

Mr. Van Arsdel had married a beauty and a belle. When she chose him from among a crowd of suitors he could scarcely believe his own eyes or ears, or help marvelling at the wondrous grace of the choice; and as he told her so, Mrs. Van Arsdel believed him, and their subsequent life was arranged on that understanding. The Van Arsdel house was an empire where women ruled, though as the queen was a pretty, motherly woman, her reign was easy and flowery.

Mr. Van Arsdel delighted in the combinations of business for his own sake. It was his form of mental activity. He liked the effort, the strife, the care, the labor, the success of winning; but when money was once won he cared not a copper for all those forms of luxury and show, for the pride, pomp, and circumstance of fashion, which were all in all to his wife.

In his secret heart he considered the greater part of the proceedings in and about his splendid establishment as a rather expensive species of humbug; but then it was what the women wanted and desired, and he took it all quietly and without comment. I felt somewhat nervous when I asked a private interview with him in Ida's library.

"I have told mamma, Harry," whispered Eva, "and she is beginning to get over it."

Mrs. Van Arsdel received me with an air of patient endurance, as if I had been the toothache or any of the other inevitable inflictions of life, Miss Alice was distant and reserved, and only Ida was cordial.

I found Mr. Van Arsdel dry, cold, and wary, not in the least encouraging any sentimental effusion, and therefore I proceeded to speak to him with as matter-of-fact directness as if the treaty related to a bag of wool.

"Mr. Van Arsdel, I love your daughter. She has honored me so far as to accept of my love, and I have her permission to ask your consent to our marriage."

He took off his spectacles, wiped them deliberately while I was speaking, and coughed drily.

"Mr. Henderson," he said, "I have always had a great respect for you so far as I knew you, but I must confess I don't know why I should want to give you my daughter."

"Simply, sir, because in the order of nature you must give her to somebody, and I have the honor to be chosen by her."

"Eva could do better, her mother thinks."

"I am aware Miss Van Arsdel could marry a man with more money than I have, but none who would love her more or be more devoted to her happiness. Besides I have the honor to be the man of her choice, and perhaps you may be aware that Miss Eva is a young lady of very decided preferences."

He smiled drily, and looked at me with a funny twinkle in his eye.

"Eva has always been used to having her own way," he remarked.

"Then, my dear sir, I must beg leave to say that the choice of a companion for life is a place where a lady has a good right to insist on her own way."

"Well, Mr. Henderson, you may be right. But perhaps her parents ought to insist that she shall not make an imprudent marriage."

"Mr. Van Arsdel, I do not conceive that I am proposing an imprudent marriage. I have no wealth to offer, it is true, but I have a reasonable prospect of being able to support a wife and family. I have good firm health, I have good business habits, I have a profession which already assures me a certain income, and an influential position in society."

"What do you call your profession?"

"Literature," I replied.

He looked skeptical, and I added,—"Yes, Mr. Van Arsdel, in our day literature is a profession in which one may hope for both fame and money."

"It is rather an uncertain one, isn't it?" said he.

"I think not. A business which proposes to supply a great permanent, constantly increasing demand, you must admit to be a good one. The demand for current reading is just as wide and steady as any demand of our life, and the men who undertake to supply it have as certain a business as those that undertake to supply cotton or cloth, or railroad iron. At this day fortunes are being made in and by literature."

Mr. Van Arsdel drummed on the table absently.

"Now," said I, determined to speak in the language of men and things, "the case is just this: if a young man of good, reliable habits, good health and good principles, has a capital of seventy thousand dollars invested in a fair paying business, has he not a prospect of supporting a family in comfort?"

"Yes," said Mr. Van Arsdel, regarding me curiously. "I should call that a good beginning."

"Well," rejoined I, "my health, my education, my power of doing literary work, are the capital. They secure to me for the next year an income equal to that of seventy thousand dollars at ten per cent. Now, I think a capital of that amount invested in a man is quite as safe as the same sum invested in any stocks whatever. It seems to me that in our country a man who knows how to take care of his health is less likely to become unproductive in income than in any stock you can name."

"There's something in that, I admit," said Mr. Van Arsdel.

"And there's something in this, too, papa," said Eva, who entered at this moment, and could not resist her desire to dip her oar in the current of conversation, "and that is, that an investment that you have got to take for better or worse, and can't sell or get rid of all your life, had better be made in something that you are sure you will like."

"And are you sure of that in this case, Pussy?" said her father, pinching her cheek.

"Tolerably, as men go. Mr. Henderson is the least tiresome man of my acquaintance, and you know, papa, it's time I took somebody; you don't want me to go into a convent, do you?"

"How about poor Mr. Sydney?"

"Poor Mr. Sydney has just called, and I have invited him to a private audience, and have convinced him that I am not in the least, the person to make him happy—and he is one of the sort that feel that it is the last importance that he should be made happy."

"Well, well, Mr. Henderson, I presume you have seen in the course of your observations, that this is one of the houses where women rule. You and Eva will have to settle it with her mother."

the sill; the trees blew about; the road was wet, and the mud was deep. "Come Trotsy," said Lill.

of affairs with calmness? Was it not enough to quench the ambition of a lifetime, and ruffle the patience of the saints? Any clerical opinion on this point, if forwarded to the address of the Reverend Mr. Trotsy, in my care, or to me, in his care, will be thankfully received and duly appreciated.

"O, I'd let Him kiss me." "What else?" "I'd shake hands to Him."

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Pure Gold.

TORONTO, JAN. 26, 1872.

PARLIAMENTARY SUMMARY.

DURING last week but little business of importance was transacted, the House having scarcely got into working order. On Monday a large number of petitions were presented, chiefly pertaining to private legislation. On the same day the following bills were introduced:—Mr. Cameron—To amalgamate the Toronto, Simcoe and Muskoka Junction Railway Company, the Northern Railway Company, and the Northern Extension Railway Company. Mr. McDonald (Leeds)—To incorporate the Shuniah Mining Company. Mr. Springer—To incorporate the North Shore Silver Mining Company. Mr. Cameron—To consolidate the debenture debt of the City of Toronto. Mr. Smith—To authorize the Law Society of Ontario to admit Edward Stonehouse as barrister-at-law.

“Ministerial explanations” were the next order of the day. Lest any one should be in doubt as to the meaning of this phrase, we will explain. It means that an entire sitting of the house—not to speak of hundreds of dollars of public money—was spent by Hon. members in “pitching into” one another. Of course, according to the *Globe*, the ministry gained a flaming victory; while according to the *Leader* and *Telegraph* the same Hon. gentlemen cut a sorry figure,—in fact, as brother Jonathan would say, were, “catawampously chawed up.” “Which am I to believe?” does a reader say? Whichever you please. One statement is about as correct as the other. “You pays your money and you takes your choice.”

