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No. 11

Contributors & Correspondents.

THE PROBATIONER'S SCHEME.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.
Sir; Striking as you well know is the order of the day. I hope the Printers "strike" will not make you under the necessity of striking off any of the names originally on your subscription list. The withholding of your paper for so many weeks, was a great disappointment to many of your readers, and would no doubt strike some of those who could not understand the reason forcibly with the idea that you have failed in your honorable enterprise in connexion with the publication of a Presbyterian paper for British America. I hope you will not become terror stricken—either with what people may say to you about the non-appearance of your excellent paper for so long, or about the complexion of it when it does appear. That communication in a late issue on the Probationer's Scheme, was rather provoking, at least to the first father's office. It strikes me that the writer has dealt some hard blows to more than one or two parties. In that communication—to be followed up, I have no doubt by others—a blow has been struck at the whole arrangement for the supply of our vacant pulpits. The entire plan apparently needs re-consideration, the open and wanton violation of law argues the necessity for a change somewhere, either on the part of those who make, or those who execute the law.

It is a fact that sessions are doing what Presbyteries are forbidden to do in the matter of the supply of vacant pulpits. I have heard it said that the greater includes the less. If the Presbytery is forbidden the session is. Have offending sessions been dealt with by their respective Presbyteries as they have deserved? So far from that, it would seem that Presbyteries too are guilty to some extent. The law is a dead letter. Better that the clause were struck out. It does not answer the purpose intended. As long as probationers and ministers are eligible for calls, they will be heard even in the best vacancies, whether they are at the disposal of the Committee or not. This will be the case until we are prepared to say to congregations—You must not permit any man to enter your pulpit with a view to a call who is now without charge, and whose name is not on our probationer's roll. Until this is done and congregations comply, every probationer and minister without charge will not put himself at the disposal of the H. M. C.

Something more about some other facts of the same scheme at a future time.

In the mean time, I am &c.,

LIBERTOS.

THE RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.

(Communicated.)

One of the most striking features of our time is the wonderfully rapid growth of the newspaper press. It is now used to disseminate information of all kinds and upon all subjects. It has become an indispensable necessity for organizations that would make their wants or claims known to the public. It is a favourable sign of the time, and full of hope for mankind, that religious bodies, though amongst the most conservative of all, now largely avail themselves of the religious newspaper press. They must do it to be abreast of the times. No one needs to be told how much the success of the Free Church movement, especially in its early stages, owed to the newspaper press. The old Catholic movement has its organ. In the United States there are published no fewer than four hundred and seven religious periodicals. Some of the very best of these are in the interests of Presbyterianism. The Methodists, Baptists, and Bible Christians of Canada, have each their weekly organ. But when it is attempted to establish one in the cause of Presbyterianism in Canada, only a few rally heartily around it, and others manfully set to work to put up objections.

Some say we did not need a weekly paper. This cannot be because we have ready a sufficient supply of them, or because we have any organ which answers the place of a weekly paper. If every town in the country which pretends to living and wide awake, commercial,

agricultural and manufacturing; if religious bodies, smaller than we are, or larger, feel it a necessity to have a weekly journal, and are able to support it—why cannot we support one, and how do we expect to hold our ground without it? We have no ways of making our principles known that other bodies have not, on account of which we can do without an organ. Men do not know them intuitively, so that it is quite unnecessary for us to make them known and defend them. We must content ourselves to come down from our high horse, and use the same means to obtain success that others do. If our principles are worth holding, they are worth advocating, and the sooner we advocate them in that way which common sense and experience show is the most effective, the better for ourselves and the better, we believe, for the country also. It may look like a very grand thing to have such sublime faith in our principles as to imagine they don't need the usual vulgar means of making them known through a newspaper, but sensible men will laugh at our folly.

Others again object that a paper only promotes strife. Very good, gentle souls these are. Very great objections to thunder storms these people have, they frighten them so. Sometime they are frightened even by their own shadow. They have a special fondness for that benediction, "Blessed are the peaceful." What they call peace is stagnation, the silence of death. Of course all these very nice, loving people take their political papers. They live at such peace among themselves, they are never ruffled by the slightest breeze of strife. O no! This would only be a valid objection if a religious newspaper created more strife than others do. This we deny. Surely an honest difference of opinion, and the earnest, or even strong expression of that difference is not necessarily strife, or should lead men of common sense and especially of Christian feeling, to think less of each other. It is only by sifting principles, or each others opinions fairly and fully and frankly stating results, that truth is arrived at. We have had too little friendly rubbing down of each others irregularities amongst us, and provided that contributors are only gentlemen, not to say Christian enough to avoid personalities, frank discussion of all matters affecting Presbyterianism and the moral welfare of the country must be attended with good. But upon the principle of avoiding what some call strife, consistency would require that all legislative bodies should be abolished. There would be no more deliberations upon the subject of Union; the British House of Commons would become a thing of the past; and our Assembly would not meet next June.

Some, again, are very much afraid that by taking this paper they may encourage Sunday newspaper reading. But surely that is not the fault of the paper. A religious newspaper will not insist upon being read upon the Sabbath day any more than any other paper. If the sight of a newspaper is too strong a temptation for any weak brother, it is an easy matter to put it out of sight altogether for a day. Some people, not a few indeed, have a strange and stupid superstition about religious reading served up in the shape of a newspaper. It is quite right, even on Sunday, if it is in the shape of a tract, or a magazine, or that of our own Record, but to read it in a paper is a sin, more or less heinous in their sight. This is pure superstition. And the people who object to a paper on this ground are grossly inconsistent as well. These same persons, with such tender consciences, can go from the most earnest sermon, from the most sacred religious services, from the House of God, and talk a little over their business, their prospects and plans, take a stroll out to see their cattle or how their turnips are growing, but to take a religious paper in their hand on the Sabbath would be a wicked violation of that day. It is well to preserve the appearance, at least, of consistency in making objections to take a religious newspaper into our homes. The abuse in this, as the abuse in anything else, is no argument against its rightness. It would be strange not to let in the air and light into our houses, lest by a chance in so doing we might see a cobweb, or get our olfactory nerves disturbed by any disagreeable odour. The objection against a religious newspaper just mentioned is not a whit more rational. On the contrary, the benefits are great and obvious, and if we are to hold our own in our rapidly growing and enterprising country; if we are to have the weight due to a powerful body in all the public questions coming before the country; and if we are to make that progress in the future, which the admirable adaptation

of Presbyterian principles to the genius and spirit of the civil and political institutions of the country, as well as their conformity to the Word of God, entitles and qualifies us to make, a weekly religious denominational paper is simply a necessity.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

MISSION PROSPECTS MORE CHEERING IN CHINA.

Rev. Mr. Baldwin of Foochow, China, writes of the change taking place in that country, respecting the "poison reports" which were circulated against the missionaries, which for a time placed their lives in jeopardy, and greatly obstructed their work. He says:—

"The excitement about the *poison pills*, or poisonous mixtures, extended to *Yungshu*, as well as to other districts, but has already subsided for the most part. Some of the Chinese converts were annoyed by the rude treatment of the heathen in the streets—reviling, cursing, and jostling them, and in a few instances, inflicting blows. But we can believe, with persecuted Paul, that these things 'have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the Gospel.' The bubble having burst, the people will better understand the spirit of the Gospel, and of its promoters and believers. The multitude may long continue to hate it, still the excitement, and its manifest groundlessness, tend to draw and fix attention. They find that the poisoning story is a ridiculous humbug, and that Christians, after all, are honest people. So the Gospel will come in, by the lives it has removed as well as by its own truth, as an influential antidote to the fear of 'poison.'"

EGYPT.

The United Presbyterian Mission in Osiout, Egypt, is in a most prosperous state. The Rev. Mr. Watson writes:—

"The number attending divine service on every Sabbath morning has been very encouraging, and the attention to the exercises all that could be desired. The nightly meetings during the week have sometimes been small, but much larger than they would be in America in a congregation of the same number of communicants. . . . The sacrament of the Supper was appointed first for November 12th, but had to be twice postponed for the accommodation of the villages. It was finally agreed to hold it on November 26th, the previous Saturday to be kept as a day of fasting and prayer."

On Sunday an unusually large congregation assembled—they say 500—among them some bigoted Copts and some Moslems. All seemed, however to give good attention as I preached from that precious text, 'Ye are complete in him, and the occasion seemed to remind me of preaching in America more than any other in my experience. It is a glorious privilege to have five hundred persons to whom to proclaim salvation in this land of ignorance and wickedness. It was a precious season. Some were deeply moved. The Master had come and revived us. The following is a view of the 'ingathering' since October 25th in this region: New members admitted on profession, 46; children baptised, 8; native pastors ordained and installed, 1; churches organized, 1; elders ordained, 2; deacons ordained, 8."

DO YOU KNOW IT?

- Do you know that the vows of God are upon you?
- Do you know that the worth of life is the good we do?
- Do you know that some one is following your example?
- Do you know that your piety may unconsciously decline?
- Do you know that the prayer meeting needs you?
- Do you know that you can slight the Lord's Supper?
- Do you know that Christ enjoins secret prayer?
- Do you know that all your property belongs to God?
- Do you know that you forfeit your hope by indolence?
- Do you know that your Sunday vacant seat looks bad?
- Do you know that, if backslidden, Jesus will forgive you?

Private prayer has been likened to a golden chain, whereof one end is tied to the tongue of man, and the other end to the ear of Deity.

THE PRESBYTERIANS.

