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DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION.

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Temperance Department.

THE MAN WHO COULD TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF.

NOT A FICTION.

(By Mrs. J. D. Chaplin.)

Sensational stories, however good their moral, fade away like pictures in the cloud; but facts, properly presented, remain before the mind with lessons of hope or warning. There is no fiction in the following sad story. God's eye looks down to-day on the desolate scene described, and his ear hears the groans that are pressed from a mother's heart by the evil doing of those she loves.

Some years ago there lived in a neighboring city, in great style, a rich and elegant man of the world with a gentle Christian wife, whose chief earthly joy and care lay in her three beautiful boys. This gentleman drank wine at his dinner and at the club-room, but had no more fear of being a drunkard than of being a leper. He drank, however, "a little more" every year. Indeed, he "felt the need of it," as all moderate drinkers do. Finally the boys began to taste the cup, and, while yet at school, could judge of wines and criticize their flavor as skilfully as did their father. The mother had thus far been asleep to the danger, but she now began to urge her husband to "give up wine for the sake of his example on her sons." But he "knew what he was about, and could take care of himself without the help of a woman."

This sharp speech was a new demonstration of the destroyer's hand. Then she admitted for the first time to herself that he was a drunkard.

Before long there was proof that one of the sons could not "take care of himself," and a heavy loss in business, reducing the wealth of the family about this time, led the mother to lay plans for their salvation.

She proposed leaving the city and finding some pleasant rural home where their reduced income would be an ample support; but, while she was planning, and urging, and entreating, the club-room, the gilded saloon, and the meaner "bar" were doing their work on these fine-looking youths, who were just entering manhood.

Before long the degradation of the father ceased to be a secret in the neighborhood, and frequently it required all the strength of two men to get him from his carriage to his chamber. Business was now utterly neglected; rash schemes were entered into, and mad risks were run, till there was no longer money to keep up such an extravagant style of living without seizing on the lady's patrimony, which had hitherto, according to her father's expressed wish, been kept sacred against some great emergency.

The husband, seeing the wreck of his own estates, felt that "the great emergency" had come, and consented to leave the city if she would pass her property over to him for family uses.

The poor woman now realized fully that she was the wife and mother of drunkards, and thought this a small sacrifice for their salvation. Before her plan could be carried out, however, the hopeful mother had fierce flames to pass through. Hitherto her youngest son had but once or twice "gone," in his father's words, "a little too far." But one night, as

The subject of this sketch is Secretary to the Dominion Evangelical Alliance, and is pastor of St. Andrew's, one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic churches in Montreal. His congregation embraces some of the leading Scotch bankers and shippers, among them Sir Hugh Allan. Rev. Mr. Lang is a ready and instructive speaker, and has ministered with considerable success both here and in Scotland. He is the leader of the anti-Union party which lately unsuccessfully opposed the Union of the Presbyter-

ian Churches of the Dominion; and he has in the temperance movement espoused the broad platform of a general combination of total abstinents, and moderate drinkers with which to combat the use and abuse of intoxicating drinks. He is a clergyman of very kindly feelings and of a broad catholicity of spirit, which is exemplified in his taking part with the clergymen of all other Protestant denominations in charitable enterprises and religious services.

she sat watching for his return, while the small hours were passing, she was startled by violent ringing at the door, accompanied by loud voices and terrific cursing. This was the death-knell of her hopes for that time. Two policemen brought in her boy of seventeen years, the darling of her heart, raging with drink, and pouring out profanity, till then a stranger to his lips. When he saw her pale face, he burst into a fit of wild weeping, and, throwing his arms around her neck, he shrieked out: "O mother! I'm your boy for all this. Oh! love me still. Can't you save me? They are all trying to ruin me, body and soul! Take me away from father and the boys, and never let me out of your sight again! Take me away from them! Hide me—anywhere—in prison—in the grave—only where there's no brandy! It is burning out my brain! O mother, mother!"

Let all women who have yielded up pure-hearted and undefiled young sons to God stand dumb before this mother's anguish, and thank heaven that their boys are safe, beyond the reach of the tempter!

In a rich but almost wilderness region, a long day's journey from the city, there lay a farm with wondrous advantages for cultivation as well as of scenery. Hills rose on every side, forming, as it seemed to this crushed woman, a little world of her own to which the destroyer could not gain access. A lovely lake, shadowing on its surface high hills and tall forest trees, lay before the house;



REV. GAVIN LANG.

quiet retreat. Among the furniture and supplies there had come a cask of brandy and cases of rare wines, which very soon revealed their work to her! When the heart-broken woman asked, "What did you come up here for?" her husband replied:

"I came to drink myself to death away from the eyes of the multitude!"

"And what can I do for my sons?" she cried in despair.

"Let them drink themselves to death, too; they are too far gone now for anything else," was the heartless reply.

But still her hope did not fail, and she wrought on, trying to make home happy, and looking for the day when this brandy would be gone, and no more could be found in the forest.

The old man kept the key to his horrid treasure, which lay hidden in a closet in the harness-room. But once, when beyond the power of caring for it, his eldest son, to whom heaven had given the form and the head of an Apollo, robbed him of his keys, and, with thirst whetted by partial abstinence, they all again drank deeply and madly. They sang, they swore, they shrieked, and they laughed, till their few rustic neighbors, who had looked on them as beings of a loftier sphere, came to see what had befallen them!

In the midst of the uproar the father awoke from his drunken slumbers, and with a faint show of parental authority commanded silence. This, and the threats which accompanied it, so aroused the demon in the breasts of the two eldest sons that they flew at their helpless father, and dealt blow after blow on his defenceless head; and, but that their brother and mother interfered, would have murdered him on the spot. As it was, he was sorely wounded, and the patient martyr mother was dashed, while fainting, from the room, and lay bleeding in the hall!

Her youngest son, less wild than his brothers, attempted to revenge the wrong done her, when a scene ensued which could not be rivalled in North street or at the Five Points for brutality. The father and his sons engaged in a promiscuous fight, making the tasteful parlor a scene of horrible bloodshed! The servants, well used to such scenes, removed their mistress to her room; and soon the noise ceased, and the stillness of death reigned in the parlor, now turned into a dormitory for the debased men.

When the morning broke, the sun looked in on the scene of those fearful orgies, and disclosed the work of the night. Thousands of dollars' worth of pictures, marbles, and bronzes had been destroyed by drunken violence! The legs of a chair had been thrust through the canvas of a matchless Titian. Venus had lost her head by a fall from her pedestal; Jupiter's face was marred, and Juno ruined. What were the marvels of the brush or the chisel to these infuriated madmen?—If they had no pity on the mother who bore them, what cared they for cold marble and senseless bronzes?

The two younger sons were terribly crushed and humiliated when they saw their desolation and heard the moans of their mother. But the rage of the father and his eldest son was aroused anew at the sight of each other; and, exhausted as they were, they sprang up afresh like tigers, and fought like prize-fighters, till the mother was forced to send for her neighbors to separate them, and, finally, for a sheriff to imprison her first-born, lest he might kill his father.

Then, in the wild confusion of that awful day, the youngest son, not yet eighteen years old, pleaded with his mother to send him at once to the Inebriate Asylum, that she might, perchance, have one son to stand by her to the last.

But the father, who now held all her property in his hands, refused to "waste money on asylums," adding, "If the boy isn't a fool, he can take care of himself, as I do!"

And the poor boy, who was struggling in his fetters, cried out: "Let me go as a pauper, then—only save me from the smell of brandy and wine."

To-day the man of mercy, at the head of that asylum, is helping the poor boy, in God's name, to crush the foe, and to rise in the

and far off, between openings in the hills, were other lakes and distant villages, and towers.

The road which led to this (what seemed a mansion of peace to that poor tired heart) led no further; no stage brought dangerous passengers, no sly expressman conveyed mysterious packages, boxes, or demijohns. She felt that a new paradise had been found; and again, as when her boys were in their cradle, her poor heart began to draw fair pictures of an honorable and happy manhood for them. The husband consented to go there, as there was fine hunting and fishing there!

The plan of this family was not to take up a rude life, but to carry all that betokened their intelligence and refinement with them to their new home. Their costly library, their rare gems of art—many of which they had inherited—were so much a part of their home that no place would seem like home without them. And these pictures, marbles, and bronzes, made a strange display in the low, broad parlor of the old farm-house.

The autumn was in its glory, and heaven seemed opening new joys to this fond mother as she gathered her family around her, nine miles away from any stronghold of their enemy! If ever a poor heart turned to heaven in gratitude, it was hers, in the few short days of triumph that followed. The world was dead to her, now that she had saved her family!

But very soon the dream was broken; for when they came, "Satan came also," to that

strength of a new manhood to do his work in life.

Satan, in going to and fro and up and down in the earth, inspired one of his emissaries to establish a distillery so near that the fumes of his poison reached the lungs, and killed the feeble efforts at reform, of these wrecked "gentlemen."

"Ruin" is written on the dwelling; for everything but nature and the mother's love has fallen to decay there. Money and land are melting away like snow beneath the sun; and when this poor woman shall fall into the rest of the grave, her husband and sons will very soon be paupers.

Can the dens of poverty and ignorance show a deeper degradation than this? Is there no danger for men of wealth and culture, and for their children? Is it not time that the churches of God—the mightiest power in the land—rise strong in the might of their great Leader, and lay this foe of humanity in the dust?

Let us get help from politicians, if we can, but let us not rely on it in this warfare; for there are politicians, not a few, who would sell a soul for every vote. But let us rely on our power with the God of battles, and call mightily on him to crush this foul foe of humanity, and to break his power in high as well as in low places.—National Temperance Society and Publishing House.

THE SALE OF POISONS.

For a very long time, when reading the accounts of the horrible crimes committed under the influence of drink (alcoholic poison), I have been struck with the peculiar administration of the law, which punishes one set of tradesmen severely, while another set almost invariably escape, although guilty of the same act. If an apothecary sells poison without complying with the very stringent (and properly so) provisions of the Act of Parliament which applies to his trade, a very severe fine (£20) is inflicted; and if fatal results occur, the coroner and a jury quickly take the matter in hand: and the social ruin of the tradesman who so carelessly supplies the poisonous article is the inevitable consequence of his carelessness. Again, if a medical man, in the course of his practice, accidentally causes death by the careless or mistaken administration of poison, he too is soon brought to a severe reckoning; and if he escapes legal punishment, his future prospects and practice suffer. Why, then, should the publican escape when death overtakes his victim? Parliament also surrounded his trade with restrictions;—those valuable safeguards are almost universally disregarded. Why? Is the publican so "respectable" a tradesman that his respectability renders the law inoperative? Or is the law powerless to reach him, on account of the laxity of its administrators? Does not his license (license forsooth!) expressly state that he is not to supply his commodity to drunken persons, or in sufficient quantity to cause drunkenness? The harrowing accounts so persistently published in all the newspapers show clearly enough that the law is continually broken by the very "respectable" tradesman and his servants; but punishment rarely overtakes the law-breakers in this direction. Why? When the man at Camberwell murdered his wife in his drunken fury, and was duly executed for his act, although the evidence proved that he had been drinking "heavily" in a "neighboring public-house," no effort was made to reach the publican so far as I am aware. Why? The other day at Leeds, when a man drank nineteen glasses of rum and was poisoned by the act, after some considerable delay the vendor of the poison was fined the ridiculously inadequate sum of £10; but I have not yet learned that his license was "endorsed," so he may again enjoy the luxury of supplying poison sufficient to cause death if he is prepared to pay the trifling penalty of £10 for the pleasure and profit.