All things have an end, not excepting “ministerial explanations” and so at last the skirmish ended—“nobody hurt.” Mr. Mackenzie then laid on the table the public accounts for 1871, and the House adjourned.

On Tuesday the House met at 3 o'clock, and received a number of petitions; after which bills were introduced as follows:—Mr. Cameron—To incorporate the Toronto Life Insurance and Tontine Company. Mr. Sexton—To amend the Joint Stock Road Companies Act. Mr. Boulton—To amend Act 31 Vic. chap. 37, entitled an “Act respecting dentistry.” Mr. McKellar—To render members of the House of Commons of Canada ineligible as members of the Legislative Assembly. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Blake—To further secure the independence of this Legislative Assembly. Mr. Blake—To make further provision touching the appropriation of the Railway Fund.

After routine business Mr. BLAKE rose to move a resolution, of which he had given notice when leader of the Opposition, in regard to the murder of Thomas Scott. The introduction of this motion was the event of the day, and gave rise to a discussion which was very animated, considering that the speaking was nearly all on one side. At a little before six o'clock the vote was taken, when Mr. Blake's motion was carried 62 to 1.

When the House re-assembled in the evening, Mr. BLAKE referred, in appropriate terms, to the recent illness of the Prince of Wales, and moved “That an address be presented to Her Gracious Majesty expressing the deep sympathy this House has felt for Her Majesty and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales during the recent dangerous illness of His Royal Highness, and the great gratification and delight with which this House hails the news of his happy recovery.” The resolution was seconded by the Hon. M. C. Cameron, the leader of the Opposition, and unanimously passed. A Committee was then appointed to draft an address in accordance with the resolution.

The report of the Committee of Supply was introduced by the Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE, as received. Mr. BLAKE moved the second reading of a bill for the protection of persons in proving lands under mistaken titles, and it was read accordingly. Mr. CROOKS moved the second reading of the bill to extend the legal capacity of married women, after which the House adjourned.

PURE GOLD, OR WEALTH AND WORTH.

THERE is no doubt that this is a money-seeking age. All the warnings and instruction of moralist and divine about the vanity of riches, have been of no avail. On every side the great race of life is the race to get rich by the easiest and shortest way. The slow processes of honest industry, of mechanical or agricultural, or genuine mercantile skill, are despised. It is complained that our young men refuse to follow occupations where rough toil and home-spun clothing must be their lot, but seek for what is considered to be more respectable, genteel, and agreeable means of subsistence—and the sentiment is condemned. But it is vain to condemn it. The very people who condemn the sentiment are its disciples. We know one parent who had actually written articles according to the small light bestowed on him, against the sentiment, and yet the man put his sons to these genteel occupations,—because he thought it was “low” to make mechanics of them. But he himself had been a mechanic. It is the desire to get rich and to avoid labour. It is the desire for all that riches can get,—pleasure, indolence, luxury, refinement, and influence. It is vain to preach against that desire, and equally vain to preach against the vanity of riches. The very people who urge such preachings are making haste—struggling, panting to get rich. Because, in truth, riches do secure for their holders incalculable power and advantage. Power over social institutions—respect from the multitude—command and control over men, and all that pleases the senses and gratifies the passions. These are

the rewards of riches, and hence the passion for riches grows, and as it grows it produces its evil fruit. Hatred and scorn of class for class are its fruit; and all the fierce struggles between capital and labour—the trades' unionism in its darker features in England, and the terrible communism of France. The unsuccessful envy and hate the successful; and the successful grow in pride and insolence, and self-conceit, and think themselves above the class whose skill and toil make them what they are. But none the less intense is the desire for wealth; and upon those who give themselves up to it and believe it is the greatest aim of life to get rich, its influence is full of peril. “The love of money is the root of ALL EVIL,” are words of prophecy, as they are of solemn truth; for this love of money leads to all the gambling speculations; the corruption in public bodies; the frauds in business; the robberies by “confidential servants,” which mark and disgrace this age and defy the best efforts and influences of virtue and religion. And the evil is the more dangerous because it marks the professor of religion as much as the heretic of no church. The simple and truthful words of holy writ, just quoted, are put to scorn, and reproach, and shame, because in the sanctuary—in the very house of prayer—sitting in communion and observing all the outward forms of christian fellowship are to be found men greedy for wealth—making haste to get rich—assuming the actions, and words, and looks of humility and religion on the Sabbath—given up utterly to the pursuit of riches every day in the week,—professing christian charity and fellowship before the altar, but in the shop grinding, greedily, overbearing, inconsiderate of the rights of others, unmerciful to their dependents, and to all without wealth, scornful and proud. The love of money is the root of all evil, and this is its worst fruit, that it not only corrupts and hardens the heart, but because money is needful to the support of the church,—the rich giver thinks that he is a righteous christian because he gives to the altar what he gets so easily and can so easily spare.

It is vain to preach on the emptiness of riches while their power is sovereign. We must undermine that power. We must not only labour to make men feel that there are nobler qualities in mental culture and purity of heart than in riches, both to secure happiness to the possessor and to advance the work of God in life; but we must pay deeper honour to those qualities, and raise him into higher esteem and confidence, who gives himself to a good work, than him who gives a cheque on his bank. No doubt, however, it is well to understand that the power and advantages of riches are as nothing compared with qualities which all could possess did they but make the effort. The fact most clear of all is, that the honour paid to sterling worth is genuine, but that paid to the rich man is insincere and hollow. Cleon, who has amassed a large fortune in his mercantile speculations, contemplates greatness; builds him a palatial residence, and displays the manufactured finery of his wife and daughters in a splendid equipage, may think that all the homage paid to his residence, his grounds, his equipage, his power over dollars is paid to him; and yet he must know and tremble as he knows, that the poor bankrupt whose ruin may have enriched him, and who sinks into not unmerited oblivion because he has no money left, is but an illustration of the worth and worthlessness of riches. We admit at once that he who owns and makes a right and liberal use of riches, wins and deserves genuine honour. But really he is not any better nor abler for good than the man of cultivated mind and pure heart. The liberal rich man is but the dispenser of other men's produce. He is a just steward in his time and place, and only the more to be honoured because he is an unusual exception to a general law. For here, indeed, is another evidence that mental culture and purity of heart are safer as investments for personal effort, than the pursuit of wealth. The tendency of the former is to elevate and develop all that is great and good in man. All mental culture exalts, refines, and ennobles the mind, and all efforts by practical virtues to purify the heart, add to personal influence, and secure the deepest peace. But not only does the possession or the pursuit of riches favour indifference to all practical benevolence to all that concerns human progress, but in the satisfaction with his own resources which it fosters in a man, it hinders development and elevation of character. Now because God has so made us that all from within the man is a thousand fold more influential for good or evil than from any thing external and accidental to him, so it is certain, however a vulgar public opinion may decide otherwise, and however it may bow the knee to golden calves, that the man of cultured mind, but above all of pure heart and active philanthropy, has greater power and does more good than he whose best recommendation is his cheque-book.