For solid worth, steady resolution, endeavor to do good, intelligence and integrity, the Presbyterians are not excelled by any other people. They are attached to their own sect, but are not narrow and clammy; they give largely to their own institutions, and are generous to those of other denominations, and readily do more than any other body of Christians, except the Congregationalists, for general Christian enterprises, unsectarian in character. They have the ablest and best educated ministry in the land, and a membership which constitutes the backbone of the nation, and a credit to the cause of our Redeemer. We thank God for the Presbyterians.—*N. Y. Baptist Union.*

DR. HOLLAND ON THE UNITARIANS.

We suppose it must soon be a matter of common observation that as soon as a Unitarian clergyman really begins in earnest the work of saving men, he begins to drift toward the evangelical view of Christ. So long as Unitarianism works among the refined and the highly educated, even they if are politely selfish, it gets along very well, but the moment it is called upon to present the motives of reformation to the wicked, the brutal, the degraded, it finds itself impressively weak. The man who preaches nurture, and culture, and development to a congregation of brutal men and vicious women, preaches that which every man and woman before him knows to be nonsense. There is not one of them who does not need to be saved, and who does not know that the process of salvation involves a revolution, or reformation, or regeneration a change, possibly, that combines all these processes. They are weak, and need help; they are sinful, and need pardon; they are lost, and need to be saved. To tell such that a "Hebrew philosopher" who pretended to be inspired and to teach with authority, but who was in reality only a good man, can save them, is to feed starving men with chaff. The wicked, degraded, selfish world we live in can never be under very great obligations to a religious teacher who laughs at the phrase "A change of heart." As soon as a man realizes the necessity of such a change for himself and the world he realizes the necessity of holding as the central figure of his religious system something more than a Hebrew philosopher. Only his God can be his Saviour, and his Saviour must be his God.—*Scribner's for April.*

NORTHERN AFRICA.

Romans, the famous German explorer of Africa, has lately been entertaining and instructing his countrymen of Berlin by a series of popular lectures on his explorations of Northern Africa, which he thinks, with proper treatment, might again be turned into the paradise that some portions of it were under the Carthaginians and Romans. He has found on the Gulf of Sidra, west of Tripoli, the site of the garden of the Hesperides and the river of Lethe, and he has a strong desire to see his countrymen eating the golden apples so famous in ancient story. He declares that Central Africa is as rich as India, and that a grand highway to the Kingdom of Soudan might easily be constructed across the desert from a port to be established on the site of ancient Carthage. He would encourage German emigration thither, and thus found an independent colony that might in time be a nucleus for operations that would turn all Central Africa into a German India. To this end the Germans have already a strong foothold in the friendship now existing between Emperor William and his sable majesty of Soudan, to whom the German ruler recently sent some magnificent presents, which were received with all the pomp and circumstance that the African monarch could command. Bismark and all his countrymen are listening most seriously to these stories and suggestions, and are beginning to feel that their mission is to regenerate Africa and open it to the civilized world. This would be a great task, but the Germans understand Africa thoroughly, for their scholars and geographers have been quietly exploring it for the last twenty years, and are now no strangers to its hidden recesses and secluded treasures.—*Scribner's for May.*

"Oh, dear sir," says Brainard, in writing to a friend, "do not think it enough to live at the rate of commonplace Christianity."

Random Readings.

A cunning man over-reaches no one but himself as much as himself.—*Henry W. Beecher.*

Selfishness is that detestable vice which no one will forgive in others, and no one is without himself.

God asks no man whether he will accept life. That is not the question. You must take it. The only choice is how.

Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny.

A grasp of the hand, a smile, a word even, is often enough in God's hand to change the entire course of life, to save a soul from death.

Some one was praising the public schools to Charles Lamb and said, "All our best men were public-school men. Look at our poets: There's Byron, who was a Harrow 'boy'—'Yes,' interrupted Lamb, "and there's Burns, he was a plowboy."

Dust can fly only so far above the road; and birds which fly high enough, never have it on their wings. So the heart that knows how to fly high enough escapes those little cares and vexations which brood upon the earth but can not rise into that purer air.

Izaak Walton, speaking of George Herbert's mother, says she governed her family with judicious care, not rigidly nor sourly, "but with such a sweetness and compliance with the recreations and pleasures of youth, as did incline them to spend much of their time in her company, which was to her great content."

Before you ask a favor of any man, just consider three things. First. Can you not avoid it? Second. Can the one you apply to grant it? Third. Would you, if your places were reversed, do for your friend what you ask him to do for yourself? It is well to think of this, as it may change the whole question.

The ambition whose last aim is worldly fame or temporal success, grasps a fruit that turns to ashes in the hand. Better would it be if genius would aim at accomplishing what it can in God's service and for man's good.—"seeking only," as Sir Thomas Browne says, "to be found in the records of God, rather than in the chronicles of man."

A man without decision can never be said to belong to himself. He belongs to whatever can capture him; and one thing after another vindicates its right over him, by arresting him while he is trying to go on. Such infirmity of spirit confesses him to be made for subjection, and he passes, like a slave, from owner to owner.—*Poaster's Essays.*

The first act of Divine justice in the infant church at Jerusalem was to punish covetousness. And yet the church has never dealt with this sin as it should. Who ever heard of a man being disciplined for covetousness? For other sins men are cast out of the church; but in this sin, which the Bible calls idolatry, they live and die without one honest rebuke.—*Hall.*

DE QUINCEY.

It is singular that De Quincey, possessing as he did such mastery over language, never attempted to adapt to the comprehension of his listener. He addressed an illiterate porter, housemaid, or prowling beggar, on the most trivial subjects, in the same precise and measured language as he would have addressed a Cambridge professor on a disputed point in metaphysics, or Porson on a classical emendation. In this respect he differed much from Dr. Johnson.

Mrs. Gordon has preserved a specimen of the style in which he (De Quincey) was wont to address her father's housekeeper, when giving her directions as to the preparation of his food; and did it come from any less friendly source we should take it as a caricature or parody. He simply wanted his meat cut with the grain or fibre, instead of across it, and this is the way he conveyed to her that fact:—"Owing to dyspepsia afflicting my system, and the possibility of any additional derangement of the stomach taking place, consequences incalculably distressing would arise; so much, indeed, as to increase nervous irritation, and prevent me from attending to matters of overwhelming importance, if you do not remember to cut the mutton in a diagonal rather than longitudinal form." No wonder that the simple Scotchwoman exclaimed to her mistress "that 'Mr. De Quincey would mak a grand preacher, though I'm thinking a hantle of the folk would na' ken what he was driving at.'"
—*Evening Mail.*

Selected Articles.

THE FOUNTAIN PURIFIED.

(From short-hand notes of a sermon by the Rev. J. O. Mohr, Westchester.)

It is a great pity, my dear friends, that we have heard of in every village in Canada, where ever we have been, a man who has been a great draw-back. Not that he is a man of great talents, but that he is a man who has been a great draw-back. In one place it is the want of business energy among the leading men to encourage local enterprise. In another place it is the want of railway accommodation—only give us that and no fear of prosperity. In another place, the one fatal want is water power—only give us the music of the rapids and the forge, and every rival mill will be for out-distanced. But any town may have all these, and yet there may be want of heart as well as want of brain; there may be want of spirituality as well as want of enterprise. Yes, God's blessing may be wanting in the very midst of all these advantages. Men of the world, over every ledger, every docket, every factory, write in letters of burnished gold "Holiness unto the Lord." If not then their history must be written thus: a few years of inflated prosperity, and then eternal beggary. Our visit to the fountain of Jericho suggests—

First—There may be drawbacks to earthly blessings. Jericho lay in an arid and sterile land. There was no perennial summer smiling amid ever glowering scenery. It was a polo-centre for business; it lay directly upon the great caravan route between the east and the west. Yes, in addition there was in it a most flourishing school of the prophets, opening the way to the highest culture of the age. The men of Jericho were fully aware of all these advantages, hence they took of the surrounding country with an honest pride. How refreshing is this instead of running down their country and its blessings. It is Christ-like to try and leave the world better than we found it. But they were just as fully alive to all their wants. Again what a lesson to the thousands careless, inconsiderate, or recklessly defiant. There was plenty of water in the fountain for plain and garden and city, but it was naught. So there may be plenty of religion, so called, in the land, but it is possible that much of it may be inhuman or ungodly. So while the city of their city was well chosen, yet on every side barrenness. Life may pride itself upon its honesty, morality or etiquette, but if it does not know also the lesson of the manna-failure, the true man daily breathing vital godliness seeks the very highest measure of life. But mark, the men of Jericho were not content to let evils alone. They reason thus: there is a propitius God amongst us; if God can do anything for us, let us at once implore his aid. Yes men of Jericho. "Seek and ye shall find."

Second—The strange chemical agent. We have no marked cases here in the land of a veteran astrologer. We have no loaded dice in the hands of an astute magician. Your Egyptian magicians can only imitate other and better men. Jehovah's acts are unique, and each stands out clearly in its own finished beautiful originality. What, says the scoffer, did such brackish water do to make it pure? Patience, sir, and study these chemical experiments. If God can create, God can purify. What, asks flippant sarcasm, can your old sermons transform man? No, they cannot. But if living and loving truth comes in the newness of the Holy Spirit, mark the change. But you mark the work given to the men of Jericho. They must bring the new course; they must let it enter with them. Yes, there are things that will not do; there are things that man must do. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and the King of Glory shall come in. Open the doors of this impure heart, let Jesus enter in all His fullness, and we have no fear of the result.

