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Temperance Department.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. E. N. JANVIER.

I was spending the summer months in a charming country resort by the side of one of our largest rivers, surrounded by mountain scenery, with its ever-varying aspects of grandeur and beauty; sometimes fascinated by the changing loveliness of early morning, when the soft river mists climbed up the mountain-sides and rolled away before the golden sunshine; and again calmed with pensive musings in the gentle coming on of twilight, with its shadowy folds settling down over river and hillsides, blending all with peaceful harmony, until the stars came out with their glittering rays, or the full moon came up from behind some distant mountain, and shot an instantaneous path of rippling light across the water.

It was at just such a moment, on one memorable evening, that I was seated on a rock near the river's edge, alone, and completely absorbed in the solemn beauty by which I seemed surrounded.

Suddenly I heard a voice, in clear but agitated tones, calling as if to some one on the river—

"Caroline! Caroline!"

But the wide river rolled on, and no answer came back.

The voice came nearer, every few minutes repeating the name, and with increasing agitation.

A steamer came in sight from around the Point, out in the middle of the stream; beaming with light, she ploughed her way along. I could hear the lashing of her revolving wheels, and presently the waves came wandering in nearly to my feet—she had passed.

Just at that instant the voice again called, almost in agony, close to my ear—

"Caroline! Caroline!"

Turning quickly, I found Mrs. Townsend, the mother of Caroline, had approached me without knowing I was there. She was a lady well known to me, and, after the first start of surprise, she was thankful for my presence and sympathy.

"Is it your daughter Carrie you are calling, my dear Mrs. Townsend?" I asked. "Is she on the river to-night?"

"Yes, yes, it is Carrie. She and one of her young friends hastily accepted an invitation to go out on the river more than two hours ago. I am almost wild with anxiety. I charged Leonard not to go out into the middle of the river, on account of the night boats coming up; and, indeed, to be at home before the time for their passing. One of them has just gone up now. O my child, my child!"

"Do you feel a want of confidence in the young man who is rowing," I asked, my own heart sinking as I recalled the fact that this Leonard was known to be at times intemperate in the use of wine or brandy; not grossly so, but frequently in a state of excitement, which



PROF. DANIEL WILSON, LL.D.

The above is a portrait of Professor Daniel Wilson, LL. D., of Toronto, Ontario, a very distinguished man of science. He is one of the wiry, muscular sons of old Scotia, and his great force of character combined with his executive ability has caused him to attain a very prominent position in the land. He is now Professor of English Literature and History in Toronto University. He has written several works which have not only been well received in this country but also in Great Britain, where the leading reviews criticised them favorably. Among these is a book entitled "Prehistoric Man," which manifests great originality of thought in dealing with that great field of speculation for scientific men—the state of man before the period of well authenticated history. "Caliban" is the title of a more recent work, and as it is a conversation between a teacher and pupil on important subject matter it could be read with interest by some of our youngest readers.

The subject of this sketch has always taken a great interest in the young people of Toronto, where he resides. Among other works which will always redound to his credit is the establishing of the "Newsboys' Lodgings," an institution in which the Toronto newsboys are lodged and boarded at a very moderate rate. He also takes a prominent part in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, and has with Mr. John McDonald, M.P. for Centre

Toronto, been largely instrumental in bringing it to its present influential position in the Queen City. In fact the Professor is always active in every good work, and is always ready to manifest his opinions by his example. A rather amusing illustration of this was given at the formation of the University Rifles, which suffered so severely during the Fenian raid. Several of the professors joined the company, and were appointed officers, but Professor Wilson persisted in remaining a full private, and although short sighted, and consequently scarcely able to see a Fenian at a hundred yards, he was accustomed to go through the "goose step" and manual exercises with the students, although it used to be confidentially whispered that the numerous mistakes he made would have consigned him to the "awkward squad" had such an institution existed. He is a member of the Anglican Church, and has thrown his influence with the Church Association. Professor Wilson is perhaps the best known figure in the city of Toronto. Tall in figure, with body slightly inclined forward, he quickly passes along, yet is ever ready to stop and converse with a newsboy, or any one that may seek his aid or advice. Entirely unaffected by ostentation he has quietly yet effectively worked his way into the affections of all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance.

overcame his calmer judgment. At such seasons he was not a safe escort for any lady.

My friend hesitated slightly, and then said: "Leonard is a gentleman. I can trust him certainly, and I think he understands the management of a boat; but there are times—oh! what shall I do! I remember now his face was flushed and his manner excited when he came from that dinner party, and hurried them off 'to see the moon rise from the water,' he said. Can it be that just now he is not in a state to be trusted? O my poor child!"

I tried to cheer my distressed friend by every excuse I could invent for their being detained so late, but all to no avail. The bitter cry was still repeated along the river's brink, "Caroline! Caroline!"

I could not help but follow the anxious mother, and for a long distance down the stream we wandered, both striving to pierce the night with our voices, calling on all their names in turn.

But the wind sighing among the trees, and the lapping of water on the shore, were our only answer. At length we turned and retraced our steps towards home. No rest was there yet for the weary watcher; and, indeed, others besides ourselves were now aroused, and together we all followed the upward course of the river, calling as before.

Not until after midnight was the suspense of the poor, wretched mother relieved.

An answer came at last to the agonized call from shore, and in a few minutes the welcome sound of the boat-keel grating on the sand.

The meeting between mother and daughter I will not describe.

But the laughter and joking of Leonard, on hearing of the alarm he had caused, seemed more than any one could endure. The two young girls scarcely returned a "good night," as he dipped his oars again on his way towards home, and, as soon as they reached the cottage, sank down on the sofa completely exhausted.

While refreshment was being quickly prepared, we could not refrain from questions regarding the experience of the evening, and they then described the horrors of their situation.

But a few minutes had passed after leaving the shore before the girls both observed that Leonard seemed to be particularly agreeable and animated in his manners and conversation; he said he felt full of mischief, and, as a specimen of it, he told the girls he was not going to keep his promise to Mrs. Townsend of coming home before the boats passed up, but he was going to row out into the middle of the stream, which just here was very broad, and there enjoy their alarm when the waves, caused by the steamers' wheels should rock the boat, and make them believe they were going to be upset.

From that moment there was no more enjoyment for the poor girls, Leonard would listen to no entreaties, no coaxing; he said triumphantly they were in his power, and he meant to have as much fun as he could.

It soon became only too evident that he had been drinking wine to excess: the effect of it became more and more alarming. But it was also apparent that there would be great danger to the girls if they showed any suspicion of the fact, or if they behaved in any unfriendly manner towards him. It was an alarming fact that they were alone, helpless, on a broad and deep river, with an intoxicated guide.

Once Caroline attempted in a playful way, although she was in fearful earnest, to get possession of one of the oars.

Leonard looked keenly at her in the moonlight, and said:

"Don't you trust me? You'd better not show it if you don't."

That resource was cut off; she dare not attempt the artifice again.

After using every expedient they could think of to induce him to row in towards the shore, even if they did not land, the dreaded moment came. The lights of the first steamer

begin to gleam some distance down the river. "There she comes!" exclaimed Leonard with wild delight. "Now for our rocking, girls; hold on fast!"

They were almost run down; there seemed to be no chance for escape, and the two poor girls had nearly fainted with terror, when they were seen from the vessel's deck, and, finding his calls were not heeded, the captain just managed to have her course changed in time, and they were saved.

"That was a close shave!" exclaimed Leonard with a laugh. "I wonder if I can do as well when the next one comes? Hi! how we're rocking!"

After that Caroline and her companion could keep up no longer the semblance of cheerful conversation or unsuspecting behavior; they grew silent, and resigned themselves to their fate, spending the moments in silent prayer for deliverance.

The only hope remaining to them was that the effect of the liquor Leonard had taken just before leaving must necessarily pass off before many hours; and, as he became sober, his natural politeness would lead him to treat his companions with respect, and to consider their wishes about returning to land.

They were so far out that the voices calling to them were not heard; if they had been, it would but have added to the painful anxiety they were already suffering.

At length, after Leonard had rowed both up and down the river for some time, he drew in his oars and remarked that, as he was tired, he would let the boat drift for a while until the next steamer came along.

The girls acceded to this; and, throwing himself back on the bench, the miserable young man almost immediately was overcome by sleep.

The poor girls dared not speak, lest he should wake; they could only point to the oars and exchange looks full of meaning. They knew they must be very far from home by the surrounding scenery; it was therefore their only hope that while Leonard slept they might gain possession of the oars, and, by quietly rowing out of the dangerous channel and directly towards land, escape the danger from the coming steamer.

Oh! how cautiously did Caroline begin to execute her plan. She feared to touch the oars lest their companion should be aroused by the noise; but with fervent prayers for help to their Father in heaven, she and her friend carefully lifted first one oar and then the other, and placed them in the row-locks, then softly laid them in the water; and, by dint of skilful management, they had brought the boat safely out of the channel and well in towards the land when the last night-boat came steaming up between the mountains, taking the very course that would have carried them down had they remained where they were.

Oh! how their hearts throbbed with thankfulness to their Almighty Preserver when they saw the boat rushing through the deep waters, and felt the motion caused by her wheels even where they now lay in safety. They had been saved from a watery grave.

Still, they were far from home, and were becoming weary with their unaccustomed work.

At length their companion began to stir, as if about to wake. All danger being now averted, Caroline resolved on her course of conduct.

Leonard sat up and looked around him, bewildered, but perfectly sober at last.

"I do believe I have been asleep," he remarked. "Not very good manners, was it? You rowing, Carrie? I didn't know you knew how."

"Oh! yes. I learned last summer, but I cannot succeed very well; it is becoming so chilly that I think we had better return." And she handed him one of the oars.

Leonard apparently had forgotten his intention of waiting for the last steamer, for he quietly took the oar and began to pull towards home very willingly.

Caroline soon saw that he was himself again, and then suffered the other oar to be taken from her hands, and with but few words on either side the party arrived at the landing-place.

It is but justice to Leonard, in conclusion, to say that when, on the following day, he was informed of the extent of his wickedness in putting the lives of his friends in peril, and causing their friends on shore to suffer tortures of suspense, he acknowledged that the love of liquor had been the cause of it all. He felt that he had paid a fearful price for the pleasure of drinking far too many glasses of wine at the dinner-table, and he resolved from that time forward to abstain from any kind of intoxicating drink.

And Leonard has kept his resolution.—*Temperance Advocate.*

#### THE RESPECTABLE SALOON.

BY MRS. NELLIE H. BRADLEY.

"Oh, boys, the new lager-beer saloon round the corner, is open to-night," exclaimed Ben Watkins. "Just hear the music—'n't it grand? There's a whole brass band and a free

lunch for everybody. Let's go in and have some fun."

"All right!" chimed in Joe Marston and Luke Mayne; but Howard Gray shook his head with a decided: "No, I never go into beer and whiskey saloons."

"Neither do we; but as everybody seems to be going in to see the handsome room and hear the music, I don't see what harm it can do us to step in a few minutes."

"There will be harm done to somebody by this place, and I won't go there," said Howard, decidedly.

"Just hear him!" laughed Joe. "I believe he's got temperance on the brain."

"No; but I've seen and heard enough on both sides to make me like my side of the question best. We are all temperance folks at our house."

"Of course we don't mean to drink anything. And as for this saloon, it is very respectable indeed; father took care to find that out before he signed Mr. Baum's license," answered Joe.

"Your father signed a beer-saloon license, and he a member of the church! Well, I am astonished," said Howard. "Baum came to my father, but he told him he would as soon sign a license for him to keep a small-pox hospital next door."

"My folks are just as good temperance folks as yours, I guess," said Joe in a lofty manner; "though they don't talk and fuss as much about it as some people I know."