Only last week accounts were printed in the daily papers of a boy of fifteen being taken into custody by the police, charged with being "drunk and incapable." This juvenile was, I think, below the age the act permits a publican to supply drink. But the magistrate had no word of reprobation for the drinkseller. Why? Another account records the death of a man caused by the same poisonous fluid so kindly vended for his use. Is the vendor to escape the consequence of his crime? and thus another illustration be given of the one-sidedness of the administration of the law. Again, a case is narrated of a man in the Waterloo-road, London, who was arrested by the police in a fearful state of drunken fury—his immediate offence being the attempt to cut his children's throats, and a threat of suicide. The evidence before the magistrate showed that he was continually drunk; therefore there could, I presume, be little difficulty in discovering where he got the drink; but the drinker only was punished (which involves punishment to the wife and children and the ratepayers as well) with, I think, "six months;" but no word was said as to punishing the seller of the drink which caused the misery. Why?

My desire is to call attention to a crying evil. I have been so much impressed, more especially of late, by this anomaly that at the risk of being troublesome I could no longer refrain from asking you, sir, to permit me to utter my feeble protest against a practice which has grown into a system, and will, I fear, long continue unless public opinion be aroused on the matter, and the existing law, until some better one be enacted, be brought to bear upon every tradesman impartially, and no loophole of escape be any longer permitted to exist, by which the publican, and the publican alone, is allowed to reap all the benefit, and the public at large to pay the penalty in increased demoralization, increased poverty, increased taxation, and increased horror.—H. P. Gibson, in Alliance News.

ONLY ONE DAY.

BY MRS. SUSAN E. GRAVES.

"Where are you bound, Will?" said Thomas Lester, as, on one fair Sabbath morning, these friends were passing each other on Broadway. "Down to Staten Island, on a fishing excursion, with some friends of mine," replied the light hearted and thoughtless William Preston, as he proceeded on his way to join his friends at the boat. Thomas Lester and William Preston were young men of about the same age, employed by the same firm, and both were sons of pious women, who were widows and almost entirely dependent upon these young men for support. While alike in many respects, yet in others they were entirely dissimilar, and in no particular was this more observable than in the manner in which each spent the Sabbath day. Young Lester proceeded to church, where, after listening to the services, he attended the Bible class, and thus, and at home with his mother, the day closed over him in peace and quiet. Not so with William Preston. With the jolly party—made jollier by frequent intercourse with several bottles which they had stowed away in their fishing baskets—they pursued their course to the retired stream which was to be the scene of their piscatory exploits. Soon, a wet, slippery stone, and young Preston lay on his back, undergoing the excruciating pain of a sprained ankle. Nervous himself up with more of the contents of the black bottle, and assisted by others, he reached the boat, and in a short time they were landed at the Battery. But here trouble arose. He had drunk so much that it had crazed his brain, and his friends, who were also considerably exhilarated from the same cause, could do nothing with him, so that a policeman took him in charge, and he passed the night in the Station-house. When brought before the judge, in the morning, he attempted to explain, but the judge cut him short by saying, "I am determined to put a stop to this Sunday debauchery—\$10 and costs; take him away, officer." Later in the day, after being liberated by the action of friends, he reached home, where he was soon after the recipient of the following note:

No.—BROADWAY,—, 1874.

MR. WILLIAM PRESTON: SIR—Your services will be no longer required in our establishment. Find enclosed check for balance due you to date.

M. T. & Co.

—N. Y. Witness.

ACCIDENTS TO BEER-DRINKERS.—The worst patients in the Metropolitan Hospital are the London draymen. Though they are apparently models of health and strength, yet, if one of them receives a serious injury, it is nearly always necessary to amputate, in order to give him the most distant chance of life. The draymen have the unlimited privilege of the brewery cellar. Sir Ashley Cooper was called to a drayman. He was a powerful, fresh-colored, healthy-looking man, who had suffered an injury in his finger, from a small splinter of a stove. The wound, though trifling, suppurated. He opened the small abscess with his lancet. He found, on retiring, he had left his lancet. Returning for it, he found the man in a dying condition. The man died in a short time. Dr. Gordon says, "The moment beer-drinkers are attacked with acute diseases, they are not able to bear depletion, and die." Dr. Edwards says of beer-drinkers, "Their diseases are always of a dangerous character, and, in case of accident, they can never undergo even the most trifling operation with the security of the temperate. They most invariably die under it." Dr. Buchan says, "Malt liquors render the blood sily and unfit for circulation: hence proceeds obstructions and inflammations of the lungs. There are few great beer-drinkers who are not phthisical, brought on by the glutinous and indigestible nature of ale and porter." "These liquors inflame the blood, and tear the tender vessels of the lungs to pieces." Dr. Maxson says, "intoxicating drinks, whether taken in the form of fermented or distilled liquors, are a very frequent predisposing cause of disease."—W. Hargreaves, M. D.

AN INSIDIOUS REMEDY.—It seems as if the natural depravity of the race is ever alert to induce it to turn every blessing into a curse. Not long ago the medical profession introduced the practice of injecting morphine into the veins in order to allay nervous excitement. But who could have supposed that the little syringe applied as an injector could be made to minister to the passions, as the Chinese eat opium! But this is already the case. To many people the soothing of nervous irritation in this way exerts a kind of charm, and without the intoxication of opium administered in this way they can hardly exist. The evil effects are about the same as those that curse opium-eaters, namely, trembling limbs and an ashy-gray complexion. It is found extremely difficult to cure the evil. A story is told of a young physician, to whom the practice became such a passion that it was necessary to confine him in a hospital, and there carefully examine his whole body every day, to be assured that he had not secretly injected his veins with the poison. In another city an account is given of an old lady who killed herself by yielding to this temptation, and in the last year of her life she used up about ninety dollars worth of morphine in this way. It seems almost impossible to eradicate the habit when once formed.—Advocate.

THE ALCOHOLIC ATMOSPHERE.—Speaking of recent regulations with regard to Music Halls the Temperance League (English) says: The main lesson we wish to draw is to warn our young men in particular against countenancing these Music Halls, correct these indecorums as the Magistrate may. They are essentially enervating. Their entire atmosphere is vicious and vitiating. Wherever drink is going, there no reputable right-minded young man ought to be. As sure as alcohol is alcohol, it will more or less put him off his moral balance. It is of its very nature to stimulate the passions, blunt the moral sense, and pervert the will. To be one of a company inhaling an atmosphere of alcoholic and tobacco fumes, is already to feel on polluted or enchanted ground. The lion of indwelling animalism is already risen and ramping against its bars. It may be all very well for our authorities to banish gross indecency from the platform, and they may thereby, to some extent,

abate the force of the temptation, but they cannot materially alter the native tendency and influence of all such resorts. They are not in any sense a good. Physically, the vitiated air the frequenters breathe can bring them no true exhilaration. As a soothing influence after the hard duties of the day, they are a lying delusion, for they essentially excite; and as for anything in the direction of moralizing or refining tendency, their influence is notoriously all the other way.

A SUGGESTIVE LEGEND.—There is a suggestive moral in the following Grecian legend: When Bacchus was a boy he journeyed through Hellas to go to Naxia, and as the way was very long he grew very tired, and sat down upon a stone to rest. As he sat there, with his eyes upon the ground, he saw a little plant spring up between his feet, and was so much pleased with it that he determined to take it with him and plant it in Naxia. He took it up and carried it away with him; but, as the sun was very hot, he feared it might wither before he reached his destination. He found a bird's skeleton, into which he thrust it, and went on. But in his hand the plant sprouted so fast that it started out of the bones above and below. This gave him fresh fear of its withering, and he cast about for a remedy. He found a lion's bone, which was thicker than the bird's skeleton, and he stuck the skeleton with the plant in it into the bone of the lion. Ere long, however, the plant grew out of the lion's bone likewise. Then he found the bone of an ass, larger still than that of the lion, so he put it into the ass's bone; and thus he made his way to Naxia. When about to set the plant, he found that the roots had entwined themselves around the bird's skeleton and the lion's bone and the ass's bone; and as he could not take it out without damaging the roots, he planted it as it was, and it came up speedily, and bore, to his great joy, the most delicious grapes, from which he made the first wine, and gave it to men to drink. But behold a miracle! When the men first drank of it they sang like birds; next, after drinking a little more, they became vigorous and gallant like lions; but when they drank more still they began to behave like asses.

COME I TO THEE.

Words by BONAR.

Music by REV. R. ALDER TEMPLE, of Newport, N. H.

Tenderly.

Musical notation for the first system of 'Come I to Thee'.

1. No; not des-pair-ing-ly Come I to Thee;
2. Ah! mine in-i-quity Crim-son has been;
3. Lord, I con-fess to Thee Sad-ly my sin;
4. Faith-ful and just art Thou, For-giv-ing all;
5. Then all is peace and light This soul with in;

Musical notation for the second system of 'Come I to Thee'.

No; not dis-trust-ing-ly Bend I the knee.
In-fin-ite, In-fin-ite, Sin up-on sin;
All I am, tell I Thee, All I have been.
Lov-ing and kind art Thou, When poor ones call.
Thus shall I walk with Thee, The loved un-seen.

Musical notation for the third system of 'Come I to Thee'.

Sin hath gone over me, Yet is this still my plea, Je-sus hath died.
Sin of not lov-ing Thee, Sin of not trusting Thee, In-fin-ite sin.
Purge Thou my sin a-way, Wash Thou my soul this day, Lord, make me clean.
Lord, let the cleansing blood, Blood of the Lamb of God, Pass o'er my soul.
Lean-ing on Thee, my God, Guid-ed a-long the road, Noth-ing be-tween.



A SQUASH IN HARNESS.