Well, then, compare the enjoyments of the two men. As a rule, we may be assured that the man who has given his best efforts to make a fortune, knows nothing of intellectual tastes or delights. Of course the moneyed man has his pictures, statues, and books, because he “must assume” a virtue though he have it not. Intellect has some power, and money must bow to it as a matter of policy, on the same principle that it pays tribute to the church—not of love but fear. But it is impossible for the man whose mental energies have been concentrated on schemes of amassing wealth to have those deep intellectual tastes which books and works of art, and science, and nature give to the cultivated mind. Refined intellectual taste is the fruit of culture; and the mind long perverted by low tastes and limited to one narrow, selfish

sphere of action and contemplation, can never find delight in the grander and purer regions of immortal thought. In this respect, culture gives a reward which the man of wealth does envy but can never possess, and which the man of culture would never exchange for all the vulgar power, ostentation and luxury that wealth delights to own and display. But cannot a man make money—that is a fortune, and pursue intellectual tastes? Emphatically no. Exceptions have sometimes happened. Men of culture have been men of business success sometimes, but so rare are those instances of incongruous habits found harmonizing, that the rule is a safe one, that he who makes a fortune in the usual way, can neither have time, taste, nor ability for intellectual pursuits.

Finally, let us add to all this the fact that the wiser way is the easier one. For one who succeeds in the game for riches, how many lose? It is true that there are many grades in the ranks of wealth, and that he who wins his thousands per annum may have some of the power and luxury possessed by him who wins his tens of thousands. But the influence on character is the same, the main difference probably being that the less successful gambler is full of envy and discontent;—he feels that the possession of wealth gets no genuine respect—gives no genuine happiness. But the wiser pursuit is a source of constant enjoyment; and every man who wields any influence on account of his mental or moral qualities, knows that the respect and honour paid him are genuine. It is his Worth, and not his Wealth, that men bow to, and every good action he performs, and every mental effort he makes, deepens and strengthens his power over his fellow-men.

It is true that much of this doctrine has always been enforced, and in a thousand better ways. But the times demand revivals. Our young men yearn for fortunes, our young women for rich husbands. The lust of greed is undermining the strength of nations. Education is dishonoured and intellect degraded, because both are only valued according to their power in helping a man to “get on.” “What's the use of it?” or “will it pay?” is the question incessantly put by ignorance and narrow-mindedness in reference to everything outside of the shop. The church suffers from it: it looks for support to its wealthy members rather than to its men and women of mental power and nobleness of heart. Worth is sensitive and jealous of its rights. It knows how infinitely higher are its claims, and is its power for good than wealth; and if the church believes its prosperity is better advanced by the dross than by the “pure gold,” its membership will be rotten, its influence and work are formal ceremonies, and utterly unworthy of its great mission. Much of this already prevails. Indifferentism and skepticism are strong because the solemn accusation is brought against christian churches that they are not sound in fellowship and practice. But mental culture and purity of heart, and the spirit of pure religion are kindred and congenial nature; and the power of mind and practical example have done more to advance christianity than the abundance of the treasury. It behoves ministers, then, to war with this homage to health, and give tribute to worth, which is the only pure gold that can sustain the church.

And the State will suffer from this greed for riches. There is unsoundness and hollowness in the immense commercial wealth of England. Her capitalists are too rich—her productive classes too poor,—the great aim of life is to get rich; and while the successful few are amassing princely fortunes and receiving princely incomes, discontent, envy and jealousy are burning in the hearts of the multitude, who cannot understand the economy that dooms them to perpetual and ill-paid toil, whose fruits are seized and enjoyed by the rich. Unless a higher sentiment expels the meaner ambition, we betide the nation given up to the pursuit of riches, and believing that mere commercial prosperity is an evidence of power and happiness. The Battle of Dorking will be the sure and merited issue of such a spirit. The strength of Germany lies in her mental and moral culture. Individually the Germans are not rich. Merchant princes do not flourish there; and the people desire knowledge and honour culture for their own sake, because they are the sources of true manliness and lasting influence, not because they may help to make fortunes. While Germany sustains this sentiment, she will grow in moral and physical power, and assume that supreme rank amongst nations to which on such conditions she will be the best entitled. Individuals or nations ought to fail when they are false to the doctrine which declares worth higher than wealth.

Let us, too, beware. The desire to get rich is strong amongst us—far too strong. Too many of us believe this to be the great purpose of life. It is too much the custom with us,—“if there come into our assemblies a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment, to have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing; and say unto him, ‘Sit thou here in a good place; and to say to the poor stand thou there or sit here under my footstool.’” But we are young as a nation, and if we would attain the stature of true manhood and national greatness, we must cultivate a contempt for riches as the source of happiness. The right idea is that an exceedingly rich man is always a suspicious character. He has taken care of number one. He has had an eye to his own interests. He may have benefited the community in getting rich, but the main business of life with him has been to feather his own nest; and whatever indirect good he has done, has been richly paid for in the profits of the speculation. The true riches are those of heart and mind,—the “pure gold” which moth and rust cannot corrupt—which alone exalts the christian church, strengthens the State, and makes the man; and the only gold which ought to claim homage and love is WORTH.

RICHARD LEWIS.

HALF-HOURS WITH POPULAR AUTHORS.

WILL M. CARLETON.

A WRITER, over the above signature, has been attracting considerable attention in the United States by a series of “Farm Ballads,” two or three of which have already appeared in the columns of PURE GOLD. We have no knowledge of Mr. Carleton's antecedents; but it must be evident to all who have read his productions that he promises to become an author of more than ordinary power. Mr. Carleton has not, as yet, soared into the higher regions of poetic fancy; but he touches commonplace, every-day topics with a master's hand, and has already, we think, earned the title of “popular”—an opinion in which our readers will doubtless agree, when they have read the following on

THE BURNING OF CHICAGO.