"I'm glad mine do talk about it, for they have taught me to keep away from such places as Baum's."

A burst of music, louder than the rest, set the boys' eyes to dancing with excitement.

"It's not wrong for me to go into a saloon that has got my father's name on the license. Come, boys."

Ben stepped forward, but Luke stood firmly by Howard, saying: "I'll be on the safe side."

Then, watching their companions till they turned the corner, they went home.

Joe and Ben went boldly into the saloon, and mingled with the throng. They were dazzled and delighted by the brilliant decorations and inspiring music, but they heard oaths and vulgar language that made them shudder.

"Here, young gents," said the man behind the table loaded with good things, "help yourselves. Everything free to-night." And he pushed toward them crackers and cheese and sandwiches. And they accepted the kind invitation, and did help themselves.

"Have some beer?" said some one; and before they could refuse, two foaming glasses were before them. They hesitated, and that sipped a little, "not to be odd," as Joe whispered to Ben.

They did not hear the bar-keeper, as he said to his assistant, "Put a small-sized stick in that beer," which meant a little brandy. "Give 'em a little taste now, and it won't be long before they spend all their pocket-money here; that's the way to train 'em."

And so the boys kept sipping until the beer-mugs were empty, and the "small stick" and the wild music had wrought them up to such a pitch of excitement that they scarcely knew their heads from their heels.

Next day two boys were absent from school, and the following item appeared in the police report of the morning paper:

**YOUNG BEGINNERS.**—Two lads, sons of respectable citizens of this place, were found intoxicated in an alley at midnight. The officer recognized them, and had them taken home to their anxious and grief-stricken parents.

Howard and Luke were thankful indeed that they had resisted the temptation, and so earnestly did they work with their mortified schoolmates that landlord Baum was mistaken for once, for none of their pocket-money ever went into his pocket.—*Temperance Banner.*

#### THE CONFESSIONS OF A CHLORAL-EATER.

George Stables, M. D., R. N., in the April number of *Belgravia*, gives his experiences as a chloral-eater. In the *Lancet*, of last December, it was stated that there was a great deal of chloral-eating, although chloral was a poison for which it was doubtful whether there was any antidote; and Dr. Stables comes forward, impelled by public duty, and inspired by the hope that he may save "not a few from one of the most lingering and awful of deaths, and avert misery and ruin from many a family in England." The source of the great danger of which he is apprehensive, is a "horrid drug," which he describes as a salt of a burning, pungent taste, having a great affinity for water; its basis chloroform, into which the accepted opinion is that it is changed in the blood. The stimulation, however, unlike that caused by opium or alcohol, is not exhilarating, and excites neither to bodily nor mental activity. The subject of the influence of this extraordinary drug grows apathetic and careless of everything but his own ease and comfort, and becomes merely "a living, breathing vegetable," who could stand by his mother's

death-bed smiling, and wear an air of placid triumph on the threshold of the gallows. A second dose without an interval of rest makes the chloral drunk; his eyelids droop, and his gait becomes unsteady. Drunk in the "first degree," your chloral is by no means an unpleasant companion—genial, and though not brilliant, a good listener. He may be roused into fierce outbreaks of passion, which die away, leaving him perfectly placid. So far in the general.

We now come to our essayist's own experience. In the early stages he used to take a "pick me up" when going on a railway journey, with the happy result of banishing all sense of fatigue, and of the unpleasant motion of the cars. He was "lifted out of himself"—a spirit travelling by train—and the ever varying scenery "went gliding past me like an enchanted diorama." In the December of 1871, when medical men were landing chloral to the skies, Dr. Stables became a chloral, together with other friends, who quickly succumbed and died, having passed through the agonies of despair characteristic of the later stages of chloralism. Being overworked, he could not sleep, and took twenty grains of chloral, whereupon he slept like a top until morning. Having repeated the dose every night for a week, he tried to sleep one night without it and failed. He, of course, took it again, and found after some time that he had little satisfaction from his sleep. After a month he began to feel a strange heat on the top of his head, together with a sense of fullness in it, and his nerves began to be shaken. At length he had to fly into the country, and what with the pure, bracing air, he was enabled to reduce his dose by one-half, and to take long walks, though after a brief space he again surrendered himself to "King Chloral." He began to lose flesh; crows-feet gathered under his eyes; his pulse grew "thready," and by June 1872, he is at the seaside, a confirmed invalid, his bodily sufferings very great, and his mind a chaos. His eyes are constantly dilated, and the least excitement runs his pulse from sixty to a hundred. He takes three drachms of chloral when he goes to bed—a dose sufficient to kill as many men. Three months pass, and he is taking three and a-half drachms at bed-time and one at early morning; can barely walk one hundred yards without sitting or lying down; the irritability of the brain is changed into agony if he attempts to rise from a chair; there is a horrible sense of strangulation. Three months more, and he is pronounced hopelessly gone with heart disease, and he constantly contemplates suicide. He has lost all power of reading, writing, or speaking aloud, and towards night every vein seems inflamed and swollen to double the size; and when given up by one medical man, another arrives, who destroys all his chloral, and informs him that his heart is not diseased, but only weakened by the poison imbibed.

The first night passed without chloral was dreadful—sleep impossible; and for over a week he never slept a wink. He became delirious, but recovery came at length, though tediously. In three months, however, he could walk as many miles, and sleep returned to bless him each succeeding month, carrying him nearer to the complete cure and perfect health to which he ultimately attained.

Such is the substance of the essay, which is not without elements of sensation and stage contrivances for effect, which being more artificial than artistic spoil to some extent the impression made on the mind of the reader. There is, however, no reason to think that the writer exaggerates the evils incidental to indulgence in chloral, nor is the following language too strong; "Yes, chloral is," says Dr. Stables, "as it were, a new Juggernaut, set moving in society, and thousands annually fall beneath its wheels. God forbid I should seem to exaggerate the evil! But ask for yourself any wholesale chemist, and he will tell you that tons on tons of this dangerous drug are annually imported, which are not prescribed by medical men, but taken as stimulants by the people themselves."

**DR. RAE ON THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION AND THE USE OF SPIRITS.**—The following letter by Dr. John Rae is published in the *Daily News*:—**SIR,**—In to-day's *Daily News*, under the above heading, it is mentioned that "the provisions for the Arctic Expedition have been prepared at the Royal Victualling Yard, Deptford. The chief article is 'Pemmikin,' a species of food which is said to have been first compounded by the Hottentots." This idea is new to me, for hitherto I had always understood that "Pemmican" was an original preparation peculiar to the Prairie Indians of North America, and certainly the custom of using it for Government Arctic expeditions was borrowed from the almost universal use of this kind of food by the voyageurs, both during summer and winter, in the Hudson's Bay territory. In the usual preparation neither salt nor sugar is used, and I think both are a mistake. The rations are to be 70lbs. per week for eight men, instead of 56lbs., or if this latter quantity only is given,

cooked pork is to be supplied to make up the difference. I am sorry to see rum named as part of the daily ration, whilst sledge travelling, to be taken at lunch. Spirits in any form are injurious before the day's march is completed, but especially so when the work is hard and the weather very cold. In some continuous snow-shoe journeys of 1350, 1270, and about 900 miles respectively in very cold weather, but not on the Arctic coast, I carried in my canteen a small flagon of brandy, and not unfrequently tried men, whom I knew to be very fond of grog, by offering them some during occasional short halts about midday. They invariably refused, knowing its bad effects, adding that "if I pleased to give them a 'drain on encamping they would be much obliged.'" Perhaps, however, the constitution of the British "blue jacket" and the Hudson's Bay voyager may be different, and what is food for the one may be poison to the other.—*Yours, &c., JOHN RAE.*

**AN EX-BREWER A TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.**—One of the most remarkable philanthropic works in the metropolis, writes a London correspondent, is the Tower Hamlets Mission. It originated with a young gentleman, Mr. Frederick N. Charrington, a member of the great family of brewers of that name, who own many hundreds of public-houses in London and the home counties. Some time ago Mr. Charrington threw up his lucrative connection with the liquor traffic, and gave himself unreservedly to the work of evangelizing the masses at the East End. He has now been toiling with unabated zeal for nearly two years, and a large measure of success has attended his self-denying labors. At present he is making arrangements to erect a new central hall and public-house without intoxicating drink, for he is a temperance advocate as well as a preacher of the Gospel. He has procured a site at the cost of £3,500, and he has issued an appeal for £10,000. I am glad to learn that several Scotch gentlemen, who know Mr. Charrington and his work, are among his most generous supporters. Lord Polwarth and the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M.P., are on the roll of his financial committee; and from two West of Scotland gentlemen, Mr. Thomas Coats, of Paisley, and Mr. John Sands he has received munificent donations of £1000 each. Sir Peter Coats has given £100 and Mr. Kinnaird a like sum. Mr. Charrington has organized shoe-black and wood-chopping brigades, and he has a boys' home for 140 destitute lads in active operation; also tent meetings, medical mission, and other good works. His new hall is to accommodate 2,500 people.—*Alliance News.*

**LIQUOR STATISTICS.**—In England, Ireland and Scotland the total amount of spirits consumed in 1874 was £9,875,201 gallons. So far as Ireland was concerned this showed a decrease of 25,000 gallons as compared with the amount consumed in 1873, while in England and Scotland there was an increase of 991,990 gallons. At the same time, the consumption of beer in Ireland increased, while the consumption of beer in England and Scotland decreased. This furnishes a new illustration of the fact that the increase of beer-drinking is accompanied by a decrease in spirit-drinking and vice versa. There is an enormous amount of business done in the United Kingdom both in spirits and beer. In 1874, £41,574,134 were paid for spirits, and £72,932,426 for beer by the people of England, Scotland and Ireland—a sum which must be very discouraging to the temperance reformers. In America there has been a very marked falling off in the consumption of lager-beer during the last year, and a corresponding decrease in the demand for barley and hops.

—Circulars have been sent to all the ratepayers of the city of Edinburgh to elicit public opinion with regard to the question of licensing, more especially upon the question of granting a public-house license to the Industrial Museum. Answers are requested to the following queries: (1.) Do you approve of any increase in the number of liquor licenses? (2.) Do you approve of a license having been granted to the Museum of Science and Art? (3.) Do you think that the present number of liquor licenses in the city ought to be considerably reduced? (4.) Do you wish the licensed houses removed from the street or locality in which you reside? When answers to the foregoing queries are received, it is resolved that an abstract of said answers be laid by the Deputation or its Secretary, before the Court of Appeal, in so far as answers may have then been received, in order that the Justices in that Court, before disposing of the cases to come before them, may be made aware of the wishes and opinions of the citizens on this subject. Accompanying the circular is the following startling statement. Last year 894 licenses were granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in Edinburgh. Last year the ratepayers of Edinburgh paid—For Police, Frison, and Improvement rates, £90,000; For Poor-rates, £80,000; total £150,000; being about one-eighth of the entire rental of the city.—*League Journal.*





## Agricultural Department.

## BEE MATTERS IN MICHIGAN.

A semi-annual meeting of the Michigan Bee-Keepers' Association was held in Kalamazoo recently. The following is a condensation of the items of interest:—

Mr. T. J. Bingham put 150 swarms into winter quarters in a well-ventilated building, in January; their combs being frozen at the time. As soon as the combs thawed out, a bad smell arose and the bees began to die. The temperature varied from 7° to 45°, and there was plenty of honey (boneset) at all times within reach of the bees. In March he carried out 113 hives in good condition, and hopes to save the two now alive. Mr. L. H. Albright winters his bees in an outside cellar, putting them in December 1st; temperature above freezing, no upward ventilation; came out well this spring. The sources of honey supply are white clover, basswood and boneset. H. E. Bidwell wintered 80 swarms in cold frames, and they came out finely; only one case of dysentery. J. Tomlinson wintered out of doors, and banked with snow; lost 11 out of 26. F. J. Oatman winters in the cellar, but feeds sugar-syrup instead of the honey, all which he extracts and sells. He lost 8 out of 110 stocks. When put in cold frames, his bees come out of the hives and are killed by bumping their heads against the glass. Stocks that were perfectly healthy had not a single bee left at the end of two weeks. J. Heddon had also found the same trouble with cold frame wintering. Mr. Oatman puts mosquito netting on the under side of the glass, which prevents the bees from getting hurt.

