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THE METHODIST MONTHLY,
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A REVIEW.

Commendation given to the obedient and faithful child, tends to make the child love more a virtuous and true life. In like manner words of encouragement to those engaged in doing good are helpful and strengthen the purposes of the heart to continue in well doing. With this month closes another conference year. While there is much to humble us, and we regret that so little has been accomplished where there has been so much to do; yet we have abundant cause, as a church, to "thank God and take courage." It may not be unprofitable for us to take a brief review of the year's work just closing. No one can doubt the wisdom of those who under God were the instruments of starting a few years ago, what is now known as Brant Avenue Methodist Church. Then a few earnest Godly men and women set themselves to the building up a cause for God in this part of the city. Now, that cause "small and feeble," when "first the work begun" stands first in every particular, not only in this city, but among the Methodist churches in the Brantford district. The elements composing a congregation have not a little to do with its ultimate success or failure, and in this, Brant Avenue Church has been singularly favored. While differences of opinion have been expressed upon many matters, there has been a unity of action and a christian compliance with the expressed wish of the majority that has assured success in the past and the future certainly looks bright.

With heavy financial burdens at home, the cause of the Master abroad has not been neglected. The appeals made for connexional funds and contributions for missions has met a hearty response from the congregation, and this year this church sends out \$798 for connexional purposes alone. The Sabbath collections for the year show an increase of about \$450 over last year, while the amount of pew rent paid Mr. R. S. Schell, pew steward, is largely in advance of the past, as the annual report soon to be placed in the hands of the congregation will show. The intimations made from the pulpit as to the unwisdom of allowing the pew rents and weekly offerings to remain in arrears, and the satisfaction and improvement that would follow if all would be prompt and business-like in payment of

church claims, has had a ready response from all (with but very few exceptions) and has tended much to bring about the present satisfactory state of the church's finances.

While there is no surplus to report it is very gratifying to the Board to report "no deficiency" not by carrying a balance over into next year, but by the payment out of the receipts of the year all claims to date.

The careful attention of the pew steward and the diligence of the Finance Committee of the Official Board, Messrs. C. S. Jones and W. L. Hughes, together with a desire on the part of the congregation to co-operate in order to this end has given this pleasing result.

This gives proof of what can be done, yet we have not done more than was our duty to do. Our Trustee and Official Board meetings for the past twelve months have been largely attended and much enjoyed. The excellent work of our Ladies Aid Society has had a large place in the hearts of our people and pockets too. This Society has raised and expended during the year a little over \$1,200. This has been applied upon our new parsonage property, inside and out, until the Avenue Church can justly boast of having made for their pastor one of the finest homes in the London Conference. One pleasing feature of the entertainments provided by the L. A. S. has been their high and moral character, in every case we think, leaving an impression for good, and happily free from anything that would mar the religious work of the church.

Our Young People's Literary Society, numbering some 100 members, has had some exceedingly interesting sessions. Their open meetings have always drawn a full house. The Society will meet again for regular work in November. The services of the church have not been without tokens of the Divine presence and blessing. The pastor's heart has been cheered by many saying to him privately, "I feel the services are doing me good, I find myself led out after a purer and better life." The leader's report given at the last meeting was encouraging as to the increased attendance at class. The prayer meeting has filled up until our large lecture hall looks quite full on a Thursday evening. The Sunday School is doing a grand work. Let us, dear fellow-laborers, as we review the past and see cause of gratitude and thankfulness, gird ourselves anew for the work that is before us. While a few have been gathered into the fold during the year, how many who worship with us are still ansayst. While we labor for others a rich blessing will come to ourselves. A physician was once returning to his home, when he saw a little child in great peril in the street, another instant she would have been crushed under the iron hoofs which were almost upon her. At that peril to himself, he rushed forward, and seizing the little one, bore her in safety to the sidewalk. Curiosity impelled him to look into the child's face that he might see if he knew whom he had rescued. Pushing back the little bonnet, what were his feelings to see that it was his own little daughter whose life he had saved. So he who hastes to save the perishing often finds rewards he little dreamed of. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." As there will be a printed report placed in the hands of the congregation in a short time, giving the receipts and expenditures, we may simply add that the total receipts for all purposes for the past year foots up the large sum of \$5,384.47.

A NOBLE RESPONSE.

It has been the purpose of the trustees of our church to make an effort to reduce our church debt as soon as possible. At a meeting held a few weeks ago the following resolution was passed:—

"That this Trustee Board are unanimously agreed that the time has come when we can, as a congregation, by united action, raise the sum of \$6,000, and that it be appropriated in the following manner: \$5,000 towards the reduction of our church debt, and \$1,000 towards a fund for a new organ."

Not only did the trustees contribute large sums towards the above amount, but have also given personally much valuable aid in securing the subscriptions. Until now the result of the canvass shows the sum of \$6,300. There are a number in the congregation who have not yet been waited upon, who, no doubt, will also take pleasure in sharing in this noble effort. We expect the sum of \$7,000 will be reached when all in the congregation have had an opportunity of contributing. This response to the call of the trustees who have, during the years of financial depression, borne heavy burdens, not only in connection with their own business, but also for the church, must assure them that they have the confidence of those who entrusted this work to their care. A traveller among the mountains of Malveria set out for a distant summit, but was soon lost in a thick mist. He would have given up in despair, but his guide ran on before, constantly calling out: "Press on, master, press on; there's light beyond!" In a little time they had passed the region of clouds and darkness and stood upon the mountain's top, without a cloud to obstruct the vision. It does seem to us if as a church we will only "press on," there's light beyond!

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE. We had pleasure recently in delivering one of a course of lectures to the young ladies in this College, and for the first time to look through the spacious building, and learn something of the superior educational advantages of this thriving institution. We were impressed with the idea that Principal Hare, aided by a large and efficient staff of teachers, does not intend the Ontario Ladies' College to take any second place among the educational institutions of the Dominion. The fine building and grounds are admirably suited for a ladies college, while the large attendance of young ladies from all parts of the Dominion, and also from the United States, shows that the training received in the literary, musical and fine art departments is being fully appreciated by the friends of female culture and refinement.

RECEPTION SERVICE.—A large congregation assembled in the Brant Avenue Church on Sunday evening to take part in the reception service. After a sermon from the pastor from Coll. ii, vii. Rev. Mr. Benson read the names of 37 who came forward and stood around the altar. The beautiful and impressive service of the church was read by the Pastor, and responded to by some 30 who were present. These were welcomed into the church, and the right

hand of fellowship extended by the pastor. This congregation has enjoyed a very happy and prosperous year. The large sum of \$5,384.47 has been the cash receipts for church and connexional funds for the conference year just closing. We understand the Trustee Board are seeking also to reduce the church debt \$5,000. This scheme, we are pleased to learn, is being responded to most heartily.—*Brantford Examiner*.

NEW ORGAN.—The need of a better organ for Brant Avenue Church has long been a felt want. We are sure the announcement by the pastor of the hearty response given by the congregation to the appeal for \$5,000 on our church debt was no more gratifying than that the Trustees had determined to sell the organ at present in use and secure a much larger and superior instrument for the use of the choir and congregation. No pains will be spared to secure a first class organ in every respect.

WHICH

BY A WATCHMAN.

Not, which road shall I take? nor, which farm shall I buy? neither, which ticket shall I vote? nor yet, which girl shall I marry? nor which church shall I join? If the decision is not to be made between these things, is the question of any importance? Four weeks ago a young lady sought religious counsel, and, seeking Christ, she affirmed to all present that she had found "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Two weeks later she was invited to a home where dancing, which she had very much enjoyed, would be the principal amusement of the evening. She hesitated, and consulted some who were members of evangelical churches who see no harm in dancing. Three things—past pleasure, the opinion and practice of these professed Christians, and the solicitation of her friend—led her to go to the party and to dance.

Last night she spoke in the congregation, in a clear and emphatic way, thankfully recognizing the happy changes of four weeks ago; and then said, "I have dishonoured Jesus, from whom I received the peace and joy, by yielding to solicitation and counsel, and perhaps of inclination, and going to a parlor dance. But I was never so miserable and unhappy as at and after that dance. I feel that I ought to confess my wrong-doing, and I seek pardon of all, and of God. I cannot pray and dance."

My question is now, shall I pray or dance? though I think that is a proper question. But my question is this: Do the preachers and people who claim to be Christians, or "new creatures in Christ, who sustain and patronize dancing schools and approve of and practice becoming active and useful Christians than the drinking saloons? Before you answer this question think of the uncounted multitudes whose departure from the place of prayer, and to the ways of evil and shame, began in the dance.

It is easier to "war a good warfare" against outside than inside foes. Forty saloons are less hurtful to spiritual life in a village of six thousand souls than three dancing churches which claim to stand for Protestant and spiritual Christianity.

DELEGATE TO GENERAL CONFERENCE.—His Honor Judge Jones, of the Brant Avenue Church, was elected on the first ballot as lay delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, to be held in Hamilton City in September next.

When will our city fathers improve the roadway of Brant Avenue?

See next page

THE FLOWER'S PETITION.

We flowers and shrubs in cottage past,
From fields and country places rest,
(Without our own or friends consent,
In desperate rebellion,
Yet on no wild outrage bent,
Do humbly here petition
Whomse Against our silent wills,
With loss of sun and purpling rills,
Coped up in pain, on wretched stile,
In rich and old house
The city breath our beauty kills,
And makes us grey as frost
Condemned in walls of brick and tile,
In narrow beds of clay and mire,
To spit our backs and shed our prime—
We need some kind defender
We pray, oh, let us live our time,
And we are very tender:
Oh, cheat us not of heaven's dew,
Nor let flowers be again refuse,
But do not shut us up in rooms,
No slight care will we refuse,
No flower will care for you,
No flower will care for you,
We'll breathe you delicate perfume,
We'll glad your eyes be again refuse,
But do not shut us up in rooms,
No slight care will we refuse,
No flower will care for you,
No flower will care for you,
Our souls and betrayed fate,
Our evergreen turn chocolate,
Do we ascribe to spite or hate,
No, we are sure you love us,
We, half ashamed we beg to state,
We love the sun above us
Then treat us in your gentler ways,
And rest unto the sun's own rays,
With beauties homage, increase please,
We ever will care for you,
And to the ending of our days,
In grateful silence bless you

The Eve of a Journey.