Some accounts of the lifting power of a vegetable in its growth, as determined from week to week by putting a peculiar test upon a squash, have been published from time to time, but the whole progress of the experiment was detailed by President Clark, at a late meeting of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, in a lecture on "Plant Growth." We take the account from the report in the *New England Farmer*:

It had been known for a long time that plants exerted considerable force during their growth. Beans, acorns and other seeds lift an amount of weight, as they rise up from the soil in the early stages of their growth. Mushrooms have been known to lift flag stones weighing eighty pounds from their bed in garden walks, and shade-trees in our streets frequently lift the pavements, and even crowd in basement walls under our houses, with their roots. The force measured in a black birch was equal to raising a column of water eighty-six feet, while the sap was in motion. The idea was conceived at the Massachusetts Agricultural College of measuring the force of a growing plant, and a squash was selected as a subject for such an experiment. It seemed to be the most available of anything we could try. So, last spring, a bed of rich compost was prepared and placed in one of the glass houses at the College, where observations could be made night and day through the summer, and during all weather. The soil was placed in a large, tight box or tank, in which the roots were made to stay, and during some of the stages of the squash's growth it was watched, and hourly observations made and recorded, for a whole week at a time.

Squashes are made up of fibrous tissues: the outside fibres run lengthwise, then another set, like bands, cross these, holding the squashes together the other way, and then, on the inside, is another set running lengthwise, to which the seeds are attached. (The unharnessed squash was now exhibited, showing unmistakable signs of having been driven in a harness much too small for it.) A strong box had been prepared to receive it, with boards set edgewise in the bottom, on which the squash was laid, like a baby in its cradle, but unlike the baby it was told to lie there during its entire growth to the period of mature squash-hood. Iron bolts and straps easily secured the cradle, but something must be done to keep the growth from rising, or if it did rise, to indicate the power exerted. An iron grate or harness, made open to admit light and air, as the squash would rot in a tight closed box, was formed in shape similar to the saddle of a cart harness. This was placed over the squash and weights placed upon it, first a light one, then, as it was lifted by the growth of the squash, a heavier one was laid on—25 lbs, then 50, next 100, then 200, and after that 200 at a time.

It soon became difficult to find weights or room for them. The saddle got full. Then an inch bar of steel was arranged on the principle of steelyards; one end being fastened down to the cradle bed of the squash, and at one foot from the end, or just over the middle of the squash, a bearing was made, and beyond this bearing, weights were hung, as weights are hung upon a weighing bar. Weights were piled on till the bar broke. Then a chestnut timber 5x8 inches, good and sound, was put in place of the broken bar, and loaded with bags of sand and anvils till it held six of the latter, and as many of the former as there was room for. Still the squash grew, and as it grew, it raised the sand and anvils one after another as they were piled on, until one morning the timber was found broken under its weight, but the squash all right and increasing in size hourly. A heavy, wide cart-tire was bolted on to the next lever, used for stiffening it, and this one lasted till the harness crushed in the shell of the squash, in one or two of its bearings. Thus ended the experiment of testing the vital force of a growing squash. At this time it had tipped the beam under the weight of two tons and 120 pounds, and had carried on its back, but without lifting it, a load of 500 pounds for ten days.

Many harness galls were made during the trial, but in every instance the squash healed itself in a short time, and came out healthy at last with perfectly formed plump seeds and a cavity in each half, when cut—as it was before the audience—large enough for a large sized hen's nest. The meat or rind of the squash was about three inches in thickness, and by estimation contained sixty-four thousand millions of cells, each of which had been formed from sap prepared by the leaves of the vine, and carried through the vine and stem of the squash itself, with instructions to appropriate as best it could under the circum-

stances. The force exerted by the vital power of the vine was sufficient to raise a column of water forty-eight feet high in forty-eight hours, at the end of which time it burst.

And now what is the use of all this? Simply this: We have asked Nature a simple question, and she has given us a correct answer. There has been much dispute about the question whether trees grew except at the extremities, and important law cases have grown out of it. Parties on both sides were sure they were right, but the weight of evidence was nearly all against the theory of elongation except at the ends of the new wood. The story of the filbert tree growing up through the centre of a mill-stone, and finally, by its growth, suspending the stone several inches in the air, was not generally credited. Our investigations prove that similar effects are produced every year, by every tree which grows, and that this rising of the tree is necessary to its own preservation. Under the influence of winds which sway our trees to and fro, during their growth, the roots must be loosened in the soil and partially prevented from holding the tree securely in its place.

Now for the remedy. Each year, as the tree grows, it lays on a ring of new wood entirely around every part, not only of the top, but of the roots also. It cannot build on the under side of all these roots unless it lifts the tree from its bed, or crowds the soil away from underneath, to make room for the new cells it is bound to carry there. Finding it easier to lift the tree than to sink the world, the tree is accordingly raised each year, by just so much as the thickness of the new wood, which is laid upon the under side of the roots: And now the beauty of the arrangement is seen, when we discover that this added yearly growth is just sufficient to take up the slack in the roots caused by the rocking of the tree during storms and winds. The tree is thus securely tightened and anchored in the soil every year anew.

HOW TO PROLONG LIFE.

BY THE REV. JAMES M. BUCKLEY.

The attempt is often made to carry on at the same time three different modes of effort, any one of which is sufficient to employ the whole force which an ordinary constitution can generate. Thus we find men who are authors and students, practical business men and great travellers. They are in their office by day, they make addresses in the evening, and travel all night, often writing on the cars.

Every popular man is in great danger of excess. He becomes heated by his own work; he works with delight to himself; his friends love to hear him; ambition spurs him; the cause he advocates becomes in his eyes all-important; he assumes responsibilities and contracts engagements which tax him to the utmost; and when his powers meet rest he feels that he cannot take it, and either breaks down, is compelled to give up, or dies. And the more serious a man is, the more likely he is to overdo and destroy himself. There are certain errors into which most intellectual and sedentary men are prone to fall.

1. Neglect of exercise. Many do nothing but walk a few hundred yards per day, which they dispense with in storms or when the walking is bad, which in the case of ministers, with Sundays added, is, in this climate, about two-thirds of the time.

2. An attempt to cheat nature by such substitutes as "health-lifts." A poor sedentary man, who needs light, air, rest and change of scenery for his eyes, and fancies that he can keep at books or study all day and then in ten minutes' lifting of heavy weights set his system right, must be classed with the people who expect to get rid of the consequences of life-long violation of the laws of health by a few doses of patent medicine. And a man who can believe that men whose professional life makes them liable to heart or lung disease can safely practice lifting heavy weights is possessed of "great faith." A strong, vigorous man may not be injured by lifting (and may enjoy it much), while some weak men may have been benefited; but to rely wholly or chiefly on ten minutes' lifting is the greatest hygienic absurdity of modern times.

3. Over-feeding is a great error, especially when connected with inactivity. The Arabs have a proverb that "Fat and inaction are the cause of the principal diseases and vices of horses." And a dyspeptic minister gorging the system with rich food and taking no exercise, is a spectacle to make only infidels and undertakers rejoice. It was gravely proposed to inscribe on the tombstone of a gluttonous young minister, who was cut off by disease induced in this way, "Died of going out to tea."

4. Forgetting the danger of exposure or a strain after forty-five years of age causes many failures. The farmer, sailor, and mechanic is, if well to begin with, and temperate through life, as strong at fifty-five, and often at sixty, as he ever was. But not so the sedentary man whose rebuilding has gone on under debilitating influences. He may out-

live the farmer, but he must begin to be careful physically long before such care is necessary for the out-door laborer. And many by forgetting this have in a day broken themselves down who might have lived to four-score. In contrast with these errors I place the following hints:

1. Night travel and day work should not follow each other. God does not command it, nature is incensed and outraged by it, and nothing is to be gained by it.

2. Students, teachers, ministers, lawyers, editors, and physicians should exercise the arms and chest at least half an hour a day, and spend three times as long in the open air.

3. They should sleep all that the system can endure without injury, and if they lose sleep in the night should chase it when possible all that day, till the balance is adjusted.

4. For some weeks in every year they should return to a life of nature. The man who takes cold from the motion of a fan can, after he has camped out three days, sleep on a rock in a shower and only feel a little stiff when he wakes.

5. Keep one day in seven as a day of total cessation from ordinary thoughts and work.

If it be asked what "centenarian" writes these words, I answer they are written by a man whose father died at thirty-seven, when he might, with a proper regard to the laws of health, have survived to seventy. And, again, they are written by a man who has made most of the mistakes herein portrayed, and after going down into the jaws of death has come up to excellent working condition under a natural system, and who hopes to benefit those whose love of work leads them astray, and not to encourage the indolent and the useless.—*Methodist*.

PRESERVE THE WOODS.

Already reports have been received of destructive freshets in the West. Before the large accumulation of snow is removed, there is reason to believe that generally along the large rivers and their tributaries throughout the United States there will be great loss from inundations this year. What adds to the anxiety which prevails in the low-lying lands on the basins of the grand natural drainage systems of the country is that there is little which can be done speedily to prevent the fury of the floods from carrying away bridges, mills, barns and dwellings. For many years the people have been endeavoring, unconsciously no doubt, to add to the violence of freshets by cutting down the forests. It is well known that trees, when growing on a slope, serve to retard the water from melting snow, so that it finds its way slowly to the streams, and thus a thaw has not the effect of leading the whole of the snowfall of perhaps several months at once into the channels of the streams. But where the land is denuded of timber there is nothing to impede a vast volume of water being suddenly discharged into the rivers, causing them to burst their bounds and banks, and carry destruction along their whole course.

Whether the next snows will or not disappear without doing danger, the advocates of forest culture should persevere in their efforts to induce the farmers to plant as many trees as possible. The demand for timber is every year becoming greater as the population increases. There is a probability also that wood will again to a large degree recover its position as a material for shipbuilding, from which it had been driven within the last decade. Thus the country must make provision to meet the increased demand. Droughts and fierce rainfalls accompanied with violent hurricanes are believed to be of recent years much more common in this country than when the fine forests acted as guardians of the soil. It is also certain that in hot weather dense woods by condensing vapor from the atmosphere, and liberating the winter stores of moisture from their recesses, exert a beneficent irrigating influence upon the more open and cultivated land, besides serving as a shelter from violent winds.

Thus, then, at all seasons trees are practically useful. But, surely, their beauty, and the grandeur they impart to the landscape, plead powerfully in favor of their general cultivation. Private persons and societies of various kinds have begun to bestir themselves to clothe denuded districts with woods, and their success thus far has been very gratifying. Congress and State Legislatures have also united to offer inducements to farmers and others to plant and grow forest trees. By and by, the land will have its due proportion of woods and cultivated fields; but, until then, let the trees be preserved wherever possible.—*N. Y. Witness*.

—According to *The English Mechanic* cast iron may be best preserved from rust "by heating till it is touched with fat it causes it to frizzle" and then plunging into a vat of mixed oil and grease. It is said that "the oleaginous matter actually penetrates the pores and prevents oxidation for a very long time, while it does not prevent painting, if desirable, afterwards."