In the discussion on "extracting" honey, J. Heddon took strong grounds against the practice, saying that apiarists ought to discourage the production of every single pound of honey which costs 30 cents to produce it, and which will be a drug on the market at 15 cents. He also urged that they should pay more attention to developing a good reliable market for their products. The relation of the producers to the "exclusive" honey dealers in cities was considered at length, with the conclusion that if they are to make money in their apiaries, they must get their surplus in small glass boxes, instead of waxed barrels. Others took the ground that extracting honey gives more room in the brood chambers, producing increase of numbers in the stock, and finally a greater production of honey. To this Mr. Heddon and one or two more answered that if the extractor is used no honey will be stored in the surplus boxes, producing a loss in proportion to the value of box honey above extracted honey. The general opinion of the members seemed rather against the use of the extractor.

## BEST FOOD FOR WORK HORSES.

In the report of the Maine State Board of Agriculture for 1872, as condensed in report of Commissioner of Agriculture for 1873, Mr. John Stanton Gould said:

I have found great difference of opinion with regard to feeding, and the amount of food necessary for keeping animals, and I resolved to go to headquarters. I spent considerable time in New York visiting the horse-railroad and the omnibus stables in that city and in Brooklyn, in order to learn their experience. I found those in charge very courteous. They opened their books and gave me every information desired. To sum up the results, looking over the record of their experience for several years, I found that they had all settled down, each company for itself, as the result of careful and repeated experiments, the details of which I was privileged to observe, upon one uniform rule for horse-railroad horses, and that was twelve pounds of hay and ten pounds of Indian meal per day. In that way, a railroad horse was kept up to his highest condition, and they were enabled to do their work more satisfactorily than under any other system that has been tried. Oats had been repeatedly used as an article of food, and the cost was carefully compared with that of the Indian meal. It was found at the time, that during the hot weather the feeding of this amount of Indian meal would be injurious; but the result of the experience was, that Indian meal, on the whole, for a railroad or omnibus horse, was the true thing. But they have one very curious practice, the reason of which I am unable to fathom, which I ought to state in connection with this, as possibly bearing upon the subject under discussion. They invariably water all their horses at 1 o'clock at night. They have an idea, how true it is I do not know, that watering their horses at night adds greatly to their power of digesting food, and prevents injurious consequences.

## VALUE OF STONES IN THE SOIL.

The *Gardener's Chronicle*, one of the best of the English journals devoted to farming and horticulture, has an interesting article on this subject, from which we take the following paragraphs:—

Many beginners in gardening, and they are legion nowadays, seem to consider an absence of stones to be absolutely necessary to the good condition of the soil. Picking and raking their flower-beds year after year, the surface of the soil become so fine that after heavy rains it looks like a bed of cement, defying the admission of air or water. Warm showers, which are so essential at some seasons of the year to the well-being of the plants, never reach their roots, but run off to the sides of the bed. Bound up in this cold mortar in winter, the roots rot, and the plants die. In dry weather the soil bakes and cracks, thus literally lacerating or starving the roots at a time when useful work ought to be going on in the plant. The same idea prevails in connection with the soil for pot plants. Those who begin to grow a few things in pots first procure a sieve, and they look on every bit of material which will not go through a quarter inch mesh as unfit for their greenhouse plants. A continuance of such practice is the source of many failures among those who really love gardening and cherish their plants, but who do not consider that they are thus counteracting their own wishes.

In many gardens the rake has for a century past been combing off the surface stones, which, experience shows, serve to keep the plants in health. Should not the stones be rather buried than taken from the soil? The good results attending the trenching of old gardens are doubtless due to the bringing up of a fresh supply of these materials, which afterwards, drain and sweeten the dark, sour soil. Perhaps, however, it is in the bedding out department that the value of this material is greatest. The shortness of the time plants used for this purpose occupy their positions, prevents them from sending down their roots to any depth in search of such surfaces to coil against. A few stones or brickbats might well be placed at such a depth in the soil that the roots of the plants will soon find them. It is here that quick growth and abundant flowers are wanted in a short time, and to attain this, a deep, rich soil, with plenty of stones mixed in it, is recommended. This will not only encourage warmth at the roots, but drain the soil in wet seasons, and will moreover serve to keep the roots damp in dry ones; for in dry seasons, it may be remarked that the roots in deep soil, when in contact with stones, are moist.—*Observer*.

POULTRY AT THE CENTENNIAL.—A slip from the agricultural bureau of the coming International Exhibition at Philadelphia, has the following: The admirers of fine poultry will no doubt have an opportunity during the International Exhibition to gratify their taste fully, as it is the design of the Centennial Commission to provide everything requisite to the proper reception and display of fowls and birds of every class. It is desired by many that there be a permanent, as well as a temporary exhibition of poultry, and if applications for space for the exhibition of fowls during the six months covered by the exhibition, are received in sufficient numbers to warrant the outlay, the Commission will probably adopt measures to afford the proper facilities. If the design of a permanent exhibition be carried out, the display should be such as would impress the character of each breed upon the mind of the observer. This cannot be done when the exhibition is confined to trios in separate coops, but only by the display of as large a number as can be placed in one enclosure; thus affording by the multiplication of individual birds, each of the same breed, an opportunity of studying the characteristics of each particular family. Prominent poultry breeders could readily supply the birds for such an interesting and instructive exhibit. The temporary exhibition will commence on October 25th, 1876, and last till November 10th, a period of fifteen days. The Commission will erect shedding, and the birds will be exhibited in the same boxes or coops in which they were transported. For the purpose of preserving uniformity these boxes will all be made according to specifications furnished by the Bureau of Agriculture. Exhibitors will be required to assume all responsibility of feeding, and general attendance on their birds. Only such specimens will be received as are of pure breed, and even these must be highly meritorious. Further information may be had by addressing the Chief of the Bureau of Agriculture, International Exhibition, at Philadelphia.

TO OBTAIN FRUIT FROM BARREN TREES.—A correspondent of the *American Agriculturist* says:—I wish to describe to you a method of making fruit trees bear that I blundered on. Some fifteen years ago I had a small apple tree that leaned considerably. I drove a stake by it, tied a string to a limb and fastened it to

the stake. The next year that limb blossomed full, and not another blossom appeared on the tree, and, as Tim Bunker said, "it sot me a thinking," and I came to the conclusion that the string was so tight that it prevented the sap returning to the roots; consequently, it formed fruit buds. Having a couple of pear trees that were large enough to bear, but had never blossomed, I took a coarse twine and wound it several times around the tree above the lower limbs, and tied it as tight as I could. The next spring all the top above the cord blossomed as white as a sheet, and there was not one blossom below where the cord was tied. A neighbor seeing my trees loaded with pears, used this method with the same result. I have since tried the experiment on several trees, almost with the same result. I think it a much better way than cutting off the roots. In early summer, say June or July, wind a strong twine several times around the tree, or a single limb, and tie it, the tighter the better, and you will be pleased with the result; the next winter or spring the cord may be taken off.

CUTTING ALDERS.—A *Country Gentleman* correspondent says with respect to the time of the year for cutting black alders to prevent them sprouting again:—Many kinds of bushes will not sprout if cut in the latter part of summer. It is an old saying, that bushes cut in the old of the moon in August, will not sprout. I have tried it with good success generally; but what we call white bush will sprout, and I have sometimes thought grew more thrifty. In regard to black alders, I have cut them at all seasons, but prefer to cut them in March or April, before the frost is out of the ground. As they usually grow on moist and marshy land, the frost holds them fast, and the grass and fern brakes are not then in the way, so that a man can cut a third faster than in the latter part of summer, and time is not so valuable. The philosophy of cutting alders in the spring is this: The sap will run profusely from the stubs and they bleed to death, so they have not strength to grow sprouts.

THE EFFECTS OF LIME.—Lime improves the quality of any grain crop grown on land to which it is applied. The grains have thinner skin, are heavier and give more flour. The flour is said to be richer in gluten, but there is much difference of opinion on the subject. It is said to hasten the ripening of wheat, but our experience is quite different on this point, as we have known it to delay the ripening of grain crops. A more marked improvement is produced in both the quantity and quality of the spring-sown than of the winter-sown crops. It hardens the straw of cereals and prevents it from falling down under the weight of the ear. Potatoes, turnips, peas, beans, rape, colza, and all the brassica tribe, are greatly improved by lime. On flax alone it is injurious, diminishing the strength of the fibre. Hence, in Belgium flax is not grown on limed land until seven years after the lime has been applied.—*Exchange*.

BUTTER MAKING EXPLAINED.—Cream rises because of the comparatively light specific gravity of the butter globules. The cream arranges itself upon the surface according to the size of the globules, the largest globules being at or near the top. Cream is, therefore, an uneven product, rising in layers. Each layer is different and produces a different quality of butter, and one layer is better for butter-making than another. The cream rising first is the richest, produces the best butter, and churns the quickest. The second skimming is poorer for manufacture, and the third may be worthless for first-class butter. Hence in practice a dairyman may obtain too much butter from his milk, the increase in quantity not sufficiently compensating for the decrease in quality, brought about by the churning of globules which should have been left in the buttermilk. *Agriculturist*

SPAVIN.—A person writing to the *N. Y. Tribune* for information on this subject received the following reply: A bone spavin is very difficult, if not impossible, to cure. The disease is constitutional, and although by blistering a spavin may be cured temporarily, in the case of a young horse, yet it will return again as soon as the animal is worked. The prevalence of spavins is due to the misguided practice of breeding from unsound mares, on the very wrong but common principle that "any mare is good enough to bring a colt."

—Give each of the boys and girls some young animal for their own, and teach them to take the best of care of them, and don't forget who owns them when they come to be valuable. The "boy's calf" that became "father's cow" has crushed the ambition of many a farmer's son and made him long for a position behind a counter or before the mast.

TESTING SEEDS.—It is said that they test the vitality of grass seeds in Northern Europe by placing a quantity of them on a knife blade and heating it over a lighted candle. The seeds which are alive will crackle, while the dead seeds will char on the blade.

## DOMESTIC.

CORN MUSH ROLLS.—Work wheat or rye meal into cornmeal mush until stiff enough to roll with the hands. Make into a long roll as large as the wrist, cut off slices an inch thick, and bake forty minutes.

FRUIT MUSH.—Either of the above kinds of mush may be greatly improved by the addition of raisins stemmed and washed and stirred in on the surface of the mush when set back to simmer. Valencia raisins will cook within an hour, but Malaga require one and a half hours.

LEMON TARTS.—To the juice of one large lemon, add one pint hot water. Boil and thicken with one tablespoonful corn starch. Sweeten to taste. Line patty pans with pie-crust, fill with the prepared lemon juice, put a pastry leaf, or rather ornament, on the top and bake until the crust is done. Serve cold. Tart pies can be made in the same manner and save time. Other fruit juices, in larger proportion, can be used instead of lemon, with fine results.

SAGO JELLY CAKE.—Pour three cups of boiling water on one cup of sago; let it stand two minutes; add three cups of finely-chopped tart apples, the juice of one large lemon, one cup of stoned raisins, and one gill of sugar. Mix thoroughly and dip one inch thick in deep patty pans, or biscuit pans. Bake in a moderate oven one hour or less, but do not brown. Let them stand till very cold, then put on plates and serve for supper. This can also be baked in a pudding dish and taken out in slices when cold.