A RESPECTABLE dressed middle-aged woman sat in the window-seat in the fine old hall of Chedbury Castle. There was nothing remarkable in her appearance, except a look of settled yet patient anxiety, which deepened as the short October's day drew near to its close, and broad, slanting sunset gleams and shadows stole across the quiet little shrubbery and grass-plot upon which she looked out fixedly. The servants, after having made her the offer of refreshment which she declined—came and went upon their various errands, without any apparent consciousness of her presence. And this was an occasion upon which a personage of higher note might very easily have been overlooked—one of those times of general bustle, preparation and delightful confusion, when everybody seems to be busy helping somebody else; and the bonds of discipline undergo a not unpleasing relaxation. The family were going abroad. Two or three men servants, under the direction of an elderly duenna—with respectability imprinted on every wrinkle of her countenance and rustling out of every fold of her black silk dress—were busily cording trunks and portmanteaus. She stood over them, proud, pleased and important; for she was one of the travelling party—my young lady's own woman, who had waited upon her from her childhood. She looked upon her own trunk complacently. It carried her fortune; and, had she ever heard of Caesar, she could have made a very stately chat with a man who wore, like herself, the aspect of an old, privileged retainer. "Well, Mrs. Jenkyn," he remarked, "I cannot but say that I wish you well across the seas and back again, to tell us all that you have met with among the mounseers—for I reckon you will come back to Chedbury, and so perhaps will my lord, and so will Mrs. Moreton; but, as to our young lady, we shall have seen the last of her when she leaves the Park gates behind her to-morrow. There are not so many like her, from all I've heard of foreign parts—so good and so pretty; with so many acres at her back that they'll let her away from among them so easily. Take my word for it, some prince of the blood, or duke at the very least—for where you're going they're as thick as blackberries at Martinmas—will take and marry her, whether she likes it or not. Besides," he added, sinking his voice into a confidential whisper, "old stories'll be left on this side of the salt water. They won't cross it after her." The stranger in the window-seat started with a quick, uneasy movement. "This side or the other side," returned Mrs. Jenkyn, "it's not for them that eat the family's bread to be raking up what's past and gone and out of people's minds. And before strangers too," she added with a side glance in the direction of the window-seat. "You're always so touchy, Mrs. Jenkyn," returned the old man, speaking, however, in a submissive tone, "just as if nobody cared about the family but yourself. And what's the use of minding the woman who's sat there four mortal hours, and never stirred or spoken? She's either deaf or stupid." "I'm not so sure of that," replied the discreet Mrs. Jenkyn; and at this moment the woman, as if to justify the old lady's observation, roused herself from her deep preoccupation, and said abruptly: "Will any one take a second message from me to Mrs. Moreton? It is now getting late, and I want to be upon my way home."

Mrs. Jenkyn answered her very civilly: "I will go and carry your message. It is very seldom that Mrs. Moreton keeps any one waiting; but I suppose," she added, smiling, "nothing goes quite straight at a time like this." At that moment a bell rang. It was Mrs. Moreton's bell; she wished to see the person who had been waiting so long. "Here, William," said Mrs. Jenkyn, "show this good woman into the stone parlor. Mrs. Moreton will speak to her there; and, ma'am," she added, good-naturally, "you can take a look at the pictures on the grand staircase as you pass the foot of it." The gossiping old man, as they went along, had many things to point out to his silent, steadfast-looking companion. He left her, however, at the turning of one of the long passages to run back to the servants' hall with a bound which had stealthily strayed into forbidden precincts. Between this spot and the stone parlor there were several intricate windings, and he expected to find the woman standing exactly where he left her. Without his guidance, however, she had preceded him to the door of the stone parlor; and waited for him, with a look of abstraction as fixed as if her feet had brought her to that threshold of their own accord. "So, Mistress," exclaimed the old man, "you are not quite so much of a stranger in this house as I thought." He bent on her a look of keen scrutiny. She was too little conscious to be embarrassed by it, and replied quietly, "I have been here before." While this little scene was being acted below stairs, Mrs. Moreton—half governess, half friend to the heiress—was seated with her young pupil in the great drawing-room. They, too, had been very busy. This splendid apartment showed marks of disarrangement. The elder lady was immersed in accounts; the younger one had placed a little table within the embrasure of the deep, old-fashioned window, so as to give her drawing—upon which she was very intent the full benefit of the already declining daylight. She was about fifteen; fair, and ingenious-looking; of slender figure, with mild, almost melancholy, brown eyes. "I think I shall have time to finish this," she said musingly; "it will please papa when he comes home this evening, will it not, dear Mrs. Moreton?" "My lord will think that you have made great progress," replied that lady, without lifting her eyes from a very long line of figures. "I do think it is like old Chedbury—like enough, at any rate, to remind us of the place when we are away. Although, after all, there is nothing here that I shall much miss. You and papa and good old Jenkyn are all going with me; and who else is there in the world whom I care about? Yet," she went on, thinking aloud, "if I had some one to leave behind; some young, companion who would miss me and talk about me when I am far away, I think I should be happier. I sometimes think it very strange"—she looked up at Mrs. Moreton—"that my father has never allowed me to make any friends of my own age. But, of course," she added, after a pause, "he cannot be expected to enter into all that a girl feels. How different everything would have been if my mother had lived!" Without making her pupil any answer, Mrs. Moreton started up with a sudden exclamation, and ran to the bell. "Is it possible," she said, self-reproachfully, "that all this time I have forgotten the poor woman who asked to speak to me four hours ago?" Mrs. Moreton entered the stone parlor with some kind words of apology; and seated herself in her accustomed chair, prepared to lend her best attention to the visitor. But the woman—his she the same who sat out those four hours so patiently in the window-seat; who followed the old servant through the long passage with such a face of blank unquestioning apathy? Her look of settled pre-occupation had dropped from her face like a mask; yet her facial features, now revealed, wore a scarcely less fixed expression. Every line quivered with agitation; yet her eyes, through it all, were never removed from Mrs. Moreton's face. She held to the table for support. She trembled in every limb—not from timidity, but from anxiety, eagerness. Her soul was gathered up into her face. Mrs. Moreton did not particularly observe her. Her thoughts were still at work with the business of to-day and to-morrow. "Well, my good woman," she said mechanically, by way of opening the case, as she opened all cases that came before her in that stone parlor, as the delegated Lady Bountiful of Chedbury, "what can I do for you?" There was no rejoinder. "My time, to-day," she went on, in the same gentle, yet rather magisterial tone, "has gone to be rather valuable." "I am sorry," replied the stranger, "to have to trespass upon it." Mrs. Moreton, struck by something peculiar in the woman's voice,

looked up; for the first time became conscious of those eyes—earnest, imploring, and with an unspoken history that were fastened upon her own, and said, with much less of state and more of gentleness than she had yet shown, "You seem to be in some trouble. Can I do anything to help you?" "You can—you, and no one else in the world can." "I'm surely we have never met before," replied Mrs. Moreton, feeling by the woman's manner that hers was no case of every-day appeal for charity. "Pray tell me your name." The woman was silent, and her lips seemed to be slightly convulsed. At length, with a violent effort to conceal a strong emotion, she answered, "It is one that you have heard of, it is, or was, for I now hear it no longer, Elizabeth Barton." Mrs. Moreton's face had been lighted up with a kindly interest; but as shade, like the sudden falling of a curtain, now dropped across it, and shut out the sympathy she had begun to manifest. She rose, and said coldly, "In that case I am not aware of any matter in which I am likely to be able to serve you. I must refer you to Mr. Andrews, my lord's agent; he being the person with whom it will probably be most fitting for you to communicate." She then moved toward the door; but her effort to leave the room was vain. The visitor, like the old mariner in the weird story, held her with her eye. Before she could reach the door she tried to pass this strange, sad woman, and could not. "Listen to me, madam," exclaimed the visitor, "and then you will not mistake my errand. It is not Lord Chedbury; not his agent; not anything either of them could give me, if it were this great house itself, that I want. It is you—you only, that can help me, and it will help me—you *must*." She spoke these words almost authoritatively; yet, checking herself, went on in a tone of deep and touching submission. "You are a good lady, Mrs. Moreton; you have every one's good word. You will not make yourself hard against the supplication of a broken heart. God himself has promised to listen to it." Mrs. Moreton trembled. She was indeed a woman of this world, but with much tenderness and large sympathies. "I do not feel harshly toward you—forgive me if I appeared harsh—but your coming here took me by surprise. Lord Chedbury's orders are exceedingly strict respecting you; and I understood that you were settled comfortably in your own station in life, far above any kind of want." "I am settled comfortably," returned the woman; "above want above my hopes. I have a kind husband, a home and children. Every one is good to me. No one casts up my fault to me. No one, I think, remembers it now, except myself, when, upon my knees, I ask God to forgive me that, and all my other sins. That I had ever known Chedbury, or seen Lord Robert—he was Lord Robert then—would have sunk into the past long before this, like a dream—except for one thing—oh! Mrs. Moreton, my daughter! Her, too, I had put from me, as much as a mother can forget her child; but since I heard you were all going beyond seas—perhaps forever—something that will that has come over me—it is a fire in my heart. Have pity upon me. I do not ask to speak to her—not to say nor to hear one word. She need not know that it is her mother—need not know that there is such a person in the whole world. All I ask is to see her—only to see her—my daughter, only to see my daughter." Mrs. Moreton was deeply agitated. "It's impossible, and it is cruel in you," she said, "to ask it—cruel to yourself, cruel to me, trusted as I am by Lord Chedbury; cruel, most of all, to her. You know under what strict conditions his lordship brought home his daughter, so soon as the death of the old lord, his father, made this house his own. As you know, too, that these conditions, hard as they might seem, were dictated by no personal or unkindness toward yourself; but grew out of your daughter's altered position, and a sense of what is due to the station she will one day occupy. She has been trained carefully in all the ideas that befit a young gentlewoman of rank. She has as yet seen little of the world, and knows nothing of its evils. She left you at three years old, not more innocent than she still is now." Mrs. Moreton paused a moment and went on with emotion: "That opening life that young unsullied mind, who should I—what would you have to answer for if we darkened it by a shadow of bygone misery and evil in which she had no share? She has been taught to believe her mother dead. My poor woman," she went on solemnly, "you must be dead to her. A day will come, not in this world, when you may claim her for your own."