DOMESTIC.

—Parents, above all things, says ex-President Hill, of Harvard College, should have regard for the physical capacities of children. No machinery is so delicate in its structure, or is called on to produce work so fine, as the brains of school children. Their capacities of endurance are very limited at the age when the faculties are developing. There is more danger to be apprehended from long continuance in study than from close application for a brief period. In this particular half is better than the whole.

—If you would govern well, have but few general rules, but steadily adhere to these. Do not have a rule and a penalty for every act of childish forgetfulness or carelessness; for leaving the door open, for letting a dish fall, for playing too boisterously, for asking questions when you are busy. But, have a fixed rule as to prompt obedience, speaking the truth, and all moral duties; and never pass easily by an act of wilful disobedience, or a lie, or a theft. No matter if you are in ever so great a hurry, stop, and attend to this. It is infinitely more important than your ordinary affairs. Make a great matter of it, for God does, and it may, one day, prove a great matter to you and your children.

POTATO CAKE.—Take mashed potatoes, flour, a little salt, and melted butter—to make them sweet, add a little powdered loaf sugar,—mix with just enough milk to make the paste stiff enough to roll; make it the size and thickness of a muffin, and bake quickly.

VENETIAN STEW.—Take one tablespoonful each of chopped onion, parsley, flour, and Parmesan cheese, a little salt, pepper, and ground mace, spread between same thin slices of veal; leave for some hours, then stew in rich broth, with a good piece of butter.

MAIZE PUDDING.—To two cups of cold boiled hominy add three cups of chopped apple, the juice of two small lemons, one-third of a cup of sugar, and two-thirds of a cup of Zante currants. Mix very thoroughly, being sure not to have any lumps of cold hominy. Bake one hour or more in a moderate oven, or until of a light brown. Serve cold. Good for lunches.

BREAD-AND-BUTTER PUDDING.—Butter a pie-dish well, and strew the bottom with currants and candied-peel, then place alternate layers of bread and butter, in rather thin slices, and peel and currants, until the dish is nearly full—observing to have currants at the top;—then pour over slowly a custard of sweetened milk and an egg or two, and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

MINCED VEAL, WITH POACHED EGGS.—Take some remnants of roast or broiled veal, trim off all brown parts and mince very finely. Fry a chopped shallot in plenty of butter; when it is a light straw-color, add a large pinch of flour and a little stock; then the minced meat, with chopped parsley, pepper, salt and nutmeg to taste; mix well; add more stock, if necessary, and let the mince gradually get hot by the side of the fire. When quite hot, stir into it, off the fire, the yolk of an egg and the juice of a lemon, to be strained and beaten up together. Serve with pipettes of bread fried in butter, round it, and three or four poached eggs on top.

TASTE IN DRESS.—Many who have the cares of a household on their mind think, with Catharine of Arragon, that "dressing time is wasting time." And where the spare moments are so few and far between as with those housekeepers who not only have the superintendence of affairs but find it necessary to perform the actual labor with their own hands, the temptation to coincide fully with such authority is great. But if a woman has no natural taste in dress, delight in the combination of colors, or love of harmony in these things, she must be a little deficient in her appreciation of the beautiful. As a work of art, a well dressed woman is a study. This does not in the least necessitate a close copy of the prevailing fashions, for one must cull and choose, rejecting those unsuited to her form and general style. Even when a love of dress is natural it does not follow that it should engross every other taste. It may exist happily with an appreciation of the best there is in literature, with a fondness and successful faculty for household duties, and certainly should never be considered apart from a love of neatness and order in all things. Dress can be so adapted as to hide natural defects, and heighten the charms possessed by the wearer. From the days of Annie Boleyn, who varied her dress every day, and always wore a small kerchief around her neck to conceal a mark, and a falling sleeve to hide her doubly tipped little finger, many have made use of the advantages in this respect with success, and every woman should habitually make the best of herself and circumstances. Indifference, and consequent inattention, to dress, often shows pedantry, self righteousness, or indolence, and whilst extolled by the severe utilitarian as a virtue, may frequently be noted as a defect.—*Fireside Friend*.

AMY AND BESSIE:

OR,
BEARING ONE ANOTHER'S
BURDENS.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

BESSIE LORN.

Her cot was drawn to the open window that she might breathe the warm, scented air, and look again upon the trees and the grass, and hear the sweet mingling of pleasant sounds in the field below. But these things brought no joy to poor Bessie. She was so sad, so sorrowful. She had such a longing to be out again in the pleasant sunshine, to be wandering in the green fields, to be joining once more in the merry game. But she felt that this could never be; and in the bitterness of her disappointment she covered her face with her thin, pale hands, and let the hot tears trickle through her fingers. Poor child! who could wonder at her? She had lain there in weakness and suffering through all the dreary winter months. They had told her that



THE COMFORTER'S VISIT TO SICK BESSIE.

when the spring came she might be better, that when the sun had gathered strength, and the air was warm, she might perhaps get out again. And so she had waited for the spring—she had hoped for the spring. And now the spring had come: all its voices were calling to her, and she could not go. Who could wonder that she was so sad? Poor Bessie!

CHAPTER III.

A LITTLE COMFORTER.

"Why, Bessie dear, crying? Oh, don't cry, don't cry, darling."

Bessie had not heard Amy Joy enter; and the loving arms were around her neck before she was well aware that her little friend was in the room.

Amy waited patiently until Bessie began to dry her eyes; then she said cheerfully:—

"So they've moved you to the window, dear? How nice it is here, isn't it?"

"It does not do me any good," said Bessie sorrowfully. "I've been worse since I've been here than I was over in the corner."

"Why, how is that, dear?" asked Amy.

"Oh, it makes me think of going out so," said Bessie; "and I shall never go out again, I'm sure I shan't!"

"Oh, but you must not talk like that, Bessie dear," said Amy; "we don't know how soon you may get better; besides, God does all for the best, you know, darling. Ah!" she added sorrowfully, "it is easy for me to talk like this. But still it's true, you know, it's true. But now, Bessie dear," and her manner was light and cheerful again, "let me tell you what I have got in my basket. Mother has sent such a beautiful custard for you—for us I mean. For what do you think mother says about it, Bessie? 'Amy,' she says, 'I've made this custard large enough for you both, for I know well enough that Bessie won't eat a bit unless you eat with her. And mind, Amy,' she says, 'you are to see that she eats heartily: you tell her that I say so.'"

With that up she jumped, and began her preparations. "Let's

see," she said; "first of all we'll have the tray," and away she went to fetch it. "Next—Ah! did mother put that cloth in the basket, after all? Oh, yes, here it is," and out from the basket came a nice white cloth.

"What made her send it at all?" said Bessie.

Ah! Bessie was brightening up a bit.

"Why, you see, dear," replied Amy, "mother was so afraid of your being troubled about it. 'You may not know where to find a nice clean cloth,' she says, 'and you must not bother Bessie about it; so I'll just put one in the basket ready.' Oh, dear mother is such a one to think of things!"

As she said this she tripped lightly into the next room to get the things she wanted; and as she busied herself about them she sang in a sweet, cheerful voice the hymn that she and Bessie loved best:—

"There is a better world they say,
Oh so bright!
Where sin and woe are done away,
Oh so bright!
Sweet music fills the balmy air,
And angels with white wings are there,
And harps of gold, and mansions fair,
Oh so bright!"

"No clouds e'er pass along its sky—
Happy land!
No tear-drop glistens in the eye—
Happy land!
They drink the gushing streams of grace,
And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
Whose brightness fills the holy place—
Happy land!"

"Though we are sinners every one,
Jesus died!
And though our crown of peace is gone,
Jesus died!
We may be cleansed from every stain,
We may be crowned with bliss again,
And in that land of pleasure reign—
Jesus died!"

"Then parents, sisters, brothers, come,
Come away!
We long to reach our Father's home,
Come away!
O come, the time is gliding past,
And men and things are fleeting fast,
Our turn will surely come at last—
Come away!"

But how was it that she was so long getting those few things as to be able to sing the whole of that hymn right through before her little task was done? Surely it didn't want all that time to find two plates and two spoons, and to set them ready on the tray. But if not, what was the reason she lingered so long?

Well, the reason was this: "Poor Bessie," she said to herself, "is very low spirited today. I believe the sound of her favorite hymn would do her good."

And Amy was right. As the sweet hymn went on, a calm and happy feeling stole over Bessie's troubled mind, and her fretfulness and murmuring gradually passed away. It seemed to her as though a great change had come over the room since Amy entered it—it seemed so much more bright and cheerful than it was before. And yet the room was just the same; it was only Amy being there that made it seem so different. She was so cheerful, so loving, so pleasant always, that nobody could be anything but happy where she was.

"Now then, Bessie dear," she said, when the hymn was finished, "here is the custard, all ready; doesn't it look nice?" And as Amy sat down there on Bessie's stool the sick child's arms were thrown lovingly around her neck, and that poor weak voice whispered—

"Amy dear, you make me so happy when you come to see me. You are so good, and I'm so cross and wicked."

"Cross and wicked, Bessie! Who says you're cross and wicked?"

"Oh, nobody says so," replied Bessie; "everybody's too good to me to say anything like that—but I am. I was grumbling so when you came in, because I couldn't go out into the fields. But I am all right now, Amy dear. I'm always happy when you come to see me."

DAPH.

(From the *Children's Friend*.)

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

HOME SCENES.

Daph resisted stoutly when Louise first proposed to dress herself, and began by degrees to take some care of Charlie. "But," thought the poor negress, "Daph may die some day, and the sweet little mistress do be right; she must learn to help herself a little, for nobody knows what may happen."

"Here, Daffy, I have made this for you all myself!" said Louise, joyfully, as she held up the apron, which after many days of secret toil she had completed.

"For Daph, Miss Lou! and all, all made with those dear little hands. Now Daph do feel proud!" and tears filled the eyes of the honest creature.

It was not the mere gift that made the heart of the negress throb with pleasure; but it was the kind consideration, the patient thought for her welfare, that overcame her, as she said, "You do be like dear missus now! Dat's de way she used to speak to poor Daph."

"Dear Daffy," said Louise, bursting into tears, "I do not mean to be ever naughty to you again. Indeed, I am very, very sorry. I am going to be one of the Lord Jesus' little children now, and you know He was always kind and gentle."

"Now de great Lord be praised!" said Daph, as she sank down quite overcome. "Daph do be too full of joy, to hear dose words from her own little dear. De Lord help her, and bring her to His beautiful home!"