TO BAKE A CALF'S HEAD.—Boil the head, after being well cleaned, until all the bones may be easily drawn out. Lay the pieces of meat on a dish, and cut them into small pieces. Season with Cayenne pepper, mace, cloves, nutmeg, parsley, onions, sweet-marjoram, and a little thyme, a small bit of each chopped up fine. Sprinkle over it salt to your taste. Lay some lumps of butter over it, and as much water as will cover it; then put it in the oven, and when baked tender take the meat out, also three or four eggs must be beaten up with the butter, and added to the gravy, which must then be thickened over the fire. Keep it stirring during this part of the process, and then pour it hot over the meat, which may then be served.

OYSTER SHELLS FOR EGGS.—One who has felt obliged to exercise all her womanly thoroughness and persistence in following up for a series of years the most approved plans for egg-farming (on a small scale) can testify that no one thing is comparable to a continuous supply of oyster shells. Choose home-loving, docile Brahmas if you will; or lively Leghorns, or half a mixture of both; but deny them oyster shells, and they will barely pay their way from November to April. You may even be tempted to wring the necks of your self-supporting, soft-eyed "Spangles;" but try oyster shells for a while; and if they can be had in no other way, you will order a barrel of oysters from the sea-shore, and think the shells alone have paid all expenses.—*Mrs. Farmer, in Country Gentleman*.

FRENCH POLISH.—The readers of the *Bazar* may be glad to know how the fine original polish of furniture may be restored, especially in the case of such articles as pianos, fancy tables, cabinets, lacquered ware, etc., which have become tarnished by use. Make a polish by putting half an ounce of shellac, the same quantity of gumlac, and a quarter of an ounce of gum-sandarac into a pint of spirits of wine. Put them all together in a stone bottle near the fire, shaking it very often. As soon as the gums are dissolved it is ready for use. Now make a roller of woollen rags—soft old broad-cloth will do nicely—put a little of the polish on it, and also a few drops of linseed-oil. Rub the surface to be polished with this, going round and round, over a small space at a time, until it begins to be quite smooth. Then finish by a second rubbing with spirits of wine and more of the polish, and your furniture will have a brilliant lustre, equal to new.—*Bazar*.

HASTY PUDDING, OR CORN MEAL MUSH.—Have the water boiling and the meal ready. Sift the meal into the boiling water with one hand while stirring the water with a spoon or "puddingstick" in the other, until enough meal is in. The quantity required will depend on the grade of the meal, and can be judged closely only by experiment. If fine, it should be made at first as thick or thicker than wanted when done. The coarser meal may be made thinner, and it will make the better mush, though it will require longer cooking. Set where it will barely simmer, cover close and cook one hour at least; of course, three or four hours will improve it, and if the heat be carefully adjusted, it will neither burn nor form a very thick crust. Serve warm. What is not eaten warm need not be wasted. If steamed thoroughly without mashing or mixing with water, it will be almost equal to new. It can also be nicely browned by cutting in slices and cooking on a griddle slightly oiled.

## AMY AND BESSIE;

OR,

BEARING ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

LESSONS.

longing, so that she might be there with her friend and cheer her up a little." And then with a playful smile she added, "Did Amy bear any part of Bessie's burden?"

"I never thought of that, mother," said Amy.

"No, I know you didn't," said her mother. "Well, what was the other part of the text, Amy? Read it over, my dear."

And Amy read again:—"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

"Yes," said Mrs. Joy, "the law of Christ is the law of love. It was the law of His whole life. He loved us, and gave Himself for us; He took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses. He loved us so much that every sorrow of ours was a burden to Him. And this law of love which He followed, He expects us to follow also. 'A new commandment,' He says, 'I give unto you, That ye love one another: as I have loved you that ye also love one another.' And if we do so, Amy, we show by that we are really His disciples. There," she added, with a smile, "is a little sermon for you, Amy."

Amy thought it was a very nice one. She was just going to say so, when voices were heard at the garden gate. Mrs. Joy looked up from her work.

"Why, Amy," she said, "here are the girls! Let them in, dear. I thought they were all at home by this time."

"Come in, May; come in all of you!" said Amy, as she opened the door. "Oh, but let me look at your flowers. How beautiful they are! Don't they smell sweet?"

She was so taken up with the flowers that it was a minute or two before the girls could get in.

"Why, girls," said Mrs. Joy when they did, "I thought you were all at home before this time."

"So we should have been, ma'am," said May Sunley, "only we wanted to bring Amy some flowers first." And Fanny Goode came forward with one of the two bunches they had made up in the fields.

"There, Amy," she said, "as you couldn't go with us we thought you would like to have



SPREADING FLOWERS ON BESSIE'S GRAVE.

some of these flowers, so we've made up this nosegay for you."

"Well, that is kind of you!" said Amy. "How nice they are! I may give a few of them to Bessie, mayn't I?"

"There!" cried May, laughing, "didn't I tell you she'd be wanting to give them to Bessie as soon as she'd got them? Oh, we know you, Amy, we know you! But I'll tell you what we've done: we've been to Bessie's, and taken her a bunch exactly like yours. There, now you'll be satisfied, won't you?"

Well, Amy certainly seemed so. She did not know how to thank them enough.

The girls now began to take their leave of Mrs. Joy, who told Amy that she might as well go a little way along the lane with them; her father was expected home, and she would no doubt meet him on the road, and could return with him. Amy only stayed to put her flowers into a jug of water, then away they all went, as happy, it seemed, as though they were only beginning their holiday instead of just ending it.

## CHAPTER VI.

"FOLDED IN THE SAVIOUR'S ARMS."

The spring was passing into summer, and poor Bessie was drawing near her end. The trees whose budding she had watched with so much interest were now rich with foliage; but she had not noticed them. The swallows—her little friends the swallows—had come back to their nests above her window; but she had scarcely heard their twittering. Her favorite rose tree, the one she had planted with her own hands, was now full of beautiful flowers; but she had not seen it. In the meadow before her window—where she had seen the first daisies peep out from the ground, and the first buttercups open to the sun—the scythe had been at work, and grass and flowers lay low like herself; but she knew nothing of it. Poor Bessie! she was past taking notice of these things now.

It was half-holiday again at the village school; but the children did not come trooping out as they were used to do, with merry

shouts and ringing laughter, for Amy had told them with tears how much worse poor Bessie was, and how the doctor had said that he feared she could not live the day through. So the girls parted sorrowfully at the school door and went quietly home. They could not play! Even Polly Selve had no heart to think of play! Amy did not go home when she left school. Her mother had told her to go straight to Bessie's, as she herself was going there to stay with Mrs. Lorn till the evening. When Amy arrived she found her mother busy with household matters, and poor Mrs. Lorn sitting by the bedside, gazing with tearful eyes at the suffering child. Poor Bessie! how changed she was, even since the morning!

"I'm afraid she won't know you, my dear," said Mrs. Lorn, sorrowfully, as Amy drew near, "she has been wandering dreadfully all the morning. But speak to her, Amy, she may perhaps remember you."

Amy bent lovingly

over the bed, and whispered softly—

"Bessie dear!"

Ah there was music in that sweet voice to recall the wandering mind. The weary eyes opened slowly, and looked enquiringly around until they rested on her little friend. Then a change passed over that pallid face as if a ray of sunshine had broken in upon it, and the little hand moved slightly on the bed. Amy knew what it meant. Oh, yes, yes, Amy knew. If that poor wasted arm could but have been lifted from the bed it would have been thrown lovingly around Amy's neck. If those pale lips could but have uttered the thought within they would have murmured, "Dear, dear Amy!"

But the arm was powerless, and the lips did but slightly quiver. Amy took the little hand in her own, and tenderly kissing her dear little friend, put up a silent prayer to God to make her happy even now. As she raised herself again she noticed that the lips still moved, though no sound escaped them.

She turned to Mrs. Lorn and whispered in her ear—

“What is it she is trying to say? She keeps moving her lips; can you tell what she wants?” The sorrowing mother bent tenderly over her, watching intently the lips as they parted and parted, and gazing anxiously at the troubled face.

“Yes, my darling,” she said at last, “yes, yes, I know. I’ll ask her.”

Then the lips ceased to move, and the troubled face was calm again.

“Amy dear,” said Mrs. Lorn, “what she wants is to hear you sing. She was telling me this morning how she wished you had been here to sing your little hymn of ‘Oh so bright,’ and now she is reminding me of it. What she says is ‘Bright! bright!’”

Poor Amy! She remembered the happy afternoon when Bessie was so comforted by that hymn. How could she sing it now? She turned away her face to hide her tears and to stifle the sobs that were rising within her. But she soon recovered herself, and began to sing. Her voice faltered very much at first; but as she went on she became calm and quiet. She had finished the first three verses and was just commencing the fourth when she suddenly stopped. A change had passed upon Bessie’s face which frightened her. She turned with an enquiring look to Mrs. Lorn. Poor woman, she understood it! She had seen that same change on another little face, and knew too well what it meant. But why should I dwell upon the sad scene? It is enough to say that the Good Shepherd had come and taken His suffering lamb to His own bosom.

#### CHAPTER VII.

#### SPRING-TIME AGAIN.

What a pleasant place is this village churchyard! How fresh the grass; how bright the flowers; how cheerful the singing of the birds; how delicious the scent of the blossoming May! And this retired corner, how calm, how quiet, how peaceful it is! Here is a child’s grave, strewn with wild flowers: faded now; but soon, no doubt, to be replaced by others, fresh and bright. How beautiful a resting-place! Here the May blossoms in richest profusion; here the birds delight to bring their sweetest music; here the buttercups glow the brightest, and the daisies bloom the freshest. Ah, the child who lies here dearly loved these things,



and it was because she loved them so well that this beautiful spot was chosen for her grave. Hark! What singing is that? How sweetly it mingles with the music of the birds and the chiming of the evening bells! Surely the strain is familiar. Yes, it is the children’s school hymn—the hymn that Amy and Bessie loved so well. And is not that Amy’s voice? Surely it is Amy’s voice that sounds so sweetly above the rest!

See, here come the singers—a party of girls returning from the woods, carrying each in her arms a bunch of wild flowers. Why these are the very girls who went off to the woods and came back in this same manner a little more than a year ago, when poor Bessie lay so ill. See, here they come—May Sunley, and Fanny Goode, and Jane Read, and Lizzie Brown, and Polly Selfe, and—yes, it was Amy’s voice we heard, for there she is with them. Do you see her happy face? Dear Amy, as bright, as cheerful, as sunny as ever! Her hand is on the gate—they enter the churchyard—they are coming this way. Yes, this is Bessie’s grave, and these are the loving hands which keep it covered with flowers.

Their singing is hushed; they have gathered around the grave. Did you see how they all made way for Amy? Ah! there is not a girl who would think of putting herself before Amy at that sacred spot. Not even Polly Selfe would like to do that. For Amy was Bessie’s dearest friend, who soothed her saddest hours, and who sang to her of the land of rest. No hand but Amy’s must lay the flowers on Bessie’s grave.

How lovingly she does it! How prettily she does it—choosing the flowers that Bessie loved best, and arranging them as Bessie herself would have liked to see them! With what interest the

girls look on! How quiet, how subdued they are! Not tearful. No, the time for tears is past; they have ceased to think of Bessie as one for whom they should mourn. Even this grave does not seem to them to be her resting-place. It is a memorial of her, but they cannot think of her as lying in it. They think of Bessie now as with Jesus, roaming the brighter fields of that happy land of which she so loved to sing.

“There,” says Amy, rising from her knees, “how does that do?”

