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NOTICE.

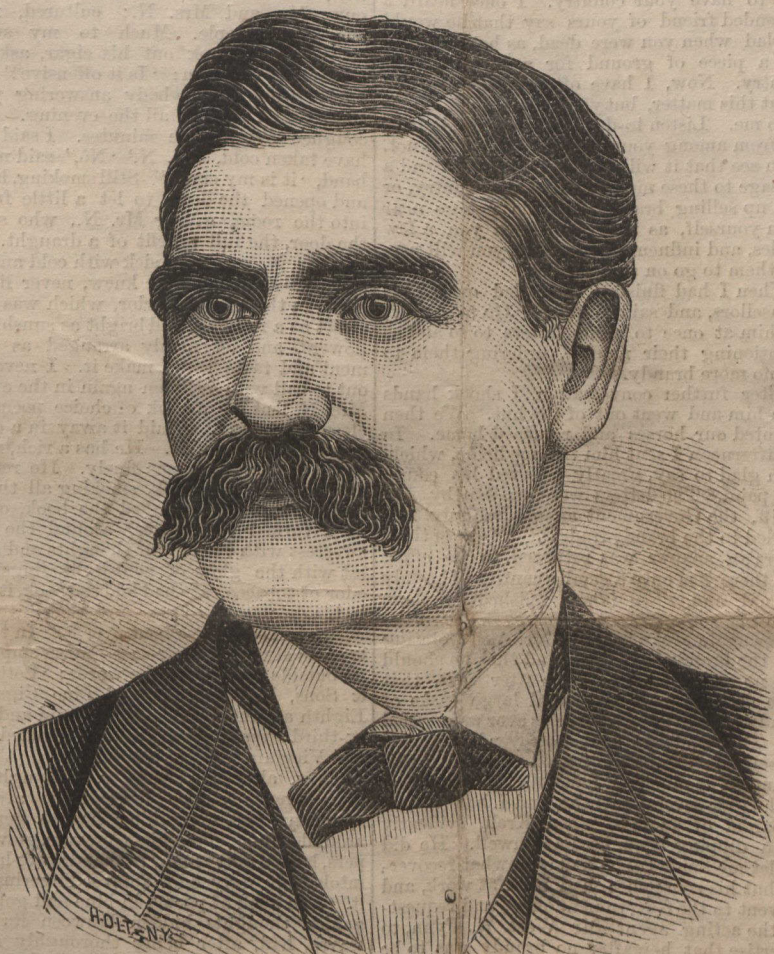
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FRANCIS MURPHY.

The readers of the MESSENGER will remember, the incident narrated in its columns not long ago, of a captain who having negligently searched for a sunken reef, declared that it was not in existence; his mate subsequently searched for it, found it and had it marked on the chart; still later the captain being in the vicinity of the rock whose existence he disputed, when a terrible storm was raging, resolved to sail over the spot, steered his course too true, the vessel struck and sunk, and many innocent ones lost their lives thereby.

Such men as Gough and Francis Murphy having experienced in their own lives the terrible effects of intemperance, form the best charts or beacons to warn others of the rocks to avoid. Mr. Murphy was born in Ireland in 1843, and when but sixteen years old emigrated to New York. Being of Roman Catholic parentage he was not, when in Ireland, suffered to attend the Irish national schools, and thus his education was limited. Having arrived in New York he was induced by an acquaintance to go to Quebec, Canada, where failing to obtain employment, he proceeded to Montreal. Here he was engaged in a hotel, fell into drinking habits, and in two years lost his situation. He next removed to New York State, and for six years, during which time he was married, was employed in farm labors. With an elder brother, he then entered into the business of keeping a hotel in Portland, Maine, and his former partner retiring he was left sole proprietor. In this capacity, at first he met with considerable financial success; but soon, his appetite overcoming him, he became too fond of his "bitters," and finally at the end of his ten years' proprietorship the hotel was closed against him, and he was a ruined man in the common acceptance of that term. His wife dying after this, he was recalled to his proper self, and he determined, God helping him, to live, from that time forth, a sober man,—and not only that, but devote his life to rescuing others who had fallen as he himself had.

His first public lecture was delivered in April, 1870, in the City Hall in Portland, just three months after abandoning the saloon business. He had a host of acquaintances in the city, and on the mere announcement that he was to lecture on temperance, the hall was crowded, and the energy, earnestness, and pathos of his story, which those present knew to be true, made a profound impression upon his audience. Before leaving the hall, more than fifty applications were made for his services as a lecturer. His popularity may be understood from the fact that he delivered some thirty-eight or forty consecutive lectures in that city, concluding his work, by forming a "Reform Club."



FRANCIS MURPHY.

Subsequently he labored in other parts of Maine, in Rhode Island, in New Hampshire, and in the West. When his fame was first extending beyond New England, Miss Frances E. Willard, of the Women's Temperance Union of Chicago, invited him to that city. He lectured there for some time to immense audiences. Many thousands of depraved men were reclaimed by him, and when he left Chicago no less than seven different Reform Clubs were organized. Indeed, everywhere he has gone he has met with extraordinary success. Eight lectures in one Illinois village resulted in the voluntary abandonment by their proprietors of the fifteen saloons of the place. His personal magnetism is much spoken of, and he tells the story of his own life with a pathos which moves every hearer. At the old Orchard Beach Camp-meeting in 1874, which was convened at his instance, Dio Lewis was announced to follow him, but the Dr. declined, saying, "I cannot make a speech after Mr. Murphy. I have heard speeches for forty years, have been on the rostrum myself for over twenty-five years, but I have never heard such a speech as his to-day. In God's name, keep that man telling his story all over the land, every night, as long as his breath and strength are spared."

AN EDUCATIONAL REFORM.

BY PROF. LOUISE M. HODGKINS.

A few weeks ago, I stood by the grave of a woman to whom I believe every New England girl, aspiring to the highest culture now within her reach, is indebted. When Mary Lyon said, twenty-five years ago, "There is a defect in our present system of education; knowledge of books increases faster than knowledge of character. There were more strong characters fifty years ago, because knowledge and reflection were better balanced," she spoke as she lived, in significant prophecy, and at the standpoint of to-day. Those who have had to do with schools and their students cannot fail to see that this defect has grown with, though not in consequence of, the endless "making of many books."

Nothing, perhaps, is contributing to increase this unequal development of the acquisitive and reflective powers of our young people than the system of mental training pursued in a majority of our high schools, academies, seminaries and colleges. Scarcely a curriculum is offered an American student which not only fails to encourage, but absolutely precludes, in the three or four years prescribed for its completion, all possibility of reflective thought. Meanwhile, a most undesirable habit is formed, of substituting knowledge about a subject for the mastery of it.

In a catalogue which represents scores of our public and private institutions, we find three months the allotted time for the pursuit of such studies as astronomy, history—including ancient and modern—literature, used in

a general sense; while one year is assigned for each of two or three modern languages. The most faithful student necessarily leaves his *alma mater*, falsely so called, shamefully deficient in so far as he desires to make any practical use of the studies he has professed to acquire, and of which dishonest profession his diploma is the seal.

Unless our student be able to take some post-graduate course in the various schools which have sprung up in answer to this necessity, his education is but a tangle of broken threads—a long list of beginnings, only valuable in so far as they contribute indirectly to a more easy grasping of the life-work subsequently chosen.

I asked a prominent educator not long since, why certain studies might not be thrown out of a course in order to double or treble the time given to those that remained? The answer was, "— and — colleges offer this course, and no competitive institution can afford to do less." "Then why not extend the time required to complete the course?" "Because our students will go where they can be graduated in the least time."

If the American student is so anxious to begin life "out in the world," that he forgets that the only perfectly developed manhood ever realized on earth, began its public career at thirty, why may there not be some method provided by which he may become, though certainly not many-sided in his culture, yet comparatively well-informed in some special branches.

For instance, might not a co-operative system be established among institutions of kindred purpose, united by denominational or political ties? Let that school which offers unusual and prolonged advantages in two or three companion sciences, as botany, natural history and zoology, do it at the sacrifice of some others, which, on the other hand, shall be equally well taught in a sister institution. In the same manner, let one modern language in each take the place of two or three, but three years be given to its acquirement.

I have in mind an instance when, with one exception, an entire class in a modern language made a request to continue its pursuit a second year, instead of taking up another to which equally insufficient time was to be allowed. This petition was refused on the ground that it might establish a precedent, nothing than which could have been more desirable.

Less than three or four years given to such studies as history, modern language or literature, can give the student no claim to profess a knowledge of them, much less to attempt to impart his knowledge to others.

Who will suggest some farther means of preventing our higher institutions from setting their seal to a document whose contents, by a common understanding, deceive no one, and are becoming less and less valuable, because more and more meaningless to the possessor?—*Zion's Herald*.

DIS-EASE OF OUR OWN CAUSING.—On an average, one-half of the number of out-patients treated by a hospital-surgeon suffer from diseases due primarily to a want of knowledge of the laws of health and cleanliness. The ignorance of hygienic laws, which affect so disastrously the health of the rich as well as the poor, exists chiefly in regard to dress, ablution, and ventilation.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

—President Angeli, of Michigan University, said of women students, in his recent annual report: "These are distributed as follows: medicine, thirty-seven; law, two; homoeopathy, two; literature, sixty. The experience of the last year confirms the opinion we have been led to form by the experience of previous years, that women who come here in good health are able to complete our collegiate or professional courses of study without detriment to their health."



Temperance Department.

THE STREAM OF DRUNKENNESS.

There is a dark, wild stream that flows
 Earth's sunny landscapes far beneath.
 The broken-hearted mother knows
 How pitiless is its fatal tide,—
 How fierce its rage, how foul its breath,
 How dismal the wrecks on its waters wide,
 Helplessly drifting to endless death.

Oh tamper not with that dangerous stream
 That boils with misery, want and strife;
 Take warning, ye that ne'er have been
 Down to its murky depths, and left
 All the brightest prospects of life;
 Where darling hopes of youth are reft
 By its dark billow of sorrow and strife.

Well may men and angels weep
 Over the slain of its deadly wave;
 Many a smiling face we meet
 Will yet be bathed in tears which fall
 Sadly upon a drunkard's grave.
 O mourn for the gifted! mourn for all
 That sink in its merciless, treacherous wave.

C. M. B.

—Walton, Ont., Jan. 1877.

DRINKING IN CAFFRARIA.

The Rev. R. Leslie, Somerville Station, Transkei, sends the following letter, dated 4th November, 1874, to the *United Presbyterian Record*, in regard to the dreadful effects of drinking in Caffraria, and the wise resolution of the chief Kreli, in prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors:—

In several of my letters to you I have made reference to the extensive sale of brandy by unprincipled Europeans to the people among whom I am laboring. This has caused me vexation, as there is no doubt of its hindering the spread and success of the Gospel. The first time I saw Kreli after my arrival in his country, I told him that he was making a great mistake in allowing brandy to be sold, as it was sure ultimately to impoverish his people and make them physically weak. I then also desired him to banish it from his tribe. He made no reply; but on another occasion I spoke to him on the subject, and many times afterwards. One day, about two years ago, while he was with me in my study, I asked him if he was still willing that brandy should be sold his country. He replied: "I don't wish you to be always speaking about that matter. You must leave it alone." I said: "No, I shall not leave it. When I see you allowing your people to be destroyed, I must not remain quiet. As your missionary, and as your friend, I must speak out. I shall always speak to you about it till you do as you ought."

He seemed annoyed and I said no more then but never thought of giving up the subject, as he desired.

On one occasion, when Mr. Brownlie, secretary for native affairs, was here, I requested him to speak to Kreli, which he did; and Kreli made a kind of promise to put a stop to the traffic, but it was carried on as ever.

About the beginning of last year (1875), a message was brought to me that Kreli was very sick. Mr. William Soga happened to be staying with me at the time, so he and another young man on the station rode over with me to see the chief. I find from my diary that this was on Tuesday, 16th February. When we arrived at the "great place," we were told to go into one of the huts, where we found Kreli seated on a mat on the floor with several of his counsellors. On shaking hands with him, and, at his request, seating myself beside him on the mat, I enquired as to his health, and he told me that he felt very unwell. He had a severe cough, with a pain between his shoulders. After some conversation, he asked me to give him medicine, and I was to send it by one of the station people, as he did not wish one of his own messengers to go for it. I suppose being in rather low spirits, he was afraid of poison. I agreed, and then requested him to turn all the people out of the hut, as I had somewhat to say to him. He at once complied with my request, and all went out with the exception of two or three.