first-born child am talking about? Did you ever feel a child's arms clinging round your neck, and find the little being growing to you day by day as nothing else can grow; loving you—whether you are the best woman in the world or the worst—as nothing else will ever love you; not even itself when it grows older, and other things come between its little heart and yours?" Mrs. Moreton returned to her chair, sank into it, and thought. The stranger saw her advantage. She flung herself on her knees before Mrs. Moreton. She kissed the hands in which she believed the balance of her fate to be trembling. She kissed her very gown, and covered it with tears. Mrs. Moreton, withdrawn within in severe colloquy with herself, was scarcely conscious of these passionate demonstrations. It was her heart she communed with; bearing on it, although a little dimmed by constant attention with the world, a higher image than that with which a somewhat rigid traditionalism to convention had impressed her outward aspect. There was a pause of a few moments. "Even if I am doing right in this,"—so she reasoned with herself—"the world will blame me. Yet, if I am doing wrong, God will forgive me." She rose from her chair. "Get up," she said, "my poor woman. You shall see your daughter. But you must first make me one solemn promise. I am trusting you very deeply; can you trust yourself?" The woman made a gesture of passionate avowal; for at that moment she could not speak. "Swear, then," said Mrs. Moreton, "swear that you will be true to yourself and to me; that you will pass through the room in which she is sitting without either word or look that can betray you." She rang the bell. "Send Mrs. Jenkyn to me." "Jenkyn," she said, when the confidential servant appeared, "this good woman's business with me is over; but as she comes from a distance, I should like her to see something of the house before she leaves. You can show her over the principal rooms; as much as there is time for before dark." "And the great drawing-room, ma'am?" inquired Mrs. Jenkyn. "Certainly; it will not disturb your young lady in the least." It was rather an extensive orbit that the two had to traverse; and the old housekeeper, who had resolved in it so many years, moved so slowly—at least, so it seemed to her companion—from point to point, from picture to picture, that, by the time they reached the great drawing-room, the sunlight had almost faded from it. Almost; for there was still a strong slanting golden beam that played and flickered about the picture-frames, and glanced to and fro upon the white and gold of the heavy, carved arm-chairs—a few moments, and it would be gone. The girl, who, sitting in the window, rejoiced in this after-thought of the sun, which gave her a little more time to finish her drawing—did not know how lovely it made her; kissing her innocent young forehead, and shining like a benediction upon her smooth, resting hair. She went on quietly with her sketch; Mrs. Moreton, who had returned to see that faith was kept, preserved over her accounts. Mrs. Jenkyn and the woman walked round the room very slowly. When they reached the door that led into an inner apartment, Mrs. Jenkyn, with her hand upon the lock, said, "And this used to be the favorite sitting-room of my lady, my lord's mother." She held the door open; but her companion still lingered. Mrs. Moreton looked up from her accounts and said impressively, "I think you have now seen all in this room, and Mrs. Jenkyn has more to show you in the others." "But why," said the young lady, speaking for the first time, "but without looking up from her occupation, "should the good woman be hurried away until she has seen as much as she wishes? Pray stay," she said, with a sort of careless sweetness, still without looking up, "as long as you can find anything to amuse you. You do not disturb us in the least." Almost while she spoke, she suddenly rose and flitted about the room from table to table, in search of something needed for her drawing. She soon found it; but once, before she returned to her seat, she passed close to the woman—so close that her silk dress rustled against the homely duffle cloak; mother and daughter really so near—conventionally so distant—with a world between them. Mrs. Jenkyn's fingers were again upon the door handle, and the concluding part of her often-told narrative was upon her lips. They had still the state bedroom to see, and they passed into the bondoir. "And this," she went on, "was my lady's favorite apartment. It used in her day to be called the blue drawing-room, because—But you are tired," she said, remarking that her companion's attention wandered. "Yes—no," said the visitor, incoherently. "I must go back. I have forgotten something in the next room."

She did go back. She turned the handle of the great folding-door, but before she could push it open, she was met by a heavy resistance from within. In the half-opened space stood Mrs. Moreton, confronting her with a stern, admonitory whisper: "Woman! are you mad or wicked?"

The mother stood arrested, guilty. She turned to follow the housekeeper, but there was an anguish at her heart that could not be controlled.

"Hark!" exclaimed the young lady, her pencil falling from her fingers, and she turning pale as death, "what is that?"

Mrs. Moreton shuddered. A cry, piercing and marvellous like that of a dumb creature in agony, burst from the inner room.

They rushed together into the boudoir. "It was the poor woman, ladies," said the housekeeper, anxiously. "I fear she is very ill. It has come upon her quite of a sudden."

She was standing up in the middle of the room, rigid as if her feet had grown into the unslid boards. Her eyes were glassy, and her mouth was drawn a little to one side.

"Run, Jenkin," exclaimed the young lady, "for wine, or whatever is most necessary. We will attend to her."

"She took the poor woman by the arm; she drew her into a chair; she bent over her; she rubbed her cold hands in her own. When the wine was brought, she raised the glass to the patient's lips; and while she did so, the sufferer's breath came and went thickly, with a hard stifling effort. She felt that kind young heart beating against her own. Who can tell who but the Giver of all consolation."

Who but the Giver of all consolation. What balm there was in that one moment; what deep, unspoken communion; what longing for a life-long wound? But the mother kept silence even from good words. Only, while the young lady was so tenderly busying herself about her, she took hold, as it were unconsciously, of one of the folds of her dress. She stroked it with her hand; she smoothed it down, as if pleased with its softness; and, so long as she dared to hold it she did not let it go.

It was almost dark. The young lady stood at the window of the great drawing-room, looking after a solitary slowly retreating figure, still distinctly visible, in spite of the grey dusk spreading like a veil over lawn and lake and garden; through which the distant mausoleum loomed dimly above the woods.

"The poor woman," she said, softly; "she is not fit to travel home alone; yet she would neither consent to stay all night, as I wished, nor let old William drive her. Strange, was it not, Mrs. Moreton?"

But Mrs. Moreton had left the room. The young heiress still looked out upon the scene she was so soon to leave, as her destiny had decreed, for ever. She mused on she knew not what. Her heart was stirred an invisible touch had been upon it. She leaned her head pensively against the window, while many thoughts, as vague as the shadows that were so thickly falling round her, chased each other rapidly through her fancy. Many visions gathered round her; but among them there was no presage of the coronet that afterwards spanned her brow—the coronet of the princely yet peasant-descended house of Storza. Still she watched the retreating figure, until it was lost in the deepening darkness; and when she did turn from the window, she heaved a deep and pining sigh.

Her sadness suited the hour of twilight, and it passed with it. She knew not, nor did she ever know, who had that day been so near to her.

Marion's Birthday.

"Music and dancing to-day," said Dr. Jeddler, speaking to himself. "I thought they dreaded to-day. But it's a world of contradictions. Why, Grace, why, Marion?" he added aloud, "is the world more mad than usual this morning?"

"Make some allowance for it, father, if it be," replied his youngest daughter, Marion, going close to him, and looking into his face, "for it's somebody's birthday."

"Somebody's birthday, Puss," replied the doctor. "Don't you know it's always somebody's birthday? By-the-by, I suppose it's your birthday?"

"No! Do you really, father?" cried his pet daughter, pursing up her red lips to be kissed.

"Well! but where did you get the music?" asked the doctor.

"Alfred sent the music," said his daughter Grace, adjusting some flowers in Marion's hair.

"Oh! Alfred sent the music, did he?" returned the doctor.

"Yes; he met it coming out of the town as he was entering early. The men are travelling on foot, and rested there last night; and as it was Marion's birthday, and he thought it would please her, he sent them on, with a penciled note to me, saying that if I thought so too, they would come to serenade her."

"Ay, ay," said the doctor carelessly, "he always takes your opinion."

"And my opinion being favorable, and Marion being in high spirits, we danced to Alfred's music until we are both out of breath. And

we thought the music all the gayer for being sent by Alfred. Didn't we, dear Marion?"

"Oh, I don't know, Grace. How you tease me about Alfred!"

"I tease you by mentioning your lover?"

"My sure! I don't much care to have him mentioned," said the willful beauty. "I'm almost tired of hearing of him, and as to his being my lover—"

"Hush! Don't speak lightly of a true heart which is all your own, Marion."

It was agreeable to see the graceful figures of the blooming sisters twined together, lingering among the trees, love responding tenderly to love. The difference between them, in respect to age, could not exceed four years; but Grace, as often happens when no mother watches over both, seemed, in her gentle care of her younger sister, older than she was.

"Britain?" cried the doctor. "Britain, Hark!"

A small man, with an unceremoniously sour and discontented face, emerged from the house, and exclaimed, "Aa, aah!"

"Where's the breakfast table?" said the doctor.

"In the house," returned Britain.

"Are you going to spread it out here, as you were told last night?" said the doctor. "Don't you know there are gentlemen coming? That there is impudence to be done this morning before the coach comes by? That this is a very particular occasion, the birthday of Alfred, when our guardianship of him ends, and he leaves our home and goes abroad? Come! make haste! Where is Clemency?"

"Here I am, Mister. Everything shall be ready for you in half a minute, Mister."

"Here are them two lawyers a-comeing, Mister," said Clemency, in a tone of no very good will.

"Aha!" advancing to the gate to meet them. "Good-morning, good-morning! Grace, my dear! Marion! Here are Messrs. Stutchey and Craggs. Where's Alfred?"

"He'll be back directly, father, no doubt," said Grace. "He had so much to do this morning in his preparations for departure, that he was up and out by daybreak. Good-morning, gentlemen."

"Happy returns, Alf," said the doctor, as Alfred approached the company.