Third—Religion at the Fountain Head.—There is no use to trouble these children with religion; how can they understand the mysteries? No, it is not enough to say, "I am a Christian," but are you sure that such manhood will come? Mothers, I never knew a child disgusted with the wondrous story of the old, old story of Jesus and His love, and you will have many a care and fear the less. Elisha went to the fountain head with the salt. Purify the fountain, and you purify the stream. Change the salt, and the heart and the life will change with the life. You may stamp and prune the branches to your heart's content, but unless the tree is well grafted all the labor may be thrown away upon a worthless, tasteless crab. No doubt to the men of Jericho salt would seem to be the very best thing to purify their fountain. Well might they say, we have salt in the Dead Sea. But wisely they would add that the water was the judgment of God until they knew the result. So even yet the very means which man may laugh at may be God's chosen means to change the whole current of man's eternal life.

Fourth—Blessings to the Earnest

Seeker. Jericho is never noted as a city of the saints. Still they had their traditions both of woman's faith and of man's power. Now in their long history they have been enough to think of God. You go with the eager crowd to the fountain, and the salt is cast in; in a moment you are all as one. Has the salt done its work? No, the change is wrought by the Omnipotent power of the God of Israel. True, there is a change, but how long will that last? God's love is not from the dead to the grave. No, it is from eternity to eternity. You mark that sun: around it there is barrenness, after it forever the bitter dross. You mark that seed falling into the eager scooper's soul, on every side the waving harvest, thirty, sixty, one hundred fold. Men of God, there are old fountains nearer home than Jericho. Cast God's salt into them, and as you cast, cry, create in me and in them a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Further—is there a God? The men of Jericho saw his power and felt his goodness, and with living faith and deep gratitude they believed in a God of Infinite Goodness.

But finally—Of what good are God's Ministers? Just to take God's text and fill every trouble with them, so that they may be joy factors, and fruitfulness forever, and glory to God forever.

AN INFANT MARTYR.

A monument has been unearthed in Rome recently whose inscription has a sad lesson in it.

It is peculiarly sad and disheartening to those who have been hoping that a better day would come for the children.

If Roman parents three thousand years ago were just as infatuated and silly as American parents to-day; if children died then, as they die now from the effects of over-brain-work what hope have we?

The gravestone of this murdered Roman baby has been doing duty for years as part of a wall, and has come to light now, in the re-building of one of the gates of Rome. The inscription is perfectly clear, and reads as follows:—

"This monument is to Quintus Sulpicius Marinus, son of Quintus, of the Claudian Tribus, born in Rome."

He lived eleven years, five months, twelve days. He competed in the third Isthmian of the Capitoline Games with fifty-two Greek poets, raised the favor which he had enlisted by his tender age to admiration by his powers of mind, and came out of the contest with honor. His improvised verses have been added, least man should think the parents had been biased in their judgment by their love.

Quintus Sulpicius Engrammus and Sulpicius Januarius, the most unhappy parents, have erected this sepulchre for their dear son, themselves, and their successors."

A large part of the rest of the monument is covered with the child's verses. There are forty-three Greek hexameters.

The subject given out sounds singularly like some of the titles heard upon the platforms of our school-houses in the equally mercenary Agony of modern days.

How Zeus gave to Helios when he upbraided him for giving the chariot of the sun to Phæthion."

Substitute politics for mythology, and Savon for Greek proper names, and we shall find boys of to-day at work on as congenial and easy themes.

Poor little Quintus Sulpicius! His full length figure was carved on the stone, we are told, and he held in one hand a scroll written in Greek characters.

It is not the fashion now to make monuments so accurately and minutely commemorative of the details they record. Modern cemetery literature is more pious and less explicit. Resignation has no room for enquiry into causes, and the doctrine of the resurrection is dwelt upon to the exclusion of doctrines which might be better understood and more useful. Greenwood and Mount Auburn are full of short graves, and at the most unhappy parents "of the re-located, at once who sleep there, in the weeping in the East and in the West. But they will send the brothers and sisters who survive into the same schools, to learn the same tasks, to breathe the same air, to bear the same confinement, to endure the same punishments, to strive, struggle, and strain after the same prizes, which the dear departed infant loved, breakable, bored, endured, at once, at once, and untransferred, and died! A few years hence they were short graves, and more monuments with various inscriptions, and more tears, and the world will go on misquoting "Whom the gods love die young."

The prize in the Agon, in which little Quintus Sulpicius, Jr., won such fatal triumph, was a crown of olive and oak leaves. Probably it tingled long among the laurels of literature which his father held sacred. Perhaps it was even handed down to the next generation, for this contest was regarded of equal rank with the Olympian, and poets of fame did not disdain to compete in it.

The conferring of this crown was one of the most brilliant occasions which the Roman capital ever witnessed. The father presided, and a purple mantle, and wearing upon his head a golden garland, on which were carved images of Jove, Juno, and Minerva, and with his own hand he placed the wreath on the brow of the victor.

How well can we fancy the troubling sensitive, overwrought boy of eleven kneeling to receive the honor! How well we can fancy the faces of Augustus and Januarius in the front row of spectators!

We have seen just such boys of eleven or younger, within the past few months; we have seen just such fond fathers and mothers; we shall be invited to many "exhibitions" and "competitive examinations," and finally—before the year is over—Infant-pestilence.

REVIEW IN CAPE DIETON.

Dr. McLeod writes: In spiritual things, for the last year and a half, we have had manifest tokens for good. From Sabbath to Sabbath our churches are filled to overflowing with clerics, devout, and deeply impressed worshippers. We have, within my own charge, witnessed weekly revivings. During the last eighteen months our communion roll has been increased by five to one. The work is still progressing. Several hundreds may now be called upon to pray publicly, where, twenty years ago, we could scarcely get three altogether. Such is the power and grace of God in raising up a seed to serve him. The work here has had a powerful effect in other places. Many come from distant localities, and are deeply impressed with what they see and hear. There is now only one congregation, within the bounds of the presbytery, to which the work has not extended. And, so far as I know, not one of the awakened, although they are counted by hundreds, have brought a stain on the profession they have made. All the dissenting denominations acknowledge readily that of a truth the Lord is among the Presbyterians, doing a wonderful work.—Free Church Herald.

AN AMERICAN JUBILATH. VIEW OF THE SABBATH.

In these times, when loose views in regard to the observance of the Sabbath are becoming the vogue, it is refreshing to say the New York Herald has published some sentiments expressed on the subject from places of authority. The following are extracts from an opinion just delivered by Judge Brown, of Kalamazoo, Mich., deciding the validity of a village ordinance prohibiting the keeping open of saloons on the Sabbath:

It is contended, at the argument, that the Sunday restriction should be considered a police regulation than any other social question upon which some enthusiast might imagine the happiness of the people to depend—that it is no more a police regulation than the establishment of a particular form of religion, &c. It must not be forgotten that we live in a Christian country, and that the observance of the Christian Sabbath has been a subject of legislation ever since the establishment of our Government. The profanation of the Lord's day was punished by the municipal law of England long before we had an existence as an independent Government. The laws of King Athelstan forbade merchandising on that day. By the statute 27 Hen. I., c. 5, no fair or market could be legally held on Sunday (except the four Sundays in harvest). The statute of 1 Car. I., c. 1, was to restrain sports on that day; and by 20 Car. II., c. 7, no person is allowed to work on the Lord's-day, or use any boat or barge, or expose to sale, except meat in public houses, milk at certain hours, and works of necessity which could not be done on any other day. It is the following: "Besides the notorious indecency and scandal of permitting any secular business to be publicly transacted on that day in a country professing Christianity, and the corruption of morals which usually follows its profanation, the keeping of one day in seven holy, as a time of relaxation and refreshment, as well as for public worship, are of the greatest importance, and considered merely as a civil institution." It impresses on the minds of the people that sense of their duty to God so necessary to make them good citizens. Our own statute forbids any secular business on the Sabbath. Ordinary labour on that day is deemed a misdemeanour. Can it be said that the making of drunks, wines, and other articles of luxury, and the sale of them, is the keeping open of the saloons of vice known as saloons, to corrupt the morals of the people is indisputable. And as the wellbeing and perpetuity of the State depends upon the virtue and intelligence of the citizens, it is not only the right, but the duty, of the law making power to see to it that provision is made for the preventing of every evil amounting to a public wrong."

A man in a state of hot-brain nervousness is like a candle in a hot candlestick which burns off at one end and melts at the other.

"I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE."

In these words the English language fails to give the full meaning of the Greek. It implies, "Never, no, never, no, nor ever."

This world is a world of "leaving, parting, separation, failure and disappointment. Think of finding something that will never leave you! Grasp this promise, "I will never leave thee," and store it in your heart; you will want it some day. The hour will come when you will find nothing so comforting or cheering as a sense of God's companionship. Sick to that word "never." It is worth its weight in gold. Cling to it as a drowning man clings to a rope. Grasp it firmly as a soldier attacked on all sides grasps his sword.

"Never!" Though your heart faints, and you are sick of self, failures and infirmities—even then the promise will not fail.

"Never" though the devil whispers "I shall have you at last, your faith will fail, and you will be mine"—even then God will keep his word.

"Never!" When the cold chill of death creeps on, and friends can do no more, and you are starting on that journey from which there is no return—even then Christ will not forsake you.

"Never!" When the day of judgment comes, and the books are opened and eternity is beginning—even then the promise will bear all your weight. Christ will not let go his hold on your soul.—Rev. J. C. Nye.

BEGINNING THE BIBLE.

It is related of Dr. Kennicot, who spent thirty years in collating the Hebrew Scriptures, and resigned a valuable living because his studies prevented his reading on his own account, that he was accustomed to assist him in his preparation of his Polygot Bible by reading to him, as they drove out for an airing, the portions to which his immediate attention was called.

When preparing for a drive, the day after the great work was completed, she asked him what book she should now take.

"O," exclaimed he, "let us begin the Bible."