I had found that from former conversations mild speaking was of no avail, so I determined to

express myself strongly, as I believed I had found a fitting opportunity.

For a few moments I looked at him, and then said: "I'm sorry to see you so ill, but I must tell you that it is your own fault. You have of late been drinking a great deal of brandy, and that bad stuff is injuring your health. You do not get pure brandy; you get a kind of poison, which will by and by kill you if you continue to drink it. It is not long since I told you that Umzabele had been killed by that brandy; and now you are beginning to cough, just as he did two years ago, when I told him he was killing himself, and earnestly urged him to give up drinking." Kreli said: "Stop, you mustn't say any more, that is enough; that brandy must be put out of the country." He had evidently got a fright, but I said to him: "You must wait till I have finished speaking, and then you can say what you please." I continued: "Your cough is bad, and it is brought on through brandy. Some of my countrymen have died because they drink it, and you may soon follow them. But this is not all. These men who sell or give you presents of brandy are not your friends. They are wicked men, with whom respectable white men do not associate; and if they saw you in your grave to-morrow, they would not be sorry, but glad. Why? Because they would like to have your country. I once heard a pretended friend of yours say that he would be glad when you were dead, as he wished to get a piece of ground for a farm in your country. Now, I have often spoken to you about this matter, but you have not yet listened to me. Listen to-day, and send the brandy out from among your people. If you do not, I can see that it will soon cut you off. Send a message to these men to leave the country, or give up selling brandy; but do not go near them yourself, as they will give you a few bottles, and influence you so that you will permit them to go on as formerly."

When I had finished, he called one of his counsellors, and said to him: "Go to Ayliff; tell him at once to write letters to so and so (mentioning their names), ordering them to sell no more brandy."

After further conversation, I shook hands with him and went out of the hut. We then mounted our horses and returned home. In the afternoon I sent him the medicine, which, I am glad to say, greatly relieved his cough and pain. The letters were written by Mr. Ayliff, the Government agent, and duly forwarded to the brandy traders. To one of these letters an answer was returned, to the effect that there was only a small quantity of brandy on hand, and when it was finished no more should be sold. Three or four weeks after, the writer again sent a letter to Mr. Ayliff, stating that the brandy was done, and that he should sell no more. A few days after that, that same man brought in several large baskets of brandy, and as large a trade as ever was carried on. This wretched soul-destroyer had proved himself false, and I took good care to let this be known as much as I could. Matters went on thus for several months, and I had almost despaired of success, when Kreli, evidently again dipping deep, became unwell. He did not let me know till he had somewhat recovered; but his conscience had been at work, and he went to the Government office, and requested the acting agent Mr. West. W. Fynn, to advertise that hereafter no brandy was to be sold in his country. The following advertisement appeared in the *Cape Mercury* of 31st July:—

"NOTICE.

"I have been requested by the chief Kreli, to give notice through the medium of this daper to all traders and hawkers of brandy, or any other intoxicating liquor, that he has prohibited the sale thereof in his country; and that any waggons found laden with liquor for this country after the 31 inst., the owners will be heavily fined, and the liquor confiscated.

"WEST. W. FYNN,
 "Acting Govt. Agent."

When the paper arrived containing the announcement, I was speaking with one of Kreli's counsellors, and he told me that the chief had been led to take this course through what I had said to him some time last year. Soon thereafter I went to Kreli's "great place," and thanked him for what he had done. Then he led me to understand that I had forced him to take the step. When Mr. Brownlie arrived here in August, he stayed with us two days before meeting Kreli, and I requested him to make reference to the matter as an encouragement to the chief to be steadfast in his purpose. On the day of the meeting, when there were several hundreds of Caffres present, Mr. Brownlie thanked Kreli that he had acted thus wisely. I am heartily grateful that brandy is now sold openly. We know now what may come after a time; but I hope the chief may not waver as I fear he may. The beer made of the Caffre corn and maize is certainly intoxicating, but it has not such an injurious effect upon the system as this abominable stuff, made of brandy, bluestone, and water. If this poison

had been allowed to be sold, the number of sellers would have increased very soon. And the three would become thirty.

I need not say that these men are most unprincipled. I often pray for their expulsion from the tribe; but God sometimes permits evils to work out His own plans and purposes. You will, no doubt, be glad to receive the tidings I have here given you; and now all we can do is to pray that God may bless to the salvation of many souls what has been done by Kreli.—*United Presbyterian Record*, Jan. 1, 1877.

A SPECIALTY.

"The doctor said the baby must ride out. My husband was a good driver, and we had a fine horse and buggy. We rode out one afternoon, papa, baby and I; but the cigar went also, and somehow the smoke would come in baby's face. She turned away her little head and coughed every few moments.

"That baby can't have much of a muscular constitution," said the father, "if it can't stand a little tobacco smoke. We must ride out oftener, and it will get used to it."

"But we didn't ride out any more. I had found by experience that tobacco must have its way. I went out about two weeks after this, one evening, to call on some friends of ours, Mr. and Mrs. N.; cultured, refined, charming people. Much to my surprise, William soon took out his cigar, asking, of course, the question: 'Is it offensive?' As I never heard of anybody answering yes, he smoked and smoked all the evening. Mrs. N. coughed every three minutes. I said: 'You have taken cold, Mrs. N.' 'No,' said my husband, 'it is my cigar.' Still smoking, he arose and opened the door, to let a little fresh air into the room, giving Mr. N., who sat near the door, the full benefit of a draught. Next day Mr. N. was home sick with cold and headache. Both people, I knew, never liked tobacco in their small parlor, which was always sweet as a rosebud, and bright as sunshine and flowers, and as neatly arranged as refinement and taste could make it. I never went out to call with William again in the evening. Mrs. N. lent me a book of choice poems, very elegantly bound. I laid it away in a drawer, but William found it. He has a rich, musical voice, and reads poems finely. He read in it every night for a week, smoking all the time; and when he had finished the book, one day as I turned the leaves, around the poems sweetest with the dew of thoughts and brightest with the glow of soul-light, lingered the odor of tobacco. He had laid the book, it seems, in his drawer at night—and that drawer I wish you could have bent over it. In the centre was always a cigar-case—never empty. On its outside cover were the words: 'Lottenbrug & Sons, Manufacturers of Fine Cigars, 240 Eighth Avenue, bet. Twenty-second and Twenty-third streets, New York. Imported Cigars and Virginia Tobacco a specialty.'

"Yes, always a specialty, I thought; and with every tobacco lover it is always a specialty, and everything has to generalize around it—handkerchiefs, cravats, gloves, papers, books, everything in that drawer had that intolerably ugly odor forever lingering about it. The book of poems, in blue and gold, with golden thoughts hidden between its snowy leaves, had, after being thoroughly smoked every evening, slept three nights in that drawer, poisoned by Lottenbrug & Sons; and sent back to my friend, Mrs. N., would be to her, in its choice place, in her drawer sweet with dried geranium and heliotrope, a new specialty.

"The book never went back. It was hard times for us pecuniarily; but I bought a new volume, that Lottenbrug & Sons had never seen, and sent it to Mrs. N. I use my own books as I like, but other people's must go back to them as they came.

"I wish I could have my darling husband back again; his breath was so pure and sweet, his temper so even and calm. I wish some angel would persuade him to leave it off, to break the tyrant's chain, and we could be as happy as we were once. We all can see how it harms him; strange he cannot see it himself, how even his hands begin to tremble."—*Herald of Health*.

TO EMPLOYERS OF LABOR.

LONDON, November, 1876.—The writer of the following is an employer of between 300 and 400 men, and having for many years noticed the increasing tendency to drunkenness among the working classes, has come to the conclusion that in order to stop this great evil, persons placed in authority or wielding any influence over others ought, for the sake of example, to adopt the principle of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, and thus follow out the maxim enunciated by St Paul, viz., "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother (i.e., neighbor) stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." Being convinced of his own duty in the matter, the writer has for some time past personally carried out this idea, and now wishes earnestly to appeal to all his fellow-

manufacturers in Great Britain to think seriously on this question, and to consider whether the great responsibility attaching to their position does not demand that they should put to its utmost utility their influence over their employees and whether this end would not be promoted by their becoming total abstainers. It is a well established fact that the deaths directly caused by drink in this country have now reached the alarming figure of 60,000 annually, and this number is ever on the increase! Ought not the thought that for every ten minutes as they pass away one more drunkard is consigned to everlasting punishment make each of us put our shoulders to the wheel, and by all the means in our power, endeavor to spoil Satan of his prey? As to the plea put forward by many people that the moderate use of alcoholic drinks does no harm to themselves or to others, the answers are:—Firstly, that the returns made out by one of the largest life assurance companies in London during the last ten years prove that, taking an equal number of assured persons in both the temperance and general sections, the death rate has been 50 per cent. greater among the moderate drinkers than among the teetotalers! Secondly, those who are strictly moderate exercise a bad influence on others simply by this very moderation, as it induces persons of weaker resolution, or differently constituted in body, to imagine they can follow with safety the example thus set them; but the result too often is that the moderation of the latter class gradually leads on to excess, and finally these drinkers merge themselves in that vast host of misguided beings by whom most of the crime committed and misery now existing in Great Britain is produced. To conclude, it will be the constant aim of the undersigned to try and induce employers of labor, ministers of religion, and all other influential persons, to join together in a holy war against what is only too justly styled "the curse of Britain;" and that the blessing of the Almighty will rest on our efforts, especially if the great army of teetotalers is officered by the principals in business firms, and led on by Christ's chosen preachers of the Gospel, can not for one moment be doubted; at least such is the firm belief of A LONDON MANUFACTURER.—*Alliance News*.

—"One leading minister of religion after another (says the *Western Morning News*) is taking up the temperance cause and allowing a temperance sermon to be preached in his church once a year at least. Dean Stanley has done this for some years, being moved thereto by his late wife. Dr. Parker, of the City Tabernacle, has adopted the same course. On Sunday next the Rev. Alexander Hannay, Secretary of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, is going to preach a temperance sermon at the City Tabernacle. Another item of news which will interest this class of reformers is that Mrs. Wightman, of Shrewsbury, whose admirable books are well known, has a new work in the press which will shortly be published by Mr. Watson of the London School Board, known in the publishing trade as 'Nisbet and Co.' The title of the book is 'Arrest the Destroyer's March.' I may mention also that the new number of the *Medical Temperance Journal* contains articles on 'The Arctic Expedition and its Temperance Moral,' 'Dr. Magnan on Alcoholism,' and 'The late Dr. Parkes on Alcohol and Health.' Dr. Richardson contributes to the same periodical."—*Alliance News*.

THE ANTI-TOBACCO CRUSADE.—A largely-attended conference, under the auspices of the Anti-Tobacco Society, was held recently in Manchester, England, at which the following resolution was unanimously adopted. "That this meeting considers that the recent expressions of opinion of medical officers under the Factory Acts, pointing to the increasing smoking and chewing of tobacco as one of the sources of the deterioration of our factory population, constitute a strong case for a Parliamentary enquiry into the national results of a practice which is condemned by all medical men; and into the practical operation of the law in Switzerland which prohibits the use of tobacco by boys." One of the speakers, Dr. C. J. Russell, a well-known physician, declared "that tobacco was destroying the very vitality of the nation"; that the hope of the country rested with the children; and urged, especially, says the *London Christian*, "that Sunday-school teachers inculcate total abstinence from tobacco among their pupils." The "crusade" has not been begun too soon and should be vigorously inaugurated on this side of the Atlantic.—*Temperance Advocate*.

—Dr. Holland, editor of *Scribner's Monthly*, strikes a key-note that is destined to sound in triumph through the land when he lays the blame of the crimes and pauperism caused by drink directly at the doors of those who support the municipal policy of licensing grog-shops. We believe the day to be coming fast when public sentiment will be forced to recognize prohibition as a national necessity.—*Irish World*.