“Oh, it’s beautiful!” exclaimed the girls all together. “You couldn’t have done it better, Amy.”

As they stand there gazing upon it Mrs. Lorn and Mrs. Joy enter the churchyard and come towards them. When they see the fresh flowers upon the grave they look as pleased as the children themselves.

“You have done it very prettily, my dears,” says Mrs. Lorn; “those flowers were Bessie’s favorites. Who chose them?”

“Oh, Amy, of course,” replies Fanny Goode; “she has done it all herself.”

“Yes, Amy, of course,” thinks Mrs. Lorn. “Who should know so well as Amy what flowers Bessie liked! Who was it that sacrificed nearly all her play time that she might amuse Bessie by talking to her about such things? Amy, of course.”

They linger there a little while in pleasant conversation, and at length move slowly away, the girls going first and the two good women following behind.

“Whenever I look at Amy,” says Mrs. Lorn to her friend, “I thank God for her. When I remember the hours she spent with poor Bessie instead of at her own play, reading to her, talking to her, singing to her, and amusing

her in all sorts of ways, I say to myself, ‘If ever one person’s burden was lightened by the sympathy and love of another, Bessie’s was by the sympathy and love of Amy. May the good Lord who saw fit to take dear Bessie to Himself make Amy happy with His own sympathy and love when her time of trouble comes.’”

Are there any of my little readers who, like Polly Selfe, have not yet learned to bear one another’s burdens and so to fulfil that law of love which Christ our Saviour taught us? If so let me hope that they may be helped in learning of that beautiful lesson by the story of

AMY AND BESSIE.

A. G. S.

#### BE KIND TO THE HORSES.

The accompanying cut gives a good idea of the struggling and stumbling of horses attached to heavily laden carts going up hill. It has always been a matter of surprise to us, that people had so little judgment in loading their carts when a load was to be sent up a steep incline. No distinction seems to be made—a load is a load,—no matter what the location. It seems a most unwise arrangement, as a matter of policy, to the owner, and it is certainly a cruel practice towards the horses. We wish our many readers would try to induce drivers of heavily laden horses to be merciful to them; every little girl or boy can speak a word for a dumb animal now and then which may be heeded, and if not, they have the satisfaction of knowing that they did their duty. In one respect, the horse in the cut is favored. It has no check-rein, and can place its head in a natural position when drawing a heavy load. When will this wise reform become general?





### The Family Circle.

#### THE SAVIOUR.

TRANSLATION OF "LE SAUVEUR" BY PASTOR THEODORE MONOD.

'Tis done! I have entered the way,  
The way of deliverance and rest;  
In Jesus, who setteth me free,  
With peace and with joy I am blest,  
Oh! all my companions in woe,  
Together His help let us crave:  
He waits but the voice of our prayer,  
The Saviour who alway doth save.

His blood, the redemption of man,  
Takes all our transgressions away  
His Spirit, full freely bestowed,  
Heals all our diseases each day.  
If ours be a wound beyond cure,  
If sorrows come wave upon wave,  
He shows us His mercy the more,  
The Saviour who alway doth save.

I knew, and alas! it was all,  
While tempted without and within,  
A Saviour who often could save,  
Who often the battle could win.  
But oh! more than conqueror now,  
Through Him who arose from the grave,  
My weakness is learning to trust  
The Saviour who alway doth save.

My Captain is He and my Shield,  
My Guide in the path that He trod,  
My glory, my strength, and my song,  
My Brother, my Shepherd, my God.  
So whether I live or I die,  
My rock every tempest can brave;  
Thou wilt save me again and again,  
O Saviour, who alway dost save!  
—Christian.

### WHY BROTHER JOHN LOST HIS HORSE.

BY REV. MANSFIELD FRENCH.

"The Lord has given me light this morning I never saw before," said Brother John, as he rose in meeting to speak of the Lord's dealings with him.

Our brother John was a farmer, and no one in his county could show fields better tilled, better fenced, or stock better cared for. He was a man of sound judgment, fine taste, and, withal, a man of sterling integrity. He was "a close buyer" but always a good payer. He never bought the blind or the lame, however cheap. His rules was, sound articles and sound prices. If his horse, steer, or sheep, could not recommend themselves, they got no help from his lips. His industry, good judgment, prompt and fair dealing, soon made him independent and much envied among his brother farmers.

Brother John was also a member of the Methodist Church, and a worthy one, too. He was a trustee and steward. He loved the Church, and was liberal in his support of her institutions, and he was often tried sorely with brethren who gave, as he thought, stintedly. Indeed, he took great pride in having the preachers' claims all met and their families well cared for. Though he carried on extensive farming, no amount of business or number of men, even in harvest time, ever led him to neglect the family altar. He was punctual, also, in attendance upon prayer and class meetings. He never allowed visitors to keep him from these means of grace. He loved "protracted meetings," and labored to get sinners converted. Such, in the main, was Brother John, as a business man and as a Christian. We began to tell our readers about getting and losing a horse, but we must first show some of the Lord's dealings with an honest Christian man such as Brother John was. The preacher on the circuit appointed a "protracted meeting." The members promptly rallied: the soldiers burnished and buckled on their armor with equal readiness. Many soon found they could not wage war on sin in others while they allowed it in their own hearts. Sinners were soon, however, crowding the altar seeking for pardon; but this fact seemed to deepen the impression of many true-hearted ones, that they must seek for clean hearts. The twofold work of pardon went on powerfully and harmoniously. Our good Brother John was soon seen at the altar, and no one prayed more earnestly for pardon than did he for purity. Again and again did he come, nor did his earnestness abate, though the blessing seemed to be delayed.

At length, rising and facing the large congregation, he said: "Brethren, I have something to say to you. Some of you may think me very foolish and weak; I can't help that. I have been seeking, as you know, to have my heart cleansed from all sin, and made perfect

in love. The Lord has required a work of me first before He will answer my prayer. You know, my brethren, many of the farmers about us went to raising tobacco, because, it was said, it would pay better than anything else. They seemed to do so well I finally went into business too. I have done quite well, made some money; but the Lord has shown me how worse than useless tobacco is—how injurious to men's bodies and souls it is, and how wrong it is for me to misuse my beautiful fields, which He has given me, to raise that which does harm, and only harm. I would not use it myself nor allow my family to do it, but I have been raising it for others.

"But I am ashamed of it; I am sorry for it. And now all this tobacco business the Saviour has put right between me and the cleansing stream. I don't know what my brethren or my neighbors will think or say about it, but I tell you all I now give up the business. My farm hereafter grows bread, and not poison for my fellow-men."

This announcement cut many to the heart, and some of the nobler ones soon followed Brother John's example.

After bearing the cross of cleansing his business, he quickly found the blood applied that washed his heart and made it clean before the Lord. None could easily doubt the change wrought in him, for, while he was careful to confess that the blood of Christ had cleansed his heart from all sin, his spirit and his prompt sacrifice of everything shown him to be wrong by God's Word, or by the Holy Spirit, convinced all of the truth of his profession.

Some months had passed when he came into a morning meeting in an adjoining circuit now in charge of his former pastor. There were deep heart-searchings going on; the Holy Spirit was uncovering to many sincere hearts the real, though often partly concealed, motives of past conduct. After a season of deep retrospection of his heart, our Brother John rose and said:

"Brethren, I see some things this morning as I never saw them before. God has been giving me light. I see now why I once lost a fine horse. I see it as clear as day. I must tell you all about it. Be patient with me; I feel that God wants me to tell you.

"A few years ago I found, about midwinter, I had more hay than I needed, and I concluded to buy some more stock, preferring to feed the hay out on my farm rather than sell it off. Neighbor H., a good Presbyterian brother, whom you all know, had some colts to sell. I went to see them. He had three, but he said he wished to sell only the two youngest.

"Let us take a look at that," I said. After viewing them, I asked his price.

"Now, Brother John," said he, "I put them low, because I am forced to sell in order to raise this money; but for that I would not sell one of them."

"What is your price for the oldest one?" I enquired.

"Oh, I can't sell him, Brother John. The boys have set their hearts on him. The other two will bring all the money I need, and it would almost break the peace of the family if I should sell the other, he is so great a favorite."

"I stood and thought a moment, when I said to myself, Now, I will buy the two anyhow, if I can't get the other, for his price is fair enough.

"But what would be your price for the oldest one, if you were going to sell him?" said I.

"Oh, I can't price him at all; can't sell him," he said.

"Well, there is no harm in setting a price, if you aint going to sell, you know, I said.

"Then I led him on till I got a price fixed, I knew he must raise money right away or be sued. I took advantage of his trait.

"Now, neighbor," said I, "your prices are all fair enough; I can't complain. But I don't want the two. I must have all, or I don't care about any; so I suppose we can't trade. I turned away, as if I was giving up the trade, but it was only to bring him to terms. I was so anxious to get the colts that I did not realize the wrong then, as I see it now. I lied to him, and lied before God, for I had said I would take the two if I could not get the other. God heard me say so, and that is the record I shall have to meet in the day of judgment.

"Well, Brother John," said he, "I am very sorry it is so, for I must have the money, and I know no other way to get it only to sell the colts, which I do not want to do. I wish you would take the two, and let me keep that nice three year old."

"I saw he was coming over, and after a little I said, 'No: I will give you your price for all three, but I don't care to buy one unless I can buy all.' He hesitated. It was a great struggle. I felt for him, but still I held him to my terms. At last he yielded. I paid him his price for the three, and took them all home with me, proud of my purchase, for they were all good stock and in prime order. I promised myself a good outcome.

"The winter was about over, and the colts had all done well. One fine morning I led out the oldest one, intending to let him run

awhile in the meadow near the barn. As he came out of the stable I gave him a little rope, and as he pranced around me I thought I never saw a handsomer colt, or the making of a finer horse. I was delighted with him. As I led him to the bars he seemed so spry and playful I thought I would see how well he could jump. So I only let down the top bar. He jumped, but not high enough; his knees struck the upper edge of the top bar and he fell over flat on his back. It seemed unaccountable how he could do so—the bars were not high—but so he did. He could not get up. I got help and raised him up, and braced him up with rails; but he could not stand. I was determined to save him; but the neighbors all said it was of no use—his back was hurt, and he would never walk again. 'Oh,' I said, 'he shall walk; I won't give him up.' What a struggle I had! How I loved him! As I looked on him, poor fellow, he gave me such a sorrowful and imploring look, it almost broke my heart, and I said, 'You shall live.' More remedies were tried, but all in vain. When, at last, I gave up that he could not live, I felt it was wrong to prolong his sufferings, so I tried to get some one to shoot him. They all refused, though I offered a poor young man-money if he would only do it for me.

"At last I went into the house, and got a gun to do it myself. As I came to him he gave me a look of such meaning, and seemed so innocent, that it broke my heart. Oh, how hard to shoot that dear colt! Why, he seemed now almost like an idol in my heart—perhaps he was. After summoning all my courage I fired, and as he fell I turned quickly away, dropped my gun, and cried like a child. Oh, what a sad morning was that to me! The Providence seemed so dark, I did not understand it.

"It was five years ago that I lost that colt, and never till this morning have I seen why it happened. I felt that I must tell you, as the Holy Spirit has revealed it to me since I came into this meeting. I see now that if I had done by my brother as I would be done by, I would never have bought that colt. My brother was needy, was in a straight, and I used the money God had blessed me with to wring that colt out of his hands. To this sin I added lying—for I had said in God's hearing I would take the two if I could not get the three, and then said to my brother, 'I must buy all or none.' Oh, I see it now as never before. Had I obeyed the law of love I should have left that colt where God would have left him. Then he never would have jumped my bars, broken his back, nor I have been compelled to take his life. God has, indeed, proved that 'with what measure you mete it shall be measured to you again.' My brother, if he had had heart to do it, could never have requited me for this wrong. God took the matter into His own hands. Why I got this light this morning, and have been led to speak of it, I know not."