To be able to read her mother's Bible now became the dearest wish of the little Louise, and with this strong motive she made rapid progress in the daily lessons she took from her kind friend Rose. The patience and perseverance of both teacher and scholar were at length rewarded. Louise was able, after a few months of careful instruction, to take her mother's Bible, and, in her sweet, childlike way, read the words of truth and beauty that flowed from the lips of Him who "spake as never man spake."

The leaves, brightened by early frosts, still fluttered on the trees, and the soft air of Indian summer floated in at the open windows. A lovely autumn day was drawing to a close. Daph and her little charge had taken their simple evening meal, and for a mo-

ment there was silence in the cheerful room.

"Daffy," said Louise, "I will read to you now out of the dear Book."

Daph sat down reverently on her low bench, and Charlie, in imitation, quietly took his own little chair.

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," read the subdued voice of the child, while the negress bent forward to catch each word of the beautiful psalm.

"She do be one of the Great Shepherd's lambs, sure 'nough," murmured Daph, as the little girl closed the Book, and said,

"Now, Daffy, we'll sing a hymn."

Little Charlie joined his voice with that of his earnest sister, and poor Daph, 'mid fast flowing tears, added her notes of praise to that evening hymn. Joy and peace that evening pervaded those few hearts in that humble room, for it was bright with His presence who has said, "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them."

CHAPTER XIII.

MARY RAY.

It was midnight. Charlie and Louise were locked in the sound sleep of youth and vigorous health, but Daph, with the half-wakefulness of a faithful dog, was not so dead to the outer world.

A slight knock, and then a stealthy footstep, roused the negress, and she started up and looked about her. In the dim moonlight she saw Mary Ray standing at her bedside, with her finger on her lips, and herself setting the example, in every motionless limb, of the silence she imposed.

Mary took Daph by the hand, and led her into the hall, and then said, in a whisper:

"I could not go without bidding you good-bye, you have always been so kind to me!"

Daph looked in wonder at the slender young girl, wrapped in her shawl, and carrying a small bundle in her hand.

"Where is you going, Mary?" she said, anxiously; "it's no good is takin' you from home at this time of night."

"I can bear it no longer," said Mary, with quiet determination; "I have never had a home, and now I am going to look for one for myself. Mother may find out that, if I am 'only a girl,' she will miss me. Good-bye, Daph. I should like to kiss the children once more, but I am afraid I

should wake them. Good-bye!" and the young girl shook the hand of her humble friend,

The hand she had given was not so easily released; it was held gently but firmly as if in a vice.

"Ise won't let you go—go straight to black sin," said Daph, earnestly; "you's a leavin' the mother the great Lord gave you; you's a leavin' the home the great Lord put you in, and there's black sin a waitin' outside for you if you go, so young and lone. Ise will not let you go!"

"I cannot bear it any longer," said Mary and she sank down on the floor, and wiped away her fast flowing tears.

Mary had of late had a hard life indeed. Mrs. Ray had been slowly coming to a knowledge of herself, and this knowledge, instead of bringing repentance and reformation, had made her doubly unreasonable and irritable, and on Mary she had vented all her ill-humor.

Though still treated as a child, Mary had become, in feeling and strength of character, a woman. The sense of injustice and ill-treatment, which had grown with her growth, had now reached its height. The down-trodden child now felt herself a curbed, thwarted, almost persecuted, woman, and she has determined to bear her present life no longer.

It was in vain that Daph pleaded with her to give up her wild purpose; at last all the poor negress' store of persuasion and warning was exhausted, and in her despair she said, desperately, "Now you, Mary, jus' sit still here and let Daph tell you somewhat dat do be all solemn true, ebery single word." Daph had been no inattentive listener to Rose's frequent reading of the Saviour's life on earth; and now, in her own simple, graphic language, she sketched the outline of His patient suffering, and painful, unresisted death. She told of the glory of His heaven, where those who humbly follow Him shall rejoice for ever; and the speaker and the listener forgot the dreary place and the midnight hour as she dwelt in faith on that glorious theme. "Dere'll be nobody dere, Mary, dat turns de back on de work de Lord gibs em to do!" said Daph, earnestly. "Stay, Mary, and try to bear for de Lord Jesus' sake! Who knows but your poor ma, her own self, may learn to know 'bout de heavenly home?"

Every human heart has its trials, which it can only bear in the strength that God alone can give. Every human heart feels

the need of comfort and hope which can only be found in God's truth.

Mary Ray was touched by the simple eloquence of her humble friend, and acted upon by the glorious motives held out to her for new efforts of forbearance and patient endurance.

The world she had known was dreary and dismal enough; but what terrors, trials, and temptations might not await her in the new scenes into which she was hastily rushing! Subdued and softened, she crept back to her bed, and lay down beside the mother whom she had so nearly forsaken. Compared with the wide, lone world without, that poor, low room seemed a kindly and comfortable shelter; and as her mother sighed and groaned in her sleep, Mary felt that natural affection was not yet dead in her heart—that a tie bound her to her on whose bosom she had been nursed.

True prayer was at that moment going up to heaven for the poor, tried, desperate girl. And what faithful petition was ever unnoticed or unanswered!

Mary met Daph's kind "Good morning" with a shy, averted face, and kept out of her way as much as possible during the day.

When evening came on and the sound of singing was heard in the room of the lodgers, Mary lingered at the open door, and did not resist when Daph noiselessly stepped to her side and drew her to the low bench where she herself was seated.

Mary Ray learned to love that evening hour when she could hear Louise read of the blessed Saviour and join her voice in the hymns of praise that went up from the faithful worshippers.

Even this pleasure she was soon obliged to deny herself, for all her time and attention were needed beside the sick bed of her mother.

Mrs. Ray had never wholly recovered from the severe cold with which she had been attacked soon after the arrival of Daph. At times, her cough returned upon her with violence, and at length a sudden hæmorrhage laid her low. Prostrate, enfeebled, and helpless, Mrs. Ray had time to dwell upon her past life, and see all too plainly the hatefulness of her own wicked heart. A dull despair crept over her. She gave herself up as a lost and hopeless being, waiting for her eternal doom. Daph felt her own incapacity to reason with and comfort the wretched woman, and to Rose she turned for aid and counsel.



The Family Circle.

A VISIT.

Starry night with her dusky battalions had gone,
When a stranger stole into my chamber at dawn,
And roused me with kindest greeting:
I had longed for his coming, but slept when he came;
Yet I welcomed him gladly, and called him by name—
Rejoiced at so happy a meeting.

He had come as my guest, and he brought me a store
Of enjoyment I never had dreamed of before,
And gladdened my heart by bestowing.
Brighter hopes were his gift—purer motives in life,
Warmer friends, richer love from a beautiful wife—
Glad harvest from early-life sowing.

O the balm he distilled o'er those swift-footed hours!
They abide with me yet like the odor of flowers:
My guest had become entertainer.
And, though all unrequited by effort of mine,
He continued imparting, with purest design,
To make me, in all things the gainer.

So he blessed me till shadows grew long in the sun;
And at length, quite unhonored by aught I had done,
Far off in the twilight he hasted.
I shall never behold his dear presence again—
And my poor heart laments that I slighted him then:
My guest was a day—which I wasted.

—*Congregationalist.*

MRS. WILLIAMS' VIEWS.

"Both the school board and compulsory education, as they call it," said Mrs. Williams, in a loud and angry voice to her neighbor, Mrs. Hodge. "There, I've just had one of those saucy, prying, impertinent fellows, called a school visitor, here, enquiring how many children I have, and what their ages are, and whether I send them to school. He is just gone into Mrs. Cope's now; he seems to be calling at a good many houses in this street, but if he meets with the reception in other houses that he met with in this one, it will be warm work for him. I gave him the length of my tongue, and made him glad to quit; and I wonder that you don't all of you do the same. It is a shame of the Government, that it is, to compel poor folks to send their children to school, when they are so badly wanted at home; and though it is but a few pence, its something to find every week. Let them find me a servant to do my work if I am to send my eldest girl to school."

"That's what I say," said Mrs. Hodge. "It is very hard upon us to be compelled to send them, whether one can really spare them or not, and they must go so clean, and all. Why the other day, one of those young misses, that that they call the mistress, sent my children home to get their hands and face washed. I went down to the school, and I told her what I thought of it, you may be sure."

"And quite right too," said Mrs. Williams; "she sent mine home for the same reason, till I took them away, and then this precious visitor comes enquiring into the reason of their absence. 'See,' she exclaimed, 'he is just coming out of Mrs. Cope's; I hope she has given him a piece of her mind.'"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Hodge, "you don't know Mrs. Cope, if you think she would be anything else than civil to him. She quite approves of it, and thinks it is a fine thing for the children."

"It's not fine for me, whatever it may be to them," said Mrs. Williams; but at this moment the visitor left the house, politely showed out by Mrs. Cope, who waited a moment before shutting the door, to purchase some potatoes of a man who just then happened to be passing with his cart.

"Good morning, Mrs. Cope," said Mrs. Williams, coming round to Mrs. Cope's door, followed by Mrs. Hodge; "you have had that fine gentleman paying you a visit, I see."

"Yes," said Mrs. Cope, pleasantly; "he called to ask why Sarah and Hetty had not been to school lately. I told him they had been poorly with whooping cough, but are now well again, and have gone back this morning. It was kind of him to come; he is a pleasant gentleman."

"Kind?" said Mrs. Williams; "he only called that he might bring you up before the board for not sending them, if he could find out that they had not been ill. It's shameful

that poor people's children should be hunted up in this fashion, and the parents summoned for not getting them educated, as they call it, whatever inconvenience it may put the parents to. Compulsory education, as I said to Mrs. Hodge, is tyranny."

Mrs. Cope looked grieved. "I am sorry to hear you talk in that way," said she, "because I take quite another view of it. I think it is very kind of the Government to take such an interest in our children, and to provide them with the means of getting a good education at so very little cost. It is an excellent thing for the dear children, and really a great advantage to us. They are so well taught, and the charge is so very trifling, that it would be unfair to them not to take advantage of it."

"They ought not to compel it," said Mrs. Williams; "they ought to leave it open to us to send them or not, as we feel inclined, and not to come looking us up, and prying into our houses, and threatening to bring us up before the board if we don't send them as long as they are well enough to go."

"I am afraid, if that were the case, many thoughtless mothers and fathers would never trouble to send their children to school at all, and so the poor little things would be suffered to grow up in ignorance, dirt, and misery; for you see, we must send them clean to school, and the very fact of being clean, makes a child feel happier and more respectable, if its clothes are not very good; to say nothing of the immense advantage to both parents and children to be derived from a good education. Excuse me, Mrs. Williams, if I say that I must differ with you, when you call compulsory education tyranny. I should call it benevolent force, or something to that effect."