Agricultural Department.

STEAMING FEED FOR COWS.

F. W. Terry read the following paper before the Onondaga Farmers' Club:—

Among the necessities of the farmer, there seems to be none that should awaken deeper interest than the one to-day under discussion. It is an interest that affects either the one way or the other the material prosperity of agriculture. If we wish to become acquainted with the most improved methods of wintering stock, we must bring to our aid every possible idea which is serviceable to us in that work, and from my own experience I give you practical results obtained. After purchasing several cows and a milk route in the city of Syracuse, my thoughts were then turned to making the most money from the least outlay, and as necessity afterwards required greater exertion, I resolved to adopt that system of feeding for the production of milk, which had been advocated through some of the leading agricultural journals of the country. Experience teaches us that much of the food consumed in winter is for fuel, or to keep the stock warm, and no animal can thrive unless kept warm. Therefore, one of the most important items in wintering stock is comfortable quarters. No farmer's barns should be of a temperature so low that the droppings will freeze, if he wishes to economize in feeding. Warm stables are important requisites in the wintering of cows. If one asks how to make a stable warm, I advise him to use brick or sawdust between the outer and the inner lining of the stable.

The next consideration which follows is how to feed the cow. The most economical method may be one of several ways, but as in doing a piece of farm work, it is policy to adopt a custom that not only will bring us immediate profit, but continued profits, therefore, in the production of milk for market, I find my policy of the most profit to me. I first provided myself with all the necessary apparatus for cutting and steaming. In the beginning of the housing of my cows for winter, I find I have more or less coarse fodder, like cornstalks and straw. I begin (and continue so long as the stalks last) with two feedings of cut hay and one feeding of stalks. My herd consists of 30 cows. The morning's feed consists of one heaping bushel of cut hay, and a small scoop-shovelful of brewer's grains, moistened or dampened thoroughly with nearly a pailful of boiling water, heated by the steamer from the boiler. The hot water acts upon the hay very thoroughly, rendering it softer. I often meet with objections from farmers against feeding warm food. But it is self-evident that it must be warm before it can be converted into food and milk.

The noon feeding consists of dry cornstalks cut. It is unprofitable to starve a cow to the necessity of eating the butts of cornstalks, cut or uncut, steamed or unsteamed. It is the nutriment in the feed that yields us profit, and we might just as well feed a cow on corn cobs ground or unground. Merely filling the cow up cannot be called economy, for economy yields us returns not only to-day, but tomorrow. At night the herd receives the same feeding as in the morning.

In all the large street railway stables in our large cities this system of feeding is adopted, giving profit and health to the animals. Nineteenths of the stock wintered throughout the country get but one drink per day, and many cattle no doubt become diseased by not being watered enough. It is also highly necessary that they should have pure water. The custom of watering cows but once a day and then with cold, freezing water, is a practice which defeats the objects sought for. I find that the water which the cows consume while devouring their usual meals should be nearly equal to the amount of nature's requirements.

COLD BARNES.

There are exceptions, undoubtedly, but most of our farm barns are too cold. It is well to provide for ventilation, but we leave too many open cracks between boards, and too many panes of glass broken, and excuse our shiftlessness on the plea of ventilation. When building a barn for cattle, we should make the walls tight, and then if there is danger of too little air inside on these cold, windy nights a window may be left open an inch or two at the top. We have seen a few stables that needed small openings for ventilation, even in the coldest weather, but the number of such is very small, for where there is one that is too close, there are fifty that are too open. Newly built stables are now usually boarded and clapboarded, or the boards are jointed and matched, but many old barns are seen in all parts of the country with the covering boards

nailed on with cracks between them from an eighth to a half inch in width. Perhaps they were laid closer when they were put on, but either on account of the boards being unseasoned, or wet, when laid, the joints are extremely open now. In such stables, we have seen the animals covered by white frost, or snow, on cold mornings when the mercury was, perhaps below zero. Now there can be no profit in keeping animals, unless they are well fed and well protected from the inclemencies of the weather.

It requires a certain amount of food to maintain the present condition, to repair the wastes of the body, and to keep up the animal heat. If an animal is kept in a barn so cold that a large proportion of its food is used up in maintaining animal heat, there can be little or no profit realized on the food consumed. Every warm-blooded animal converts a portion of its food into heat, and the more we can save this animal heat by the use of boards, the less food will be required, and as boards are cheaper than hay for keeping animals warm, it will pay to use them pretty freely.

A great deal of cold may be kept out of old stables by sheathing up on the inside, from the floor to the scaffolds, with matched boards. Cheap, sappy, unplanned boards will answer a good purpose, for such inside work, if the edges are jointed and matched. Such work may be done by almost any common laborer who can use a saw, hammer and plane, and if taken under cover, one can keep warm at such work almost any day in winter. So we say again, our barns are too cold, and it will pay to make them warmer.—*New England Farmer*

BREAKING STEERS.

Every farmer knows that a handy pair of oxen—a pair that can back nearly as much as they can draw, that are quick to mind the word, that can be driven as well at the plow handles as by their side, that will not run away every time they are left alone, that will not crowd or pull apart in the yoke—such a yoke of cattle is worth the highest price. Now this value is made in properly breaking them when steers. The most excitable, willful, and bad-tempered young cattle may be so handled as to make them safe and handy as oxen. So the dullest, cosset-like calf may be spoiled for an ox in breaking him to the yoke and service. The common method is to have a little yoke for the calves and the boys fool them around all the winter, or wait until they are two-past and put them, in all their wildness, in a team between two strong yoke of oxen. Now, says the "Golden Rule," we advise a better way: Take the steers in the winter after they are a year old, and for several days tie them together with a rope, not more than twenty inches apart, and let them run in the yard, that they may get accustomed to being fastened to each other. Then put a single yoke, not like a work-yoke, but made of two crooked-pieces, one to go under the other above the neck, with two pins each side; with this they will not learn the bad habit of turning the yoke, and will in a short time get so accustomed to it that when you yoke them together they will receive the restraint without pulling apart, crowding, or turning the yoke. Use a light sled at first, increasing slowly and gradually the weight of the load to teach them to pull. After they have learned this part, teach them to back in the same way.—nothing but the sled at first, where it will run easy, and load as they increase in knowledge and ability. Do not leave them until they get thoroughly handy alone, headed towards the barn, or home; never start them forward nor back in an awkward position. Guide with the motion of the whip rather than by whipping them up. If these points are observed, the steers when old enough to work, will be perfectly tractable.—*Christian Union*.

BLEEDING CALVES.

A butcher, to whom we had written in regard to bleeding calves before slaughtering, says, in reply: "I am not aware that I am using any unnecessary cruelty in my business of butchering calves. In fact, I am using the same method which all butchers pursue, and have used for the last fifty years. *The demands of the trade require that all calves should be bled before butchering.*"

That's it; because housekeepers will buy white veal, therefore the poor calves must be bled till they are sick and faint and exhausted. Their sufferings are of no account compared with the "demands of the trade!" We have notified this butcher that we shall prosecute him if we can detect him in the practice. He practises it because others do, and because it has always been done; and, probably, until we wrote him, it had not occurred to him that the animal suffered almost the pangs of death for days before he was killed.

The faintness occasioned by repeated bleedings, is hard to bear, and injures the meat. A distinguished physiologist says: "An exhaustive bleeding must render the meat less

valuable, by removing a portion of its nutritive substances; and if the only object of the butcher is to give the veal a little additional whiteness, the practice cannot be too strongly condemned."

A well-known physician writes us: "The practice seems to me a wanton and worse than useless piece of cruelty. Even if there be no acute pain, the poor creatures are put into a state of feebleness and exhaustion, which it would seem, is not only a needless infliction, but deteriorates the nourishing qualities of the meat. Why should not the vendors of meats extract, by some process, all the blood they possibly can from *all other meats*? The revolting practice is kept up merely to gratify the public demand for white, blanched veal, the meat of an anæmic, exhausted animal! A most mistaken view and a most perverted taste."

When will housekeepers learn to demand red veal for their tables? If the people would do this, "the demands of the trade" would stop all calf-bleeding and prevent a vast amount of suffering, a part of which each purchaser of white veal is indirectly responsible for.—*Our Dumb Animals*.

A TWO-COW DAIRY.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* commenting on butter-making and what her cows have done, says:

"I will give the figures, as far as possible, of the proceeds of our little dairy of two cows. Owing to our surroundings, these cows have no pasture, but are fed solely on shipstuffs and hay, sometimes corn-fodder and a little oil-meal. One is a one-half-blood Jersey (or Alderney), four years old, with her third calf. The other is a thoroughbred Jersey, three years old, with her second calf. Both were fresh about the 1st of last April. I began to save the milk from the grade the 10th of April. A test made in May gave ten pounds four ounces of butter from seven days' milk. Having only a rather warm cellar in which to keep my milk during the very hot summer, it yielded not more than two-thirds as much butter as it would have done in a cool dairy-room.

"We bought the Jersey cow the 1st day of June last. She was exceedingly timid, and became so frightened in bringing her to her place that she became unmanageable, and was so terribly abused that we feared she would die and for a long time gave but little milk. Indeed, she will not be herself until she is fresh again, 1st of next March.

"To this day, December 30th, we have made 387 pounds of butter, besides furnishing our family of four persons (and the usual amount of company) with cream and milk and giving away some. We raised a valuable Jersey calf upon the skimmed milk. The milk and butter used in the family we regard as an off-set for the keep of one cow, if not both. We have sold butter to the amount of \$81.41, and also sold milk and buttermilk to the amount of \$10 more—in all, \$91.41. This is not guess-work, but the actual account kept from week to week, since the 10th of April last.

"Our butter now averages a little over ten pounds per week, and seven quarts of milk yield a pound of butter. By actual measurement this week the grade cow gave seven quarts per day, and the Jersey four making eleven quarts per day. Not less than one quart per day must be deducted from this for family use. This has not varied much since the first of the month: and during the four weeks ending this day we have made forty-two pounds nine ounces of butter. Can the scrub cows equal this? I will report the entire year's results at the end of the year—April 9th, 1877. If these cows had had good pasture in connection with their feed, I have no doubt the yield of butter would have been from 50 to 100 pounds greater.

"For small farms I am convinced the Jersey is the most profitable cow, either grade or thoroughbred."

BEST KIND OF POULTRY TO KEEP FOR PROFIT.

BY GEORGE H. FALL, JR.

Those who are intending to keep a few fowls for producing eggs for the family are often puzzled to know which of the many varieties—each having a special claim to be acknowledged—are the best for all household purposes.

It is admitted by all naturalists that crossed blood has more vitality than any other; and, since a large egg-producing power is unquestionably the result of increased vitality, we have only to introduce the cause and then we may expect the effect. I have pursued a plan of crossing for several years which I am well convinced is the only plan by which a large supply of eggs can be expected. My plan has been as follows: In the spring purchase a bright, healthy young cockerel of pure blood and of one of the small breeds—such as Leghorn, Hamburg, Game, or Dorking. Put him with from twelve to twenty common or pure-blooded hens of the large breeds—Cochin,

Brahma, &c.—and with due care and attention you will have chickens which will not be excelled by any, either for eating or laying.

I am acquainted with a large number of eminent poulterers in Massachusetts who have tried this plan, and every one of them pronounces it to be superior to any they have ever tried for producing eggs. Fanciers, of course, would not sacrifice their pure bloods for more eggs; but those to whom a plentiful supply is an object will not regret it, if they try this plan.

If care is taken in the selection of the stock, great beauty may be obtained in the progeny.

For example, brown Leghorn cockerel with buff Cochin hens, or white Dorking cockerel with white Cochin hens. My own choice is brown Leghorn cock with black Cochin hens. The progeny from these will have black bodies, from the hens, and necks and combs from the male bird; but either of these crosses are equally good if the distinctions which I have noted are observed.—*N. Y. Independent*.

DOMESTIC

—Lamps are liable to explode when trimming is neglected. The wick being charred low down in the tube, the flame obtains access to the oil below.

—For hominy muffins take two cups fine hominy, boiled and cold; beat smooth; stir in three cups sour milk, half cup butter, two teaspoonfuls salt and two tablespoonfuls white sugar; add three eggs well beaten, one teaspoonful soda dissolved, and one cup of flour; bake quickly.