No wonder that he was a happy, well balanced Christian man, as ready to die calmly in Christ, as he had been to live and labor for Him. His appetite for the Word of God increased with its study. Instead of fretting at some trifling defects in the translation, his great genius and concentrated spirit found full satisfaction in lifetime perusal of its sacred pages.

PHYSIOLOGY A STUDY FOR WOMEN.

(From the opening lecture in the Ladies' Course on Physiology, at the University of Edinburgh, by Professor Bennett.)

I have long formed the opinion that physiology, being so long essential to the medical student, should be introduced as an elementary subject of education in all our schools—should be taught to all classes of society. It is an ascertained fact that 100,000 individuals perish annually in this country from causes which are easily preventable, and that a large amount of misery is caused by an ignorance of the laws of health. Women, in all classes and in all degrees of society, have more to do with the preservation and duration of human life, even than men. It has been argued that, amidst as even the brutes, know instinctively how to take care of their young, so must women be able to do the same. But the human infant, and the most helpless of creatures, and no thing is more lamentable than to witness the anxious and agonized look of a young mother as to how she should manage her first born. In no system of education are women taught the structure and requirements of the offspring which will be committed to their charge; and certainly, no error can be greater than to suppose that the senses and instincts are sufficient for teaching man as to his physical, vital, and intellectual nature. The most ignorant of life among infants has struck all who have paid attention to the subject, and there can be no question that this is mainly owing to neglect, want of proper food or clothing or cleanliness; or, Dr. Lankester tells us, when ably writing on this topic, that, as cornea for Central Malnutrition, and our children are fed in bed by the side of their mothers, and he calculates that in this way, 8,000 infants are destroyed annually in Great Britain alone, attributable in numerous cases out of ten to the gross ignorance of those mothers of the laws which govern the life of the child. But again, into the lives and regulations of the life of the housewife, she also commits the great mass of our domestic servants. On them depends the proper ventilation of the rooms, and especially the sleeping rooms, in which all mankind, on an average, spend one-third of their lives. Children are too often shut

up all day in crowded nurseries, and when ill, are subjected to numerous absurd remedies before medical assistance is sent for. Their clothing is often warm or neglected, the direction of fashion rather than of comfort and health being frequently attended to. The cleanliness of the house, also dependent on women, and the removal of Aërial matter from furniture and then, the decomposition of which is so productive of disease. Further, the proper choice and preparation of food are entrusted to them. All these are physiological evils, the ignorance of which is constantly leading to the greatest unhappiness, ill health, and death. Among the working classes, it is too frequently the imprudence and ignorance of the woman which lead to the intemperance and brutality of the men, from which originate half the vice and crimes known to our police offices and courts of justice. Additional arguments for the study of physiology by women may be derived from the consideration of—(1) the effects of fashionable clothing—the tight lacing, naked shoulders, thin shoes, high-heeled boots—of an insubversive of health; (2) the great objects of marriage—the production of offspring—and all the care and foresight that should be exercised, but too often neglected through ignorance, to the danger both of mother and child; (3) the proper employment of women which would be more intelligently done if they possessed physiological knowledge. Hence women in all ranks of society should have physiology taught to them. It is a subject an essential subject in their primary, secondary, and higher schools. So strong are my convictions on this subject that I esteem it a special duty to lecture on physiology to women, and whenever I have done so, have found them most attentive and interested. The subject, possessing indeed a peculiar aptitude for women, is an instinctive feeling whether as servant or mistress, wife or mother, that that science contains for them, more than any other, the elements of real and useful knowledge.

TRAINING GIRLS.

Training girls for household duties ought to be considered as necessary as instruction in reading, writing and arithmetic, and quite as universal. We are in our own country, and in our own homes, and it is the household duties which affect most largely the happiness or misery of domestic life. If the wife knows how to "keep house," if she understands how to "set a table," if she has learned how things ought to be cooked, how beds should be made, how the furniture should be swept, how furniture should be dusted, how carpets should be repaired, and turned, and altered, and renovated; if she knows how purchases can be made to the best advantage, and understands the laying in of provisions, how to make them go farthest and last longest; if she appreciates the importance of system, order, tidiness, and that quiet management of children and servants, then she knows how to make a little heaven of home—how to win her children from the street; how to win her husband from the club-house, the gaming-table and the wine-shop. Such a family will be trained to social respectability, to business success, and to efficiency and usefulness in whatever position may be allotted to them.

It may be said to say, that not one girl in ten in our large towns and cities enters into married life who has learned to bake a loaf of bread, to purchase a carpet, or to dust a painting; to sweep a room, or to cut and make her own dress. How much the knowledge of those things bears upon the thrift, the comfort and health of families, may be conjectured, but not calculated by figures. It would be an immeasurable advantage to make a beginning by teaching a kitchen to every "middle" school girl. The most laborious thing daily in the preparation of all the ordinary articles of food, and drink for the table, and how to purchase them in the market to the best advantage, with the result of a large saving of money, an increase of comfort, and higher life in every family in the land.—Hall's Journal.

Franklin once said to a servant who was always late, but always ready with an excuse, "I have generally found that the man who is good at an excuse is good for nothing else."

To use books rightly is to go to them out for help; to appeal to them when our own knowledge and power fail; to be led by them into our own right, pure, conception than into our own, and receive from them the united sentence of the judges and council of all time, against our solitary and unstable opinions.—Harris.

Many a hundred sermons have I heard in England, many a sermon on the mystery of the faith, on the divine mission of the clergy, on apostolic succession, on the sacraments, on the doctrine of the soul works, and verbal inspiration, and the efficacy of the sacraments; but never during those thirty wonderful years, never one that I can recollect on common honesty, or those primitive commandments, "Thou shalt not lie," and "Thou shalt not steal."—Fisher.

CITY VIOLETS.

Faces of Spring's fair children,
Dances of the flowery year,
Violet will, violet will,
Drooping as midnight skies,

getting on in years, and it wouldn't suit me to make changes at my time of life, but I'm a younger man, I couldn't stay under this his roof for a day.

So saying the good woman sat herself in her arm-chair with an angry look, and folding her plump hands in her lap, looked frowningly into the fire.

"You're surely not going out on this bitter night, Mr. Bray?" said the housekeeper, as the butler began to muffle himself in a woollen comforter.

"Yes, ma'am; I must pay a visit to my daughter. She'll be looking out for me from her bed, and wanting to show me the new baby. She doesn't live far away; her home is just on the other side of the common, you know."

Buttaining his great coat over his chest, and arming himself with a stout stick, the butler went out to face the keen night air. Withdrawing the bolt of the back door, he stepped forth into the paved courtyard, and then, on turning round, he discovered the good woman sitting on her heels.

"What, here! I will go with you too?" he said, "pating the dog's head." "I like your company well enough, old fellow. The snow lay thick over the grounds, and in the faint light of a young moon the black arms of the trees stood out as if by magic."

"Poor man!" murmured the butler again.

"Will there never come any summer to his soul?"

"Ah, Lord, will there never be a day for him when the winter is over and gone, and when the time of the singing of birds is come? Thou uncast summer and winter, and only the breath of Thy Holy Spirit can thaw that frozen heart!"

He walked onward for a few paces, and then he turned to take another look at the bright window.

Meanwhile, Squire Lothian had turned his chair towards the fire, and sat idly twirling a half-filled wine-glass round and round, while for some minutes his eyes never wandered from the glittering crimson circle before him.

Little as his house-keeper would have liked it, this was a fact, nevertheless, that he had not so far drifted back to his sister Flora and her last visit to the hall. It was impossible to say that he had lured his mind to that quarter in the first place; it is often difficult to know how we have got into a certain train of reflection. And he was impatient to busy himself for thinking about the matter at all.

Yet he conjured up her image again and again. She had entered the very room in which he was now sitting, and had stood full in the glow of the bright lamp-light. He remembered how thin and pale her face had looked, framed in the black bonnet that she still wore in mourning for their father.

The squire's conscience had awakened at last, and with an awakening it often a painful one. The pride which the squire had been wont to view as rather a commendable quality was now revealed to him in its true colours, and he saw that he had been guilty of the very sin from which he raved, every Sunday, to be delivered—hardness of heart, and contempt of God's word and His commands. How often he had uttered his meaningless response to that petition, behind the red curtains of his family pew! and how well satisfied he had been with his own spiritual condition until to-night.

John Bray paid his visit to his daughter and her new-born baby, and then came out upon the white common once more; slowly attended by the faithful Herod. And as he tramped along, over his ankles in snow, he roused again about Lothian and his frozen heart.

Absorbed in his own meditations, he did not at first notice that here was whirling, and piling the snow uneasily, breaking out now and again into a short bark, as if to attract his attention.

"What's the matter, old fellow?" he said at last. "Ah, maybe there's some poor dog that's lost its way, and now it's here, faw-faw-ing out, good dog."

The bound bounded lightly away in front of him, getting over the snow-embowered ground at a rate which was simply impossible to his companion. Using such speed as he could, he followed the dog; and before he reached the spot he heard the cry repeated in a louder tone.

"That's a human voice, and I don't think I can think of going for sending Herod with me to-night!" Almost breathless from the exertions he was making, he yet contrived to shout cheerily, "Does any one want help? I am coming." The dog barked loudly in reply; and in a few minutes more he had gained the bush.

What did he find there? Two small figures crouching down upon the snow, and shivering themselves with the cold. One was a man, and the other a woman; both had strength to address him, and he spoke in a timid little voice.

"We're nearly perished, sir; I'm afraid my sister has fainted. 'His doesn't move or speak."