"A hundred happy returns of this auspicious day, Mr. Alfred Heathfield," said Stutchey, bowing low.

"Now, Alfred," said the doctor, "for a word or two of business, while we are yet at breakfast."

"And now it Britain will oblige us with some ink," said Mr. Stutchey, returning to the papers. "We'll sign, seal and deliver as soon as possible, or the coach will be coming past before we know where we are."

In brief, the doctor was discharged of his trust as Alfred's guardian; and Alfred, taking it on himself, was fairly started on the journey of his life.

"Britain!" said the doctor, "run to the gate and watch for the coach. Time flies, Alfred!"

"Yes, sir, yes," returned the young man hurriedly. "Dear Grace, a moment. Marion so young and beautiful—dear to my heart as nothing else in life is—remember! I leave Marion to you until I return to claim her."

"She has always been a sacred charge to me, Alfred. She is doubly so now. I will be faithful to my trust, believe me."

"Coming down the road!" cried Britain.

"Marion, dearest heart, good-by. Sister Grace, remember!"

The coach was at the gate. There was the usual bustle with the luggage. The coach drove away. Marion never moved.

"He waves his hat to you, my love," said Grace. "Your chosen husband, darling, look!"

The younger sister raised her head for a moment, and then turned and said: "Oh, Grace, I cannot bear to see it. I cannot bear to hear you talk so about him."

CHAPTER II.

STUTCHEY & CRAGGS had a snug little office on the Old Battle Ground, where they drove a snug little business. They sat opposite each other at a neighboring desk. One of the fire-proof boxes was upon it, part of its contents was spread upon the table, and the rest was then in course of passing through the hands of Mr. Stutchey. He looked at every paper singly, shook his head, and handed them to Mr. Craggs, who likewise shook his head and laid them down. The name on the box was Michael Warden, Esquire, and we may infer that the affairs of Michael Warden were in a bad way.

"That's all," said Mr. Stutchey. "Really there is no other resource—no other resource."

"All lost, spent, wasted, pawned, borrowed, and sold, eh?" said the client, looking up from his abstractions.

"All," returned Mr. Stutchey.

"Nothing else to be done, you say?"

"Nothing at all."

The client bit his nails and pondered again. "I'm not personally safe in England?"

"In no part of the United Kingdom."

"A mere prodigal son with no father to go

home to and no wine to feed his hawks to share with them, eh?"

"Not so bad as that. You are not entirely ruined. A little nursing—"

"You talk of nursing. How long nursing?"

"Six or seven years."

"To starve for six or seven years," said the client, "and to live all that time abroad? Well, you don't like to have me starve."

"We can secure you a few hundreds a year. I am not only deep in debt," said the client, "but I am deep in love."

"Not in love," cried Stutchey.

"Yes, deep in love," said the client.

"With an heiress?"

"Not with an heiress."

"A single lady, I trust," said Mr. Stutchey.

"Certainly."

"It is not one of Dr. Jeddler's daughters? I heard of your spending six weeks at his house after your accident."

"Yes," returned the client, "it is his youngest daughter, Marion."

"I am happy to say it don't signify, Mr. partner, and I know the facts."

"Why should I? What of that? Are you men of the world, and did you never hear of a woman changing her mind?"

"There certainly has been witness to that of all the scrapes Mr. Warden's horse has brought him into addressing his partner, the worst scrape may turn out to be his having been left by one of them at the doctor's garden wall, with three broken ribs, a snapped collar-bone, and the Lord knows how many bruises. It looks bad, sir, very bad. Dr. Jeddler, too, our client, Mr. Craggs."

"Mr. Alfred Heathfield, too, a sort of client, Mr. Stutchey."

"Mr. Michael Warden, too, a kind of client," said the careless visitor.

"He can do it, too. She dotes on Alfred," said Mr. Stutchey.

"Does she?" asked the client. "She avoids his name, shrinks from the least allusion to it, with evident distress."

"My story passes in a quiet little study, where on that same night the sisters and the hair-did doctor sat by a cheerful fireside."

"It is only me, Mister," said Clemency, putting her head in at the door.

"And what's the matter with you?" said the doctor.

"Nothing, ain't the matter with me," said Clemency, entering, "but come a little nearer, Mister," and she stily handed him a letter.

"Here, girls," cried the doctor, "my life help it, I never could keep a secret in my life. Alfred is coming home, my dears, directly. He wanted it to be a surprise to you."

"Directly!" repeated Marion.

"Why, perhaps not what your impatience calls 'directly,'" returned the doctor, "but pretty soon, too. He promises to be here this day month."

"This day month!" repeated Marion.

"A gay day, and a holiday for us," said the cheerful voice of her sister Grace.

One night as Britain and Clemency were conversing in the kitchen, after the family had retired, they were startled by a noise outside.

"Hark! that's a curious noise. Are they all a-bed upstairs?"

"Yes," replied Clemency.

Britain ventured out to look round. Clemency remained in the kitchen, and was immediately joined by Marion.

"Hush!" said Marion. "You have always loved me, have you not? I am sure I may trust you. There is some one out there, and I must see him. Don't go to bed, send off Britain and wait for me here. Oh, be true to me!"

"All still and peaceable," said Britain, on his imagination. "One of the effects of having a lively return, you see. Why, what's the matter?"

"Matter!" she repeated, "that's good in you, Britain, that is! After going and frightening one out of one's life with noises and lanterns."

Britain, after declaring it was impossible to account for a woman's whims, bade Clemency good night and retired.

When all was quiet Marion returned.

"Open the door," said she, "and stand there close beside me, while I speak to him outside."

A month soon passes even at the tightest pace. The day arrived. A raging winter day.

Mr. and Mrs. Craggs came arm in arm, but Mr. Stutchey came alone. Many other guests were present, to welcome Alfred home. Mr. Stutchey whispered to his partner after the music had struck up. Craggs started.

"Has he gone?"

"Hush! He has been with me for three hours or more. He drops down in his boat on the river precisely at twelve."

"Has Alfred arrived?"

"Not yet—expected every minute."

"Stir up the fire, let him see his welcome blazing out of the windows upon the night."

He was lit—yes! From the chaos he caught the light as he came near the house. Tears were in his eyes. His heart throbbled violently. How he had longed for that hour!

"Clemency," he said, "don't you know me?"

"Don't come in, to-day."

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed.

"I don't know. I am afraid to think, to look back."

There was a sudden tumult in the house. Grace rushed to the door.

"Grace," he caught her in his arms. "What is it? Is she dead?"

She disengaged herself, and fell at his feet.

"What is it? Will no one tell me?"

There was a murmur among them. "She's gone."

"I don't see how Alfred came from her home and so. She writes that she has made her in heaven and heavenless choice. Entreat us to forgive her, and to give," exclaimed the doctor.

"With whom? Where?"

There was hurrying to and fro, confusion, noise, disorder. Alfred never heard them, he never stirred.

CHAPTER III.

The world has grown six years older since that night of the return. The village inn was kept by Mr. Britain, who had married Clemency. Dr. Jeddler died, and the latter of the pair had been dismissed by the doctor for the part he took in Marion's elopement. Mr. and Mrs. Britain were sitting down to tea, when a gentleman stirred in a morning coat, cravat and hooded, like a rider on horseback, stood at the bar door.

"Is this a new house?" inquired the stranger.

"Not particularly new, between five and six years old," said Clemency.

"I think I heard you mention Dr. Jeddler's name as I came in. Is the old gentleman living?"

"Yes, he's living."

"Much changed?"

"Since when?" returned Clemency, with great curiosity.

"Since his daughter went away."

"Yes," he's greatly changed since then," said Clemency. "He's grey and old. He hasn't had the same way with him since, but I think he's happy in it. A great change came over him in a year or two, and he began to talk about his lost daughter and to praise her, and to ever tried to tell that she was beautiful and good, and was. He learned that she was perfectly happy with the most honorable and devoted of husbands. That was about the same time as Miss Grace's marriage to Alfred."

"The water is married then?"

"They were married on Marion's birthday, and no two people ever lived more happily together."

"And what is the after-history of the young lady who went away?"

"I've heard that Dr. Jeddler knew it all. Miss Grace has had letters from her sister, and written letters back. But there's a mystery about her life which only one other person could tell."

"Who may that be?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Michael Warden," said Clemency, much excited.

"Oh! I see you remember me."

"Your story need not be prolonged. Mr. Michael Warden brought back Marion, a most happy and beloved wife. The family were reunited, honored and respected by all their neighbors, and lived many years in great prosperity and peace."

THE DAUNTLESS FEW.

He of good cheer, ye firm and dauntless few,
Whose struggle is to work an unloved good,
Ye shall be taunted by reviling rade,
Ye shall be scorned for that which ye pursue;
Ye faint not—but be ever strict and true,
Greatness must learn to be misunderstood,
And perseverance is your better foe.
Who, the great promptings of the spirit do,
Though no one seem to hear, yet ever word
That thou hast linked into an earnest thought
Hath fiery wings, and shall be clearly heard
When thy frail lips to silent dust are brought
God's guidance keeps thee noble thoughts that shine
With the great harmony, beyond all time.

It is known that the Princess of Wales to give her "mental photograph" in one of the albums for this purpose that used to be so fashionable, but now have gone out of date. She gave her favorite name as "Dagmar," which is that of her sister, the Empress of Russia, her favorite dish "Yorkshire pudding," her favorite hour, "twilight," her favorite art, "millinery," her favorite occupation, "minding my own business." The Princess is evidently a woman of good sense.

This following advertisement was some years ago posted up at North Shields: "Whereas several idle and disorderly persons have lately made a practice of riding on an ass belonging to Mr. —, now lost any accident should happen, he takes this method of informing the public that he has determined to shoot the said ass, and cautions any person who may be riding on it at the same time to take care of himself, lest by some unfortunate mistake he should shoot the wrong one."



HIDDEN CHORDS.

The present hour repeats upon its strings
Echoes of some vague dream we have forgotten
Dust whose winner had remembered things
And when we pause to listen, answer not

Forholdings come, we know not how or whence,
That bring a nameless fear upon the soul,
And stir within our hearts a sadder sense
Than light may read or wisdom may control

And who can tell what secret links of thought
Bind heart to heart? Unspoken things are heard,
And within our deepest selves was brought
The soul, perhaps, of some unnumbered world.