Here Brother John sat down. A very deep and solemn impression pervaded the whole house. No one could doubt that the Holy Spirit had shed this light on his mind not only for his good but for the good of others.

Suffice it to say that a prominent brother in the house, who was both a trustee and steward, saw mirrored in Brother John's story one of his own transactions, which was as direct a violation of the law of love as was the extortion of the colt. Providence had called him to bury a horse obtained in violation of the law of love. A confession by the brother, frank and noble, followed; and it scarcely need be said that many Christian men in that region were more careful thereafter to buy and sell in accordance with the injunction of our Saviour: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."—*Central Christian Advocate.*

### TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

BY W. WAYBRIDGE, ESQ.

When I was about eighteen years old (I speak of a very distant period), I used to go on Saturday afternoon, during the beautiful season, to spend the Sunday with my mother, who lived at V—, some five miles from my place of labor. I usually went on foot, and was sure to find sitting under an old oak on the route a great fellow, who always cried out to me in a squeaking voice: "Can you give a poor man a little something, my good sir?"

He was pretty sure to have his appeal answered by the clinking of a few coppers in his old felt hat.

One day, as I was paying my tribute to Anthony (for so he called himself), there came along a good-looking gentleman, to whom the beggar addressed his squeaking cry: "Can you give a poor man a little something, my good sir?"

The gentleman stopped, and having fixed his eye on Anthony a moment, said: "You seem to be intelligent and able to work—why do you follow such a mean vocation here? I should be right glad to draw you from it, and give you ten thousand dollars a year!"

Anthony began to laugh, and I joined in with him.

"Laugh as much as you please," replied the gentleman; but follow my advice and you'll have what I promise you. I can show it to you also by example. I have been as poor as you are; but instead of begging, I went out of an old basket a sort of sack, and went from house to house and village to village, and asked the people to give me, not their money, but their old rags, which I then sold readily to the paper-maker.

"At the end of a year I did not ask the rags for nothing, but paid the cash for them; and I had besides an old horse and cart to assist me in my work.

"Five years afterwards, I had six thousand dollars, and I married the daughter of the paper-maker, who took me into partnership with him. I was but little accustomed to the business, I confess, but I was young and active; I knew how to work and to undergo privation.

"Now, I own two good houses in the city, and have turned my paper-mill over to my son, whom I easily taught to labor and to endure hardship without murmuring. Now, do as I have done, my friend, and you will become as well off as I am."

Saying this, the old gentleman rode on, leaving Anthony so absorbed in thought that two ladies passed without hearing his old falsetto supplication: "Give a poor man a little something, if you please, to-day!"

Twenty years afterwards, I had occasion to enter a bookstore for some purchases. A large and well-dressed gentleman was walking through the store and giving orders to some half-a-dozen clerks. We looked at each other as people do who, without being acquainted, seem to have some faint impression that they have met before.

"Sir," said he to me, at the further end of the store, "were you not in the habit twenty years ago of walking out to V—on Saturday afternoon?"

"What Anthony, is it you?" cried I.  
"Sir," he replied, "you see Anthony; the old gentleman was right. He gave me ten thousand dollars a year!"—*Christian Union.*

### CHARACTER.

BY E. E. NEWMAN.

"I don't feel sure that Mr. Crawford would be the best superintendent you could have," said the good old deacon, slowly. "I never mean to interfere with the Sunday-school; if I can't help, I won't hinder, and I want you to suit yourselves; but somehow I hear that he's running up bills at a great rate, and 't' doesn't seem just the thing."

"I know he is a little careless in matters," answered Mr. Smith, a prominent Sunday-school teacher; "but he is not dishonest, and we can't find a perfect man for the place. Mr. Crawford speaks very well, and is popular enough to bring a good class of families into the school, and I think he is a good man."

"You ought to know best," said the deacon, with a little shake of his white head, as he moved off; "but character goes a great way."

Mr. Crawford was invited to become superintendent of the Lane Sunday-school, and he accepted the invitation with real pleasure; he was always present at the right time, always made graceful speeches to the school, did whatever he thought should be done with earnest good will, and believed himself to be forwarding his Master's work to the best of his ability. But the friends of the Sunday-school noticed with pain that it was not prospering; its members certainly increased with the incoming of the new superintendent, but the increase was not permanent, and a spirit of coldness and inattention seemed to take possession of the scholars. In vain the most spiritual among the teachers prayed over the declining school and redoubled their own efforts; no one realized the difficulty till a chance group of children enlightened their elders in passing.

"My father says Mr. Crawford never pays his debts till he has to. Now where's the use o' his talkin'?"

"He's owed Joe Styles for sawin' his wood these six months. I don't want to be that kind of a Christian."

"He's a fraud, anyway. Glad he don't owe me anything."

Troubled eyes met as the unconscious critic went on. What was to be done? Nothing, just then, it seemed. Nobody wanted to tell Mr. Crawford that his carelessness in money matters was ruining the school, and he wondered, with no little pain, that his fellow-workers were so ready to let him go at the end of the year. Some friend ought to have told him the trouble; but the duty did not belong to one more than another, and he never was told.

Warned by their misjudgment, the teachers elected a man of stern probity for their next superintendent. He was not a ready speaker, not a very popular man, but he brought a weight of character to his new office that made his few words effective. There was silence and attention when he spoke; the teachers ceased to feel that mysterious something working against

them, and little frictions adjusted themselves in a remarkable way, no one knew how. There were no more graceful little speeches; sometimes the thing that should have been said was not said, but the whole school was in better order, though it was not so efficiently managed to all appearance. Every scholar believed in that superintendent, and the change appeared, not only in the outward manner, but in the style of thought. The Holy Spirit began to touch those sobered boys and girls; because they trusted him, the new leader could direct them to the One whom he himself trusted; they felt that he was a safe guide.

Now this is not logical; it did not at all follow, that because Mr. Crawford did not pay his debts when he should have done so, those scholars had any right to hold themselves excused from any Christian duty; but they did not want to follow as he led, seeing that he was not always right, and it is not strange that they did not. "Character goes a great way," and we have no right to leave excuses open. May our Master make us "sufficient for these things."—*S. S. Times*.

### LIGHT AND WARMTH.

BY REV. D. BUTLER.

We had occasion, not long since, to go into a green-house. It was well arranged. The glass was in order, and the pipes for the transmission of the needed warmth were in place, and yet the plants were withered and not a sign of life was visible. The sight furnished no explanation of the state of things existing there, but to the feeling all was plain. A deadly chill pervaded the air and to the shivering senses. The whole place seemed like a beautiful body from which the spirit had fled.

This contrast between the seeing and the feeling, between appearances and the reality, one encounters not unfrequently in actual life. We sometimes go into dwellings which, in their arrangements, seem especially designed for the nurture and growth of the plants of righteousness. There is culture and worldly competence, and the appropriate surroundings of a Christian home, but we miss that genial atmosphere in which the new life is wont to have its beginning and its growth. There is a chill in the air before which the graces wither and die. Impatience, censoriousness, fault finding and ambition load with their fatal chill the air. And so it sometimes happens that persons eminent for their activity and usefulness are called to mourn over children that have in this way been driven into positive unbelief. They built the conservatory with great care, but have left unused the agencies at hand for the needed temperature, and while they looked for life there was death.

Much is said about the different methods of family training. As the result of our reflections and our observation, we believe that nine-tenths of the power which parents have over children, is exerted through their example. There are few natures that can successfully resist the influence that comes from a consistent Christian life, with its wealth of purity, and patience, and kindness and self-forgetfulness—pouring steadily their light and warmth upon the child in the forming period of its life. It creates an atmosphere in which the Spirit loves to work and where its fairest conquests are received.—*Watchman and Reflector*.

### A BOY HABIT AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"Lend me a postage stamp, Hal," said Nicholas, as he was folding a letter to send home. "I am out of stamps and change. I will pay you back when my next allowance comes."

Hal handed over the stamp, and then went on with his writing. Nicholas mailed his letter and thought no more of the stamp. Hal did not care, so you think there was no harm done. But there is where you make the mistake. He had defrauded his school-mate out of three cents, and he had added another link to the chain which was fast binding him. Evil habits are so easy to form, but so hard to break up. The next time he borrowed ten cents, "just till to-morrow, when he would get a bill changed." Then he made himself noted in school for borrowing pencils, pens, knives, and such like schoolboy possessions; and several of the most obliging boys had lost considerable by him. At last it grew the custom to decline, when he wished to borrow. But there were generally new boys, coming from time to time, who had to find out his propensities for themselves.

If you had called Nicholas a thief, I suppose he would have repelled the idea with scorn. But he was, for all that. The habit was growing upon him daily. He grew very reckless of the rights of others. He was always borrowing as a boy and as a young man. His acquaintances grew shy of him, and crossed over on the other side, rather than run the risk of being importuned for "a short loan." He obtained a situation in a bank, and in an evil hour was tempted to enter into a speculation "that would surely make fifty thousand dollars." He "borrowed" twenty thousand from the bank, secretly, intending to return it

the same way, as soon as his fortune was realized. But his scheme failed, and the wretched young man fled to avoid exposure. He was arrested, however, and confined to a felon's cell, leaving a stricken household to the grief and shame with which such an act must overwhelm them. It was the natural end of the habit of borrowing and not returning small sums. Boys, let the strictest honor characterize your dealings, down to the smallest particulars.—*School-day Magazine*.

### SUNSHINE IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

A writer in the *N. E. Journal of Education*, speaking of discipline in the department of schools, says:—As we look about us for other items of comfort, we shall find that sun, and light, and air, and the proper adjustment of each, exert a powerful influence in this direction.

A visitor stepped into my room on one of those bright days when the whole earth seems bathed in sunshine, and, as I never, on any pretext, shut out a single ray, it naturally fell directly across a bevy of little girls. I was anxious to note what effect their next movement would have on my visitor, so made no explanation. They had been taught to leave the seat of their own free will, if they did not like to sit directly in the sunshine, and take any other chair at hand, out of it,—returning, when it should be again shaded, without command on my part. So, then, it was perfectly natural for one and another to move to a more comfortable locality, which they did, exciting no surprise, on the part of the other scholars, because it was of almost daily occurrence, but I must say not a little on the part of my friend.

"Are those children at liberty to leave their seats without permission?" he said.

"Perfectly," I answered.

"How can you preserve order," he then enquired, "if you make no restrictions here?" To this query I replied that "I regarded even little children as possessed of the intelligence which admitted of my trusting them in a rational manner, and that I found from experience that I could allow this freedom of movement without the confidence being misplaced."

I have the greatest faith in the beneficent effects of the sun, but I have been pained, too, sometimes to see poor little fellows drooping, like so many tender flowers, under an amount of sun altogether too intense for comfort, to say the least—and a careful thoughtfulness, even in this one particular, will assist you amazingly.

Do not shut out the sun, for you need it as a potent physician, which can work marvellous cures; his presence is a blessing few fully comprehend, but, remove a child, at its pleasure, from a forced sitting in it, although you still let it flood and permeate with brilliancy and beauty each corner and crevice of your room.

Again, I say, let the sun help you, as he assuredly will, to govern the little ones, by acting directly on their physical necessities, and thus improving disposition if nothing more!

### A TAILOR WHO BETRAYED HIS TRICK.

People who make clothes like to have clothes wear out, but trying to hasten the wearing process is none of their business, and they who do so deserve to be caught as this one was:—

A certain noble lord (relates a contemporary), remarkable for the carelessness of his dress, went personally to pay his tailor's bill. Being unknown by sight to the new manager, who received the money, that worthy mistook him for a servant, and, having cast his eye over the account, and receipted it, he handed the supposed servant a sovereign at the same time delivering himself after this fashion:

"Now, there's a sovereign for yourself, and it's your own fault that it's not two. But you don't wear out your master's clothes half quick enough. He ought to have had double the amount in the time; and I'll tell you it's worth your while to use a harder brush."