—For orange cake take three eggs, yolks and whites, one cup of flour, three tablespoons milk, and teaspoon baking powder, a little salt; grate the peel and chop the pulp of one orange together; squeeze the juice out and mix with soft frosting, and put between the layers of cake when cold.

SAGO JELLY.—Take a teacup of sago, and boil in three pints and a half of water; when cold, add half a pint of raspberry syrup; pour the whole into a shape which has been rinsed in cold water, and let it stand until sufficiently set to turn out well. When dished, pour a little cream around it if preferred.

PUFF OMELET.—Take the yolks of six eggs and the white of three, beat very light. Take a teacup of cream (milk will answer), and mix with it very smoothly one tablespoonful of flour, salt and pepper to suit the taste; pour this into the beaten eggs. Melt a great spoonful of butter in a pan, and when hot pour in the mixture and set the pan in a hot oven. When it thickens up, pour over it the other three whites that were saved out, which you must have all ready, beaten very light. Return to the oven just long enough for a delicate brown, then slip out on a dish so that the top part shall remain uppermost.

TOFFEE.—Melt three ounces of fresh butter in a small brass saucepan over a clear, bright fire. As soon as it is dissolved, stir into it one pound of good brown sugar, and keep stirring until it is done enough. In order to ascertain when this point is reached, let a cup of cold water be placed close at hand, and keep dropping a little of the toffee into it. When the toffee thus dropped hardens immediately, and breaks between the teeth without sticking to them, it is done, and must be poured out at once, or it will burn. The flavor of this toffee may be pleasantly varied by stirring into it a teaspoonful of slightly moistened powdered ginger, or the grated rind of a small lemon. Pour the toffee upon a buttered dish, and put it in a cool place to set. Time to boil, fifteen to twenty-five minutes.—*From "Cassel's Dictionary of Cookery."*

NEW BREAD.—Many persons very foolishly suppose that the objection against the use of new bread is on no account of its temperature, and of course are willing to cool it in *hot* tea, for the sake of indulging in an article so palatable to depraved appetite. But this forms no part of the evil of its use, since no intelligent physician objects to the use of toasted or steamed bread though taken pleasantly warm. In this way it may be made as palatable—at least to a taste not vitiated by bad habits—as the new bread, and yet in no sense objectionable, even desirable in preference to very cold bread, especially for those of weak stomachs.

The real objection is based on the age, the not having had time to undergo a certain needful chemical change—not being "ripe," as a good author would say. In its solidity it resists the action of the gastric juice, and hence is as "solid as a bullet in the stomach." This is easily illustrated by taking similar pieces of the old and new-made taken from a new and an old biscuit—putting both into water. The one will remain a solid mass, while the other will crumble and settle on a level just as they do in the stomach. The solid mass cannot digest in any reasonable time, but is certain to cause bad dreams if taken at night.—*Watchman*.

THE STORY OF JOSEPHUS.

Tell you the story of Josephus? With pleasure, for I think it important that you should know something about him, as it is chiefly to him that we are indebted for the history of the war between the Jews and the Romans, and the last sad days of Jerusalem. And what he tells us is valuable because he did not write it from hearsay, but was himself engaged in the war, and so was an eye-witness of what he relates.

Well, Josephus was a Jew, and was born in Jerusalem about the year A.D. 37, four years after the crucifixion of Jesus. He was of noble birth. His father, Mattathias, was descended from a long line of high-priests, and his mother belonged to the family of the Maccabees, who delivered their country from the cruel oppression of the Syrians, and for 126 years ruled the Jewish nation.

And Josephus was destined to become as famous as any of his predecessors. He had the best education that was given in his day, and when quite a child was noted for his love of knowledge, his good memory, and his clear understanding. So clever was he, indeed, that, when only fourteen years of age, the chief men of the city went to ask his opinion on disputed points of the law.

But mere knowledge can satisfy no one; and even as a boy Josephus knew what it was to long after higher things. His greatest desire was to live a perfect and holy life, but he was in the dark, and, like many others, thought he must please God, not by thankfully enjoying the many blessings bestowed, but by undergoing a great many hardships. So much in earnest was he that, on hearing of a hermit named Banus, who lived a life of self-torture in the woods, he left his luxurious and happy home, and went to live with him, doing exactly as he did.

But leaving home duties unperformed, and inflicting unnecessary hardships on oneself, is not the way to peace and happiness; and, after three years' trial, Josephus, still unsatisfied, left Banus, and mixed with the various sects of Jews,

to see which he thought the best. At last he chose to be a Pharisee. I wish I could tell you that he became a humble follower of Jesus, and found that peace that no amount of self-mortification can bring. But he remained a Pharisee, though, I believe, a sincere one.

When twenty-six years old he went to Rome, to beg of the emperor to set free some prisoners whom Felix had unjustly sent thither; and, while there, he became better acquainted with the character of the Romans, whom he greatly admired.

On his return to Jerusalem he found that the Jews were on the point of rebelling against

and raised an army of 100,000 men, appointing captains of tens, of hundreds, and of thousands, as the Romans did. He constantly exhorted them, too, not to indulge in plunder and needless bloodshed, but to keep a clear conscience; and, in this way he must have done good.

But I must tell you how he signalized himself when the Romans came.

In Galilee there was a city called Jotapata, that was one of the greatest strongholds of the Jews. It stood on a high rock, and could only be approached on one side. On the three sides were ravines so deep, those who ventured to look down them

But how was the work to be done when the messengers of death were flying around in thick profusion?

Soon Josephus found out a plan. He had stakes fixed in the ground, and over them he had stretched hides of oxen newly killed. Under cover of these the men raised the wall; for the fire could not burn the moist skins, and the arrows and stones that were hurled glanced aside.

The Romans then gave up the attack, resolved to reduce the city to starvation. But Josephus again outwitted them. On one side of the city there was a passage so steep and dangerous that the Romans never thought of guarding it. So Josephus dressed men up in sheepskins, so as to look like dogs, and sent them out on their hands and knees with letters to the chief Jews. In this way he was well supplied with all that he wanted, while the unsuspecting Romans were watching before the city.

When the secret was discovered, Josephus showed himself as ingenious as before. The Romans, from their watch-towers, having seen water being measured out to the people of Jotapata, concluded that the city could not hold out long. But Josephus, preferring fighting to famine, hit upon a plan for making them renew the attack. He ordered the people to dip some of their garments in the little water that was left, and to hang them on the walls. When the Romans saw them all dripping they thought they must have been

under a mistake about the water; and the terrible battering-ram was brought to the wall of the city.

The stoutest wall must soon fall under its blows, they thought; but Josephus ordered a number of sacks to be filled with chaff, and suspended from the wall by ropes, to soften the blows of the destructive engine. So bravely and cleverly did Josephus defend the city that it held out seven long weeks, and would not have been taken then had it not been betrayed by a base deserter.

When at last the city was put to the sword, Josephus



MODERN JERUSALEM, FROM MOUNT OLIVET.

the Romans, and he did all he could to dissuade them from it, telling them that their conquerors were so great a people, and so skilled in war, that rising against them was sure destruction; but they would not be influenced by anything he could say.

When war was declared, however, Josephus was chosen governor of Galilee; for, though he did not approve of war, he resolved to stand by his countrymen. And a capital soldier he made. In all the Jewish army there was not one so prudent or sagacious as he. He fortified all the principal towns in Galilee,

became giddy. To this place thousands of the frightened Jews from the country round fled for refuge, and Vespasian, the Roman general, resolved to take it. But he little knew how brave and ingenious a defender it had.

Josephus built a wall on the exposed side, and the Romans drew up on a neighboring hill, and set up their engines, that, day and night, sent darts, arrows, lances, stones, and even fire, down into the city, over the wall. So Josephus found that the wall must be raised higher, or Jotapata would soon be destroyed.

leaped into a pit, on one side of which was a great den, in which forty others had taken refuge. When his hiding-place was discovered, Vespasian sent messengers to promise him safety if he would come up; but the Jews who were with him threatened to kill him if he yielded, and resolved, rather than give themselves up, to die by their own hands. To the remonstrances of Josephus they paid no heed, but agreed to slay each other by lot. Josephus was fortunately left to the last, and he gave himself up to the Romans.

The Roman soldiers now eagerly pressed round him, anxious to get a peep at the man who had so long and so cleverly withstood them; and Titus, Vespasian's son, who loved bravery, entreated that his life might be spared.

The request was granted, but Josephus was put in chains, and would have been sent to Rome, had he not told Vespasian that it had been revealed to him from heaven that he was about to be made emperor, and that he should be succeeded by the brave Titus.

When Vespasian was, soon afterwards, proclaimed emperor, he looked upon Josephus as the bearer of a divine message to him, and the prisoner's chains were therefore struck off and cut to pieces by the soldiers; and from that time Josephus held a most honorable position amongst the Romans. He remained with Titus till the close of the war, and was twice sent to try and persuade the Jews of Jerusalem to submit to the Romans, and so to save their lives and their city.

When you grow older I should like you to read the splendid speech that he made under the wall of Jerusalem. He showed the Jews, from the history of their nation, that it was God who was punishing them for their wickedness, and that they ought to submit, and wait till He delivered them, as He had delivered their forefathers. But he was upbraided as a traitor, and shot at from the walls.

When the city was destroyed Titus told Josephus to take what he pleased from amongst the ruins. But he was too grieved at the fall of Jerusalem and the glorious Temple to care for a share of the spoils, and he only asked for the "holy books," and the lives of his relations, and friends, and acquaintances.

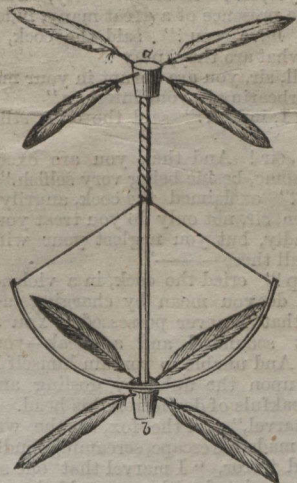
At the close of the war

Josephus went with Titus to Rome, where he spent the rest of his days in peace and prosperity. To the last he retained the favor of Vespasian and Titus, who had proved his bravery, his wisdom, and his sincerity. He lived in a house formerly occupied by Vespasian; he was made a citizen of Rome, which was no small honor; and he was pensioned for life. He was as much hated by the Jews as he had formerly been beloved and respected; but to all who falsely accused him, Vespasian turned a deaf ear; and for all these favors Josephus was so grateful that he took the family name of the emperor, and was called *Flavius Josephus*.

At the command of Vespasian he wrote his famous "History of the Jewish War, and the Destruction of Jerusalem," which proves the wisdom of the advice that he gave to the Jews. He wrote, also, in the Greek language, a work called "Jewish Antiquities," which you will find interesting as you grow older, thought you might perhaps think it rather dry now.—*Little Folks*.

A FLYING TOY.

As it may be an amusement to some of my readers to see a machine rise in the air by mechanical means, I will de-



scribe an instrument of this kind, which any one can construct at the expense of ten minutes' labor:

a and *b* are two corks, into each of which are inserted four wing-feathers from any bird, so as to be slightly inclined, like the sails of a windmill, but in opposite directions in each set. A round shaft is fixed in the cork *a*, which ends in a sharp point. At the upper part of the cork *b* is fixed a whalebone bow, having a small pivot hole in its centre to receive the point of the shaft. The bow is then to be strung equally on each side

to the upper portion of the shaft, and the little machine is completed. Wind up the string by turning the bow, so that the spring of the bow may unwind the corks with their anterior edges ascending; then place the cork with the bow attached to it, upon a table, and with a finger pressed on the upper cork, press strongly enough to prevent the string from unwinding, and taking it away suddenly, the instrument will rise to the ceiling.—*Home Amusements*.

THE BOARD AND BALL.

Get the cover of a small cigar box, or any other thin board, about five inches long, and cut it out the shape as represented in Fig. 1, then arrange the strings and balls as shown in the same engraving.

The trick is, to get the large ball off the string without un-



FIG. 1.

tying it or removing any of the smaller balls. Push the ball close up to the wood, and pull the loop of the string down through as much as it will come; then pass the end of the loop through the hole in the wood, and over the pellet as here shown.