But though a veil of shadows hangs between
That hidden life and what we see and hear,
Let us reverse the power of the unseen,
Because a world of mystery is near.

A Rich Man's Wealth What Shall He Do With It?

By CHARLES F. DEEMS, LL.D., PASTOR CHURCH OF THE STRANGERS, N. Y.

This question was addressed to me in a letter from a personal friend, who, I think, is going to be a very rich man, with the desire that I should answer it. My whole reply can be put in a solitary sentence: A rich man should do with his wealth what a poor man should do with his, namely, get the good of it.

Wealth does not always mean money. It sometimes means prosperity, happiness and well-doing. But, in any sense of the term, I adhere to my answer. If the mere money were the thing in the eye of my friend when he wrote his question, my answer still holds good.

A poor man has some money, a prosperous man has more, a millionaire has exceedingly much. Now, there is one rule which should govern each. Each must consider the capabilities there are in money, and each must devote his intellect to the discovery of how he can so employ these capabilities as to get the very greatest possible good out of it.

To do that, it is very plain, in the first place, that money must be used. Unused money is just as valueless as any other unused thing. A million of dollars laid away in a safe are just as useless as a million of pennies, or a million

in small quantities or large. What good can I get out of this money? is not a mean question. If God gives any man large wealth, it would seem to me an indication of His providence that that man should have large enjoyments. Every pleasure becoming him as a rational, responsible and immortal person he may safely take out of his money. He will not go into excesses because he has excessive riches, for that would be to get the evil there is in the money.

But no man can have lived in the world without discovering that the greatest enjoyments which a man can possibly have are not those which consist in taking care of himself, great as they are, but in what he does for others. If there were no higher motive than the purest and best self-love, a man should spend much of his time and much of his money in considering and supplying the wants of others; but he who has never done that has never known life's highest rapture. He has only known what the sleek and petted horse in his stable has enjoyed.

Men of wealth ought to take time to consider how they are to spend their money; whereas, it seems to me that, in a large majority of cases, the only question they consider is how to increase their money. There is a moral responsibility connected with all possessions. A man must answer to God as well for every dollar of his money as for every minute of his time. It does not seem to me that the wisest way is for a man to spend all his lifetime accumulating immense estates which he intends shall go into benevolent work after his death, and then transfer the whole responsibility of the management of those estates to the shoulders of others, after his death, by a few sentences written in his will. He fails to discharge the duty of managing his money. He fails to have that most divine joy of seeing his self-sacrifice produce blessings for others.

Nor should a rich man say, "I have accumulated a very great deal of money; I will set apart enough to carry me through life, and then I will give the balance away;" and having so said, commence to give to every beggar that comes, and simply ease his conscience by allowing others to ease him of his money. That would not only be foolish, but it would be absolutely criminal. It would be that premium on mendacity which so many easy, lazy people now make, with the thought that they are liberal. A man should think where each thousand dollars will do the most good, not simply in relieving the pressing immediate wants of those about him, but in opening fountains of benefactions that shall run years after he is dead. There is no blessing pronounced on the

he is like a thirsty man who quenches his thirst with draughts of water.

So my answer is that a rich man must do with his wealth that which will cause him to have the good of it. The question for him to decide is, What is having the good of it? If he were merely an animal, and not a rational, he were merely an animal, and then he get moral, responsible animal, then when he get from money what his horse gets, namely, food and grooming, he would get all the good he is capable of receiving. But a man is not a brute. He is capable of aesthetic and moral enjoyments which the brute does not possess, and he has influence over his fellows which the brute does not exert; and it must always be in remembrance of those steadfast, solemn facts that he is to ask himself how shall he get the greatest good out of his money.

Scientists Disagreeing.

SCIENTISTS are not agreed as to the identity of the comet that was discovered a few weeks ago by a young astronomer in Albany, N. Y. If it fulfills half of the promises made for it, we may expect to behold, in May or June, a celestial spectacle, such as has not been equalled since 1808 or 1811. This comet, though some 200,000,000 miles from its perihelion, which it will not reach for two or three months, shows a bright tail and a star-like nucleus. The inference is fair that the comet is a very large one, and that when it gets into our neighborhood it will present a magnificent appearance. One writer, Prof. Chandler, says it is plunging straight into the sun, and Prof. Proctor says that if it does fall into the sun the result will be to excite the frame of the sun to a lustre and heat which would prove destructive to every living creature upon earth; while Mr. W. Mutton Williams, author of "Fuel of the Sun," and a well-known scientist, declares that if the comet of 1880 should shower its contents into the sun its most effect upon some portions of the world would be improved harvests, and a fuller ripening of fruit.

The only other comets in the long list of those bodies, whose orbits have been calculated, which approached anything like as near to the sun as the one expected bids fair to do, are the comet of 370 B. C., the comet of 1698, the comet of 1680, often called Newton's Comet, the comet of 1843, and the comet of 1880. The last named was observed only in South America and Australia and at the Cape of Good Hope. It was the nearness of the approach of the comet of 1880 which led Newton to anticipate possible peril to the earth from the fall of a great comet into the sun.

The appearance of this new comet on the heels of the discussion awakened by Mr. Proctor's suggestion gives the subject renewed interest, especially in view of the announcement that the coming comet is going so close to the sun. While the scientists are agreed on this point, it should be noticed that there is a discrepancy between the estimates of the perihelion distance made by Prof. Chandler and Prof. Boss, the latter making the distance considerably greater than that above given. The question whether the earth may not at some time be in danger from a great comet, is all the more interesting, because men of science are not in accord upon it. Mr. Proctor is not the only astronomer who thinks that, if ever the world is to be destroyed with heat, it will be when a great comet plunges into the sun.

They say it would require a body, having a mass something like that of Jupiter, to produce such effects, and, compared with Jupiter, the most massive comet ever seen are mere pygmies. Prof. Young has pointed out that if a comet fell into the sun the increase of heat would be mainly used up in producing expansion of the sun's orb, and would afterward be radiated out again through a long space of years. Another very interesting objection has been raised to Mr. Proctor's theory, namely: that as three quarters of the surface which the earth presents to the sun are covered with deep water, such an increase of the sun's heat as the fall of a comet might produce would cause a great increase of evaporation, which would use up all the extra heat, and so protect the earth from harm. According to this view we are reasonably safe so long as the oceans last, and the sun does not get too hot.

The reply to these objections of the scientists to one another's theories may be made, that although no known comet is great enough to cause us harm by its downfall upon the earth, yet we do not know but that comets exist

thousands of times more massive than any that human eyes have ever seen, and that such a comet may at some time pay us a visit. In fact we have had rather a distant view of one comet that really seemed to belong to an order of magnitude different from ordinary comets—a sort of celestial whale among fishes. This was the comet of 1811, which had a head almost as big as the sun itself; but it kept far away from us. Mr. Proctor says that if such a comet should rush upon the sun it would soon show us what it could do. But his opponents say that even the downfall of the comet of 1811, although it might make the weather uncomfortably hot for us, would not "dissolve the elements with fervent heat." Those who have a lingering suspicion of danger may take comfort in the fact that when this huge comet disappeared it was travelling on a track that must have carried it uncounted billions of miles away from the solar system, so that it is not likely to return in thousands of years, if ever. That the astronomer themself does not much alarm is shown by the fact that they are all very anxious to witness the promised spectacle of the downfall of a comet in 1897, or thereabouts.

Whether the coming comet's close approach to the sun will throw any light on the question, of course cannot be foretold; but all the present indications are, that it will pay its respects to the ruler of the solar system with royal splendor, presenting, perhaps, such a scene as was witnessed when the great comet of 1264, which failed to return, as expected, in 1760, spanned the heavens with its tail. In the meantime, there is no occasion for anybody to be alarmed, but good reason for everybody to rejoice; that we are likely to witness one of the grandest phenomena of the skies. Scientists may go on with their discussions; unmathematical people will have more faith in Him who made the comets, and now controls them, than in their theories, which sometimes amount to little more than guesses.



TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

Temperance is a tree which has for fruit calm and peace. —BERBERA.

Man's Way to the Devil. Dr. Adam Clarke, the learned commentator, once said: "Strong drink is not only the devil's way into a man, but man's way to the devil."

Women Hardest to Convert. It is the testimony of the most experienced temperance workers that it is much more difficult to convert women from intemperance than men, notwithstanding they receive in their own persons the bulk of the untimely fruits of drunkenness.

Blind Leaders of the Blind. Those who talk, pray and preach temperance, yet go to the polls and vote for a candidate or party favoring rum, and use as an argument for so doing that the time for taking temperance into politics has not yet come, are hypocritical, and blind leaders of the blind.

Revenue from the Drink Traffic. A great deal is said about revenue from drink. It is the best thing that can be said about it; but be it remembered that it is a revenue that strips homes of purity, bread, clothing and all that makes home happy. A government that has to be kept up by such a revenue had better go down.

How a Queen Punishes Intemperance.—The Queen of Madagascar enforces a penalty of ten oxen and two pounds on any persons found manufacturing intoxicating drinks, and a lighter fine she imposes on those who sell or drink it. If they cannot pay, they are compelled to work it out in durance vile at the rate of sixpence a day.

How Men Become Drunkards.—Men do not become drunkards all at once. They are first moderate drinkers, and in due time they are sots. Were all the drunkards removed from the world and moderate drinking still permitted, in a short time the drunkards would be as abundant as now. The habit of moderate drinking is a seed-bed of a new and heavy harvest of sots.

Lager Beer Parties.—It is said that in some places in the United States lager beer parties are indulged in by the young of both sexes. They range from sixteen to twenty years. These parties are held in private houses, and the father and mother who will indulge their son or daughter in a party of this kind is committing a crime which will some day bring them and other parents who do not know where their children are, to their graves in sorrow.



"WHAT IS THE MATTER?" HE EXCLAIMED.
"I DON'T KNOW, I—I AM AFRAID TO THINK. GO BACK, HARK!" (See 3d Page.)

of wafers, or a million of sand grains. In none of these cases is there growth for the future. In none of these cases is there utility for the present.