'Twas night in the beautiful city,
The famous and wonderful city,
The proud and magnificent city,
The Queen of the North and the West.

The riches of nations were gathered in wondrous and plentiful store;
The swift-speeding bearers of Commerce were waiting on river and shore;
The great staring walls towered skyward, with visage undaunted and bold,
And said, “We are ready, O Winter! come on with your hunger and cold!
Sweep down with your storms from the Northward! come out from your ice-guarded lair!
Our larders have food for a nation! our wardrobes have clothing to spare!
For off from the corn-bladed prairies, and out from the valleys and hills,
The farmer has swept up his harvests, the miller has emptied his mills;
And here, in the lap of our city, the treasures of Autumn shall rest,
In golden-crowned, glorious Chicago, the Queen of the North and the West!”

'Twas night in the church-guarded city,
The templed and altar-decked city,
The sacred and spire-adorned city,
The Queen of the North and the West!

And out from the beautiful temples that Wealth in its fullness had made,
And out from the haunts that were humble, where Poverty peacefully prayed,
Where praises and thanks had been offered to Him where they rightly belonged,
In peaceful quietude homeward the worshipping multitude thronged,
The Pharisee, laden with riches and jewellery, costly and rare,
Who proudly deigned thanks to Jehovah he was not as other men are;
The penitent, crushed in his weakness, and laden with pain and with sin;
The outcast, who yearningly waited to hear the glad bidding, “Come in!”
And thus went they quietly homeward, with sins and omissions confessed,
In spire-adorned, templed Chicago, the Queen of the North and the West.

'Twas night in the sin-burdened city,
The turbulent, vice-laden city,
The sin-compassed, rogue-haunted city,
Though Queen of the North and the West.

And low in their caves of pollution great beasts of humanity growled;
And over his money-strewn table the gambler bent fiercely and scowled;
And men with no seeming of manhood, with countenance flaming and fell,
Drank deep from the fire-laden fountains that spring from the rivers of hell;
And men with no seeming of manhood, who dreaded the coming of day,
Prowled, cat-like, for blood-purchased plunder from men who were better than they;
And men with no seeming of manhood, whose dearest-craved glory was shame,
Whose joys were the sorrows of others, whose harvests were acres of flame,
Slunk, whispering and low, in their corners, with bowie and pistol tight-pressed,
In rogue-haunted, sin-cursed Chicago, though Queen of the North and the West.

'Twas night in the elegant city,
The rich and voluptuous city,
The beauty-thronged, mansion-decked city,
Gay Queen of the North and the West.

And childhood was placidly resting in slumber untroubled and deep;
And softly the mother was fondling her innocent baby to sleep;
And maidens were dreaming of pleasures and triumphs the future should show,
And scanning the brightness and glory of joys they were never to know;
And firesides were cheerful and happy, and Comfort smiled sweetly around;
But grim Desolation and Ruin looked into the window and frowned,
And pitying angels looked downward, and gazed on their loved ones below,
And longed to reach forth a deliverance, and yearned to beat backward the foe;
But Pleasure and Comfort were reigning, no danger was spoken or guessed,
In beautiful, golden Chicago, gay Queen of the North and the West.

Then up in the streets of the city,
The careless and negligent city,
The soon-to-be-sacrificed city,
Doomed Queen of the North and the West.

Crept, softly and slyly, so tiny it hardly was worth the name,
Crept, slowly and soft through the rubbish, a radiant serpent of flame,
The South-wind and West-wind came shrieking, “Rouse up in your strength and your ire!
For many a year they have chained you, and crushed you, O demon of fire!
Now, rouse you, and dig for this city a fiery and desolate grave!
Freight heavy with grief and with wailing her world-scattered pride and renown!
Charge straight on her mansions of splendour, and battle her battlements down!
And we, the strong South-wind and West-wind, with thrice-doubled fury possessed,
Will sweep with you over this city, this Queen of the North and the West!”

Then straight at the great quiet city,
The strong and o'er-confident city,
The well-nigh invincible city,
Doomed Queen of the North and the West.

The Fire-devil rallied his legions, and speeded them forth on the wind,
With tinder and treasures before him, with ruin and tempests behind,
The tennent crushed 'neath his foot-step, the mansion oped wide at his knock;
And walls that had frowned him defiance, they trembled and fell with a shock;
And down on the hot, smoking house-tops, came raining a deluge of fire;
And serpents of flame writhed and clambered and twisted on steeple and spire;
And beautiful, glorious Chicago, the city of riches and fame,
Was swept by a storm of destruction, was flooded by billows of flame,
The Fire-king loomed high in his glory, with crimson and fire-streaming crest,
And grinned his fierce scorn on Chicago, doomed Queen of the North and the West.

Then swiftly the quick-breathing city,
The fearful and panic-struck city,
The startled and fire-deluged city,
Rushed back from the South and the West.

And loudly the fire-bells were clanging, and ringing their funeral notes;
And loudly wild accents of terror came pealing from thousands of throats;
And loud was the wagon's deep rumbling, and loud the wheel's clatter and creak,
And loud were the hoofs of the horses, and loud was the tramping of feet,
And louder, yet louder, the crashing of roofs and of walls as they fell,
And louder, yet louder, the roaring that told of the coming of hell,
The Fire-king threw back his black mantle from off his great blood-dappled breast,
And sneered in the face of Chicago, the Queen of the North and the West.

'Twas morn in the desolate city,
The ragged and ruin-heaped city,
The homeless and hot-smoking city,
The grief of the North and the West.

But down from the West came the bidding, “O Queen, lift in courage thy head!
Thy friends and thy neighbours awaken, and hasten, with raiment and bread!”
And up from the South came the bidding, “Cheer up, fairest Queen of the Lakes!
For comfort and aid shall be coming from out our savannahs and brakes!”
And down from the North came the bidding, “O City, be hopeful of cheer!
We've somewhat to spare for thy sufferers, for all of our suffering here!”
And up from the East came the bidding, “O City, be dauntless and bold!
Look hither for food and for raiment—look hither for credit and gold!”
And all through the world went the bidding, “Bring hither your choicest and best,
For weary and hungry Chicago—sad Queen of the North and the West!”

O crushed, but invincible city!
O broken, but fast-rising city!
O glorious, but unconquered city,
Still Queen of the North and the West!