Bray felt in his pocket for his match-box, and, as he stood in striking a light. He knew that death is often a result of exposure to intense cold, and his heart misgave him when he first caught sight of the little colourless face and closed eyes, which the blazing match revealed.

The two girls—for such they were—were locked in each other's arms, the older ten or twelve, the latter less from the younger.

"Have you been here long?" queried Bray, anxiously.

"I can't tell how long. It has seemed hours and hours."

"I can carry your sister," continued the butler. "Do you think you can walk if you cling to my coat? that will help you to get along."

As he spoke he gently raised the younger girl from the ground, and then extended a hand to the other. She moved with a little quiver, but with difficulty, crying out feebly once or twice, for the cramped joints could not be stirred without pain. At length, however, she succeeded in standing upright, and firmly grasped her preserver's coat with both hands.

"Where do you live?" he inquired.

"At Fernbrook, sir, is it far from here? We lost our way in the snow-storm, and grew quite bewildered."

"It is more than three miles away, you have wandered altogether out of the right track."

The distance to the hall was scarcely half-a-mile; but it was performed slowly and painfully. The night darkened, and snow began to fall, and thick and fast drifted the blinding flakes into their faces. The little girl hanging to his coat impeded Bray's progress; but he dared not suffer her to get her head in. In his own mind he felt the strength of a giant, that he might have carried them both with all speed to a place of safety.

At length the great gates were reached; but Bray wisely bore his charge to the back entrance. Panting and toil-worn, he entered the spacious kitchen, where the servants were grouped about the fire, and were greeted with loud cries of astonishment.

But no time was wasted. The maids quickly fetched flannels and blankets, and every effort was made to restore the half-frozen child to life. Nor was the elder girl forgotten. Her wet garments were exchanged for dry clothes; and the good housekeeper herself administered food and hot drinks. An exclamation of delight from the kind-hearted cook announced that their exertions were at length successful.

"There, my dear," she cried joyously, "your little sister will soon be able to speak. See, she opens her eyes!"

Anxiety now being at an end, Mrs. Dayly bethought her to put a few questions to the unexpected guests.

"What is your name, my child?" she asked of the older one.

"Mrs. Morrison, ma'am," was the answer.

"What!" ejaculated the housekeeper. "Where are your father and mother?"

"They are gone abroad, ma'am; papa was taken very ill when he was travelling in Italy, and mamma was sent for, as long as a year ago."

"My child, you has been taking charge of you all this time?" asked Mrs. Dayly.

"Mamma left us with Mrs. Stone, at Fernbrook; but then we are not happy there." And the little girl began to cry.

"My poor darling!" said the housekeeper, sobbing too, and drawing little Flora to her arms. "I used to nurse your mother, my dear, and a sweet child she was! you are very like her, now that your color is coming back."

"Who are you, ma'am? Is this your house?" asked the child, fixing her large blue eyes on the good woman's face.

"I am Squire Lothian's housekeeper; and this is your uncle's house—the very house where your mother was born."

"Then I have been here before!" cried Flora, starting up. "Mamma wanted me to take care of you while she was away, but he would not do so; oh, how very unkind! He will send us away, ma'am, if he knows that we are in his house."

"Hush, hush, dear; he won't send you away to-night. I will have you to sleep in my room, and Hannah shall make me a little bed in the corner; then, you know, I shall be near at hand if you want me."

She put the children to bed with her own hands, lingering over them with many kisses and fond words, until they fell fast asleep. Then she went down stairs to take a private consultation with the butler in her parlour.

"Mrs. Bray," said she, "although you have only lived with us for a few months, I feel that you are to be relied upon. These children that you have

found to-night are Miss Flora's children, and their uncle must be told that they are here."

"It was all my doing," replied Bray, thoughtfully; "and if you'll allow me, Mrs. Dayly, I'll mention the matter to the Squire myself; I need not tell him to-night who the children are unless he demands their names. But I will confess to him that I brought them under his roof without waiting for his permission."

The butler spoke manfully enough; nevertheless, it must be owned that his heart beat a little quicker when he pushed and knocked at the dining room door. He found his master still sitting alone by the fire, with an unfinished glass of wine standing at his elbow. Bray was not a man of many words, and his simple story was told in a few minutes.

"You did quite right," said the Squire, and a soft tone indicated that he spoke in a softer tone than that usual. "Who are the children, Bray?" he continued.

"I believe they live in Fernbrook, sir; they have told Mrs. Dayly that their parents are abroad."

"Indeed; and do you know their name?"

"It is Morrison, sir." The butler uttered the word with admirable calmness, and never flushed under the sharp glance which the squire now cast upon him.

"Did you know their name before you brought them here?" said the squire, quietly.

"No, sir; I have only just learned it from Mrs. Dayly."

"That will do. You have done quite right, Bray." Two lights went by. The housekeeper had ordered a fire to be lighted in her bedroom, and, vacating her parlour, chose to sit upstairs beside the sleeping children of Flora Morrison. Nervous and tearful, and altogether unlike her usual placid self, she hovered about their pillows, looking tenderly at the two fair faces which now lay so striking a resemblance to the Flora Lothian of bygone days. She watched and watched, until a tap at the door aroused her from her reverie.

"Hannah has brought my supper," she concluded; "but, ah! no! I've no appetite to-night."

It was Hannah. The door opened, and her master stood before her, pale and agitated.

"What have you done with the children, Mrs. Dayly?" he asked.

"They are here, sir; but—they will do them no harm."

He put her aside, and coming to the bed, gazed long and earnestly at his sister's little ones. He, too, saw the likeness distinctly enough—saw it in the pure skin and delicate features, and in the pale olden hair that lay scattered over the pillow.

And again there drifted into his mind the words of that old stranger, "For the sake of the hour, and contempt of thy word and commandment, good Lord deliver us."

The frozen heart was melted at last, for tears fell fast upon those unconscious faces, and the squire groaned aloud in his utter contrition.

"Take care of them, Mrs. Dayly," he whispered to her, "and your mother's room be ready for them."

The housekeeper understood that that meant, and she could not sleep that night for very joy and gratitude.

It meant, in fact, the reconciliation of the proud brother with the "offending" child; and she and her husband and children were to be reunited in the rest of their lives in the mansion of the proud Lothian.—*Abridged from Sunday at Home.*

CONCENTRATED MEANNESS.

The Rev. Dr. Prime recently advertised in the Observer that he would pay a reward of £20 for a well-authenticated case of meanness, excellent in where the minister's wife was invited to work among his flock, and then her work's board was deducted from his salary. There were many claimants for the reward, but the following appeared to be the meanest case of all. Doctor Prime remarked: "And this is not meanness on the part of the people, it is meanness on the minister's part; and it is so reported to me, with names and dates. A hard-working, faithful missionary was employed by one of our benevolent societies, on a salary of £400, out of which he had to pay house rent and support a family. He hired a little cottage, with about 32 feet square, and by close economy kept starvation away. The Rev. Secretary of the society called to see him, and noticing the vegetable growing, asked the missionary if the garden was worth to him \$25? He said, no. Well, \$20? He thought not. He said the Secretary said it was worth \$15, and the missionary, never imagining that he was at all doing but to get an idea of the value of the garden sauce, assented. The Secretary went away, and the next quarter's salary came with the deduction of \$18!! I retract for any comment on that, as I cannot do justice to the subject." Justice ought to be done to the Secretary, and then he would be put on bread and water diet for at least one quarter.

UNKNOWN MINISTER'S SERMON.

Few men of greater parts than John Owen have honored the records of the Independent churches. In toning lately with the general sentiment, he has written with the following modest, yet soaring to be recorded for its suggestion, to many hearts of the World, and its encouragement to some preachers. Mr. Owen was in a very melancholy condition of mind. He had been in that condition several years. It happened on a Sunday, in London, how to hunt a cold and preacher of his day, Dr. Calamy. He and his cousin wanted some time in the church, but Dr. Calamy did not come. His cousin would have persuaded him to go out and hear another famous preacher. But Mr. Owen was comfortably seated and unprepared to take another walk. At last a country minister—a stranger to everybody—came in. His prayer was fervent; he took for his text the words, "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith." The very words arrested Owen's attention. He was constrained to pray that the discourse might help him to go to his work with a plan and familiar way, with arguments not now, but now strangely convincing, the unknown and uncelebrated minister addressed himself directly to Owen's particular state. The doubts and fears of the youth were broken suddenly up. The peace which passed unobserved in the heart of the speaker, was in the heart of the hearer. The happy and great usefulness of the great divan began with that hour. Mr. Owen could never find the name of the preacher. That preacher may have gone away saying, "Who hath believed our report? In after years he may have often sat at the feet of the great man, and in his own heart his superior power. He knew nothing of the great light he had made to shine.

PROTESTANTISM IN SPAIN.

Last week the cable made the brief announcement that the doors of the last Protestant chapel in Madrid have been closed. No explanation was given of this, nor have yet seen any. It will, however, clothe with a special interest the following statement taken from the Church of Scotland Herald:

"At this moment there is an organized, firm joined together and compact Spanish Christian Church. Already a number of churches have been opened in places of worship, attended by thousands of Spaniards. Pastors are peacefully administering ordinances, ordaining elders and deacons, discharging every part of the ministerial work; great order, and edifying, is standing open in Andalusia especially, and since September, 1860, in the Balearic Islands, and in some parts of Spain, some quiet, humble man, who had waited the Lord's time on the rock of Gibraltar, entered Seville. Headed by Senor Cabrea they lifted up their voice with strength; free now to declare the Word of God, the demonstration of the Holy Spirit was with them. It is the language of the Lord's word, and fact to say the least, of great excitement was raised in the minds of many, and although the intensity of this excitement has subsided, who that looks at the Spain of 1871, and compares it with the Spain of 1867, cannot do otherwise than exclaim, 'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous.'"