[Fig. 2.] The two loops will then separate, and the ball can easily be taken off.



FIG. 2.

The knots beneath the wood prevent the loops being pulled through by the pellets.

AN ENCOURAGING DREAM.

I have read of one, says Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, who dreamed a dream, when in great distress of mind, about religion. He thought he stood in the outer court of Heaven, and he saw a glorious host marching up, singing sweet hymns, and bearing the banners of victory; and they passed by him through the gate, and when they vanished he heard in the distance sweet strains of music.

"Who are they?" he asked. "They are the goodly fellowships of the prophets, who have gone to be with God."

And he heaved a deep sigh as he said: "Alas! I am not one of them, and never shall be, and I cannot enter there."

By and by there came another band equally lovely in appearance, and equally triumphant, and robe in white. They passed within the portals, and again were shouts of welcome heard within.

"Who are they?" he asked.

"They are the goodly fellowship of the apostles."

"Alas!" he said, "I belong not to that fellowship and cannot enter there."

He still waited and lingered in the hope that he might yet go in; but the next multitude did not encourage him, for they were the noble army of martyrs. He could not go with them, nor wave their palm branches. He waited still and saw that the next was a company of godly ministers and officers of Christian churches; but he could not go with them. At last as he walked, he saw a larger host than all the rest put together, marching and singing most melodiously; and in front walked the woman that was a sinner; and the thief that died upon the cross, hard by the Saviour; and he looked long, and saw there such as Manasseh and the like; and when they entered he could see who they were, and he thought:

"There will be no shouting about them."

But to his astonishment, it seemed as if all Heaven was rent with sevenfold shouts as they passed in. And the angel said to him:

"These are they that are mighty sinners, saved by mighty grace."

And then he said:

"Blessed be God! I can go in with them."

And so he awoke.

Blessed be God! you and I, too, can go in with that company. Such is my own sense of how I expect to enter heaven, and we will go together, brother sinner, or sister sinner, trusting in the precious blood, and washed in the blood of the Lamb. God grant it may be so!

Rest in the Lord, and
wait patiently for Him.



The Family Circle.

WHAT WE SHALL BE.

I do not know what then she saw: what now she is.

What we shall be doth not appear;

We only know what shall not be:

That neither pain, regret, nor fear,

Nor the upwelling of a tear

From sorrow's agony,

Nor any evil shall come near

Our souls from sin set free.

Yet we shall see HIM as he is,

Who freed us from those bonds of sin;

When He appears, our souls like his

Shall radiant be with opening bliss:

Not all at once we win;

In that life grows what good in this

Our struggling hearts begin.

It doth not yet appear what all

That sinless life with God implies:

Our weak conceptions are too small;

Yet souls whom death shall disenthral,

Must high and higher rise,

Progressing ever, at Christ's call,

Each step some blest surprise.

—N. Y. Observer.

THE BIBLE-READING ENGINEER.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

The "Gold Leaf" Express was waiting the usual half-hour at P—in order to connect with the northern mail.

While my party were regaling themselves on muddy coffee in the little restaurant near by, I gladly availed myself of the opportunity to indulge in a brisk walk up and down the long depot platform after my long and wearisome ride from Cleveland.

While enjoying the grateful exercise, I could not help noticing the huge, shapely built locomotive as it stood, with its bright cylinder, dome, whistle, and the polished letters "Jupiter" on its jacket, glistening in the sun of that pleasant November day.

The engineer, a stoutly built gray-haired man, was "oiling" and making everything ready for the onward trip with the absorbed air of one who feels that he is entirely by himself, a demeanor which is usually noticeable in an engineer who feels the responsibility of his position.

The kindly expression of his face as he glanced up to me when I paused a moment admiring the shining brass of the cylinders which was polished to the last degree of brilliancy, encouraged me to accost him with the commonplace remark,—

"You have run a locomotive a good many years, sir, I presume."

"Long enough to have learned the trade pretty thoroughly," he replied, rather curtly. But I was not to be easily rebuffed, for I meant to assure him that mine was not a mere passing curiosity, and I went on, "You have a splendid machine, and it is beautifully taken care of, as such an engine deserves to be. It is a Roger, I see, with an improved Bissel truck. Do you like it?"

"It's the best six-wheeler that was ever run," replied the engineer, his face now kindling with surprised pleasure; and as for the trucks nothing could be better, it seems to me. But I don't often see a lady who knows a Roger from a Danforth, or a Hinckly, or any other build for that matter."

"I read the Journal," I said, "and sometimes write for it. My only brother used to be a locomotive engineer, and having a natural bent towards mechanics myself, I always enjoy seeing a nice machine, and have a genuine regard for its controlling spirit, the driver."

After a few explanations which elicited the fact that he had been personally acquainted with my brother, he grew quite communicative.

"I have run on this road twenty-five years," said he, "first as a fireman; then they set me up to drive a switch engine. I went from that to a gravel train, from that to freight, and now I have the best machine and the best 'run' on the road. The 'Gold Leaf Express' they call it along the line; the sleeping cars, the Pullman palace cars, the tender and my cab are all so elaborately painted and gilded."

"I was noticing how they all were glistening in this bright sunlight," I said, "I suppose, from the fact of your many promotions on the road, you have met with uninterrupted good luck, based, of course, on your conscientious carefulness."

"I have never met with an accident that was attended with serious results, thank God," he replied, not in the brawling tone of an

oath, but reverently. "I think one reason of it comes from the fact that I always carry my Bible in the cab. Do you see it, up there?" and he pointed up to the prettily upholstered cab, where, just in front of the engineer's seat, between the steam gauge and the lookout window, on a bracket-like device, a small Bible was held open where the eyes of this Christian engineer could fall upon its pages at any moment.

"I have read the good book from back to back several times at home," continued he, "and by having it placed here in this manner before me I have been able to commit many passages to memory. Sometimes it has been a wonderful comfort to me; one time in particular the strength as well as comfort I derived from one glance at a passage on the open page was astonishing."

"How was that?" I asked, greatly interested.

"Well, madam, it is something I seldom speak of," he said, handing up his oil can to the fireman, and wiping his hands on a bunch of cotton waste, "but I don't mind telling you now,—yes there is time," glancing at the pretty clock in the cab.

"You see I was running on the lower end of the road at the time, and my train was an 'express passenger,' which came out of the city about nightfall, usually with a dozen or so heavily loaded coaches. Perhaps you remember, if you have been over the road so much, where the track crosses the—river, which, you know, is the inlet to the harbor. Being a port of considerable importance, of course provision has to be made for the shipping to pass above.

"There was a man stationed at this post to signal to the approaching trains whether the bridge was open or not. Yes, it was a dangerous place, (he means to avert danger there are better now) but after I had run over the bridge twice a day for eighteen months or more, and had always found everything all right, I came to look upon that point the same as I did upon any other piece of the road.

"My express was a fast train always, and on the night of which I am speaking I was a little behind time, and so, running even somewhat faster than usual in order to make up. As I approached the bridge I looked for the signal, as it was second nature for me to do. The flag man gave the customary all-right signal, standing, as usual, on a rock at the point of a curve of the track leading around to the river.

"I had no more time than barely to notice that the man was a new hand, in place of 'Lame Jim,' whom I had, without a single exception, always found at that post, before we came in full view of the bridge. To my horror it was wide open, and a gulf of nearly fifty feet in depth was yawning before me and my ponderous train.

"I glanced up to my open Bible and my eyes fell on the word, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' The benumbing sense of utter helplessness that for the instant had pervaded both soul and body as it were, all vanished now, and I became as calm as you see me at this moment.

"You know, madam, that the duties of a locomotive engineer are such that oftentimes he has decide (it may be only on a mere movement of his hand, or the kind of a look he gives his fireman)—in such a terrible exigency especially in the shortest conceivable space of time. In this instance I had no time to consider, and if I had, I suppose I should have done exactly as I did; whistle for breaks (it was before air brakes came into use) and reverse my engine.

"The fireman did not need to be told to do his best upon the tender brakes, as he rapidly tightened them up with the whole swinging force of his large body. It was a clean, dry track, everything in good condition, and I think never a train, with like facilities, was brought to a stand on shorter notice. For that first, almost bewildering instant to me, the belief in the impossibility of escaping that imminent, fearful plunge so possessed me with a cold feeling like the coils of a snake down my back, that it was with an almost superhuman effort that I mustered muscular force to raise my hand to the whistle valve cord, reach the regulator, or grasp the reversing handle.

"But we came to a dead halt just as the point of the cow-catcher overlapped the frightful chasm! Had the impelling force of that long passenger train carried us but a few feet further on there would have been the worst railroad catastrophe that ever happened in America, and my name would surely have swelled the list of the drowned and mangled ones that would have appeared in the newspapers.

"As it was the escape never got into the papers at all. The bridge was swung into place so quickly, and we were under way again so soon after the customary stop at the draw, that I suppose but very few of the passengers ever knew of the threatened peril. We were miles away before the reaction came

to me as I sat trembling on my seat with the full, apprehending sense of our escape tiding through my brain.

"The flag-man? oh, yes, he was drunk. You see there had been a new superintendent chosen and he had commenced business by turning off some of the old employees and putting in new ones. Poor, faithful 'Lame Jim' had been discharged, and this fellow installed in his place. He was celebrating his appointment to this responsible post over a jug of rum which was found afterwards in the little signal-house near by.

"Jim was reinstated the next day, but the Company was so chagrined over the unwarrantable action on the part of the superintendent that the matter was kept as close as possible. I went to the office the next morning and resigned my position; I couldn't bear to run over that end of the road again. They would not let me off the road, but gave me this train on this end of the route—the 'Gold Leaf Express.'"

"No, I don't suppose I have ever quite got over the shock to my nerves, for frequently, when I go to bed more tired than usual, I wake with a start from a sort of far-off dream of that eventful night-fall trip, the uncertain light, the still shimmering water and the white, scared face of my fireman. My hair was as black as coals then; in three months it became as gray as you see it now.

"Yes'm, that's the northern mail coming—oh, you're welcome, although, it's a story I'm not fond of telling—Good bye."—*Christian Secretary.*

THE CRAFTY FOX.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

A certain fox was extremely desirous of gaining admission into a poultry-yard, the lord of which was a cock of good blood and extremely aristocratic ways, so the sly animal soon contrived to secure his acquaintance and even friendship.

One day as the gosling (who was a protégé of the cock's), the cock himself, and the fox were together, the conversation turned upon the subject of personal faults.

Said the cock: "I feel conscious that I have very many faults, and nothing would I so much value as some real friend who would show them to me. Now, I dare say, gosling," continued he, turning to that humble creature and smiling blandly,—"I dare say, gosling, that even you have noticed the presence of a few small faults in me. Is it not so? Speak frankly, my little friend."

The gosling was immensely elated at this chance of proving himself the true friend desired.

"Oh yes, sir," he said, eagerly, "I have noticed the presence of a great many, indeed."

"Oh, have you?" said the cock, coldly, "And what are they, pray?"

"Well, sir, you are abrupt in your manners, and overbearing to your inferiors."

"Am I, indeed?" said the cock still more coldly.

"Yes, sir! And then you are excessively quarrelsome, beside being very selfish."

"Ha!" exclaimed the cock, angrily.

"Then, sir, not only do you treat your children badly, but you neglect your wife also. Beside all these—"

"Stop!" cried the cock, in a violent rage, "What do you mean by charging me with faults that I never possessed? You are an insolent scoundrel and a sneak—you—you—"

And unable to contain himself longer, he fell upon the unhappy gosling and tore three beakfuls of down from his head.

"I marvel," said the fox, as the wretched gosling made his escape, screaming loudly with pain and terror, "I marvel that one so constantly associated with you could thus malign you to your face. Those are not your faults."

"Well, what are they then?" said the cock, still somewhat ruffled.