"But what if parents really cannot at all times send their children?" said Mrs. Williams, on whom Mrs. Cope's views were beginning to make some impression. "If the eldest girl is really wanted at home, to mind the baby while the mother goes out, perhaps to earn a bit of bread for them to eat?"

"The board is never unfeeling in such extreme cases," said Mrs. Cope; "and I am sure that our children should be educated when it is possible. Ought a drunken father, for instance, to drink away the few pence paid weekly for schooling, which might lay the foundation for his children's future respectability? I, for one, am thankful that the government has taken up the question."

"Did you say," said Mrs. Williams, "that parents were benefited by their children getting educated?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Cope; "has that never struck you? A little reflection will make it very apparent."

"The fact is," said Mrs. Williams, "that I have been so angry, and so much put about with the enquiries that have been made at my house about my children, and the trouble of getting them off to school, that I have not bestowed much thought upon the matter; and I don't see now how it is to benefit the parents."

"Well, now," said Mrs. Cope, smiling, and beginning to damp and fold some dry clothes that lay on her neat kitchen table, ready for ironing; "suppose you wanted to get a place as nursemaid for your eldest girl by and by—she must do something for her living—would she not be likely to get a better place, and be much better paid if she were a well-taught, nicely behaved girl, that could read pretty stories to her young charge, and keep them happy and amused when they were not able to get out, and it was necessary that they should be quiet in-doors. And if she could sew nicely, and help to keep the children's clothes in repair, how much would be thought of that! A girl who has been taught at school, and knows how to behave, and to make herself thoroughly useful, must be more respectable and respected and command better wages, than a poor, ignorant, shiftless girl, who neither knows how to read, write, nor sew."

"There is something in that, certainly," said Mrs. Williams.

"And the same thing holds good with the boys," said Mrs. Cope; "they must command better wages the better and the more intelligent they are; and they will be prized according to their capabilities. An educated youth may be placed in such a position that he may earn twice the money weekly that another of his age may do without education; and what a help that is to the parents at home!"

"I see what you mean," said Mrs. Williams, of whom Mrs. Cope's words were just making a convert.

"My children are learning so much at school in every way," said Mrs. Cope, "that I would not have them miss it, however it may inconvenience me, if I could possibly help it. Look at this little dress; Hetty made this for baby herself, at school, and put the trimmings on. Of course, it was placed for her. It is a great help to me the work she does there, for I have none too much time for sewing myself, and I am sure I should not have cut it out so well. You see, the young people who teach there are taught to cut out; and do all they profess to do well."

Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Hodge both examined the dress, and expressed their astonishment at the beautiful way in which it was made.

"You were angry the other day, I was told," said Mrs. Cope to Mrs. Williams, "at your little folks being sent home to have their hands and faces washed; but you see, they could not do such work as this with dirty hands."

"I did not like the way in which the young mistress spoke about it," said Mrs. Williams, trying to vindicate herself. "The fact is, I don't like Miss Loxley, the mistress, at all."

"Don't you? I have always thought her such a nice young person. And when so much pains are taken with our children, the least we can do is to see that they go clean. My children won't go dirty," continued Mrs. Cope; "they wash their faces with soap and water, and rub them till they shine again; and as for Miss Loxley, they are so fond of her, that they are always wanting to take her some flowers out of the garden."

"Well, of course, they could not sew nicely with dirty hands," said Mrs. Williams, "but, I never gave my children any needlework to do there; though I think Miss Loxley gave them something to do."

"Oh, you should find them work to do," said Mrs. Cope; "it will be such a help to you. The sewing done is worth the money paid for the teaching."

"Perhaps I have been too hasty in my way of speaking about the mistresses," said Mrs. Williams. "I see, of course, that it is better for the children to go to school and be taught; and I am glad that I have had this talk with you, and I don't think that I shall speak against the School Board in future. I am sorry now for what I said to the gentleman that called this morning,—the visitor I mean; but my temper always was a hasty one, and always will be. But, I am determined upon one thing; that the children shall always go clean to school for the future. I am glad you showed me that little frock of the baby's. Good morning, Mrs. Cope, you have been right and I have been wrong, and I am not too proud to say so. Perhaps you will let me have a little more talk with you another day. It strikes me you could teach me many things, if it is only how to be civil. I am vexed at what I said just now, for it has let me down."

"I am so glad you see it, Mrs. Williams," said Mrs. Cope. "It does let us down when we lose our temper because people are only doing their own proper work, without any intention of offending us, though I should not have liked to tell you so. If I can help you in any way at any time, I shall be glad to do so."

From that day Mrs. Williams needed no persuasion to send her children to school, and she was as good as her word; she saw that they were clean when they went, and seeing how being clean improved their appearance, she began to take pride in their dress, and turning them out as neat and as nice as Mrs. Cope's children. She did not accomplish all this at once; but it soon became easy to her, and her home, in a short time, was quite another sort of place to that it had once been. Being a candid woman, when convinced that a thing was good, she became as fond of sending her children to school and getting them educated, as she had before disliked the thought of it.—*British Workwoman.*

ACID AND ALKALI.

Some years since, a man who has the reputation of being a skeptic, in considering our then great national evil in its relations to Christianity, made this point: "I hold in my hands," said he, "what purport to be an acid and an alkali. They are thus labelled; they look as though they might be labelled thus; they taste as though they might be thus, and tested thus far I dare not affirm that they are not what they purport to be. But there is a way of testing them which may prove decisive. Such is the nature of an acid and an alkali, that they cannot be brought together without an effervescence, a conflict. I unite them, and there is no excitement. They meet in quietness, and dwell together in peace. Now, after this, though I do not know certainly what they are, I know most certainly what they are not; I know that they are not an acid and an alkali that have thus met. In like manner I know that a pure Christianity, having its birth in the bosom of God, cannot be dropped down from heaven into this world of sin without producing a commotion and a conflict. When, then, anything is offered to me called Christianity, I bring it in contact with sin; and, if no conflict occurs, it is not Christianity, for real Christianity cannot come in contact with sin without a war as the result." Probably we may well hesitate to accept the conclusion to which he came after applying his test to Christianity in this country but beyond doubt his test is a true one. If in their very nature an acid and an alkali must quarrel when they are brought in contact, much more certainly must there be a conflict when vice and virtue meet in this world. It is possibly within God's power to alter the relation of an acid to an alkali, but certainly

even God himself cannot alter the relations between virtue and vice. When Christ said to His followers, "The disciple is not above his Master; if they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you," He was speaking more as a philosopher than as a prophet. Christ was not persecuted as a mere individual, nor because He claimed to be the Messiah; but the real opposition to Him came because of the principles He acted out. It is doubtful if virtue can exist merely passively, or if it even could, it is to be doubted whether it could then escape persecution. Dr. Blair once remarked in a sermon that if virtue were only incarnated, all mankind would fall in love with her. In the afternoon his colleague in preaching referred to the remark and said, "Virtue has been incarnated, but so far from men worshipping the incarnation, they nailed it to a cross." The Greek peasant who voted to banish Aristides, gave as the reason for his vote, not that Aristides had in any way injured him, but, said he, "I am tired of hearing him called 'The Just.'" In this case, so far as virtue could be passive, it was passive in the relations of Aristides to the peasant. And yet the peasant was disposed to persecute him. And why? Because, in fact, the virtues of Aristides were not passive; nor could they be. They really arraigned every unjust man in the nation. In calling him "The Just," it was the equivalent of saying that other men were not just; and this it was that procured the votes that banished him. But Christ in His virtues was not passive; He never tried to be. In Him virtue was a pronounced, an active principle. He never encountered sin in any form, or in any degree, but He made war upon it, and this whether among His enemies or His friends. How earnestly and sternly He waged a war against sin when he saw it in the "scribes, Pharisees, and hypocrites." But if thus stern in rebuking such flagrant sinfulness, with no less firmness, but more tenderly did He plant Himself against sin and imperfection in milder forms as He found them among His friends and those whom He loved.

The simple fact is that virtue as it existed in Christ, never encountered vice in any form or in any degree, but a moral conflict ensued. Those who were not won to the side of virtue, became His persecutors. Thus it was between virtue and vice eighteen hundred years ago. Since then, neither has changed in the least, and in their very essence, neither can change. Virtue would cease to be virtue, or vice would cease to be vice, if when they met there was not a moral conflict. The same uncompromising spirit with vice that Christ possessed, He has left as a legacy to His followers. Time has wrought no change in it. So long as fire and powder are what they are, so long there must be an explosion when they come in contact. And thus it is with true Christianity. There is always an explosion when pure Christianity comes in contact with sin. If, when it meets sin, Christianity has no explosive power, then its loss has been the loss of itself. What is left is only its clothes. With so many professing Christians as there are in this country who are brought in daily contact with sin, there ought to be such detonations as would shake the world.

A WILL AND NO WAY.

It used to be said, "Where there's a will, there's a way." But of late, it appears that "Where there's a will (and testament) there is no way" to get the benefit of it in behalf of any religious or benevolent object. The latest case is that of Mr. Horace Hawes, of California, who left \$2,000,000 to various schemes of benevolence and education. The will has been broken, on the ground of his alleged insanity. And really there is some show of reason in this; for a man who expects that his heirs-at-law are going to stand by and see his money squandered away on colleges and hospitals and missions, must have a crazy streak in him. At any rate, he must be utterly incapable of learning from experience and observation.

Mr. Cornell, who died the other day, was wiser. He was a business man, and he wanted to get the worth of his money; so he gave \$700,000 to Cornell University, nearly ten years ago, "to found an institution where any man may have instruction in any branch of knowledge that he desires." He saw the University grow to eminence, saw it gather about itself the gifts of Mr. Sage, Mr. McGraw, Mr. Sibley, and other benefactors, saw within its walls nearly a thousand students.

We rejoice to see that the lesson taught by these experiences is not thrown away.

A week ago last Monday, Mr. Chamcey Rose, a hard-headed Hoosier, residing in Terre Haute, Ind., got up bright and early and gave away \$350,000 to various institutions in his neighborhood, having already previously given away perhaps \$150,000 to various objects in the State. This is business.

There is another thing that wealthy men can do with a good deal of safety. They can imbue their children with such sentiments that they will feel it to be a duty and a pleasure to use their property for God and man. When these principles are illustrated by example,

when the young have before them for their imitation a life of self-forgetful benevolence, one may have as fair a certainty as human nature admits that his property will, after his death, be wisely and benevolently used.

But this plan of a man's hoarding his wealth all through his life, bringing up his children in the same line, setting them an example of selfishness, and then at last making a benevolent will, and giving away what he cannot keep any longer, is about played out. If you want to do a thing, why do it, and enjoy the doing of it, and enjoy it after it is done.—*Not. Baptist.*

TAKING THE CHILD'S MEASURE.