The long, golden years of the future, with treasures increasing and rare,
Shall glisten upon thy rich garments—shall twine in the folds of thy hair!
From out the black heaps of thy ruins new columns of beauty shall rise,
And glittering domes shall fling grandly our nation's proud flag to the skies!
From off the wide prairies of splendor the treasures of Autumn shall pour,
The breezes shall sweep from the Northward, and hurry the ships to thy shore!
For Heaven will look downward in mercy on those who've passed under the rod,
And happily again they will prosper, and bask in the blessing of God,
Once more thou shalt stand mid the cities, by prosperous breezes caressed,
O, grand and unconquer! Chicago, still Queen of the North and the West!

ENGLISH LAW IS PROHIBITORY.

THERE are trades to which the state applies not restriction merely, but prohibition. Thus coining money is suppressed by law. Lotteries, as a commercial speculation, are prohibited by the law of England.

Now the liquor traffic is a public nuisance in all these respects,—physically, economically, and morally. By its physical operation it causes death to millions, and affects myriads with diseases involving the most wretched forms of bodily and mental torture.

MASS MEETING OF THE BRANCH LEAGUE.

The mass meeting of the Toronto Branch of the Ontario Prohibition League, referred to in our last issue, was held on last Tuesday, ult., in the Wesleyan Tabernacle, McGill Square; there was a large and attentive audience present.

Rev. Mr. Cochrane addressed the meeting on the social necessity for more stringent laws for the suppression of intemperance. He expressed the great satisfaction he felt in being present at such a meeting. He believed it was the duty of everyone who professed to be a Christian to be connected with such an important movement.

THE PETITION.

THE following is a copy of the petition now being circulated by the Ontario Temperance and Prohibition League over all parts of Ontario.

Mr. McMurray, editor of the Northern Advocate, being present, was invited by the chairman to address the meeting. Mr. McMurray began by stating that Mr. Farewell had expressed his intention to be at the meeting but was prevented by Parliamentary duties.

To the Honourable the House of Assembly of the Province of Ontario.

The petition of the undersigned Inhabitants of the Province of Ontario.

That your Petitioners view, with the gravest apprehensions, the alarming spread of Intemperance throughout the Province, consequent upon the facilities afforded for the sale of Intoxicating Liquors.

That your Petitioners are convinced that the existing license law is utterly insufficient, in its present shape, to repress the evils growing out of the Traffic in Strong Drinks.

Wherefore your Petitioners humbly pray that your Honourable House may be pleased to pass an Act for the Province of Ontario as will, in addition to the restrictions now imposed upon the Liquor Traffic, provide the following: viz.

1st. That the whole of the fees for Licenses to sell Intoxicating Liquors shall be paid into the Provincial Treasury.

2nd. That in case of complaint for violation of the License Law, power be given to at once seize all intoxicating liquors in the possession of the party against whom the complaint is made, and, in case of conviction, to confiscate and destroy such liquors.

3rd. That the property where intoxicating liquor is sold to any person shall be liable for all damage done to or by such person while in a state of intoxication.

4th. That the sale of Intoxicating Liquors be prohibited in Saloons and Eating Houses.

5th. That the sale of Intoxicating Liquors be prohibited in Grocery or other shops, unless in sealed packages of not less than one quart, and that no liquor be allowed to be drunk on the premises where sold, except in taverns provided with the accommodation required by law.

6th. That where Intoxicating Liquors, with the usual appliances for the sale thereof, such as decanters, beer pumps, &c., &c., are found in any unlicensed house, it shall be considered prima facie evidence that such traffic is carried on, and the prosecutor shall not be required to prove actual sale.

7th. That all prosecutions for infractions of the License Laws shall be entered and conducted by the Crown Attorney, or other public officer appointed for the purpose.

And, as in duty bound, your Petitioners will ever pray.

SHORT SERMONS FROM SHAKESPEAREAN TEXTS.

NO II.—LOVE.

Oh powerful love! that in some respects makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast.—MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, ACT V, SCENE 5.

THE subject of this week's article is a difficult one to treat of. First as to its definition. It is literally impossible to give an explanation of the term which will suit all readers. I shall therefore call love as we possess it, a species of animal magnetism, which to be understood must be experienced. It is (according to the poets) the motive power by which all great events are destined to be controlled.

That in some respects it makes a beast a man is evident from the fact that the love of an inferior animal for its offspring gives rise frequently to actions which would do honor to one of the genus homo. Witness the degree of bravery with which a hen will defend her chickens, or a dove her nestlings.

But further on we reverse the position, and find that "in some other, Love maketh a man a beast."

This is unfortunately but too true, dating from the earliest periods of history down to the present day; and fresh evidences are daily cropping up to prove the assertion. Adam yielded to the solicitations of Eve solely because he loved her, and disregarding alike his duty and God's express commands, plunged himself and his whole posterity into a state of sin, suffering and death.

The report shows the progress of the Temple during the past year, and urges the members to continue in the good work which they have so auspiciously begun. The Library of the Temple had lately received an addition of 23 new books, and is now in good order.

A Mrs. Moore went into a certain saloon in Grand Rapids lately and informed the proprietor that if he did not immediately produce a certain sum of money she would complain of him and institute proceedings for selling liquor to her husband.

The Ann Arbor Courier says: It is reported that a man in this city visited the liquor saloons frequently, and failed to provide for his family. They were reduced to such a condition of want, that the Supervisor felt it to be his duty to assist the wife and mother, and gave her a county order to get provisions for her family.

It would be absurd to allege that the Cuban insurgents have any single qualification of a de facto political organization. They claim to have a Republican form of government, with a President and Congress, but it exists almost entirely on paper.

Some years ago, I lived in a situation in Ireland, as caretaker of cattle. I often had to sit up all night, and sometimes fell asleep. I was advised by one of the workmen, to take a little snuff, and it would keep me awake; so I bought a half-penny worth and tried it, and found that it produced the desired effect.

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brought to my wife something over £2. Some of the other men's wives laid out their money on new dresses, or new shawls, boots, etc.; but my wife said she would do with what she had, and lay by the £2 to help to take George to Canada. He was at a trade all the time. I must say one thing in praise of my wife, that she always laid out my earnings to the best advantage, and for myself I always brought it home to her to lay out. I kept none of my earnings for the whisky-store. When she could she added a little to the £2, and the time came around, when there was no more work for my son where he was employed, and we managed to get him out to this good country, and after being here a while, he saved as much as paid his brother's passage out, and some time after their mother and I had the good fortune of getting out here, also. I pity those in the Old Country who wish to get out here, but cannot. Some might if they would give up spirituals, liquors, tobacco, or snuff.