"It may stir up the minds of those who peruse this hurried and most imperfect sketch, to be reminded as to the platform of the Spanish Protestant Church. In the first days of the new movement, it seemed as if the enemy's work were to follow close on that of the church, and as if the good seed, as if the tares of division were to appear among the wheat. Two small bodies were formed, the one the Reformed Church, having its head quarters at Seville, and representing the Andalusian churches; the other, the Evangelical, representing those in connexion with Mr. Bray. Thank God, however, last April a General Assembly of the two bodies was held, and a thorough union was accomplished, under the comprehensive name—the Spanish Christian Church. Its constitution is Presbyterian. Provisionally—all things being meanwhile no Presbyterian—all spiritual matters are subject to the cognizance of a consistory with the power of excommunication, and it is so the supreme governing body. The churches are declared to be composed of pastors, elders, deacons and members; and each church is at liberty to establish whatever they may deem needful for the locality, provided that unity and discipline be maintained. All places of public worship are forbidden from occupying any thing but that which is indispensable for worship, images and all crosses of any kind being prohibited. But it is recommended that the Decalogues, the Apostle's Creed, and Lord's Prayer, be printed in the upper part of the church, and that the walls thereof be printed with portions of Scripture as may be conducive to the faith, hope and love of the brethren. No festivals are to be celebrated except Christmas day and Good Friday. The Lord's Supper is enjoined to take place at least three times in the year."

So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto judgment.

THE FROZEN HEART.

"Freezes hard, does it? Ah, well, some folks' hearts are freezing harder still!"

"Speak out, Mrs. Dayly; is it the master you mean?"

"Who else should it be? Wouldn't one think that this white winter weather would remind him of the night when his sister came here with her two children—came and awoke him and shatter for them, and he had no reproval? And yet that night his eyes never wandered from the glittering crimson circle before him. Little as his house-keeper would have liked it, this was a fact, nevertheless, that he had not so far drifted back to his sister Flora and her last visit to the hall. It was impossible to say that he had lured his mind to that quarter in the first place; it is often difficult to know how we have got into a certain train of reflection. And he was impatient to busy himself for thinking about the matter at all."

"To be sure she did. She married without her father's consent; her husband was a poor seditious tutor, without money, and of no family at all. That was what offended the Lothians; they couldn't endure that a daughter of their house should be mated with a nobody. But he didn't mean to leave his favourite child penniless, and it didn't act that in a little while his heart would have softened towards her. Death came to him suddenly, however, and as he died, without making a will, his only son, came into possession of all the property."

"But surely, Mrs. Dayly, our master gave his sister her share?"

"He did no such thing. And last year, just on such a night as this, a fly drove up to the wall door, and who should make her appearance but Mrs. Morrison—that was Miss Flora, you know. She told her story, and a pitiful one it was. Her husband had gone abroad as tutor to a young gentleman, leaving her at home with her two little daughters. Now had just come to her that Mr. Morrison was lying dangerously ill of a fever in some foreign place, and as she was going to him at once. But she knew not what to do with her children, and she came to treat her brother to give them shelter while she was away. She was very poor, she said; and she bought the squire to take care of her darlings."

"And what did the master say, Mrs. Dayly?"

"He was harder than a flint. He would not even look at the little girls; and he told his sister he could do nothing for her. So she went her way."

"Poor master!" he said the new butler, in a tone of compassion; "he must be an unhappy man."

"You might better your pity where it is needed, Mr. Bray," cried the housekeeper wrathfully. "Mrs. Morrison, poor soul, she was a brave woman!"

"I scarcely think so, ma'am. The Scripture says: 'He that seeth his brethren have need and shutteth up his bowels of compassion, how dwelleth the love of God in him?' And if the love of God does not dwell in us, Mrs. Dayly, then we are of all men the most miserably

"I'm not ready at quoting the Bible, Mr. Bray, and so I leave whether God or man, I don't believe, my master knows the meaning of the word."

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TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS. Letters and articles intended for the next issue should be in the hands of the Editor not later than Thursday morning.

Table with 3 columns: Space, 3 Mo's, 6 Mo's, 1 Year. Rows include One column, Half column, Quarter column, etc.

British American Presbyterian. TORONTO, FRIDAY, APRIL 20, 1872.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK

The Washington Treaty has during the past week been the great subject of discussion both in Britain and on the continent.

The excitement connected with it in Britain has been growing for a good while past, and the feeling is very strong and quite universal against the claims set up by the Americans for what are called "consequential damages."

When I feel inclined to read poetry I take down the "Penny Post" and peruse the words in quite as beautiful as that of sentences. Bring me the most stilted from the whole range of imaginative writing.

On the other hand the Washington Cabinet is resolved to adhere to its case "as given in," so that to all appearance there is not much likelihood of the Geneva arbitration resulting in anything satisfactory.

This treaty business is to the British Empire generally, and to us in Canada particularly, a special interest, for it is evident that the fate of the Gladstone ministry in England, and of our own Dominion government will be very much determined by considerations growing out of the manner in which this matter has been managed.

Comparatively a short time ago, the Gladstone administration was all-powerful; now it is very different.

Large sections of the people have one after another been somewhat alienated, till at last the supposed bungling of this treaty business has brought many staunch liberals and friends of progress and reform, to regard with perfect equanimity the possible return of the Conservatives to power.

In the same way there cannot be any reasonable doubt but that recent disclosures have tended considerably to weaken on the hold the present ministers at Ottawa have upon the loyal attachment of not a few of the most earnest and enlightened Conservatives in the Country.

A noticeable feature in English current events, is the strike of the Warwickshire farm laborers. If only a goodly number of them could be brought to Canada it would be of great advantage both to those who come and those who remain.

Father Cavazzi landed in New York some days ago, and though his present visit may not cause so much excitement as his previous one did yet there is no doubt but that multitudes will be anxious to hear the great Italian orator.

A rather important decision was last week given by the Supreme Court of the United States, on the relation between Church and State. This decision was given in connexion with a dispute in the Presbyterian church at Louisville, Ky., as to which party in the congregation had a right to the Church property.

This is the first decision of the kind given by the Supreme Court of the United States, and may form an important precedent.

In Canadian religious circles, nothing of any particular importance has been stirring, if we may except the growing tendency of a good many congregations to avail themselves of the interim act of Assembly, and introduce instrumental music in the service of the Sanctuary.

When I feel inclined to read poetry I take down the "Penny Post" and peruse the words in quite as beautiful as that of sentences. Bring me the most stilted from the whole range of imaginative writing.

Who are the farmers' servants? Not the Irish, nor the Coolies, but geology and chemistry, the quary of the air, the water of the brook, the lightning of the cloud, the castings of the worm, the plow of the frost.

INCREASED LIBERALITY IN THE CHURCH.

The letters which we have already published from valuable correspondents on the need of increased liberality in our churches, and the means by which this is to be secured, have received, we doubt not, the serious consideration of most of our readers.

There is no doubt being in the work of the church with efficiency, a much more liberal scale of giving than has yet been attained is indispensably necessary. There is no doubt being in late years considerable improvement, and income cases this improvement has been very marked and gratifying.

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I grudge not any one his New-year mirth, even though it run fast and furious. But do not adulterate the natural multifariousness of youthfully wild and dangerous intoxicating draughts.

The Gospel does not frown upon hospitality, nor does it forbid Christians to make themselves and their families as comfortable as possible, but surely it requires something like due proportion to be observed in spending upon what is regarded of more importance and of less.

gives! Almost anything. Their interest is enlisted; their affection or their ambition is awakened, and the result is that their hand is open and their money is ready.

THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS MOVEMENT.

In the March Number of the Canadian Monthly, there is a paper bearing the above title: We commend it to our readers as an able and admirable discussion of the subject.

But if equality is established, privilege cannot be retained. Woman may be man's help-mate, or she may be his competitor; both also cannot be. Nor is it possible that man should preserve his present chivalrous sentiments towards women, when he finds himself daily jostling with her as his rival in the race struggle for subsistence, or in the still ruder conflict of political ambition.

The story of his human race is the story of God's temple. Undivided souls are the building to be retained at the judgment day. Ask yourself: "Am I on that foundation, or an I the rubbish?"

It would sometimes seem as if motherhood were a lovely sacrifice of the great Father, to wear the heart from selfishness by a peaceful and gradual process. The babe is self in another form. It is so interwoven and identified with the mother's life, that she passes by almost insensible gradations from herself to it.

THE "PRESBYTERIAN" AND POLITICS.

The Manitoban of Winnipeg is greatly disgusted at our having admitted into our columns a letter signed "Melia" in which the writer tries to show that Archbishop Tache was the great mover in the troubles of the North-west two or three years ago.

Such foolish talk as this zealous apologist for Bishop Tache indulges in cannot surely be acceptable to the Presbyterians of the North-west. It is simply because we do not occupy a position of political partisanship that we can allow our correspondents and ourselves to speak out the honest convictions of ninety-nine hundredths of the English speaking people of this Dominion in reference to the prime mover in all the troubles of the North-west.

But if equality is established, privilege cannot be retained. Woman may be man's help-mate, or she may be his competitor; both also cannot be. Nor is it possible that man should preserve his present chivalrous sentiments towards women, when he finds himself daily jostling with her as his rival in the race struggle for subsistence, or in the still ruder conflict of political ambition.

The remarks, of course, of the Manitoban, are of no consequence whatever, except so far as they express what a great number of the "secular" papers of the present day seem to have settled as unquestionable, viz:—that religion and religious men, and "religious" papers, technically so called, have nothing to do with politics, but that all such questions ought to be left exclusively to those who make the world their specialty.