It is recorded that once upon a time a father and mother, with their only son, visited the establishment of a Chatham street dealer in "ready-made" with a view to the equipment of the son with an overcoat. The son was a spare little fellow, considerably under the average size of boys of his age. The dealer, having learned of the parents that their boy was about twelve years old, went to the pile of overcoats from which he usually supplied twelve-year old boys, and brought from it a coat which he proceeded to put on the juvenile customer. It hung on the youngster in awkward and ample folds. The parents objected, and insisted that the coat was too large. The dealer insisted that it was right. His reply has become historic. "Dere ish no trouble. De coat ish all right. De coat ish de proper size; but de poy, ah! de poy is too small."

The parents are said to have turned away in honest indignation in quest of some dealer who could fit coats to boys, rather than insist on boys fitting a certain grade of coat.

That which seems absurd on the part of the Chatham street dealer is enacted continually in the religious culture of our children. There is a great deal of teaching done which is good enough of its kind, and which, if rightly dealt out to the minds for whom it is appropriate, would result in fine success; but the educational garment for an advanced growth of mind is often wrapped round the shrinking little fellow who knows very little, and has but a partial knowledge of what he does know at all. It fits him entirely too much. It envelops and smother him. He is lost in it, and it acts as an extinguisher to his limited ideas.

On the other hand we sometimes make the "misfit" of teaching the more advanced child that which should be the portion of the primary learner. We give him, as it were, a garment of learning which is so much too scant that it will not meet around him. There is neither comfort nor fitness in wearing it. If he succeeds in crowding himself into it, it is only to split its seams and to burst it at the elbows. It is of no credit to anybody concerned with it.—*S. S. Times.*

THE CHILDREN AT CHURCH.

A great many of them never go to church at all; as many more seldom go; and very few comparatively are regular attendants. This would probably be the testimony of most of the pastors of our Churches, if they spoke from their own observation and experience. And this, let it be observed, is the case in regard to the children of our Protestant population, and is also true to a very great degree of our Sabbath-school children. Such a condition of affairs is worthy of the deepest regret, and demands the attention of all who are interested in the prosperity of the Church and the conversion of souls.

The shallowest of all reasons given for this non-attendance of the children upon the public worship of the sanctuary is, that the preaching does not interest the children—that it is designed for the older people. But the sermon is not the whole of the service. There is the prayer, in which every wise minister ought to specially remember the children; there is the reading of God's Word, which is so well calculated to instruct and bless both the old and the young; there is the singing, which ought to be of interest to all; so that, with the most ordinary preaching, the house of divine worship would seem to present attractions for all. Nevertheless, whether the minister preaches special sermons to the children, or not, it is clear that he ought often to notice them in his discourse, and by anecdote or illustration call their attention to some point that may come within the range of their understandings. The driest sermon will in this way present something to the minds of the young which may be of lasting profit to them.

Another vain delusion, which some people fall into, is, that children get about all they need of religious instruction in the Sabbath-school. If all the teachers were what they ought to be, if the lessons had point and pith and vitality, and if there were more of sound, fundamental Gospel truth, as well as Bible geography and moral illustrations, there would be more force to the suggestion. But the sad fact is apparent, that a child can go to some Sabbath-schools for a good while and then not seem to know much about the Gospel or the doctrines of the Word of God.

Admitting the existence of the difficulty to which attention is called, the methods of removing it may well be considered. And, first of all, the preacher should show that he has an interest in the children; and this he can do in many ways besides remembering them in his public prayers and in his sermons. He can notice them on the street, and at their homes, and wherever he may meet them.

Beyond all that the pastor can do there will still be needed the influence of parents and those who have the care of children. If the adult members of our families reverence as they should the place of prayer, speak kindly of the minister, and strive to profit by what is preached; if they are as regular and self-denying in their attendance upon divine worship as they are in their attention to business; if the children were given to understand that the Sabbath preaching service is to be participated in with the same regularity and promptness as the Sabbath dinners; if these things were observed, conscientiously and perseveringly, a change for the better would be speedily realized.

Again, if the superintendent and teachers will do what they easily may a very large proportion of the children of any Sabbath-school may be induced to attend at least one preaching service, each Sabbath. Some of the children's parents never go to church, but they would have no objection to the children going, provided they could be well cared for; and some arrangements ought to be made by every Church by which such children can have seats and watch-care in the house of God. There are many good ministers who are preaching to thin houses, whose hearts might be made glad by a rapid increase in their congregations if they would only use these simple means. Try them, brethren; and when the lambs of the flock gather about the undershepherd let him be sure that some portions of the choicest food be placed within reach of the little ones.—*Congregationalist*

SAGACITY OF A HORSE.

The following extraordinary story of equine intelligence and fidelity is taken from Thompson's "History of Montpelier."

"Not far from the year 1806, Mr. Charles Stevens, who lived on East Hill, made a horse-back journey to Massachusetts, passing down on his way from home, over the high bridge, across the Winooski, about three-fourths of a mile below Daggett's Mills Village. During his absence the bridge had been stripped of all the plank, preparatory to replanking, or putting in some new string-pieces. While the bridge was in this dismantled condition (which condition was wholly unknown and unsuspected by Mr. Stevens), he reached home, on his return from his journey, at a late hour on an unusually dark night, totally unconscious that he had passed through any peril in passing over the river, which was only a mile or two from his house.

"Which way did you come?" asked his family.

"The way I went, of course."

"No, you couldn't; for the river is roaring high, and there is not a single plank on the bridge."

"Yes, I did come the same way, and over the same bridge; and you can't beat me out of it."

"Here was a complete issue; and neither party being in the least disposed to yield, they the next morning, in company with a neighbor—a Mr. Parker—repaired to the bridge, and, to their amazement, discovered by the tracks on the ground, and the calk-marks of the animal's shoes on the timber, that the horse, after selecting the broadest-hewn string-piece, had mounted it, and passed so quietly and safely over it to the other side, that the rider was not made aware, in the great darkness of the night, that he was undergoing the dangerous transit."

SPELLING.

The recent revival of spelling matches naturally leads to enquiries concerning the best methods of conducting the exercise of spelling in schools, and the relative amount of time that should be devoted to it, in the different grades.

We shall first speak of methods of study. Much time is lost, we believe, in the preparation of the spelling lessons. The study for a given lesson should be, mostly, upon the words which the pupil cannot spell correctly, when he begins the lesson. Some test to determine the unknown words should evidently be given. When the pupil takes his book in hand and scans the columns one after the other, in a mechanical way, he silently, or otherwise, spells all the words, those which he can already correctly spell as well as those which he cannot. Now he should concentrate his study upon the words upon which he is at fault. How is the pupil to know which these words are? With his eye upon the printed page, he cannot positively tell. If he tries to test himself by catching the word, then "looking off," it by no means assures him. The test should be given by the teacher, or under the direction

of the teacher, before the lesson is studied at all by the pupil. The "missed" words determined, the pupil may then devote his time for the lesson upon those alone. There are several ways of testing the pupil's knowledge of the lesson before he studies it, which may be adopted according to circumstances. The teacher has not time, ordinarily, to test the pupil upon the words of the lesson, in advance of study upon the same. But they may be tried upon oral spelling by "pairing off," the pupils pronouncing and spelling to each other all the words of the lesson, marking those that are missed. The pupils thus ascertain what words they need to study. Unless a pupil is beyond where he ought to be in his spelling book, there will ordinarily be less than a quarter of the words which he cannot spell to begin with. If his list for study is reduced to these, he will be much more ready to master the smaller list, than as though the whole lesson was before him for study. Sometimes a word may be correctly spelled by guessing; to avoid this, the lesson should be spelled twice over, by which means the pupil's knowledge will be pretty thoroughly sifted.

The test by writing the words is better than the oral one, if time will permit its practice. The teacher cannot be expected to look over all the lists to mark misspelled words; but the pupils can look over each other's work, referring to the spelling book for correction. This, too, is a valuable exercise for them, being, in fact, an effective mode of study.

If there is any one at home to assist the learner by pronouncing the words either for oral or written spelling, it will be a great help to both pupil and teacher. There is no lesson more easily managed at home than the spelling. It requires no explanation, and is not a severe mental tax upon the pupil. Where the practice of home study is required, by all means let the spelling lesson receive attention.

In respect to the methods of studying the words, we may say, that what is the best for one class of minds may not be so for another. Some learn anything quickly and permanently by repetition, without much assistance from the eye. Others look upon words, and even sentences, as pictures; and if one of the details is wrong, they instantly see it, without any conscious spelling of the words. We believe the training of the eye to be an important adjunct in learning to spell. Those whose eye is quick and accurate will unconsciously learn spelling in ordinary reading. We believe that most commentators look at words as pictures, intently detecting a misspelling. We frequently hear the best spellers say that they know just how the word looks on the page of the spelling-book where it occurs. While some, then, will learn the words more readily by repeating the letters which compose them, others will do much better for themselves by looking at the word, the repetition of the letters being a minor part. Those who learn spelling in this way learn it for writing, the only way in which it is of practical value. It is the opinion of the writer that the word printed or written, as it addresses the eye, should be before the pupil as much as possible. Words often missed should be written again and again. They should be upon the black-board, not the incorrect spelling which we sometimes see, but correctly spelled, till the form of the word is indelibly impressed upon the pupil's mind.—*N. E. Educational Journal.*

SELECTIONS.

—If our merchants and bankers and legislators had all been taught by parents and Sabbath-school teachers in their boyhood to avoid the sin of lying under all circumstances, and to be as afraid to steal a penny as they would to put their hand in a lion's mouth, we would not hear of so many widows and orphans being defrauded, and witness so many terrible downfalls.

—He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping. Therefore, be sure you look at that. And in the next place look at your health; and if you have it praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of, a blessing that money cannot buy, therefore value it, and be thankful for it.—*Isaac Walton.*

—A Bible collector, in giving his view upon this subject, sent to the Bible secretaries the following illustration: "When I was in Caledonia, Racine County, this summer, I called upon a man for his contribution to the Bible cause. He is not a wealthy man. He does his own work on the farm. He looked over his books, and said his contribution would be seventy dollars. I asked him 'Why this remarkable benevolence?' He said, 'Six years ago I felt I was not giving enough to the Lord, so I resolved to give in proportion to His blessings, and I hit upon this plan: I will give five cents for every bushel of wheat I raise, three for every bushel of oats, barley, etc., that I sell. The first year I gave twenty dollars, the second thirty-five, the third forty-seven, the fourth forty-nine, the fifth fifty-

nine, and this year my Bible contribution is seventy dollars. For twenty years previous, my doctor's bills had not been less than twenty dollars a year, but for the last six years they have not exceeded two dollars a year. I tell you 'There is that scattereth and yet increaseth,' and 'The liberal soul shall be made fat.' How many will follow this man's example?"