It has seemed to me that money is very much like the water in the skinbags which the traveler carries on his journey across the desert. He may spill the whole in the sands where it can never be gathered up; or, he may send all his bags of water untouched to the place which he set out to reach. In both cases he may perish in the wilderness. There is a third thing he may do. He may use it all along, at each stage, as may be best for him, and so, by exhausting his water, preserve his life. He is reduced to the alternative of doing the one or the other. If he be a prudent man he will use his water, not lavishly but discreetly, and thus get the whole good out of all that he starts with. It is so with money, whether a man have it

person who gives to every poor man. The Holy Scriptures say, "Blessed is he who considers the poor," who studies their peculiar wants in order to relieve them in the best way.

I have a number of acquaintances in my circle to whom it would be easier to draw a check for a thousand dollars than to spend one hour in bending their whole intellects to the consideration of a case that already has some claim upon them. A rich man ought no more to bestow his money thoughtlessly upon what are called charities, than a business man ought to bestow his money thoughtlessly upon what are called investments. When a man bestows his benefactions thus, it is, so far as he himself is concerned, as when a thirsty man has a pail of cold water thrown over him; but when he places his money thoughtfully, and knows how it is doing good—the best he can make it—then

of heat would be mainly used up in producing expansion of the sun's orb, and would afterward be radiated out again through a long space of years. Another very interesting objection has been raised to Mr. Proctor's theory, namely: that as three quarters of the surface which the earth presents to the sun are covered with deep water, such an increase of the sun's heat as the fall of a comet might produce would cause a great increase of evaporation, which would use up all the extra heat, and so protect the earth from harm. According to this view we are reasonably safe so long as the oceans last, and the sun does not get too hot.

The reply to these objections of the scientists to one another's theories may be made, that although no known comet is great enough to cause us harm by its downfall upon the earth, yet we do not know but that comets exist



morsels of Bread for Wayfarers.

"He that gathereth in summer is a wise son; but he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame."—Prov. x 5.

NOW SUMMER BLINKS ON FLOWERY BRAES,
AND O'er the CRYSTAL STREAMLET PLAYS

The Education of Children.

When, in a few words, can awaken the soul to a full sense of the wrong done by parents, who neglect to educate their children—and how can so trite a subject be so distilled, as not to fall dull on the ear, like an off-told tale? Millions of persons stand in this relation; and most of them deal with it as with air and water—the commonest and cheapest things in nature! These relations are, indeed, the freest gifts of God to man; but we are too apt to forget that as air and water, which are designed to nourish all, become stagnant, and the sources of pestilence and death when left without motion—so from neglected education springs almost every evil that sickens, desolates and poisons life. To the mother chiefly belongs the moral education of her child, which should commence with the opening of its intelligence, and be carried on through life; to the father mainly appertains the physical branch, and the intellectual is mostly entrusted to others in schools, colleges and universities; but all are bound reciprocally to aid each other in the important work, they being responsible to God, their children and their country, for what manner of man or woman they usher into life. But how often are the morals of the children left to nurses and to chance; the vigor, health and graces to the child's pleasures and caprices; and the intellectual acquirements referred to the nearest school. No wonder there is to be seen so much wasted, abused and degraded life. Few parents, we fear, have a just and true appreciation of their responsibility. They cannot shift it upon other. Wee to those who attempt to do so.

Charles Robert Darwin.

MR. DARWIN, who died a few weeks ago, was born in 1809 and graduated at Cambridge University, England, in 1832, and from that time till 1836 he was voyaging around the world in the *Beagle*, during which time he was an intense and enthusiastic student of nature, and afterwards became the first and most learned naturalist that has ever lived. His principal works, those that embody his peculiar theories, and are his chief title to fame, are "The Origin of Species," published in 1859, and "The Descent of Man," in 1871 and 1874. "Darwinism" and "Evolution," are two words that are popularly regarded as interchangeable, but they represent two very distinct theories. Some evolutionists are not Darwinians, and some Darwinians do not accept the whole theory of evolution. Mr. Darwin was not only a man of many personal virtues, but at least a nominal Christian. As a matter of fact there are many Darwinians who are Christians of unswerving conviction. The amount of truth contained in his theories is not yet a matter of settled opinion among men of science. The Christian religion is in no danger of suffering from the theories and discoveries of either his friends or opponents. The scientific world has lost one of its brightest lights in his death.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

By the death of Mr. Longfellow America has lost one of its most honored literary men, as well as one of its purest, most upright, and most highly respected citizens. For half a century he has contributed to the literature of the world, both in prose and poetry, and we know of no line which "dying he could wish to blot." He never uttered a sentiment which was not in unison with the loftiest morality and the highest beauty. Poetry to him was what it was to Coleridge, "its own exceeding great reward." No minstrel was ever more wedded to his lyre; he carried it about with him like a troubadour of the old Provencal times, and it was the love of his life. He was the poet of nature and humanity. His life was calm, self-possessed and without a stain. He was no controversialist, hence no quarrel; he was a loyal husband, hence no scandals are hidden under the sod that covers him. He has done much to leave the world better than he found it. He was one of the worthiest of Americans mentally and morally, and his memory will be held in deep reverence by all people in all countries capable of admiring his genius and through goodness.

A Disgraceful Funeral.

THERE has seldom, if ever, occurred more disgraceful scenes than the religious demonstration made at the funeral of Jesse James, the murderer and outlaw of the State of Missouri, where he was shot dead by an accomplice. Everybody, we are told, turned out to his funeral, which took place from the Baptist Church in which he was said to have been converted in 1866 and of which his own father had been pastor! Not less than three ministers officiated at the funeral, the services of which were opened by the singing of the hymn "What a friend we have in Jesus." When Christian ministers rendered the soul of a man who has murdered a hundred persons as received into glory through some mysterious incense which they fail to explain, while honest men are shut away in outer darkness, they must not wonder if able and daring infidels make capital, not only against the preachers of such stuff, but against the religion they pretend to expound. If Christian ministers do not want religion beaten down, they must not put clubs in the hands of men like Ingersoll to do it with. There probably never was a more notorious murderer, thief, train-wrecker and outlaw than this same Jesse James—shot down and killed without ever giving one single sign of repentance, or desire to live a better life; and yet these three ministers gave their hearers to understand that, such was Christ's mercy, there were reasonable hopes that he was now in heaven! The whole service, as represented in newspaper reports, was disgusting, and injurious to religion far more injurious than the harangues of infidel lecturers.

Dr. Ryland and His Hymn.

DR. RYLAND was the author of that beautiful hymn, which he wrote under singular circumstances:

"O Lord, I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend."

He was at Bristol Academy engaged to be married to a young lady, whom he fondly loved. She was taken with a dangerous sickness, from which it was feared she would not recover. Filled with anguish, he called to inquire about her, and was told by the servant if he would call in half an hour he would hear the opinion of the doctors, who were then holding a consultation on the case. He retired to an empty house; then, under despair, sat down on a large stone, and taking a piece of slate, wrote thereon that beautiful hymn, which has been the comfort of thousands of the tired children of God:

"When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name!"

"No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me."

He called and received a favorable report. The lady recovered, they were married, and lived most happily together for seven years, when she was removed by death. Thus out of trial comes a song, even as out of the lion came honey.

A Warning to Bad Spellers.

ANONYMOUS letter-writing is generally, if not always, a cowardly and dishonorable practice. No reputable gentleman or lady would be guilty of it. It is generally practised from base motives. But it is not only dishonorable—it is dangerous, especially to those who are uncertain in their spelling. Such at least is the moral taught by a case tried at Westminster, England, a few weeks ago. One Mr. Goodwin appeared as defendant in an action in which he was charged with the authorship of certain post-cards tending to damage the commercial reputation of a rival of his in business. The writing of these post-cards was stoutly denied by Goodwin. Unfortunately for him, there were certain peculiarities in the orthography to which attention was directed. Thus "sorry" was written "sorry," and "careful" appeared as "cairful." Asked in the witness-box to spell these words, Mr. Goodwin innocently adopted the eccentricities of the post-card, and thus incurred his defeat in the action, a verdict of £80 damages being given against him. With this terrible warning before us, no one can say in the future that it does not pay to learn to spell especially if one will write anonymously.

Lesson from a Heathen.

EVEN a Chinaman can teach us Christians something, if they are barbarians. One of them, dressed in fresh and spotless garments, was met on a narrow crossing of a muddy street by a San Francisco hoodlum. The young American unceremoniously pitched the "moon-eyed leper" into the mud. Picking himself up, all bedaubed, he smiled, pointed to his assailant and said: "You Christian!—me heathen!—good-by!" and went his way. That was a lesson in philosophy, to say nothing of manners.

Angling for Praise.

WHEN you hear your pastor on Monday complaining of feeling so tired and "Mondayish," or a beautiful woman telling how wearied she is, and feeling so miserable; or an author professing discontent with some parts of an admirable volume; or an artist fearing this and doubting that; or a politician affecting diffidence at the applause of the people, you may rest assured that each and all of them are fishing for praise. Insensibility to praise is brutality; a morbid thirst for it is the meanest and most incurable of mental diseases. Cicero has beautifully observed that we yield praise to the powerful from fear, we lend it to the weak from interest, we pay it to the deserving from gratitude; but we think no honorable mind will ever submit to accord praise to those who are evidently angling for it. Nothing to a generous mind is more grateful than to yield commendation to the worthy; but he who debases himself by seeking it is not worthy of it.

"Perfidious Albion."

SOME people, especially those political demagogues who are dependent on the votes of Irishmen for their seats in Congress, are especially interested in the administration of British law just now, and seemingly they imagine that if any one has the honor and glory of being a citizen of the United States, he may go to England or Ireland and commit whatever crimes may come to hand, with impunity. If he breaks the law and is arrested, at once the stars and stripes are flung out to the breeze. An American citizen in the clutches of "perfidious Albion!" Outrageous! Write to Minister Lowell about it, and if he does not have the criminal citizen released, recall him, and send somebody that will!

"Chimney-Pot" Mat.