Our Young Folks.

BE AS THOROUGH AS YOU CAN.

Whatever you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might,
Never be a little true,
Or a little in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to heaven,
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no one speak their surface dim—
Spotless truth and honor bright!
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says any lie is white!
Ho who falters,
Twists or alters,
Little atoms when we speak,
May deceive me,
But believe me,
To himself he is a sneak!

Help the weak if you are strong,
Love the old if you are young;
Own a fault if you are wrong.
If you're angry hold your tongue.
In each duty
Lies a beauty,
If your eyes you do not shut,
Just as surely,
And securely
As a kernel in a nut!

Love with all your heart and soul—
Love with eye and ear and touch;
That's the moral of the whole,
You can never love too much!

'Tis the glory
Of the story
In our babyhood begun;
Our hearts without it,
(Never doubt it),
Are as worlds without a sun!

If you think a word would please,
Say it, if it is but true;
Words may give delight with ease,
When no act is asked from you.
Words may often
Soothe and soften,
Gild a joy or heal a pain;
They are treasures
Yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain!

Whatever you find to do,
Do it then with all your might;
Let your prayers be strong and true—
Prayer, my lady, will keep you right.
Pray in all things,
Great and small things,
Like a Christian gentleman;
And forever,
Now or never,
Be as thorough as you can.

—Good Words for the Young.

VALUE OF A PENNY.

Thirty years ago, there was seen to enter the city of London a lad about fourteen years of age. He was dressed in a dark, smock frock, that hid all his under apparel, and would have seemed to have been made for a person much taller than the wearer. His boots were smothered with dust from the highway. He had an old hat with a black band, which contrasted strangely with the covering of his head. A small bundle, fastened to the end of a stick and thrown over the shoulder, was the whole of his equipment. As he approached the Mansion House, he paused to look at the building, and seating himself on the steps of one of the doors, he was about to rest awhile; but the coming in and going out of half a dozen persons before he had time to untie his bundle, made him leave the spot for the next open space where the doors were in part closed.

Having taken from his bundle a large quantity of bread and cheese, which he seemed to eat with a ravenous appetite, he amused himself by looking at the bundle before him, with all the curiosity of one unaccustomed to see similar objects.

The appearance of the youth soon attracted my curiosity, and gently opening the door, I stood behind him without his being in the least conscious of my presence. He now began rummaging his pockets, and after a great deal of trouble brought out a roll of paper which he carefully opened. After satisfying him that a large copper coin was safe, he carefully put it back again, saying, to himself, in a low voice, "Mother, I will remember your last words—a penny saved is two pence earned." It shall go hard with me before I part with you, old friend."

Pleased with this remark, I gently touched the lad on the shoulder. He started, and was about to move away, when I said,

"My good lad, you seem tired, and also a stranger in the city." "Yes Sir," he answered, putting his hand to his hat. He was again about to move away.

"You need not hurry away, my boy," I observed. "Indeed, if you are a stranger, and willing to work, I can perhaps help you to find what you require."

The boy stood mute with astonishment, and coloring to such an extent as to show all the freckles of the sun-burnt face, stammered out:

"Yes Sir." "I wish to know," I added, with all the kindness of manner I could assume, "whether you wish to find work, for I am in want of youth to assist my coachman."

The poor lad twisted and twirled his bundle about, and after having duly placed his hand to his head, managed to utter an awkward kind of answer that he would be very thankful.

I mentioned not a word about what I had heard in regard to the penny, but, inviting him into the house, I sent for the coachman, to whose care I intrusted the new comer.

Nearly a month had elapsed after this meeting, and no conversation had occurred, when I resolved to make inquiries of the coachman regarding the conduct of the lad.

"A better boy never came into the house, sir, and as for wasting anything, bless me! I know not where he has been brought up, but I really think he'd consider it a sin if he did not give the crumbs of bread to the poor birds every morning."

"I am glad to hear so good an account," I replied.

"And as for his good nature, sir, there is not a servant amongst us that does not speak well of Joseph. He reads to us while we sup, and he writes all our letters for us. O, sir, he has got more learning than all of us put together; and what's more, he doesn't mind work and never talks about our secrets after he writes our letters."

Determined to see Joseph myself, I requested the coachman to send him to the parlor.

"I understand, Joseph, that you can read and write?"

"Yes sir, thanks to my poor dear mother."

"You have lately lost your mother, then?"

"A month that very day you were kind enough to take me into your house, an unprotected orphan!" answered Joseph.

"Where did you go to school?"

"Sir, my mother had been a widow ever since I can remember. She was a daughter of the village schoolmaster, and having to maintain me and herself with her needle, she took the opportunity of her leisure moments to teach me to read and write, and to cast up accounts."

"And she gave you that penny which was in the paper that I saw you unroll so carefully at the door?"

Joseph stood amazed, but at length replied with emotion, and a tear started from his eye—

"Yes sir; it was the very last penny she gave me."

"Well Joseph, so satisfied am I with your conduct, that not only do I pay you a month's wages willingly for the time you have been here, but I must beg of you to fulfil the duties of collecting clerk to our firm, which situation has been made vacant by the death of a very old and faithful assistant."

Joseph thanked me in the most unassuming manner, and I was asked to take care of his money since I had promised to provide him with suitable clothes for his new occupation.

It will be unnecessary to relate how, step by step, this poor country lad proceeded to win the confidence of myself and partner; the accounts were always correct to a penny. At length he had saved a sufficient sum of money to be deposited in the bank. It so happened that one of our chief customers, who carried on a successful business, required an active partner. This person was of eccentric habits, and considerably advanced in years. Scrupulously just, he looked to every penny, and invariably discharged his workmen if they were not equally scrupulous in dealing with him.

Aware of his peculiarity of temper, there was no person I could recommend but Joseph; and after overcoming the repugnance of my partner, who was unwilling to be deprived of so valuable an assistant, Joseph was duly received into the firm of Richard Fairbrothers & Co. Prosperity attended Joseph in this new undertaking, and never suffering a penny difference to appear in his transactions, he so completely won the confidence of his partner, that he left him the whole of his business, as he expressed it in his will, "even to the very last penny."—*Exchange.*

DUST IN CITIES.

Professor Tyndall states that almost the whole of the dust in rooms is of organic origin, and prominent among these organic bodies is horse manure. The removal of this offensive contamination from the air of infected localities has been the subject of careful experiment and investigation by the London Board of Health. Not only have the droppings been removed from the streets, but the surfaces of the pavements have also been purified by jets of water thrown by steam-power, whereby all the crevices between the stones forming the pavements have been cleansed. In some districts the practice has been adopted of covering all surfaces that are soaked with foul organic materials with a layer of fresh earth. This has been attended with the most satisfactory results. The Val de Travers asphalt pavement is however regarded by Sir Joseph Whitworth, the great English authority on all questions connected with street economy, as offering the most promising relief from such organic dust, since its introduction will tend to hasten the employment of hot-air engines with India rubber tires for all the purposes of street traffic, and the source or cause of the contamination will of necessity disappear.—*Scribner's for May.*

"The difficulty in life," says Arthur Helps, "is the same as the difficulty in grammar—to know when to make the exceptions to the rule."

Sabbath School Teacher.

CLEARNESS IN TEACHING.

The *Sunday School Times* gives the following timely hint to teachers:

"If your own knowledge is vague and uncertain, how can you expect to get the attention of your scholars? They will generally be keen enough to see whether you are well-informed on the subject of the lesson, and if you are not, vain will be your attempt to enlighten them."

"When you explain anything to them, use the simplest words. Explain by asking questions of the class, whenever the thing to be explained will admit of it. Their attention will be much more closely given to you, if you can get some of the talking out of them. One single truth well explained and illustrated, so that the class understands it, is worth more to them than many truths would be, just touched upon, or dimly explained."

REASONS FOR ENCOURAGEMENT.

Rev. Thomas Armitage, D. D., addressing the New York Association of Sunday-school Teachers on the subject of "The Conversion of very young children," said:

"1. The religion of the Lord Jesus is the only religion that wraps a perfect child into its constitution. The Christian religion is the only religion that encloses humanity in the folds of its broad mantle—the only religion in which a child is laid at the foundation of its faith."

"2. The religion of Jesus is the only religion that dares to put its sacred books into the hands of the children. The Christian religion brings all the mysteries of its sacred truth to the mind of the child, and permits it to grasp them by faith. The profound Newton, and the thoughtful Milton, and the inspired Paul, lay hold of them by the same simple faith."

"3. The religion of Jesus is the only religion that boasts its workmanship complete when it works the spirit of the little child."

"4. The religion of Jesus is better adapted to effect the personal salvation of the little child than that of persons in any other period of life."

"5. The faculties developed first and in childhood are those powers which are exercised in conversion. The appeal comes to the will, governing it; it comes to the affections, warming them and making them active; it comes to the conscience, making it sensitive."

THE SIZE OF CLASSES.

We have always been advocates for the small classes, while we have always opposed any very strict limitation of the classes. Of late we are inclined to think that in many cases there might be larger classes. Why should the infant class and the Bible class be indefinitely large while the intermediate ones are strictly limited to about half a dozen pupils? With the present awkward accommodations it would be difficult to have classes much larger than they are. But the Sunday-school of the present will be able to mould the church buildings of the future, and in the future we may be able to have separate apartments for the several classes. Even now the size of many classes might very well be increased.

What are the conditions that should limit the size of a class?