"Did I not know your extreme patience under correction, I should hesitate to tell them, or rather it, for I have only noticed one in my acquaintance with you. You are, sir, I grieve to say it, but you are, sir, extremely haughty and exclusive in your manners. Your blood, your aristocratic breeding, your culture, and your refinement all tend to cause you to look upon your more vulgar yet still honest fellow-creatures with a courteous haughtiness, if I may so express it. It is a fault to which your superior station may plead some extenuation; still it is a fault. Let me beg you, honored sir, to correct this one failing, and so render yourself the model of perfection you would then be. Recollect, sir, that though humbler, we are still your fellow-creatures."

The cock stood upon one leg meditating for a long while upon this speech; at length he heaved a sigh, and said:

"I feel that you are correct; you have acted the part of a true friend. Yes, I confess that you are correct."

From that time the cock's friendship for the fox greatly increased, while his overbearing manners toward the other creatures in no wise diminished.

The crafty fox frequently turned the conversation, in their subsequent interviews, upon the subject of family distinction, and cunningly contrived so to flatter the vanity of the cock that, in time, he became puffed up with pride to such an extent that he would scarcely deign to notice the other barnyard creatures.

One day the fox said: "It has always been a subject of much wonder to me why a creature of so much intellect, and with such a proper amount of self-respect as yourself, should submit, as you do, to the absolute rule of human beings. Now here am I, a simple-minded jog-trot animal, with not one-half the wit and shrewdness of the least one of you here in the barn-yard, and yet I am absolutely free and untrammelled in my movements. I own allegiance to no one and am my own master, while you and your humbler associates are dependent for the very necessities of life upon the will of your masters."

"That is very true," said the cock, reflectively.

"Now," continued the fox, "I have thought of a most excellent idea. I know a delightful and secluded spot, sir, where a little colony could be started far away from the habitation of man, and where you could soon show the world that intelligent poultry need not be entirely subservient to the will of these miserable human beings. Here are you with blood, breeding and great natural dignity of bearing (I need hardly mention such a well-known quality of yours as intelligence), a born ruler in fact. If, now, some of your mentally advanced creatures—such, for instance, as the geese and turkeys, and even the ducks—would only be persuaded to start a small community somewhere, you, sir, have the very making of a king or even an emperor in you, and might prove yourself an excellent example of a noble and generous ruler."

This plan pleased the cock amazingly.

"I shall consider your proposition," said he. "And you can guide us, you say, to such a spot as you have mentioned?"

"Certainly, sir! I know the very place," said the fox.

The idea of the colony took root in the poultry-yard immediately, and spread in popularity amazingly, for each creature imagined that he himself had the ability, mentally, to become in time a prominent politician, if not a leader. One night, accordingly, everything was arranged, and the crafty fox guided the poor deluded creatures to a most secluded portion of the adjoining forest.

None of them ever returned again, yet it was rumored, far and wide, that the crafty fox was subsisting entirely upon the little community. —*St. Nicholas.*

DISCOURAGEMENTS.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

He was superintendent of a small Sunday-school in the town of Wherewellive—a young man with an earnest desire to do his Master's service heartily; but then, perhaps he was oversensitive in discerning fault-finding with his present methods where none was intended, as in the case of Mrs. Thorn, who, having met him one day, remarked sweetly:—

"What can be the cause of the lack of interest in our Sabbath-school, Mr. Harris? I use every effort in my power with my own scholars. Surely something is wrong!"

As Mr. Harris passed Mrs. Steadman's doorway, that lady, with a garden-hat tilted back on her head and a trowel in her hand, bore down upon him breathless and loquacious.

"I've been wanting to see you since last Sunday week Mr. Harris," she said, leaning over the gate, with unpunctuated discourse, "to speak to you about my boy Tommy who is in the wing class behind that Donnell boy who's be'n stickin' pins into my Tommy to that degree that his legs is full of holes as a cullender which sir as you know isn't what he goes to Sund'y-school for."

Assuring Mrs. Steadman that the matter should be attended to, Mr. Harris broke away. The Donnell boy—Jerry by name—had brought out of the street into his school, had taken him under his own personal supervision, and, patiently overlooking the ceaseless annoyances to which he was subjected by the antics of Master Jerry, Sabbath after Sabbath he labored and prayed for him earnestly and unceasingly, but, to all outward appearances, in vain.

"Where was Jerry to-day?" enquired the superintendent of little Nellie Rogers, as, after an unusually orderly session, the school was dismissed on the following Sabbath.

Nellie, who was another street waif living in the same locality as Master Jerry, answered with childish gravity: "He's hurted hisself, sur; leastwise, 'twas old Donnell as, comin' home crazy-like wid liquor, shoved him down the stairs, and he a thyrin' to kap th'ould man from abusin' of the mother."

Mr. Harris turned toward "The Point,"—a locality where rum-shops, sailor boarding-houses, and rotten tenements abounded, and where was the home of the Donnells.

"Ye'd better not go, sur," timidly suggested

the little girl. "The men was paid off to the mill yesterday, an' the rum-shops is a runnin' full blast; they bate a man wid thracts this very mornin', an' druv him off."

Leaving little Nellie to trip lightly up the adjacent court, where her mother lived, the young man hastened down the street, and groped his way up a pair of dirty stairs, amid sights, sounds, and odors of which those unacquainted with mission labor have no conception. He found Jerry alone.

"Sure, it's right good of ye to come here, an' me frettin' the life out o' ye wid me thricks," said the boy, with a look of pleasure which utterly changed the expression of his generally expressionless face. "I didn't dare sind for ye, for all that I've been wantin' ye so much. Yer mind the Sund'y ye told us of Him as they crucified, and the thafe—what he said to him?" The superintendent, kneeling by the boy's side and holding his grimy hand, called the Sunday to mind, and how much trouble Jerry had caused him on the self-same day by his apparent inattention. He nodded his head, and the boy went on. "Well, sur, I'm wuss nor the thafe was—I've stole, an' lied, an' swared sence I was a bit of a boy, an' it seems like the coward I am that I'd be axin' ye to say a prayer for me; but I've heard ye tell how patient He was."

I would not, if I could, render the prayer which was then and there put up to heaven for the dying boy.

"The bit of a song that the purty lady wid glasses sung the same time,—d'ye mind?" whispered Jerry, as his mother came in.

"Do you want me to sing it, Jerry?" asked Mr. Harris; and when the boy whispered, "Yes, if you plaze, sur," the superintendent tenderly sang—

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And so may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

"So might the likes o' me; mighn't I, sur? on'y it 'ud take a deal o' washin'," whispered Jerry. "I'm no good, Lord Jesus; but ye forgiv' the thafe, forgive' me."

A very homely prayer, but I question whether it did not reach the heavenly ear full as soon as Judge Pitman's petition, which was just then being offered for the benighted heathen and the ultimate conversion of the whole world.

With Jerry's prayer came his release. "The boy's death taught me to wait God's time for harvest," said Mr. Harris afterward, and I wish that I could say that it taught him never to be discouraged at apparent non-success.—*S. S. Times.*

WEDDING FEES.

Many years ago, a New York minister was sitting in the office of a lawyer who was one of his members, chatting on various subjects, and as the pastor happened to speak of the hard times, and the dilatoriness of the church in paying his small salary, the lawyer remarked:

"Now I hardly agree with you, pastor, in your assertion that ministers are paid less for their work than any other class of professional men. They have a great deal given to them in one way and another, donation parties, Christmas presents, &c. Then the item of wedding fees alone, which you seldom hear them speak about, but which must amount to quite a sum, several hundred dollars in the course of the year, brings them in a good revenue."

"Do you think so?" said the clergyman. "Now to come right down to dots, what do you suppose is the average fee that I receive?"

"I should say twenty dollars was a low estimate," said the lawyer. "Here in New York I have often known persons to give one hundred dollars, and a fifty-dollar fee is quite common, but considering the fact that you marry a good many of the poor, or those who are only moderately well off, as well as the rich, I should think, as I said, that twenty dollars was a pretty low average."

"That calculation is rather large," said the minister, "but still I cannot tell exactly, as I have not reckoned up what I have received this last year."

"No, I presume not," said the lawyer. "I have noticed that ministers don't generally know how much they have received, when the sum is pretty large, but I rather think they would if it was a small one. But I will tell you what I will do. I will give you ten dollars for half your next fee, and don't believe I shall lose anything by it either. Do you accept that?"

The minister hesitated a moment and then said, "Yes, well, yes; I'll accept that—ten dollars for half the next fee."

He soon bade him good morning and went home to his dinner. While he was at the table the bell rang, and the servant came in saying a man at the door wished to see him a moment. He found a rough-looking farmer standing there, who accosted him thus:

"Good morning, Dr. A. I came in to see if you could just tie me up, this morning. Sal and I have been talking about it a good while,

and we've come to the conclusion that 'taint any use to wait no longer."

"Oh, yes," said the Doctor, "walk in, walk in. Where did you want to be married?"

"Right here," said the farmer, "if you're willin'. Sal's in the wagon and I'll bring her in."

So he brought in a blooming country maid, and the minister, who had doffed his gown and slipped on his best Sunday-go-to-meeting coat, made them one, in his most impressive style. After the ceremony and the congratulations, the farmer said:

"About the fee, pastor, we hain't much money, but I thought your children might be fond of pets, so I told Sal I would just bring one of our pups." Saying which he tipped up a small box, and out rolled a little white pup upon the piano.

The minister could scarcely contain his mirth, but thanked the bridegroom and told him the children would be glad of it, and bade him a pleasant good-morning. He finished his dinner, then, putting the pup carefully back into the box, started with it under his arm for the lawyer's office.

His friend was quite surprised to see him so soon again, but the pastor relieved his curiosity by saying:

"I had no idea when I accepted your offer this morning that I should have to come so soon to claim it, and I hardly think I should have accepted it so quickly, had I known I was to marry a couple to-day, and receive such an unusual and unexpected fee. Generally there is not so much difference in them, but this was a perfect surprise to me."

"No backing out, now," said the lawyer, "that bargain was fair and square, and you must hold to it. Here's your ten dollars; hand over the fee!"

The minister demurred a moment, told him he should beware how he made such rash promises again; but finally, unfastening the cover of the box, said: "All right, I'll stand by the bargain," tumbled out the pup upon the lawyer's desk, and with the blindest smile upon his face, waving his hand and bowing politely, he said: "Here is the fee—which half will you take?"

The blank look of amazement and disgust which overspread the countenance of the lawyer as he looked at the roll of puppiness, was amusing to see.

"You don't mean it, that you married a couple and that was your fee?"

"Indeed it was," said the minister, "and the farmer who presented it thought he was doing a handsome thing!"

Then, with a hearty laugh, the lawyer handed him the gold piece, and told him that he thought he had nothing more to say in regard to the enriching of ministers by wedding fees.—*Standard.*

THE DIFFERENCE.

BY C. C. TRACY.

However absurd questions may be, they must be answered, or carping, faithless persons will consider them unanswerable. Does the Christian religion develop purer morality, higher manhood than other religions? Is there anything in the fruits of this and other systems showing the one to be true and heavenly, the others of the earth earthy?

Small indeed must be the number of those who, after being reared in Christian communities, have become extensively acquainted with the condition of heathen society, and have not deeply felt the contrast, whether they would acknowledge it or not.

Let me illustrate by an example such as I have seen with my own eyes. I will try to avoid exaggeration. Let me take you to a town where Mohammedanism has had all its own way for ages. There is nothing fine in all the place except the mosques; they are costly and substantial; they are built and endowed with the legacies of devout Moslems. It is a town after the prophet's own heart; the people are as deeply imbued with his doctrines as he could wish, and as diligent in the performance of their religious duties. Where shall we expect to find the benign effects of the religion, if not in this place where it is so firmly, devoutly held? Five times daily, at the call of the muezzin, the faithful wash at the fountains according to the directions, and bow within the sacred places in whispering adoration, kissing the earth toward Mecca. Here, in days of Ramazan, where all true Mussulmans fast from sunrise till sunset during the whole month, strictness characterizes the entire observance. Here, when evening comes, the loud solemn cantillation from above each mosque announces that the sun has set, and rows of lamps hung out on high form a corona of stars around each minaret to light the revels of the whole night. When the fast is over, believers enjoy a festal occasion. They visit each other with the greeting, "May your fast be blessed."