I thank God that I was enabled to give up the snuff, because by denying myself that indulgence, my children are now in a country where with God's blessing they may rise in the world.

JAMES LUNNY.

TEMPERANCE NEWS.

TEMPERANCE SOIREE.

The third anniversary soiree of the St John's Temple, No. 58, I. O. G. T., was held last evening in the Mission Church, Chesnut street, and although the weather was unfavourable, yet the church was filled. Tea was served at seven o'clock, and was followed by a musical and literary entertainment.

The Mayor's Banquet.—This select entertainment, on Friday evening, was in keeping with the many public acts of our Chief Magistrate—highly commendable. This worthy civic officer has been assiduous in all that belongs to his relations in the material interests of the city, and has contributed largely to the social, moral, benevolent and religious well-being of all the people.

IMPORTATION OF SPIRITS.—A friend of the temperance cause asks us to publish the fact that, while in 1870 the importation of spirits into Lindsay was about 72,000 gallons, in 1871 it was only about 62,000 gallons. This is a gratifying reduction, considering that the population of the town is so largely increased.

ILLINOIS.

The report shows the progress of the Temple during the past year, and urges the members to continue in the good work which they have so auspiciously begun. The Library of the Temple had lately received an addition of 23 new books, and is now in good order.

A Mrs. Moore went into a certain saloon in Grand Rapids lately and informed the proprietor that if he did not immediately produce a certain sum of money she would complain of him and institute proceedings for selling liquor to her husband.

The Ann Arbor Courier says: It is reported that a man in this city visited the liquor saloons frequently, and failed to provide for his family. They were reduced to such a condition of want, that the Supervisor felt it to be his duty to assist the wife and mother, and gave her a county order to get provisions for her family.

It would be absurd to allege that the Cuban insurgents have any single qualification of a de facto political organization. They claim to have a Republican form of government, with a President and Congress, but it exists almost entirely on paper.

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THE PROHIBITIONIST.

The regular issue of this new and staunch Temperance Weekly will begin in about two weeks. Will the friends who are making up clubs send them in without delay.

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Send for a Specimen Copy.

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TRAVELLERS GUIDE.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

GOING EAST—TORONTO TO MONTREAL.

Table with columns for station, time, and direction. Stations include Toronto, Whitby, Oshawa, Bowmanville, Port Hope, Cobourg, Belleville, Kingston, Brockville, Ottawa.

GOING WEST—MONTREAL TO TORONTO.

Table with columns for station, time, and direction. Stations include Montreal, Prescott, Cobourg, Belleville, Kingston, Brockville, Ottawa.

TORONTO TO SARNIA.

Table with columns for station, time, and direction. Stations include Toronto, Stratford, London, Sarnia.

SARNIA TO TORONTO.

Table with columns for station, time, and direction. Stations include Sarnia, London, Stratford, Toronto.

Trains run by Montreal time.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

MAIN LINE—GOING WEST.

Table with columns for station, time, and direction. Stations include Suspension Bridge, St. Catharines, Hamilton, Paris, Woodstock, Ingersoll, London, Chatham, Windsor.

MAIN LINE—GOING EAST.

Table with columns for station, time, and direction. Stations include Windsor, Chatham, London, Ingersoll, Paris, Hamilton, St. Catharines, Suspension Bridge.

TORONTO LINE—G. W. R. R.

Table with columns for station, time, and direction. Stations include Toronto, Oakville, Hamilton (Arrive), Hamilton (Depart), Toronto (Arrive).

HAMILTON TO TORONTO.

Table with columns for station, time, and direction. Stations include Hamilton, Oakville, Toronto (Arrive).

Trains run by Hamilton time.

NORTHERN RAILWAY.

MOVING NORTH. MOVING SOUTH.

Table with columns for station, time, and direction. Stations include Toronto, Newmarket, Barrie, Orillia, Collingwood, Newmarket.

TORONTO AND NIPissing RAILWAY.

Table with columns for station, time, and direction. Stations include Toronto, Midland Junction, Markham, Southville, Uxbridge, Cannington, Woodville, Midland Junction.

Trains run by Toronto time.

Rural Affairs.

TRAINING AND EDUCATING FARMERS.

IT was once the prevailing conviction among all classes of citizens that the tiller of the soil, from the nature of his livelihood, must be uneducated, rude in speech, and uncultivated in manners—a mere "hewer of wood and a drawer of water."

No class of citizens can have—and none do have—so much leisure and so many opportunities to read, to write, to study, and to become wiser and better, than tillers of the soil, if they will seize the leisure moments.

THE CAUSES OF DISEASE IN SHEEP.

The report of the Agricultural Department for 1870 states that "there was during that year no loss amongst flocks that had been well fed and properly treated; and that nearly all the losses reported were traceable to cruel neglect and reckless disregard of the health and comfort of the sheep affected."

If the dogs kill the sheep, the only remedy is to kill the dogs. If the owners of the dogs can prove damages, pay them. But at any rate kill any dog that is discovered prowling about the premises.

Scientific and Sanitary.

A NEW FORM OF SENSITIVE FLAME.

MR Philip Barry, of Cork, sends, says the *Lancet*, the following account of a new and very beautiful sensitive flame to Professor Tyndall, by whom it has been published in *Nature*.

THE LUCIFER MATCH.

THE invention of our present lucifer match was great because it was so small, and it now turns out that the production of this most useful, but at the same time most dangerous, firework was due to a happy thought which flashed through the brain of Mr. Isaac Holden, who so terms the idea in his evidence before the Patent Committee.

SLEEPLESSNESS.

The best anodyne is a liberal amount of muscular activity out of doors every day. Persons who set around the fire and lounge on the sofa, or read or sew a great part of the day, need not expect sound sleep; only the laboring man can taste it in its sweetness.

Many fail to sleep at night because they will persist in sleeping in the day time. It is just as impossible to healthfully force more sleep on the system than the proportion of exercise requires, as to force the stomach to digest more food than the body requires.

FEVERS.

LONDON Journals have been discussing the difference between typhoid and typhus fevers. It is stated that they differ essentially in origin—typhus arising from want, over crowding, and personal contagion; while typhoid is malarial in origin, and not contagious from person to person.

GERMS IN WATER.

ONE teaspoonful of Condy's fluid dropped slowly into every gallon of drinking water is the best known oxidiser, says a correspondent, of organic matter. I make my own Condy, to save expense: it is merely five grains permanganate of potash to each fluid ounce of distilled water.

TO DRAW A RUSTED NAIL.—First drive it in a little, which breaks the hold, and then it may be drawn out much easier.