1. A class should not be so large that the teacher can not successfully keep the attention of the entire class. But a teacher's ability to hold the attention of a whole class depends largely on the teacher's own qualification. It depends also on the suitability of the teacher to that particular class. A teacher who can not touch one class may easily master another. It is also important that the class should be adapted to each other. A class unsuited in capacity and taste to another can not be interested by the same teaching. What is appropriate to one is not fit for the other.

2. A teacher should not have more scholars than can be brought under his direct personal influence. Personal influence is also a matter of personal character. Some teachers will captivate two hundred scholars more easily than others will exert an influence over three.

If we could have separate rooms, blackboards, maps and other conveniences, we might easily enlarge our classes, securing better teachers and perhaps better results. While we are as much as ever opposed to any stiff grading upon the basis of knowledge, we are ready to confess that we believe that fewer and larger classes might be better than the present system.—*Rev. Edward Eggleston, D. D.*

ADAPTATION OF METHODS.

"Children like to repeat their successes." There is in every soul a conscious pride when a purpose has been accomplished. The memory of success is sweet to all alike. Nor is this pride ignoble when it compares its efforts, not with what others are doing, but with high ideals. Let us take this principle in the mind of the child, and not check his pride, but twine it around noble and heavenly things.

Little Jessie is learning to read. I notice if left to herself she invariably turns to the pages with which she is perfectly familiar, and every little while she will cease her rapid rattling of words to say, "How wise I am getting!" This wee child has taught me a lesson. She has given me a key to her little being. The advance pages of her Primer are a combination of new words with those of the preceding pages; then a perfect familiarity with each lesson is the basis of all advancement. It is so with everything in life. God causes the child to recognize the fact with a loving instinct. I see if I would make little Jessie happy as a learner, and what child will learn without it is a pleasant task, I must often let her tell me what she already knows. Not only this, but I must endeavor to find in the new as much as possible of the old. And yet as a philosopher has aptly said, "Every virtue by excess becomes a vice." One must not so far yield to this one characteristic of a child's mind as to render his method puerile, overlooking a desire equally strong, i. e., a desire for knowledge. The former should only be taken as the pleasantest, most direct way to gratify the latter.

How may the Infant Class teacher adapt these principles to religious work?

1. Let there be a connecting thought in all the lessons, so that reference may be helpfully, aptly made to the preceding lessons, blending the old with the new.

2. Set a time apart occasionally for a general review of the lessons recently given.

3. Introduce the lesson with some incident of the home or of the play.

4. Call for the Golden Text of last Sunday to be repeated.

5. Let the little ones sing the songs they best enjoy.

6. Before the prayer, let them tell of the pleasures God has given them during the week. Then let the teacher make the prayer one of thanksgiving, naming as far as possible those things to which the children have referred.

CAUTION.—Never say to the children I will let you do this and so "because you do it so well," but rather "because you want to do for God what you can do well. We like to give him the best we have." Thus we will place pride in success not upon self, but upon a holy purpose.

Scientific and Useful.

A WISE ARRANGEMENT.

It is rather a curious fact that all animals are really two joined together. Every man is corporeally made up of two halves, precisely alike, united in a medial line. Thus, we have two brains, separated by a vertical partition; two eyes, two ears, two hands, two kidneys, two lungs, two arms, two legs and so on. In case of a palsy of one-half of the body, a very common circumstance, the functions of life and mental operations are carried on by the well half. For years, in some instances, one-half the body is dragged about without contributing at all to vitality. Were it not for this beneficent duplication, an attack of paralysis would be death *de facto* of the individual.

THE VIRTUE OF THE SUNFLOWER.

Mr. Martin, in a paper presented by him to the *Societe Therapeutique de France* affirms that the common sunflower, extensively cultivated, has the effect of neutralizing the unwholesome vapors which are so fatal to health and life in marshy districts. The Dutch, who live only by diking and draining their low lands, and are, therefore, good authority, pronounce sunflower culture a specific for intermitting fever, the scourge of Holland. They assert that it has disappeared from every district where the experiment has been tried. It is not yet known whether this is the result of its rapid growth producing oxygen, or whether it emits ozone and destroys those germs, animal and vegetable, which produce that miasma which brings fever in its train.—*Medical Record.*

GAS-BILLS.

People who complain of heavy gas-bills are very much in the habit of doubting the trustworthiness of the meters used, ascribing the overcharge to false measurement. Where contested bills have been carried into court, the results of the most stringent tests have generally shown that the meters record the amount of gas passing through them correctly. But meters do not record the quality of the gas; and there is as much difference in the illuminating power of good and bad gas, as there is in the wearing qualities of a serviceable cloth and the flimsiest shoddy. And here is where the cheat generally comes in. An inferior article of gas not only affords much less light than a good article, but it also passes through the burner much more rapidly; so that the poorer the gas the higher is the price the consumer is obliged to pay for it.

RIGHT KIND OF COOKING STOVE.

The Agricultural humorist of the *Hartford Courant* makes some pertinent suggestions relative to cooking stoves as follows; "A cooking-stove at present

is made to cost the consumer more than twice what it need, if the manufacture were placed upon some settled basis. We don't want a flowery affair in the kitchen, overloaded with ornaments in an ugly mimicry of architecture. Cast-iron flowers are no way lovely. We don't want to pay for them or have them in the way of the blacking and dust-brush. All the unnecessary surface about a cooking-stove gives just so much expanse of black-lead to be burnt into the atmosphere of the room. If the form of a dry-goods box is the most convenient, let us have that; or if there must be here and there a projection, let the corners be rounded, with a few places left for dust to lodge as may be, and done with it."

SUBSTITUTE FOR TEA AND COFFEE.

Tea and coffee are threatened with a Brazilian rival, called guarana. Guarana consists of the seeds of a tree known to botanists as the *Paullinia sorbitis*, which is abundant. The tree produces a fruit the size of a walnut, containing five or six seeds. The seeds are roasted, mixed with water and dried. Before being used they require grinding, when they fall into a kind of powder. The acting principle is an alkaloid identical with that found in tea and coffee, but there is twice as much of it in guarana as there is in tea. The effects are similar to those of tea and coffee.

When a carpet is taken up to be cleaned, the floor beneath it is generally very much covered with dust. This dust is very fine and dry, and poisonous to the lungs. Before removing it, sprinkle the floor with very dilute carbolic acid, to kill any poisonous germs that may be present, and to thoroughly disinfect the floor, and render it sweet.

In a communication to the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh, on the Extirpation of Venomous Serpents from Islands, Mr. Robert Brown calls attention to the fact that the common domestic pig has exterminated rattle-snakes in some districts of Oregon, and that great antipathy exists between the pig and poisonous snakes in all parts of the world. The animal seems to enjoy, in a singular degree, immunity from the venom of reptiles; and the author is disposed to regard the non-occurrence of snakes in Ireland as attributable to the large number of pigs kept in that country.

SICK ROOM HINTS.

A sick room should have a pleasant aspect. Light is essential. Blinds and curtains may be provided to screen the eyes too weak to bear full day, but what substitute can make up for the absence of that blessed sunshine without which life languishes? The walls should be of a cheerful tint; if possible, some sort of out-door glimpse should be visible from the bed or chair where the invalid lies, if it but the top of a tree or a bit of sky. Eyes which have been traveling for long, dull days over the pattern of the paper hangings, till each bud and leaf and quill are familiar—and hateful, brighten with pleasure as the blind is raised. The mind, wearied of the grinding battle with pain and self, finds unconscious refreshment in the new interest. Ah, there is a bird's shadow flitting across the pane. The tree top sways and trembles with soft rustlings—a white cloud floats dreamily over the blue,—and now, oh delight and wonder, the bird himself comes in sight and perches visibly on the bow, dressing his feathers and quivering forth a few notes of song. All the world, then, is not lying in bed because we are, is not tired of its surroundings—has not the back-ache! What a refreshing thought! And though this glimpse of another life, the fresh natural life from which we are shut out—that life which has nothing to do with pills and potions, tip toe movements, whispers, and doctor's boots creaking in the entry—may cause the hot tears to rush suddenly into our eyes, it does us good, and we begin to say with a certain tremulous thrill of hope: "When I go out again, I shall do"—so and so.

Ah, if nurses, if friends knew how irksome, how positively harmful, is the sameness of a sick-room, surely love and skill would devise remedies. If it were only bringing in a blue flower to day and a pink one to-morrow; hanging a fresh picture to vary the monotony of the wall, or even an old one in a new place—something, anything—is such infinite relief. Small things and single things suffice. To see many of his surroundings changed at once confuses an invalid; to have one little novelty at a time to vary the point of observation stimulates and cheers. Give him that, and you do more and better than if you filled the apartment with fresh objects.

It is supposed by many that flowers should carefully be kept away from sick-people,—that they exhaust the air or communicate to it some harmful quality. This may, in a degree, be true of such strong, fragrant blossoms as lilacs or garden lilies, but of the more delicately scented ones no such effect need be apprehended. A well aired room will never be made close or unwholesome by a nosegay of roses, mignonette, or violets, and the subtle cheer which they bring with them is infinitely reviving to weary eyes and depressed spirits.—*From "Home and Society," Scribner's for April.*

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In our own country, a war upon corruption and rascality in office has been inaugurated in our city, whereby the Government of our State has been reformed through a series of brilliant reforms, which surpasses the most sanguine anticipations. It is morally certain that the movement thus inaugurated cannot, in its progress, be circumscribed to any locality or any party, but that its purifying influence is destined to be felt in every part of the Union, resulting in a general reformation of industry, wresting power from politicians by trade, and adding to those who are most fit and able to wield it. To this beneficent and vitally needed reform, THE TRIBUNE will devote its best energies, regardless of personal interests or party affiliations, estimating the choice of honest and faithful men as the most auspicious of all New Departures the most essential and auspicious.

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