Here, when a believer dies, his body is washed with scrupulous care, borne forth and buried with stern decorum, for no blasphemous lamentations at the accomplishment of the

divine decree must disfigure the obsequies; piety must restrain tears, bind up the emotions. The sublimest of the religion are seen here if anywhere. Whoever is ruled by the imagination may be captivated with Islam as here displayed. It is the fervid idealism of the desert which has held empire so many ages over so many millions.

Let us now observe the fruits. Come with me through the town. We will go to the market. Do you ask why the streets are so narrow and so extremely filthy? It is not easy to answer without enlarging. I may say that the narrowness is owing to the compactness of the town, there being thirty thousand people to the square mile. But why, you ask do they not spread out upon this great plain? Why be so cramped? Ah! there comes in a difficulty. The people are so fearful of the marauder and the midnight assassin, that they dare not spread their dwellings abroad. Those upon the outskirts of the city are all of the poorest classes like the gypsies. The people are thus huddled together from very fear of each other. Can this state of things be consistent with so much religiousness, say you? Ask a Moslem that question, and he will smile at your simplicity. Perhaps you have yet to learn that religiousness is one thing, religion another. As to the dirt—well, here is the market; let us examine it first. You condemn it as no better than a collection of mean stables. Do not be harsh, it is not worse than many others. True there are a good many dead cats and dogs lying about, left for the elements and the insects to dispose of; true the passages are extremely narrow, and clogged with piles of refuse which has fallen through the tumbled-down, earth-covered roof over them. Stoop, my friend, or you may thrust your head against those logs that hang, half supported, under the burden of earth upon them; perhaps the blow of your cranium might bring down the superincumbent mass and bury you—or me too—in which case I fear there would be no one to dig you out.

I was to account for the dirt. I suppose it is owing to the carelessness of the people. That is a poor answer, you think. Then I will give another which may be better; it is due to their selfishness. You think they might be taught better. I resign to you the task of teaching them, so long as their moral condition remains unchanged. I defy you, in a quarter of a century, by all your powers of persuasion, to stir up these citizens at their own expense, or by their own exertions, to renovate and purify this place. If the money were raised they would find it hard to fix upon any man or company of men to whom they could intrust its disbursement. You see there is neither public spirit nor public confidence; in other words, no self-sacrifice, and no honesty—almost none.

Were I to take you to the homes of the people, to the schools, to the inns, you would find scarcely less ruinous a condition.

Back of all this material dilapidation there is a moral rottenness and ruin, the true cause of the other. You must hunt with a lantern in the daytime, and long at that, to find the honest shopkeeper, the incorruptible judge, or the citizen whose religion purifies his life. Yet, I claim that this is a place on which the prophet would smile complacently, that here the demands of his religion are essentially satisfied. One may cheat and lie a hundred times a day in trade, and "purify it with alms," according to the Koran, that is, toss out a few paras to a passing beggar. The magistrate may "eat bribes" all his days and make atonement at the end by building a fountain or endowing a mosque; nay, he can pray at night, and wipe out all the sins of the day, then, smiling, tell Satan over his shoulder, "You have no more any hold on me."

Compare all this with an average New England town, and behold the difference! Yet let me assure you that whereas the former is fully and satisfactorily Mohammedan, the latter is by no means fully and satisfactorily Christian; its religion has, as yes, operated only partially as a salt; yet how great its power to better men's condition! Let its principles triumph completely, and what would they do!

Truly the fruit of Christianity is "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance," but the unevangelized must be expected to be found "without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful," with all the other evil qualities which the Scriptures ascribe to them.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

As thy days, so shall thy strength be.

DEUT. 33: 25

THE ETERNAL HOME.

Alone! To land upon that shore!
With no one sight that we have seen before—
Things of a different hue,
And sounds all strange and new;
No forms of earth our fancies to arrange,
But to begin alone that mighty change!

Alone! To land alone upon that shore,
Knowing so well we can return no more;
No voice or face of friend,
None with us to attend
Our disembarking on that awful strand,
But to arrive alone in such a land!

Alone? No; God hath been there long before—
Eternally hath waited on that shore
For us who were to come
To our eternal home.
Oh: is He not the life-long Friend we know
More privately than any friend below?

Alone? That God we trust is on that shore,
The Faithful One, whom we have trusted more,
In trials and in woes,
Than we have trusted those
On whom we leaned most in our earthly strife.
Oh! we shall trust Him more in that new life!

So not alone we land upon that shore.
'Twill be as though we had been there before.
We shall meet more we know
Than we can meet below,
And find our rest like some returning dove—
Our home at once with the Eternal Love!
—Frederick William Faber, in *N. Y. Independent.*

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

IX.

1. What office did our Lord fulfil in offering Himself a sacrifice for sin?
2. What expression is used concerning Christ as of the house of David?
3. In what term does St. Paul, in his epistle to the Corinthians, speak of the relation of Christ to the Father?
4. What title of Christ, though given him in contempt by his enemies, was the fulfilment of a prophecy?
5. A name of our Saviour that indicates his wisdom?
6. In what prophetic language is the essential attribute of God ascribed to Christ.
7. A title by which our Lord's human descent is described?
8. Under what designation does prophecy indicate Christ as cleansing from all iniquity?
9. Name the grand office of Christ as our Divine Teacher.
10. What prophetic title of our Saviour shows Him to be both God and Man?
11. One of our Saviour's names taken from the Greek alphabet?
12. How does our Lord show Himself to be the support of that temple built up of his elect?
13. What is it that Christ's people find in Him?

From these initials you will find
The love of God to human kind.
He sent his Son from heaven on high,
For us to suffer, bleed, and die.
Oh, happy time, when He shall come
To bring us to our heavenly home—
The war, and strife, and sin shall cease,
And Jesus come to reign in peace.

A GREAT MISTAKE.—If we are not deceived many parents neglected to bring their children to Christ in very early childhood, because they did not desire their children to have such a quiet experience as most children must necessarily pass through. They regarded a striking experience as an important evidence of regeneration; and to bring a child to Christ at so early a period of its life that it could not be overwhelmed with emotion or distinctly remember the date of the spiritual conflict, seemed to them almost cruel. We speak what we know when we say this; for we have heard from more than one parent such expressions of difficulty about Christian labor with very young children. Are there not fathers and mothers even yet, who distrust the conversion of their children, because it has been so much like that of Lydia, so simple, so absolute, so little attended by struggle and resistance?
—Selected.

GOD HEARS PRAYER: GOD INHABITS PRAISES.—We should not have the name of "Prayer Meeting" for all devotional meetings. "Praise and Prayer Meeting," if it were not too long, should be our name. There is a great relief to the troubled mind in pouring itself out in prayer, but for my part, I have at times found more relief in pouring out my heart in praise, and I have heard sweeter praises to God from those in affliction and pain, than I ever heard from people rich, strong, and prosperous.—*Dr. Donald Fraser.*

LUCK AND LABOR.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

Luck doth wait, standing idly at the gate—
Wishing, wishing all the day;
And at night, without a fire, without a light,
And before an empty tray,
Doth sadly say:
"To-morrow something may turn up;
To-night on wishes I must sup."

Labor goes, plowing deep the fertile rows—
Singing, singing all the day;
And at night, before the fire, beside the light,
And with a well-filled tray,
Doth gladly say:
"To-morrow I'll turn something up;
To-night on wages earned I sup."
—St. Nicholas.

A CITY SET ON A HILL.

The highest water-mark which the cause of Froebel's kindergarten has attained in America,—indeed in the world,—is to be seen in a small village in New England, where an eminent inhabitant (who insists that his name shall not be published) has conceived the idea of educating all the children of the town under seven years of age.

In November (1875) this gentleman invited a person devoted to propagating Froebel's system to make him a week's visit, and meet the inhabitants of the place, in a town hall in which they were accustomed to assemble for enjoyment and instruction, and have an informal conference on the subject of kindergarten. There was so much interest aroused, that there grew to be five of these conferences, besides visits and conversations with individual mothers; and the gentleman said that if a thoroughly competent and interested kindergartner could be had, he would invite her into his own house, give up his largest parlor for the kindergarten, and pay her a reasonable salary. Just such a person as he desired was found, teaching what she called a Froebel nursery,—children three and four years old,—which she called a kindergarten when her daughter, who was studying with Miss Garland, should graduate and join her. Our friend invited this lady to take her whole family into his house, and made himself a boarder, reserving three rooms for himself and confidential servant. He then put forth a modest prospectus, saying that whoever could afford or wished to pay for their children might do so, determining the same without reference to what others paid, or what was the price in other places. The rest of the expense he would bear himself, and he wished all the children of three and four years old in the place to come and join his own grandchildren. The next spring he offered a salary to the daughter, who had graduated, and invited the rest of the children of the town under seven years, rich and poor, black and white, for it was found that the method refined the manners and speech of all the children at once, the kindergartner was so happy in her profound knowledge of Froebel's ideas, her motherly tenderness, and practical tact. The numbers now increased so that it was necessary to take the town hall and its ante-rooms for the two kindergartens, and to engage another trained and experienced graduate of Miss Garland's school, and subsequently still another, and he selected for the fourth a Roman Catholic, who had been trained by Mrs. Kraus-Boelte, because he wanted the Roman Catholics of the town to feel sure there would be no sectarian teaching, which, of course, would be absurd in the case of little children, whose religion must needs be of that broadest kind in which all churches agree: practical love of each other and of their elders, with recognition of the dear Father of us all. After the perfect success of last winter and spring, the blessed old man was encouraged to go further, and he erected a building of three stories (with large halls and ante-rooms, warmed all over by a furnace, and with hot and cold water in every story), on a beautiful sunshiny spot, with hills as a prospect all around, and grounds for out door play and gardening; there is every accommodation for a winter garden in the large, low, sunny window-seats, where the smallest children can take care of their plants. For after their own little fancy-work and manufactures, the plant-world affords the most suitable means for object-learning in the kindergarten.

There is one thing more. The head kindergartner, who is a fitting coadjutor with this public benefactor, has gathered to a weekly meeting all the mothers who can come, to impart to them the ideas and moral scope of Froebel's method; and these come to her baby-class to observe and assist (at least two every day). For the plan is to thoroughly convince all the people that this is the first step of all education, the indispensable preparation of heart, mind, and habit of action, for the school education, which will prove of immensely more advantage, when it is built upon this foundation. When this end is gained, this wise man will give all the property and fixtures to the town, on the condition that in

future they will pay the salaries which will be fewer if mothers assist. This they can do at the cost of but two or three weeks in the year, which will have its overpayment in their enjoyment of the work, and the high culture that it will give themselves, who thus can make the home life conform. Is there not in nearly every town, some one who has more money than is needful to his heirs, who can make himself the benefactor of the whole coming generation, and (to use Froebel's own expression) "grow the new men" of our country's future?

One noble woman has given to one great city in the West, that knowledge of Froebel's system which only a good kindergarten can give, and in three years has gradually brought the school board to the point of ordering twenty-six kindergartens, and paying twenty-six salaries to trained teachers, while a hundred volunteers give the assistance necessary, where there are large numbers. Who will do for their cities what Miss Blow has done for St. Louis?—*New England Educational Journal.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES

From the International Lessons for 1877 by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.

LESSON XIII.

APRIL 1.]

THE OIL INCREASED. [About 895 B. C.]

READ 2 Kings iv. 1-7. RECITE vs. 3-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And God is able to make all grace abound toward you—2 Cor. ix. 8.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—God gives bountifully.

DAILY READINGS.—M.—Neh. i. 1-13. T.—Lev. xxv. 35-46. W.—John ii. 1-11. Th.—Ex. xvi. 11-21. F.—Ps. xxxvii. 16-28. Sa.—Phil. iv. 4-13. S.—2 Kings iv. 1-7.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—After rebuking the youthful mockers at Bethel, Elisha went to Samaria. Meshu, king of Moab, rebelled against Israel; Jehoram, Jehoshaphat, and the king of Edom united to subdue him; they suffered greatly from the want of water; Elisha promised that the Lord would send water and also give them the victory; the Moabites were defeated.