The Home Circle.

WHO WANTS IT?

WHO wants what? Who wants intoxicating liquors sold to members of his family? Who wants to have the Houses of Correction filled? Who wants to increase the inmates in our State Prisons? All who desire these things will find a sure way to secure them, by opening places for the sale of liquor.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

There's a battle to be fought, A victory to be gained; There's a country to be saved, A host from sin reclaimed.

There's an enemy abroad, So subtle and so strong, That the conflict must be fierce, The struggle must be long.

We're recruiting for the ranks, For years and years to come; That our numbers may not fail, Ere triumph shall be won.

Centuries ago, hosts of children were marshalled for a crusade to the Holy Land. Leaving home and country, knowing not whither or why they went, they climbed mountains, forded rivers, and made their way across trackless deserts.

We want all the boys and girls for soldiers in the temperance army. All the large ones and all the small ones, all the white ones and all the black ones, all the rich ones and all the poor ones.

A FISHER OF MEN.

Henry Ward Beecher thus disposes of the question as to who should be preachers of the Gospel: A man goes forth with a splendid jointed rod, long silken line, an exquisite and glittering reel, and all manner of curious bates, and walks with full confidence of success to the appointed brook where fish should be taken.

THE BOY AT THE PALACE GATE.

There was once a little English boy who wished very much to see the Queen; so he determined to go at once to her palace, and ask to see her. But the sentinel on guard before the gate only laughed at the boy, and pushed him aside with his musket.

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you pray to God, to ask all blessings for the sake of Jesus, for in no other way will prayer ever be heard and answered. No one who longs to see the King in his beauty, but will find the Prince of life ever ready to lead him up to his very throne.

SOMETHING WRONG.

It was Saturday evening; and Mrs. Ainslie, flushed and tired, was working busily on a little white sacque, while a similar garment, evidently just finished, and two pretty hats newly trimmed with white rosettes and feathers, were on the table beside her, and two dainty dresses of light summer silk, ruffled up to the waists, hung over a chair-back.

The wearers of these tasteful garments, aged respectively eight and ten years, were sleeping the deep, healthful slumber of childhood; while the weary mother sat toiling far into the night, and cheering her self-imposed task with the thought of the pretty picture that would greet her eyes on the morrow.

"Come, come, Mary," said Frank Ainslie, as he threw down his book, and approached his wife, "do you know that you are fairly encroaching on the Lord's Day? It wants only a quarter to midnight."

"I can't help it, Frank!" was the somewhat impatient reply. "this sacque must be finished, that the children may appear in their Spring things to-morrow. There is not much to do to it now. Look! is it not pretty?"

"Very pretty, indeed, Mary—as your handiwork always is; I heard some one say, the other day, that you kept those children looking; just like flowers, and you're not a bit extravagant, either, as I told Edwards—who said he 'guessed I had pretty bills to pay.' I often wonder how you manage it."

Mrs. Ainslie blushed with gratified vanity, as she replied: "Mrs. Edwards put the idea into her husband's head, just because she hasn't a particle of taste, herself, and dresses her children like frights. She could no more cut and make things as I do, than she could fly to the moon!"

"Rather a flighty comparison, my dear," said her husband, laughing at her indignation. "But I quite believe you. What is the matter, now? You have not run that great needle into your head, I hope?"

For Mrs. Ainslie had suddenly pressed her hand on her temple with an expression of suffering.

"No," she replied; "but a sharp pain shot through it just then, as though I had. I have been working like a Trojan, since ten o'clock this morning."

"Well, now, Mary," continued her husband, as the clock struck midnight, "I don't like this kind of thing at all. You are working altogether too much, and I don't understand why it is, when I got you a sewing machine on purpose for you not to work; but you still keep at it like an over-driven seamstress."

"Fits!" exclaimed Mrs. Ainslie, triumphantly, as she folded the sacque. "Come here, Frank; I want to whisper something to you. Don't tell any one—but sewing machines don't run themselves; besides, I don't believe they really are such a great saving, after all; it is a great temptation to put a dozen tucks where we used to put one, when it can be done so easily."

"Well," replied Mr. Ainslie, as he followed his wife up-stairs, "it seems to me that you are fairly possessed by the demon of work. I am glad that your religious principles will not allow you to sew on Sunday."

The two little girls, Mary and Anna, were remarkable pretty, sweet-looking children; and when they were dressed in their fresh, Sunday suits, other eyes besides those of their partial mother pronounced them "lovely."

Frank Ainslie felt very proud of his wife and children, as he examined them critically on their way to church; and when he reflected that his wife made every thing they wore, he said to himself, "That little woman is a jewel."

Mrs. Ainslie looked like a Spring flower, herself, in her white bonnet, and suit of delicate lilac; but her head throbbled so that she could not enjoy the service. She found herself comparing her children with others, and was pleased to see that they looked quite as well as any in the congregation; although their father was only a young lawyer, while some of these other people counted their wealth by hundreds of thousands.

After dinner, the children came in dressed for Sunday School; but their mother had thrown herself listlessly on the lounge.

"You must go without me," she said, "my head is splitting."

Little Mary went up to her in her thoughtful way: "Mamma," said she softly, "didn't our new dresses and things make your head ache? I shan't like them, if they did."

"Go now, dears," replied Mrs. Ainslie, as she kissed both the children.

"Poor little wife!" said her husband, tenderly. "I think I must hide that work-basket for the future. I don't like these headaches. How your boys will miss you, Mary."

Yes, she knew they would—six or eight sturdy rascals, who had been subdued into Sunday-school decency by the charm of her gentle face and manner; and who, at that very moment, were seizing their caps, and rushing from the building in disgust, at being handed over to the tender mercies of a gentleman teacher, instead of "their own pretty lady."

"I don't like my verse, to-day, Mamma," said little Anna, when she returned from Sunday-school.

"Why not, daughter? Let me hear what it is." The child repeated reverently, "Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Mrs. Ainslie felt uncomfortable—the words seemed to strike her in a new light.

"But why doesn't my little daughter like it?" she asked, as she stroked the soft curls. "It is a very beautiful verse."

"Because, Mamma, Hattie Edwards told me that I wasn't a bit like the lilies, with all these fine clothes; and she said I wasn't like Solomon, either, because he was a wise man, while I was only a silly, stuck-up little girl. She called me 'a peacock,' too."

her years, "but I have been wondering if it was wrong for us to have nice things! Sallie Dixon tossed her head at me, when we were coming out, had asked me where our carriage was. She said that *Aer Mamma* never allowed her to walk, when she was dressed up so much."