We know of nothing that can be said in favor of the article which we are forced to wear on our heads. It is hot in summer; it is not warm in winter; it does not shade us from the sun; it does not shelter us from the rain; it is ugly and expensive; you cannot wear it in a railway carriage; it is always in your way in a drawing-room; if you sit upon it, you crush it, yet it will not save your skull in a fall from your horse; it will not go into a portmanteau; you are sure to forget it when suspended from the straps of a carriage roof; it is too hard to roll up, too soft to stand upon; it rusts with the sea air, and spots with the rain; if it is good, you are sure to have it taken by mistake at a soiree; if it is bad, you are set down for a swindler.

Too Too.

The expression "too too," so often used of late in connection with the aesthetic craze, is not new. Turning over some of the volumes of "Hargrave's State Trials," we have seen the following sentence in the speech of Sir Edward Phillip, on the trial of the conspirators concerned in the Gunpowder Plot: "How much more than *too too* monstrous shall all Christian hearts judge the horror of the treason?" Still further back we find Shakespeare using the expression in his Hamlet.

Wasted Energy.

IT is all right that infidelity shall receive a severe handling by him who wears the power-armor of truth; but there are some infidels who are not worth the powder wasted on them. We have heard of a man in Vermont who set a trap to catch a mink, and he caught seventeen polecats, a coon, and his own dog in it, and still persisted in his designs on the mink. Some men don't know when they are beaten.



CURRENT EVENTS.

Home Rule for Ireland.—The Canadian Parliament voted unanimously for Home Rule in Ireland, and for the release of the "suspects" in prison. Blood is thicker than water.

Secular Lectures Unpopular on Sundays.—Rev. Dr. Glass, in Edinburgh, Scotland, proposed to give secular lectures on Sunday evenings, but had to abandon the project for lack of an audience. The land of John Knox is hardly the place for such an experiment.

Jews and Nihilists in Russia.—The Nihilists of Russia have issued handbills, and circulated them extensively, inviting the oppressed Jews of that country to join them. The Czar will sooner or later discover another grave dug across his pathway; no government can be permanently established on wrong.

California Christians and Chinese Heathens.—At Martinez, Cal., a few days ago,

a mob attacked a Chinese house, throwing the inmates from the second-story window. Three were badly hurt and two fatally injured. We wonder what these Chinese think of Christian civilization. Do they think Christ superior to Confucius?

The Effects of Literature.—The records of the Philadelphia police department disclose 195 cases of run-away boys and girls, who, having drunk in the inspiration from dime novels and other productions of that character, ran away to seek fame and fortune. Forty-five have been found and returned to their homes. The bad book is, in this reading age, the most potent instrument in the hand of Satan.

Inane by Immoderate Study.—A young theological student began six years ago to memorize the entire Bible, applying himself assiduously for fifteen hours a day! He had nearly completed this tremendous and unreasonable undertaking when his mind gave way, and he had to be taken to an asylum for the insane. Poor way to study the Bible! A little Bible in the heart is better than the whole in the memory.

Three Most Remarkable Men.—There have died within a few days of each other three of the most learned and remarkable men in the world. Longfellow, the poet, scholar and Christian gentleman; Darwin, the world's greatest naturalist, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, theologian, lecturer, poet, author and philosopher. These losses will make the year 1882 memorable for its ravages among the famous names of literature and science.

A Wise Saying of Socrates.—Among the wise saws of the wise Socrates we find a complaint, as applicable at the present day as it was then, to wit: that although no one undertakes a trade, even the meanest, he has not learned, yet every one thinks himself sufficiently qualified for the hardest of all trades—government! In unison with this, the old couplet, with more wisdom than poetry, saith: "A man must serve his time to every trade, Save polly; politicians all are ready-made!"



LEGAL ADVICE.

UNFINISHED BUILDINGS BURNED—WHOSE LOSS?—The lease of a building, who covenants generally to repair, is bound to rebuild if it be burnt by an accidental fire.

—A bridge which a contractor agreed to build was broken down by an extraordinary flood. In a suit to adjudicate damages the contractor claimed he could not be held to suffer the loss, as the flood was extraordinary. The court held that: "If the contractor had chosen to exempt any loss of any kind, it should have been introduced in the contract by way of exception."

—When a person contracted to build a house on the land of another, and the house was, before its completion, destroyed by fire, without his fault, it was held that he was not thereby discharged from his obligation to fill his contract.

—Where a contract is made to build and complete a building and find material for a certain entire price, payable in instalments as the work progresses, the contract is entire; and if the building, either by fault of the builder or by accident, is destroyed before completion, the owner may recover the instalments he has paid.

—If the owner of a building contracts for labor upon it, he is under an implied obligation to have the building ready and in a condition to receive the labor contracted for; and if before the work is completed, the building is destroyed by fire, without the fault of the contractor, the owner is held to be in default, and the contractor can recover for all that was done up to the time of the fire.

—Where the contractor agrees to do the carpenter work and furnish the materials therefor upon a brick building, but another party does the mason work, and after the brick work was nearly completed and a part of the carpenter work done, the brick walls were blown down, it was held, because the contractor had not undertaken to erect and finish this building and deliver it, the loss as to the carpenter work fell upon the owner.

—When contractors agree to manufacture and put into a building, then in process of construction, certain iron work, but were prevented from completing their contract by the building being destroyed by fire without their fault, it was held they could recover for the entire price (*pro tanto*) and without performing the balance of their contract.

—The law in general may be stated thus: (1) Where there is a positive contract to do a thing, the contractor must perform it or pay damages for not doing it, although in consequence of accident the performance of his contract has become unexpectedly burdensome or even impossible. (2) This rule is absolute, and not subject to any condition, either expressed or implied. (3) Where a contract is in some way or other dependent on some other party doing something prior to or connected with the work, the contract is not to be construed as a positive contract; hence in case of accident or default of the other party so the contractor cannot complete his contract, he is excused and can recover either *pro rata*, or *pro tanto*, as the case may be.

—If you are building, and unless you have a positive contract with the contractor, the safe way to do is to secure insurance as rapidly as possible.



BOYS' AND GIRLS' DEPARTMENT.

OUR BABY.

Dearest little darling,
Brightest little flower,
Sent direct from heaven
My glad heart to dower.
Oh! that had so radiant,
With its sunny hair,
Oh! those eyes so star-like,
Gleaming here and there.
Hands so full of dimples,
Limbs so round and white,
Lips that smile upon us
With a rosy light.
All things bright are brighter
Since you came to earth,
All things dark must vanish
By your baby mirth.
Loved beyond description,
Loved beyond compare,
No one else can rival
Baby anywhere.

Three Ill-Tempered Girls.

One quiet, lovely morning I was sitting in my room by my spinning-wheel, when I heard my three little grand-daughters, who were playing in the garden, in violent dispute. Two of them were sisters, and the other was their cousin, my youngest daughter's child, who was on a visit. The quarrel seemed to have begun over some trivial matter, and it went on and on until I heard one of them exclaim, "You are an ugly, hateful, mean, stingy thing, and I will go right away and tell grandma and Aunt Sarah." This was said by our young visitor. It was now plainly my duty to interfere, but in what way best to do so, I was not so sure. I hurried down the gravel walk and called to them.

"Hush! hush, this moment, Emma, I am astonished at this pitiable exhibition of ill-temper. No, no, do not try to explain, either of you. You can frame no excuse for allowing yourself to get into such violent anger."

"Anger, anger, anger," exclaimed the one addressed as Emma. "I didn't think, grandma, that you would be like mama, always talking to me about my temper."

"Now I wish you all to come into my room and I will tell you a story. I hope it will not be necessary for any grandchild of mine to pass through some bitter trial in order to cause you to master your temper. Let me tell you about an ill-tempered girl whom we will call Mary Claxton."

I sat down in my chair, while they gathered round me on the floor and listened to the story.

"Do you see that white road away to the northward, yonder, stretching along the side of the green mountain, and just where it begins to zig-zag into the letter N, a large white frame house and barn? Well, on that very spot many years ago there lived the girl Mary Claxton. She was intelligent, a good scholar, had been nurtured by pious parents. But there was one sad blemish upon her character.

"Oh, that temper; it kept her poor mother in a constant gloom of grief and solitude. It caused much discomfort in the home and in the school. Everybody was obliged to treat her as they would a box of lucifer matches, a cross dog, or a nest of hornets, lest she should explode into one of her fits of anger, and do some hurtful, wicked act, for she would often throw anything within reach of her hand while in these paroxysms.

"It was in vain that her poor mother talked to her of the grievous sin she was committing, and would be likely to commit with her unbridled tongue and ungovernable hands. Every time her wishes were crossed in any way, everybody in her vicinity suffered from her wrath. Those she loved best were just as apt to be the recipient of her harsh words as those she disliked.

"Girls learned to sew in the common schools of that day, in the country at least, and Mary had pieced a patch-work spread for her bed which was to be quilted on her birthday, near at hand. All her girl companions were invited and it was hoped that the occasion would be a pleasant little affair.

"The afternoon came and everything was going on harmoniously, until Mary objected to the way two or three of the girls were making

the quilt. All at once, without stopping to consider how rude it was for her to so abruptly and sharply object, or the proper courtesy due to the guests, she caught up the chalk and marking-card and angrily threw them out of the open window where they fell in the bed of flaming marigold beneath.

"Oh, Mary, Mary," cried her mother, who was just then entering the room, "how much unhappiness your unruly tongue and violent motions are every day causing!"

"Oh, my tongue, my tongue!" exclaimed the angry girl. "I am tired of hearing about it. I wish I was dumb, but so long as I am not, I will not speak again for a year!"

"God has it in his power to make you dumb, my daughter," said the mother, solemnly. "Recall your sinful words and ask His pardon and that of your schoolmates here, in a spirit of true penitence."

"But the poor girl sat with a pale face, dilated eyes, and clinched hands in obstinate silence.

"The unpleasant scene caused a gloom to fall upon the little company and they soon departed for their homes. Mary stood by, looking it was noticed, more sad than angry, but not one word escaped her lips.