With a queer smile his lordship answered, "Well, I don't know, I think my brush is a pretty hard one too—his lordship complains of it anyhow."

"Pooh! Hard—not a bit of it! Now come, I'll put you up to a wrinkle that'll put many a sovereign into your pocket. Look here"—fetching a piece of wood from a shelf behind him—"you see this bit of stick—now that's roughened on purpose. You take that, and give your master's coat a good scrubbing with it about the elbows and shoulders every day, and give the trousers a touch about the knees, and you'll soon wear 'em out for him, and, as I say, it will be a good five pounds in your pocket every year. We shan't forget you, don't be afraid."

"You are very kind," quoth his lordship, with a comical grin. "I will impart your instructions to my valet, though I fear for the future, while he remains in my service, he will not be able to profit by them, as I shall not trouble you with my custom. I am Lord—, I wish you good-day."—*Era*.

### A LOAD OF BRICKS.

"See what I will do in the morning!" So thought a little boy to himself, as he lay in his snug little bed, about ready to fall asleep. He had heard his father, the minister and the neighbors talk a great deal about a new church; a long time, he had heard that one ought to be built, long enough it seemed to him to build one, but still nothing was done. In fact he had heard it said lately that maybe they would not have a new church after all. Perhaps he did not like the old meeting-house, and fancied he should like to go to church better if they had a new one; at all events he gave his mind to the subject and resolved to do something. The next morning he rose very early, intent on carrying his plan into execution. Whether he consulted with any one or not we do not know, but we doubt not he had learned the verse: "Let not your left hand know what your right doeth," and thought it was best to go by himself, believing that he was doing right. Very happy he felt as he trudged along to the minister's house, although when he reached the door, it was so early that the good doctor had not come down stairs. Soon, however, he appeared, and his youthful parishioner delivered to him a load of bricks which he "had brought to build the new church with." In a wheelbarrow three times the size of the little boy, lay two bricks, the beginning of the new church, and as he returned to his home, cheered by the kind words of his pastor, we are sure that he felt that doing was better than talking. As the doctor went into the street he said to every one he met, "The church will be built; the first load of bricks is on the ground;" and before our little hero was much older, he had the pleasure of seeing the church finished which he had begun.

### EDUCATIONAL ITEMS.

—The *Pall Mall Gazette* states that the London Educational Budget this year is less satisfactory than usual. The finance committee of the London School Board have had to declare a deficit of £33,834 on the balance of receipts and expenditure for the past year, and the estimate for the year ending March, 1876, including the replacement of this deficit, is £263,713, against £149,866 voted as the cost of schools up to March 25th of the present year. This adverse balance was explained by the finance committee, as being due to the fact that a very much larger number of schools were opened than was expected, so that a much larger number of children than had been anticipated twelve months ago had to be provided for. Then the increase of schools had led to an increase of expenditure; the cost per head of education in the board schools had been more than was estimated; for in place of being 17s. 6d. a head net, it had proved to be £1 2s. 9d. net, and this was owing to the fact that "the board was doing its work in a most perfect manner, and having greater appliances, larger playgrounds, and paying larger salaries to teachers." The hope was expressed that as the board closed the small temporary schools and opened its larger schools, and the children became more regular, this expense would fall down somewhat, but it is claimed that the net cost of education will not be less than £1 a head.

WEEKLY READING EXERCISE.—Every member of the class brings some short, interesting item selected from magazine or newspaper; this he carefully studies, as his reading lesson for the day; and that he may make his selection interesting, he naturally strives for clear, distinct utterance, and correct expression. As in every class there is a wide diversity of tastes, this exercise will bring into the school-room a great variety of information. As this exercise creates a regular weekly demand for something new and interesting, it tends to the formation of a habit of observing and retaining facts in general reading. Frequently, items are found having reference to some topic in geography, history, or some other school study; they thus aid in fixing the memory of things hitherto learned. At the close of the exercise a scholar collects the various articles, all of which are written on papers of uniform size, and preserves them neatly, in a school scrap-book, where they are easy of access for future reference.—*Educational Journal*.

CHANGING SCHOOL BOOKS.—A very large part of the work and money spent in changing school-books is spent in the interest of the writers and publishers of school-books and not in the interest of the pupils or their parents. Often the interests of the pupils and of the parents are sacrificed to the interests of the writers and of the publishers. An ordinary book depends for its sale upon its own merits, or upon influences that may be brought to bear upon individuals. A school-book is not presented to a tenth part of the persons who are to be its purchasers, but to a small number of committee-men. If by any means they can be induced to adopt it, a whole city-full of schools purchase it—are in a manner forced to purchase it; and it has thus a market beyond that of the most sensational novel. The

parents grumble, and—buy. A very small sum goes out of the pocket of each purchaser, a large sum goes into the pocket of the proprietor. Meanwhile the children have a book that may be better than its predecessor, but is just as likely to be worse.—*Gail Hamilton, in Christian Union*.

### SELECTIONS.

—To extend a hand of help to the helpless is to find and clasp the hand of Jesus. The man who from the Galilean crowd should have gone forward to help up the dying lunatic child, would have locked his own with Jesus' fingers, for they were there before him. The life of God can never be touched or tasted until we give up our own. The truth of God can never be our still we do his will. Be it a faintly erring Christian brother, or be it a degraded outcast sinner, you shall never get so closely hold of the Redeemer's hand as when you humble yourself and stoop to lift up such a person. Touch and help the helpless, O my brother, and the Divine Helper shall touch and help you. Are you in darkness, weariness, anguish? Do you find your burden greater than you can bear? Your hope slipping from you? The ground of your faith, which you thought solid, all hollow and quaking beneath your feet, and your fingers groping upwards through the gloom to find the hand of divine help? You shall find it when you put it of your own to help others.—*Rev. D. Merriman*.

ASKING AMISS.—There is much fruitless, powerless praying—if, indeed, it is worthy of the designation of prayer. The Apostle James reveals the chief cause: "Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss." Iniquity secretly hidden in the heart, lurking selfishness, or something of the kind, comes in as a barrier, shuts up the windows of heaven and sends the bended suppliant from the foot of the Throne unblest, unfurnished.

TEACHING CHILDREN.—What parents ought to consider most of all in instructing young children is to teach them how to see correctly, to hear correctly, to understand correctly, and how to reproduce correctly in thought and language what has been imparted to them. It is not the fault of the eyes, but of the perceptive faculties back of the eyes, that so many do not see correctly. There is no more prolific source of errors, follies, and half-unconscious immorality, than the habit of imperfect perception, causing a sort of untruthfulness and mental dishonesty. It is the duty of parents, of elder brothers and sisters, to cultivate in children from their earliest youth the habit of correct perception and reproduction of what has been said to them. This can be done concerning the simplest objects and in the simplest ways. Following this first course of education comes the work of the school-teacher.

SIMPLE AND ABLE.—It was said of the Rev. Mr. Wiseman, President of the Wesleyan Conference in England, that "He has the rare power of adapting himself to the capacities and circumstances of any congregation, whether lowly or lofty; so that while children listen to his teaching—couched in purest, easiest, tersest English, and enlivened with telling incident and graphic illustration—with intense eagerness and interest, the most refined and cultured are instructed and edified. 'Why don't you preach like Mr. Wiseman, papa?' said a little intelligent fellow of nine or ten years of age to his father; 'I can understand every word he says.' That faculty of dealing with the greatest truths in a mode and style which Sunday-school children can comprehend, is one of the most precious and enviable of ministerial gifts, as it is one of the surest signs of a clear, strong mind, master of its subject, and one of the latest and ripest fruits of finished training and culture."—*S. S. Times*.

VERBAL VICES.—Indulgence in verbal vice soon encourages corresponding vices in conduct. Let any one of you come to talk about any mean or vile practice with a familiar tone, and do you suppose, when the opportunity occurs for committing the mean or vile act, he will be as strong against it as before? It is by no means an unknown thing that men of correct lives talk themselves into crime, into sensuality, into perdition. Bad language easily runs into bad deeds. Select any iniquity you please; suffer yourself to converse in its dialect, to use its slang, to speak in the character of one who relishes it, and I need not tell how soon your moral sense will lower down to its level. Becoming intimate with it, you lose your horror of it. To be too much with bad men and in bad places, is not only unwholesome to a man's morality, but unfavorable to his faith and trust in God. It is not every man who could live as Lot did in Sodom, and then be fit to go out of it under God's convoy. This obvious principle, of itself, furnishes a reason not only for watching the tongue, but for keeping ourselves as much as possible out of the company of bad associates.—*Indiana Arcana*.



SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1876, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON XXVI.

JUNE 27.]

REVIEW—SAMUEL'S PARTING WORDS.

READ I SAM. xii. 20-25.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Only fear the Lord, and serve Him in truth with all your heart; for consider how great things he hath done for you.—1 Sam. xii. 24. CENTRAL TRUTH.—We are to be faithful unto death.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Sam. xii. 20-25. T. Judg. ii. 6-23. W. Ps. cvi. 34-48. Th. Judg. vii. 1-18. F. Rom. i. 8-25. Sa. Ruth i. 6-22. S. 1 Sam. iii. 1-21.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—In this review notice the repeated sins of Israel, followed by judgments from God, and the frequent repentances, yet final rejection of the Lord in the choice of a king.

ORDER OF EVENTS.—(55.) The Ammonites slain. (56.) Samuel's parting words.

NOTES.—When Israel had chosen Saul to rule in place of Samuel and his sons, and had made him king at Gilgal, Samuel gave the people a parting address, reviewing their sin of idolatry; God's punishments and deliverances under the judges; their rejection of the Lord as King, who would be merciful if they served him; but if they did wickedly, he would destroy them.

TOPICS AND QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

A good review of the past twelve lessons may be gained by dividing them into three groups of four lessons each

(I) THE LORD FORSAKEN (Lessons XIV.-XVII.). (II) THE LORD SOUGHT (Lessons XVIII.-XXI.). (III) THE LORD REJECTED (Lessons XXII.-XXV.). See also chart on page 60.

1. What promise did Israel make to Joshua? (Lesson XIV.)

Where had they forsaken the Lord? Josh. xxiv. 17.

What were they now to choose? Josh. xxiv. 15.

How did they break this promise to Joshua? (See Lesson XV.)

Into whose hands did the Lord give them? Judg. ii. 14.

Who were raised up to deliver Israel? Judg. ii. 16.

By whom was Gideon called? Where? Who were oppressing Israel at that time? What was Gideon called to do? Judg. vi. 16.

In how many ways was Gideon's army reduced? By whose command?

What did the Lord promise to do with Gideon's three hundred? Judg. vi. 7.

II. What did the Philistines require Samson to do? (Lesson XVIII.)

Upon whom did Samson call? What was his prayer? How answered? Whom did Naomi urge to leave her? (Lesson XIX.)

Whose God did Ruth choose to serve? Of what country was Ruth? To what city of Israel did Ruth and Naomi return?

For what did Hannah pray in the temple? 1 Sam. i. 27.

Who answered her prayer? To whom did she lend her son? For how long? What was her son's name? To whom did Samuel minister? Who called him? How many times? How did he answer the Lord's last call? III. By whom was the ark taken? (Lesson XXI.)

Why was Israel defeated? (See 1 Sam. iii. 13.)

Who fell dead when he heard the sad news? What offering did Samuel make for the people? (Lesson XXIII.)

How did the Lord answer Samuel? What did the people ask of Samuel? (Lesson XXIV.)