The Dixons were "carriage people," and Mrs. Ainslie felt the cut quite keenly. She began to suspect that there was something wrong in the existing state of things, and she set herself to thinking vigorously.

There was not a happier wife and mother in the town; and she prided herself on having a prettier looking home, and a prettier wardrobe for herself and children, than any of her acquaintances could possibly have on the same amount of money. They lived strictly within their income; but she began to think it possible that they were spending things that were of more value than money. How many weary days of shopping in disagreeable regions, where things were cheaper, had her prior appointments cost her!—With how many sleepless nights and toiling days, did she get up the summer and winter outfits, that people evidently thought too fine for their condition!

She believed they were too fine, after all; it was folly to dress the children as though their father had been a millionaire. That day's experience had pained her; the holy service had brought her no comfort, because she was "careful and troubled about many things."

"I do so like the way in which you dress your children," said a new acquaintance to Mrs. Ainslie, a few months afterward; "they always look as fresh and sweet as possible—but there is not a ruffle, nor a tuck, nor a ribbon to much. In these days of furbelows and extravagance, it is really refreshing to see so much good sense."

"It took me some time to learn it," was the frank reply. "I came near shipwrecking my health, and even more important things, in the ignorable effort to run neck to neck with our neighbors; but all I'e sharp medicine, in the shape of uncharitable comments, did me a world of good."

The lady looked admiringly upon the sweet face of the speaker, and felt that here indeed was a woman worth knowing.

E. R. C.

HOW TO ENJOY LIFE.

It is wonderful to what an extent people believe happiness depends on not being obliged to labor. Honest, hearty, contented labor is the only source of happiness, as well as the only guarantee of life. Idleness and luxury induce premature decay much faster than many trades regarded as the most exhausting and fatal to longevity. Labor in general actually increases the term of life. It is the lack of occupation that annually destroys so many of the wealthy, who, having nothing to do, play the part of drones, and like them, make a speedy exit, while the busy bee fills out its day in usefulness and honor.

THE BLOOM OF AGE.

A good woman never grows old. Years pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart, she is as cheerful as when the Spring of life opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman we never think of her age; she looks as charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed upon her cheek. That rose never fades yet—it will never fade. Who does not love and respect the woman that has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy? She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirits, and active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence. If the young lady desires to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let her not yield to the sway of fashion or folly, and let her love truth and virtue.

TOBACCO AND INSANITY.

Two Belgian physicians, Drs. Giffhan and Hagen, have, after careful collation of the facts, stated the following as the proportions which the consumption of tobacco bears to insanity in Belgium. From 1818 to 1830, the tobacco product being 20,000 kilogrammes, there were 10,000 insane. In 1832, with a production of 80,000,000 kilogrammes, there were 15,000 insane. In 1852 the product was 112,000,000 kilogrammes, the insane 22,000. In 1864, with a tobacco product of 180,000,000 kilogrammes, there were 44,000 crazy Belgians.

GOLD DUST.

Nothing deserves commendation unless it be virtuous.

The fruit of belief is made manifest by the love we bear to our neighbours, and by our patience in time of trouble.

The celebrated Dr. Gregory used to say that he never got a patient from water-drinking, but thousands from drinking alcohol.

He who wants to do a great deal at once will never do anything.

To say little and perform much, is the characteristic of a great mind.

Criticism very often consists in measuring the learning and the wisdom of others, either by our ignorance, or by our little technical and pedantic partialities and prejudices.

Delight in accuracy of perception, and truthfulness in all the details of statement, should be inculcated as some of the most valuable elements of education and character.

The wind is unseen, but it cools the brow of the fevered one, sweetens the summer atmosphere and ripples the surface of the lake into silver spangles of beauty. So goodness of heart, though invisible to the material eye, makes its presence felt, and from its effects upon surrounding things we are assured of its existence.

HARMLESS mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits; wherefore, jesting is not unlawful if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality or season.

ADVICE TO A SON.—You should consider well, execute with vigor and stick to your purpose, putting off nothing till to-morrow. Resolves not carried out at the right moment are like clouds without rain in a sore draught.

LITTLE THINGS.—Springs are little things, but they are sources of large rivers and lakes; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship; nails, screws, pins, and pegs are little things, but large things could scarcely be constructed without them. A word, a look, a frown, a smile, a tear, are all apparently little things, but they exert a mighty influence.

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Engineers' and Plumbers' Brass Work.
HAMILTON, ONT.
Corner of McNab and Vine Streets.
Hamilton, Dec. 20th, 1871.

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Manufacturers and Dealers in
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Patent Scissors Sharpener,
Patent Broom Holders,
Patent Hook and Bolt,
Patent Hold back,
Patent Bread Toasters,
Patent Dry Goods Stock-taking and
Measuring Machine,
AND OTHER SALEABLE ARTICLES.
AGENTS WANTED.
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PERKINS & CLARK,
CATHARINE STREET, HAMILTON,
WHOLESALE GROCERS
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Dec. 22

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Being awarded First Prize at the Toronto, London, Glasgow, St. Catharines, Chatham, Waterloo, Orangeville, Mono, Wellandport and Otterville Exhibitions of 1871; second prize at the Provincial Fair at Kingston, and Diploma at Hamilton.

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After continued improvements, that have rendered the history of this old established and original Sewing Machine Manufacture of the Dominion famous from its first institution, the Company have now brought to perfection and placed in the market the Wanzer Patent Letter "A" Family Sewing Machine, an invention which combines improvements of the highest importance, which have been the study of inventors devoted to the perfecting of the Sewing Machine from its earliest introduction to common use. The advantages claimed for the new Letter "A" Sewing Machine are—superior accuracy of operation, durability, simplicity, convenience, and the retention of perfect utility through an indefinite period of service. The Letter "A" Family Sewing Machine is now introduced to the public, relying solely upon its superior merits as the most perfect, convenient, durable, and

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DEAR SIR—At your own request we have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the efficient manner in which you prepare young men for business pursuits.

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References—The Rt. Rev. The Lord Bishop of Toronto; The Rt. Rev. The Lord Bishop of Huron; The Rt. Rev. The Bishop of Ontario.
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References by permission: Hon. W. P. Howland, C.B.; R. A. Harrison, Q.C., M.P.; Hon. Frank Smith, Senator; Joseph Sheard, Esq., Mayor of Toronto; James Beatty, Esq., M.P.; Hon. M. C. Cameron, Q.C., M.P.; and others.

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