NOTES.—Sons of the prophets, disciples of the prophets, not exclusively young men, but often fathers of families training for the ministry. *Cred-it-or, bond-men.* The law of Moses recognized servitude for debt, but lifted it in the case of the Jews to the year of Jubilee. Foreigners were not entitled to release at that time. Lev. xxv. 38-46; compare Matt. v. 26; xviii. 30. Oil. Olive oil, in the East, is esteemed an indispensable article for the households, as well of the poor as of the rich. It is used in the preparation of food; for lights; for anointing bathers, the sick, etc.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I) THE WIDOW'S DISTRESS. (II) THE WIDOW'S RELIEF.

I. THE WIDOW'S DISTRESS. (1.) DID FEAR THE LORD, was well-known as pious; one of the seven thousand who had not bowed to Baal. 1 Kings xix. 18; CREDITOR IS COME, he did not come as long as the debtor lived, but now claims not merely their services, which the law allowed, but them as bondmen, which the law forbade. Lev. xxv. 39-42. (2.) POT OF OIL, or "an anointing of oil"—oil for anointing, but none for cooking.

I. QUESTIONS.—To whom did the woman in distress go for relief? What had her husband been? Meaning of "sons of the prophets"? State what was their work? What did she say of her husband? What did Elisha know about him? Meaning of "fear the Lord"? Explain the words "creditor" and "bondmen." State the Jewish law as to servitude for debt. See Lev. xxv. 39-42. What two questions did Elisha ask? What had the woman in the house? The meaning of "a pot of oil"? Mention some of the uses of olive oil. What does her reply show as to her destitution?

II. THE WIDOW'S RELIEF. (3.) VESSELS, JARS OR POTS; NOT A FEW, God purposed to give her a large blessing. (4.) SHUT THE DOOR, to prevent interruption from creditors or neighbors, and that they might be alone with God. Compare Luke viii. 51-54; John vii. 3, 4; Acts x. 41; POUR OUT, from the vessel of oil she had. (6.) THE OIL STAYED, stopped flowing when the vessels were full. (7.) OF THE REST, the remainder of the oil, and the money received.

II. QUESTIONS.—What did Elisha bid the woman borrow? From whom? In what condition? How many? What do you think she came in? Whom did she shut in with her? What did her sons do? What did she do? State her request when the vessels were full. Her son's reply. What is said of the oil? To whom did she tell her good fortune? What did he direct her to do with the oil? What to pay? Upon what to live? Describe a similar miracle in Elijah's time. 1 Kings xvii. 17-16. Describe another miracle of Elijah's to avoid incurring debt. 2 Kings vi. 5-7. One of Christ's. Matt. xvii. 27.

What facts in this lesson teach us—

- (1.) The evil of being in debt?
- (2.) The benefit of counselling with good men when in trouble?
- (3.) God's care for widows and orphans?
- (4.) The obligation to pay debts as soon as we have the means?

APRIL 8.]

LESSON XIV.

THE SHUNAMMITE. [About 889 B. C.]

READ 2 Kings iv. 25-37. RECITE vs. 32-36.

GOLDEN TEXT.—O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt.—Matt. xv. 28.
CENTRAL TRUTH.—God cares for those who care for his servants.

DAILY READINGS.—M.—2 Kings iv. 8-21. T.—Luke vii. 1-15. W.—John xi. 11-44. Th.—1 Kings xvii 17-24. F.—Acts xx. 7-12. Sa.—James v. 13-20. S.—2 Kings iv. 25-37.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Elisha was entertained at the house of the Shunammite; promised to her a son; the child when grown fell sick and died; his mother went to Carmel for Elisha; he restored the child. [The dates in the margin of some of our Bibles are clearly wrong (895-4), as they do not allow time for the child to become "grown," he was probably from four to six years old.]

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Read very carefully the verses 8 to 31, telling how the little boy, while playing in the harvest field, was taken suddenly sick, brought home to his mother, and in a little while died.

NOTES.—*Ge-ha'-zi* Nothing is known of his birth, or when he became Elisha's attendant. Later he was smitten with leprosy, and dismissed from the prophet's service, 2 Kings v. 20-27. Several years afterwards he obtained for the Shunammite the restoration of her property. 2 Kings viii. 1-6. *Shun'-nam-mite*, a woman of Shunem (now *Salam*), a town in Issachar (Josh. xix. 18), at the south-western foot of Little Hermon. It was about seven miles across the plain of Jezreel from Shunem to the nearest point of Carmel. Porters saw in the harvest fields at that place children playing among the sheaves, and all with bare heads in the blazing sunshine. Staff, applied to the wand or sceptre of ruler; might be used by any leader as symbol of authority; was the badge of the prophetic gift and office of Elisha; probably of wood, but cannot be described from any Bible notices.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I) THE MOTHER'S APPEAL. (II) GEHAZI'S FRUITLESS MISSION. (III) ELISHA RESTORES THE DEAD CHILD.

I. THE MOTHER'S APPEAL. (25.) GEHAZI . . . SHUNAMMITE. See Notes. (26.) RUN . . . TO MEET HER, showing respect to the woman; it is WELL—literally, "peace," an ambiguous answer; she could not stop to explain to the servant. (27.) BY THE FEET, an eastern form of supplication, still practiced, compare Mark v. 22; John xi. 32; HATH HID IT, hath not revealed it.

I. QUESTIONS.—To whom did the afflicted mother go? Where? How far from her home? In what direction? Tell the story of her son's sickness. Of his death? Where had she left him? Who saw her coming to Mount Carmel? What did he bid Gehazi say to her? State her reply. The meaning of it? What did she do when she came to the prophet? The significance of this act? Mention some similar instances in Christ's time. What did Gehazi do? How did Elisha restrain him? Why? State her words to the prophet. To whom should we go in sorrow? How?

II. GEHAZI'S FRUITLESS MISSION. (29.) GIRD UP THY LOINS, the loose robes must be tightly belted for easy travelling; TAKE MY STAFF, sign of a prophetic act; SALUTE HIM NOT, the ceremonious Oriental salutations take much time and hinder the traveller. (30.) AS THE LORD LIVETH, etc., a double oath, the same as was three times used by Elisha. 2 Kings ii. 2, 4, 6; see also 1 Sam. xx. 3; xxv. 26. (31.) NOR HEARING, literally, "nor attention"; NOT AWAKED, death is often spoken of as a sleep. 1 Kings i. 21; Matt. ix. 24; John xi. 11.

II. QUESTIONS.—State Elisha's command to Gehazi. What was he to take? What not to do? Where to lay his staff? State the mother's words to the prophet. Mention other instances of a similar oath. What did the prophet do? v. 30. State how Gehazi executed his commission. With what effect? What report did he give to his master? Mention other instances where death is spoken of as a sleep.

III. ELISHA RESTORES THE DEAD CHILD. (32.) HIS BED—i.e., Elisha's bed. (33.) THEM TWAIN, himself and the child. (34.) MOUTH UPON HIS MOUTH, etc., doing these things successively; STRETCHED HIMSELF, "prostrated himself." (35.) RETURNED, from the chamber; WAXED WARM, sign of returning life, dead bodies are cold. (36.) TAKE UP THY SON, compare Elijah's action (1 Kings xvii. 23) and Christ's (Luke vii. 15).

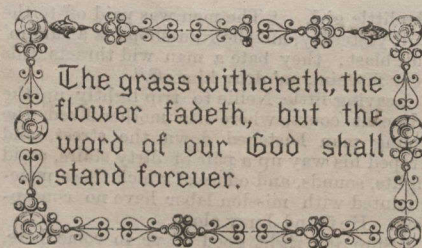
III. QUESTIONS.—Where was the dead child? What three things did Elijah do? How did he lie upon the child? How many times stretch himself upon the child? With what result the first time? The second? State the prophet's command to Gehazi. To the Shunammite. What did she do? Describe a similar miracle performed by Elijah. 1 Kings xvii. 17-24. How are the spiritually dead brought to life? Eph. ii. 1.

What facts in this lesson teach us—

- (1.) Where afflicted parents should seek consolation?
- (2.) The weakness of human means?
- (3.) The power of God to raise the dead.

CHILDREN DIE.

GOD CAN RAISE THE DEAD



ISA. 40: 8.

EPPS'S COCOA.—Some time since, in a series of articles in these columns upon food, we spoke in terms of unqualified praise of Messrs. Epps & Co.'s "Prepared Cocoa." The opinion we then expressed as to its purity and nutritious qualities has been fully endorsed by the public, as shown in its increased and steadily increasing consumption. We believe that Messrs. Epps's manufacturing are now the largest of the kind in the three kingdoms, and the total quantity of "Prepared Cocoa" consumed at the present time approaches four millions of pounds annually. This result is not surprising. The dietetic properties of native cocoa are well-known, but in the form prepared by Messrs. Epps, Homeopathic Chemists, they are rendered additionally valuable, both on account of their increased nutritive power and digestible character. We rejoice to see the high opinion we originally held to have been so generally confirmed, and we again congratulate Messrs. Epps on the sound and valuable addition they have made to our not over lengthy list of dietetic foods.—*Civil Service Gazette.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

AMERICA NEEDS a Protestant paper in the French language, and to supply that need, L'AURORE was established. It is a live paper, and is conducted on the same principles as other WINNAN publications. During the past two months, its success has been very encouraging and satisfactory. It is the size of the MESSENGER, and published weekly. The price is \$1 per year, for which it is mailed, post free, to any address in America. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

ON THE WHOLE, the number not only sustains the reputation of the MONTHLY, but gives evidence of fresh and successful effort on the part of the editors. This periodical is now, we believe, the oldest magazine in the Dominion, having outlived the enemies which have proved fatal to so many other literary bantlings.—*Montreal GAZETTE* in reference to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY for February.

VERY MUCH ATTENTION has been directed to the subject of weather predictions by Mr. Vennor's Almanac, and in answer to his request in it, he has received letters from all sections of the country containing much valuable information which it would have been almost impossible to have obtained in any other manner. The Almanac is still selling rapidly. The price is 20 cents a copy. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

THE FOLLOWING ARE the opinions expressed by some of our correspondents with regard to DRESS AND HEALTH.
Dr. Nathan Allen, of Lowell, Mass., well-known as the author of various pamphlets and essays on the laws which govern population and similar subjects, says: "If my views on Laws of Population are correct, this Dress Reform must come up, be studied and practised. Your work is calculated to do great good. I am glad it is selling so well."

A lady in Bristol, Conn., writes: "I wish every young lady in the land could have a copy, and heed the advice it contains; then we might hope the next generation would be healthfully, comfortably, and prettily dressed."
A lady, who dates her letter from a town in New Brunswick, in ordering a number of copies, says: "I intend them for our Church Bazaar, where they will be to hand, at cost price, for those who, in my opinion, very much need them. I regret not having had their teaching earlier in my life."

A lady in Brooklyn writes: "I sincerely hope its sale will meet with success. It is a book which every lady should be proud to possess." Price, 30 cents. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

THE BROCKVILLE "MONITOR," after bewailing the death of so many magazines in Canada, says: "Under these circumstances, we are always glad to see the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY make its appearance, to give tangible proof that a monthly periodical can exist in Canada, when sustained by some at least of the requisite desiderata of such ventures. Its publishers, Messrs. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, have their own excellent printing establishment at their back; and therefore, produce their monthly at the lowest possible cost, and that is one secret of its success. It is very well printed, too, sold at the moderate price of \$1.50 per annum, and supplies a large amount of pleasant, healthy gossip reading for the family circle, all which constitute the secrets of its success. A little more discriminating care in the editing of this meritorious periodical would add greatly to its value, and make it more acceptable than it is now to readers of a higher intellectual culture than it caters for at present. The English magazines do not circulate at all as largely as they used to do in Canada some years ago, that is in proportion to the increase of population, and if the NEW DOMINION were to copy an article or two from these magazines on important current topics, which largely interest the popular mind, it would certainly be a step in the right direction. But even as it stands at present, it is well worthy of support, and we heartily recommend it to the attention of those who would introduce cheap and healthy literature into their families. The January number contains several interesting papers, and those who desire to be at once instructed and amused, should provide themselves with a copy of it."

FROM THE EASY EXPECTORATION, increased respiratory power of the lungs, and the removal of irritation, manifest from cessation of Cough and other alarming symptoms after using Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, it is clear that the formation of tuberculous matter is not only stopped, but that already deposited is being carried away.

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