Whom did the Lord say they had rejected? In granting their request, of what did he warn the people? Who was chosen king of Israel? (Lesson XXV.)

How did Samuel finally encourage and warn the people? (See Sam. xii. 24, 25.)

LESSON I.

JULY 4.]

THE WORD MADE FLESH.

READ JOHN I. 1-14.—COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.—God was manifest in the flesh.—1 Tim. iii. 16.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Jesus is the revealer of the Father.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John i. 1-14. T. Prov. viii. 22-36. W. 1 John v. 12-20. Th. John v. 24-38. F. Matt. iii. 1-12. Sa. John iii. 1-21. S. Heb. ii. 9-18.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Find out who John, the writer of this Gospel, was, when he wrote it, and for what purpose, and in what language. In these verses see how plainly he states that Jesus the Word is God, and that he became also a man to save us and make us the children of God.

HISTORICAL NOTES.—The word.—i. e. Jesus the Christ. The apostle uses this phrase without explaining it, as one well understood by his readers. Similar phrases are found in Psalms, Proverbs, Prophets, and in Hebrews. See Ps xxxiii. 4, 6; cvii. 20; Isa. xl. 8; Jer xxiii. 29; Prov. viii.; Heb. iv. 12, 13; xl. 3. This lesson forms an introduction to this Gospel. Augustine tells of a Greek philosopher who thought these verses should be written in letters of gold.—John—not the writer of this gospel, but John the Baptist, the forerunner of Jesus. See Luke iii. 1-22.

EXPLANATION.—(1.) In the beginning, before anything was created; from eternity. Word (see Notes). (2.) same, the word; Jesus; with God, not in God, but co-equal with him. (3.) by him, or through him. (4.) was life, source of life; light of men, true light, spiritual life. (5.) darkness, spiritual darkness; comprehended, understood, received. (7.) witness, to point out the light. (8.) that light, Jesus. (9.) true light, divine light; lighteth every man, read, "the true light which cometh in the world lighteth every man." (11.) his own, his own possessions and people. (12.) received him, accepted him in their hearts; power, or the right, the privilege; sons of God, or children of God—i. e., born of God and like him. (13.) not of blood, not merely children of Abraham, as the Jews; nor... the flesh, not of a worldly spirit; nor... of man, no self-righteous merit. (14.) made flesh, Jesus in human form; dwelt among us, for thirty-three years; beheld his glory, in His works.

ILLUSTRATION.—The great scholar Francis Junius once providentially opened his father's Testament and read part of this first chapter of John. He was so struck with the majesty and eloquence of the words that his body shuddered, his mind was amazed, and he was led from that time to love God and delight to study his word.

TOPICS AND QUESTIONS.

(I.) JESUS THE WORD. (II.) JESUS THE CREATOR. (III.) JESUS THE LIFE AND LIGHT.

I. Who wrote this Gospel? When? (About A. D. 90.) Where? [Probably at Ephesus.] For what purpose? (See John xx. 31.) How many accounts of the life of Jesus had already been written? [Three—Matthew's, Mark's, and Luke's.] In what language did John write? [The Greek.] What was in the beginning? Who was the Word? When with God?

II. What was made by the Word? Where is there another account of the creation? Gen. i, ii. What is said in Ps. xxxiii. 6? How can we explain that Christ as well as God the Father made all things? (See Eph. iii. 9.)

III. Who is the light of the world? Who was a witness to that light? How was Jesus treated by his own? What did he give to those who did receive him?

Which verse in this lesson teaches— (1.) That Jesus is divine? (2.) That he was human? (3.) That he can make us the children of God?

—We have no more right to fling an unnecessary shadow over the spirit of these with whom we have to do, than we have to fling a stone and injure them. Yet this flinging shadow is a very common sin, and one to which women are particularly addicted. Oh, what a blessing is a merry, cheerful woman in a household! One whose spirits are not affected by wet days, or little disappointments, or whose milk of human kindness does not sour in the sunshine of prosperity. Such a woman in the darkest hours brightens the house like a little piece of sunny weather. The magnetism of her smile, the electrical brightness of her looks and movements, infect every one. The children go to school with a sense of something great to be achieved; her husband goes into the world in a conqueror's spirit. No matter how people worry and annoy him all day, far off her presence shines, and he whispers to himself, "At home I shall find rest." So day by day she literally renews his strength and energy, and if you know a man with a beaming face, a kind heart and a prosperous business, in nine cases out of ten you will find he has a wife of this kind. For nothing is more certain than that the man who is married must ask his wife for permission to be happy and wealthy.

—A New England pastor, telling of the obstacles to Sunday-school reform in his parish, said: "Two objections are likely to be raised by my people against any plan of improvement proposed, either of which would be fatal to the plan. One is: 'We never tried that in this church.' The other is: 'We tried that once and it didn't go.' These objections are not unknown in other parishes."

THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

PRESB. MARCH 21, 1875.

Dear Sir.—I take the MESSENGER; it must be a very good paper, for I never heard any one speak ill of it; everyone who sees it thinks it a nice paper, but some of them will not subscribe; but I think if they knew the true value of it they would.

RIDDLES.

My 1 is in hail, but not in snow. " 2 " " fast, " " " slow. " 3 " " low, " " " mean. " 4 " " King, " " " Queen. My whole is a bird.

My 1, 3, 6, is a little of honor. " 6, 5, 4, is a color. " 2, 3, 5, is something which people are generally fond of. " 2, 6, 3, 4, 5, is vanity. " 3, 6, 5, is anger.

My whole is an insect. HATTIE BROWN, (aged 12).

I have found the answer to the questions that were in the MESSENGER to-day, and send them to you:— I am a word of eight letters:

My first is in Cow but not in Ox. " second " " Book " " " Paper. " third " " Top " " " High. " fourth " " Luk " " " Pen. " fifth " " Pot " " " Stove. " sixth " " Cat " " " Mouse. " seventh " " Axe " " " Cut. " eighth " " Quick " " " Soor.

My whole is a high mountain. HERBERT L. DOANE.

PRIZES.

The circulation of the MESSENGER has been for the last four numbers, as follows:—

Table with 2 columns: Date and Circulation. April 15th... 18,200; May 1st... 19,300; " 15th... 19,500; June 1st... 20,500.

This is a pleasant sort of increase, which we hope will continue until the MESSENGER reaches every country neighborhood on this continent.

We have now subscribers in most of the United States, and the circulation is rapidly increasing in regions where the paper was before unknown. For this advance we have especially to thank the friends of Sunday-schools in various quarters, and persons who are anxious for the promotion of good literature in their own neighborhoods, as well as a great multitude of children who have made canvassing for the MESSENGER a specialty.

As we wish to have a circulation of 30,000 before the summer is out we wish to organize all our young readers for a summer campaign, to last during the months of July, August and September. During the holidays every one will do what he or she can to get us new subscribers and send us the money for them. We want all to work for the good of their neighbors, and we will give to those who do best the following prizes:—

- To the boy or girl who sends us before the first of October the money for the largest number of subscribers... \$25.00
To the second largest... 15.00
To the third largest... 10.00
To the fourth largest a work-box or writing-desk furnished, worth... 8.00
To the next ten on the list a work-box or writing desk, varying in value from \$7 to \$2... \$32.00
To the next ten a book each, worth \$1, 10.00
\$100.00

The above rate of increase, showing a growth of two thousand three hundred in six weeks, would bring us, without any special inducement, up to more than 26,500 by the first of October—so that with these prizes there is every prospect of reaching the 30,000 if not a much higher figure.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—According to an arrangement which came into operation on the 1st Sept., 1874, Post Office money orders payable in the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba and British Columbia, for any sum not exceeding four dollars (\$4.00), may be obtained at any money order office in the Dominion, at the rate of two cents for each such order.

—A scholar's comment on an irregular teacher: "I ain't a-comin' no more after to-day. I ain't a goin' to be turned over to any fellow as turns up. I like to have a teacher as belongs to you."

DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.—I don't ask you to take my poor words about the brevity and uncertainty of life. Ask any commercial man whose kind of business necessitates that he calculate the length of human life—ask him in his business what he thinks of the uncertainty of human existence. "Oh," says one man, "I shall repent on my sick bed." Will you? The last sickness, as far as I have observed, is generally divided into two parts. The first half of that final sickness is spent in the expectation of getting well, in the discussion of doctors, and the different kinds of medicine; the last half in delirium or in stupidity, or a consternation which prohibits religious thoughts, so that I take it that the poorest place on earth for a man to repent of sin and prepare for Heaven is on his death-bed.—Talnage.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

\$5 TO \$20 PER DAY.—AGENTS WANTED. All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Post card to States costs but one cent. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

THE ALTERED RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION

to the WITNESS, owing to the new postal law which requires the publishers to prepay postage, are as follows:—

Daily Witness... \$3.00 per annum. To Ministers actually in charge of congregations, and teachers actually in charge of schools... \$2.50 per annum. Montreal Witness (Tri-weekly) \$2 per annum.

To Ministers and teachers as above... \$1.50 per annum. Weekly Witness... \$1.10 per annum. To Ministers, &c., &c... 85 cents per annum.

It will be seen that in the case of the DAILY and TRI-WEEKLY we have determined to pay the postage ourselves, making these editions, the former \$1.20 less to subscribers than hitherto, and the other 60 cents less. We regret that we cannot do the same for the WEEKLY at present, but promise to do so if our friends can raise our circulation to 35,000 subscribers, double our present circulation, which would be required to cover the deficiency which the reduction of ten cents would involve. The reduction to teachers and ministers will, of course, have to be less, as their rates for the DAILY and TRI-WEEKLY were as low as possible already. We have, however, added a special rate for ministers and teachers for the WEEKLY also. Any present subscriber can, however, get the WEEKLY WITNESS for one dollar postpaid, by securing us a new subscriber. An old subscriber remitting for a new one along with his own can get the two for two dollars, or if he sends the new subscriber on of \$1 before his own runs out, he will have his own paper continued a month. With this great reduction in cost we hope our readers will become more than ever interested in extending the circulation of the WITNESS.

The new rates for the MESSENGER are: 1 copy... \$0.30; 10 copies... 2.50; 25 copies... 6.00; 50 copies... 11.50; 100 copies... 22.00; 1,000 copies... 200.00. Surplus copies for distribution as tract, 12 dozen for \$1.

The new rates for the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, on the other hand, are somewhat higher than before, as some improvements in get-up are to be introduced. They are as follows:

1 copy... \$1.50; 10 copies... 12.00; 25 copies... 25.00.

THE DOMINION will be clubbed with the WITNESS at \$1.25, instead of \$1, as heretofore.

The new rates come into force this day, but except in the case of subscriptions received after this date the postage will not be pre-paid by us until after October first, when the new law comes fully into force.

J. DOUGALL & SON, Publishers.

MONTREAL, May 1st, 1875.

NEW YORK DAILY WITNESS, \$3 per an., postpaid. NEW YORK WEEKLY do., \$1.20 do. do.

TO MY FRIENDS IN CANADA.

I will send the NEW YORK WEEKLY WITNESS for one year, or the NEW YORK DAILY WITNESS for five months, to any part of the Dominion of Canada, all postage pre-paid, for \$1, Canadian money, remitted to JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal, or \$1.20, in American Currency, remitted to me here. Both of these papers contain in every issue market reports and financial reports, and once a week reports of the cattle market and lumber trade. The daily reports of butter, cheese, eggs, and other produce will be found valuable. Both editions contain all American news of any importance, with the comments of the leading New York papers thereon, and much other matter.

JOHN DOUGALL, Proprietor, NEW YORK DAILY and WEEKLY WITNESS, No. 2 SPRUCE STREET, Tract House, New York.

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