"Day after day passed, and the young girl did not speak. She was expostulated with, coaxed, punished and prayed over, but no word came from her firm-set mouth. After a while her family settled down into the belief that God had indeed forever silenced the voice that had so often been raised in uncontrolled, sinful anger.

"Her sad pathetic face, along with her now gentle and obliging ways, was exceedingly touching, and made a profound impression upon her friends both young and old, who treated her with a watchful tenderness in return.

"As her next birthday drew near she was often seen in secluded places near her home



GRANDMA'S STORY.

knowing as if in prayer, her face wearing a bright, hopeful expression.

"The anniversary of that memorable quilting party was a bright, cool August day. It was observed by the family that Mary was very restless and nervous, and that she watched the clock anxiously. As the hour of three rang out from its musical bell, she threw herself into her mother's arms and sobbed, 'Oh, mamma, mamma! thank God He has kept my voice for me. I have not dared to try to speak until now for fear that I should find I had lost the power to do so.'

"She went round among her friends and resumed her studies at school with avidity and delight. Her ill-temper had been effectively and lastingly cured. Her words were all kind and gentle ones now, and such they were all her life. She overcame her great sin by contrite and persistent prayer."

Emma drew a long breath and wiped a tear from her eye as I closed my story.

"I think," said she, "I will try to be a good girl and never get angry again, grandma."

So said each of my granddaughters, and I have every reason to believe they did try and that they did succeed.

OBSERVE a tree, how it first tends downward, that it may shoot forth upward. Is it not from humility that it endeavors to rise? There are those who grow up into the air without at first growing at the root. This is not growth, but downhill.—*S. Augustine.*

The largest room in the world, under one roof, and unbroken by pillars, is at St. Petersburg. By day it is used for military displays; by night for a vast ballroom. Twenty thousand wax tapers are required to light it.

THE APPLE TREE INN.

I received at an inn one day a fine
The host was a generous fellow—
A golden apple for a night
Hung out on a branch, as motto.

It was the good old apple tree
Brought as nobly fitted me
Sweet fare and sparkling wines by
Was pleased and proud to find me.

To his green house came many a guest
Light winged and light-hearted
They sang their best, they ate his best,
Then up they sprang and departed.

I found a bed to rest my head—
A bed of soft green velvet
The host a great cool shadow spread
For a quilt and covered me very.

I asked him what I had to pay—
I saw his head shake slightly
"It must be by far over and over
Who treated me so politely.

How a Little Girl Suggested the Invention of the Telescope.

Some of the most important discoveries have been made accidentally, and it has happened to more than one inventor, who had long been searching after some new combination or material for carrying out a pet idea, to hit upon the right thing at last by mere chance. A lucky instance of this kind was the discovery of the principle of the telescope.

Nearly three hundred years ago there was living in the town of Middleburg, on the island of Walcheren, in the Netherlands, a poor optician named Hans Lippersheim. One day, in the year 1608, he was working in his shop, his children helping him in various small ways, or romping about and amusing themselves with the tools and objects lying on his work-bench, when suddenly his little girl exclaimed:

"Oh, papa! See how near the steeple comes!"

Half startled by this announcement, the honest Hans looked up from his work, curious to know the cause of the child's amazement.



CONUNDRUMS.

What is the oldest tree in America? The elder tree.

Why is a post like a pulpit? Because he chatters his lips.

Why is a lover like a knocker? Because he is bound to a door.

Why is milk like a treadmill? Because it strengthens the calves.

Why is the letter "I" like an island? Because it is in the midst of water.

What is it that makes everybody sick but those who swallow it? Flatulency.

Why is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree? Because it is farthest from the bark.

Why do "birds in their little nests agree?" Because they would fall out if they didn't.

What is that which a man may never possess and yet leave one behind him at his death? A will.

Why is a woman living on the second floor a kind of goddess? Because she's a second Flora.

Why ought Ireland to be the richest country in the world? Because its capital is always Dublin.

Why is an unscrupulous gun like an office-holder? Because it kicks mightily when it is discharged.

THREE CONUNDRUMS.

Three Harrys who the silence broke,
"Miss Kate, why are you like a tree?"
"E same, because I'm 'bort," she spoke.
"Oh, no, because you're wood," said he.

"Why are you like a tree?" she said,
"I have a heart," he asked to lead,
Her answer made the young man red,
"Not that you're sappy, don't you know?"

"Once more," she asked, "why are you now
A tree?" He couldn't quite perceive,
"Trees have sometimes, and make a botch,
And you can always love—and leave!"

A Quaker Marriage.

The year which saw Mr. Bright's election for Manchester witnessed also his second marriage. On the 10th of June, 1847, he was united to Miss Margaret Elizabeth Leatham, daughter of Mr. William Leatham, of Heath House, Wakefield, the well-known West Riding banker. The marriage ceremony was performed in the meeting-house of the Friends, George street, Wakefield. We shall make no apology for giving a brief description of the rite of marriage, as observed by the Friends, from a local historian who records Mr. Bright's marriage. For those who are unfamiliar with the ceremony, the description will possess a general interest. The rite was severely simple. In accordance with the usages of the Friends, the marriage party sat for some time in silence, at the expiration of which Mr. Bright rose and took the right hand of Miss Leatham, pronouncing in low but distinct tones the formula of the Friends, as follows: "Friends, I take my friend, Margaret Elizabeth Leatham, to be my wife, promising by Divine assistance, to be unto her a loving and faithful husband till it shall please the Lord by death to separate us." Miss Leatham then, still holding hands, repeated similar words regarding Mr. Bright, promising to be "unto him a loving and faithful wife." A brief space of silence next ensued, which was broken by one of the congregation offering up prayer, the whole assembly standing. Again there was a short period of silence, and then one of the company read the certificate of declaration, which was signed by the bride and bridegroom, and their relations and friends, and afterward by a large number of the congregation. The whole ceremony occupied about an hour.

Of things to come than things before!
Out upon Time, who forever will leave
O'er that which hath been, and o'er that which
must be.
What we have seen, our sons shall see—
Remnants of things that have passed away,
Fragments of stone, reared by creatures of clay."
—BRYAN, "Stage of Contin."

FREQUENTLY, when a policeman comes in sight, the boys call out, "Cheese it." This is when something has a curd, and they wish to get a whey.

OSCAR WILDE speaks of "un-kissed kisses." The trouble with Oscar is that his poems are made up of untouching thoughts.

PROF. BALL says the earth is not over 800,000,000 of years old. No wonder so many of its mountains are bald and that not a single one of them is able to lift its foot. But all of them are still spire enough to slope.

The little flower that opens in the meadows lives and dies in a season; but what agencies have concentrated themselves to produce it? So the human soul lives in the midst of heavenly help.

TUNAS is one town in Connecticut that has no fear of the moon. Its Haldan.

NOT WANTED.

At a meeting recently a clergyman told how he had become a total abstainer. He had previously been connected with a Moderation Society, and having one evening presided at one of its meetings, he was accosted while walking along the street next morning by one of his parishioners, who, endeavoring to put his arms round his neck, hiccuped out: "I do so love you, good Mr. Vicar; I goes with you for moderation." The good Vicar became a total abstainer the following day. He wanted better company.

For Young Men.

The most unfortunate day in the career of any young man is the day on which he fancies there is some better way to make money than to earn it; for from that feeling springs the many extravagant and visionary plans which are indulged in for the purpose of gaining a livelihood without labor. When a young man becomes thoroughly infected with this feeling, he is ready to adopt any means for the accomplishment of his objects, and if he is failed in his efforts, upon the crest of the wave which he has already mounted, and in full view, is the temptation of crimes to shield him from the disgrace which he thinks must inevitably follow in the wake of defeat. To those he yields, and the first he realizes he finds himself the violator of the law, and a criminal in the eye of the community, and the inmate of a prison, waiting trial, all brought about for the want of a little manly firmness in the outset of life to prompt him to choose a vocation where the penny earned could bring with it its sure reward.

The *Sunbeam*, published by the Literary Society of Ontario Ladies College, and always welcome among our exchanges; in its last number commends our enterprise in issuing THE METHODIST MONTHLY, but affects to be enveloped in mystery that we "Brantford people" are able to do this thing, and then sets itself to guessing as to how we do it.

"Worst of Guessers Guess Again. No, although we are simply a literary society outside of college walls and number only about one hundred members, we have not as yet, nor do we intend to borrow from our neighbors, to carry on our work; neither are we disposed to measure literary ability by the "jauge," although we furnish our readers fully one fourth more reading matter than the *Sunbeam* offers its patrons. We would remind the *Sunbeam* of the words of Cicero "These things are not judged of by their number but by their weight."

Surely the editors of the *Sunbeam*, whom we observe have had their last issue delayed "by illness" have not as the students of a certain college "been troubled with 'numps'?" If so we "sincerely hope that the ravages of that fell disease" may be speedily checked.

FLORAL FESTIVAL.—Seldom have we seen a finer effect produced than that seen in the decorating of the Lecture Hall by the L. A. S. at their floral festival. All who attended were simply surprised and delighted. The receipts were about \$100. "I wish I had known it was going to be so fine," was the remark of the disappointed ones, who stayed away.

Wit, Humor, Wisdom.

"Character is the criterion of destiny." If you don't want to get angry never argue with a blockhead.

Much of the charity that begins at home is too feeble to get out of doors.

Girls who bang their hair seem to be trying to wear chin whiskers on their foreheads.

Love without esteem cannot reach far, nor rise very high; it is an angel with but one wing.—A. Damas, nis.

A woman should never accept a lover without the consent of her heart, nor a husband without the consent of her judgment.—Nixon de l'Enclos.

If a newspaper should contain all the things that all its readers want it to print, it would have to be bigger than a bedspread. If it should leave out all that each of its readers does not wish to read, it would be blank paper.

I think 'twas in September, if I rightly now remember, that I heard a knocking, knocking at my door; yes, I know 'twas in September, for quite well I now remember he had been there about fifty times before; had been there knocking at my door. But I opened not, nor wondered, as upon the door he thundered; for he yelled: "Say, now, will you settle this ere bill I bring you?" as he battered on the door, and I answered, calmly answered: "Nevermore."

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