EARLY POVERTY A BLESSING.—An English judge being asked what contributed most to success at the bar, replied: "Some succeed by great talent, some by the influence of friends, some by a miracle, but the majority by commencing without a shilling."

HOW TO BECOME HAPPY.—Many young persons are ever thinking over new ways of adding to their pleasures. They always look for chances for more "fun," more joy. Once there was a wealthy and powerful king, full of care, and very unhappy. He heard of a man famed for his wisdom and piety, and found him in a cave on the borders of the wilderness. "Holy man," said the king, "I come to learn how I may be happy." Without making a reply, the wise man led the king over a rough path, till he brought him in front of a high rock, on the top of which an eagle had built her nest. "Why has the eagle built her nest yonder?" "Doubtless," answered the king, "that it may be out of danger." "Then imitate the bird," said the wise man "build thy home in heaven, and thou shalt then have peace and happiness."

DEBT.—The *Christian at Work* closes a whole-some homily as follows:—Debt: there is no worse demoralizer of character. The sad records of defaulting, embezzling and dishonest failures which we meet with so constantly in the daily press, are often, indeed most frequently, the result of the demoralization of debt, and consequent desperate efforts at extrication. The financial props have given away. The little debt, which at first was small as a grain of mustard seed, like the rolling snow-ball, has gathered weight and multiplied itself a thousandfold. And still it grows, and like the fabulous hydra which Hercules was sent to kill, you no sooner strike off one head than two shoot up in its place. The struggle is severe, but in the end decisive; either confession is made of a hopeless bankruptcy which might and should have been avoided, or integrity is sacrificed to the temptation of the moment. Debt ruins as many households, and destroys as many fine characters as rum; it is the devil's mortgage on the soul, and he is always ready to foreclose.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.—The *Congregationalist* says: Very many members of churches are kept from attendance upon prayer-meetings by age or sickness, or by the care of the sick, or by inability to go abroad in severe weather, or in the evening, or by distance from the place of meeting. Some of these causes operate most powerfully at this season of the year. Might it not be well if the appointment for the prayer-meeting were an appointment also for a concert of prayer on the part of those who cannot attend the meeting? Let them be invited to observe the time, or some part of it, at their homes. This would be a coming as agreeing together within the bounds of the Master's promise. It would be a benefit to those that are kept at their homes, by causing them to feel that the appointment makes some call upon them; and by the interruption which the return of the hour would bring to the course of other thoughts. And what would not be least, it might give to many warm-hearted Christians the pleasure of having this further share in what is done for the advancement of the cause they love.

BLANK CHECKS.—Suppose some friend of ours, whose wealth is known to be practically unlimited, should declare his readiness and willingness to supply all our wants. Suppose he should put into our hand a book of "checks," all signed by his own hand, and the amounts left blank, for us to fill up in any need, with such sums as will meet every possible exigency. Suppose we tell our kindred and acquaintances what a friend we have, and how richly provided we are for every strait. And then, suppose we go about half-starved, groaning with leanness and faintness, or only half-dressed, in thin rags, and the shame of our nakedness bowing us down to the ground. Would not those who knew us be moved with wonder and doubt? Would not one of them say to us: "I thought the great banker had undertaken to feed and clothe you; is this the best he does for you? His offer could not have been very sincere. His words were large, but they do not seem to have meant much." How such a demonstration on our part would shame the truth and generosity of our friend. Or, if we acknowledge that we did not use the "checks," and did not more than half believe they would be honored, how the confession would shame our own littleness and meanness of confidence in our benefactor! "Lord, increase our faith!" A large expectation will prepare us to receive a large blessing. It will affect our desires. It will control our working. It will shape our plans. It will stimulate our importunity, and especially will it honor God.—*Rev. A. L. Stone, D. D.*

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1875, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON XIX.

MAY. 9.]

RUTH AND NAOMI.—About 1200 (B. C.

COMMIT TO MEMORY V. 16.—READ RUTH I. 16-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.—Ruth. i. 16.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—We should keep in the footsteps of the flock.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Ruth. i. 16-22. P. 2 Kings ii. 1-3. W. John i. 38-47. Th. Rom. viii. 35-39. F. Acts xxi. 8-19. Sa. Job. xiii. 19-28. S. Lev. xxviii. 10-22.

To THE SCHOLAR.—Read the story of Naomi's journey into Moab, the death of her husband and her two sons, and her sorrowful return. Vs. 1-16. Then study the points in the lesson. (See Notes below.)

ORDER OF EVENTS.—(41.) Micah and his idols. (42.) Punishment of the Benjamites. (43.) Ruth and Naomi.

NOTES.—The narratives of Micah and the war on the Benjamites are each in the form of an appendix to the book of Judges, and probably took place not long after the death of Joshua. The interesting events in the life of Ruth and Naomi some think occurred in Gideon's time; others place them early in Eli's forty years' rule.

EXPLANATION.—(16.) Entreat me not, or "be not against me." I will go (see similar resolution of Eltsaba, 2 Kings ii. 2-6); thy God my God, Ruth a Moabitess, chooses the God of Israel. (17.) The Lord do so, a form of oath to confirm her declaration. (18.) steadfastly minded, fixed in her resolution. (19.) Beth-lehem, "house of bread," home of David, birth-place of Jesus. (20.) not Naomi—that is, "pleasant"—but Mara—that is, "bitter." (21.) went out full—that is, with a husband and two sons; home again empty, her husband and two sons dead. (22.) Ruth the Moabitess, having left her own people; barley harvest, this is to explain what follows.

ILLUSTRATION.—I love of Children. In a grove in Palestine a recent traveller found an aged and decayed tree surrounded by several young and thrifty shoots which sprang from the roots of the parent stock and seemed to uphold, embrace, and protect it. So do loving and affectionate children aid and comfort aged and sorrowing parents, as Ruth the troubled Naomi.

TOPICS AND QUESTIONS.

(I.) RUTH'S RESOLVE. (II.) NAOMI'S SORROW.

- I. From what country were Ruth and Naomi going? v. 6. In what town did Naomi and her husband live? v. 1. Of what country was Ruth? Who returned to Moab? v. 14. What did Ruth decide to do? State her answer to Naomi's entreaties. II. What did the people of Bethlehem ask? v. 19. How did Naomi reply? Give the meaning of Naomi and of Mara. How had Naomi been afflicted in Moab? v. 3, 5. How would Ruth's decision comfort her? Why did Ruth make a wise choice?



NAOMI AND RUTH.

LESSON XX.

MAY. 16.]

A PRAYING MOTHER.—About 1225. B. C.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 26, 27.—READ I SAM. I. 21-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.—I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord.—I Sam. i. 28.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Every burden is to be carried to the Lord.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Sam. i. 21-28. T. Judg. xiii. 8-23. W. Luke ii. 8-24. Th. Num. xxx. 3-16. F. 1 John v. 10-20. Sa. Num. xi. 1-13. S. Gen. xvii. 18-22.

To THE SCHOLAR.—This and the following six lessons are from the history of Samuel from his birth to his death. To understand vs. 21, 24 read Deut. xii. 5-12 and Josh. xviii. 1.

ORDER OF EVENTS.—(44.) Hannah's prayer NOTES.—Elkanah and Hannah lived in Ramah, in the hill country of Ephraim, probably not far from Shiloh. YEARLY SACRIFICE. There were three yearly Jewish feasts. Ex. xxviii. 14-17. Some think these were not kept in the warlike time of the judges, but that some great feast of the whole family before the Lord was kept in place of them.

EXPLANATION.—(21.) Elkanah and all his house, the whole family went to worship the Lord; his vow, Hannah made the vow (see v. 11), but his consent was necessary (see Num. xxx. 6, 7). (22.) be weaned, Hebrew mothers nursed their children till full two, and sometimes till three years of age, appear before the Lord, as she had vowed (see v. 11); abide for ever (see v. 28 and Ps. cxlvi. 6). (23.) Lord establish his word, or promise by the priest (see v. 17). (24.) three bullocks, or "a bullock three years old," as the Septuagint reads; Shiloh (see Lesson IX.). (25.) brought the child to Eli, as the Lord's minister. (26.) lent him or "returned him," to the Lord; And he worshipped, or she worshipped; ("Hannah must be meant."—Speaker's Com.)

ILLUSTRATION.—Prayer. Rev. Philip Henry, after praying for two of his children who were very sick, said, "If the Lord will be pleased to grant me this request, I will not say, as beggars at my door used to do, 'I'll never ask any thing of him again,' but he shall hear from me oftener than ever, and I will love God better as long as I live."

TOPICS AND QUESTIONS.

(I.) THE MOTHER AT HOME. (II.) THE MOTHER AT SHILOH. (III.) HER CHILD THE LORD'S.

- I. Where did this praying mother live? (See Notes.) What was her husband's name? Whither did he go every year? v. 21. Why did Hannah remain at home? II. When did she go up to the house of the Lord? To what place? What did she do up with her? What was said of the child? What was her child's name? What offering was made to the Lord for the mother? Why was this offering made? (Compare Lev. xii. 6 and Num. xxviii. 11, 12) III. To whom did she take her child? v. 25. What had she asked of the Lord? What had the Lord given her? How did she show her thankfulness. For how long did she give the child to the Lord?

BLACKBOARD OUTLINE.

H-usband, Elkanah. S-hiloh before the Lord. A-asked for a son. A-bode for ever. N-amed him Samuel. N-other's sacrifice. N-o more sad. U-pright with E-li the priest. A-appeared in the house of the Lord. L-ent to the Lord.

EXTRACTS FROM CHILDREN'S LETTERS.

EAST ZORRA, Ont., March 22. Mr. Editor.—We take the MESSENGER in our Sunday-school. I live in a very pretty place in the country, and I think it is much nicer than it is, or could be, in a town or city. I go to school; I'm going to study hard, that when I grow up I shall be able to do all I can for Temperance. I should think men would be ashamed to drink any more liquor after reading, as they must, those temperance stories in the MESSENGER. But I guess my letter is most too long already, so I must stop, else brother Tom, who is going to copy this for me (because I can't write good enough to send to a paper), will have to "abbreviate," as he calls it; so, good-bye.

LUCY MCKAY (per brother Tom).

EVERSLEY, P. O. King, Ont., March 15. Dear Mr. Editor.—I am a boy of 15 years old. I have now five old rabbits, but in the fall I had seventeen, all my own; and now I have a canary of my own. My father is a farmer, and he takes the MESSENGER and the WITNESS, and likes them both very well; he takes a number of other papers, but he likes them best. JOHN SCOTT. GRAND BEND, P.O., March 17th.

PRINCE EDWARD, March 24. Dear Mr. Dougall.—I am 9 years of age. We have been taking the MESSENGER a year, and so far on the second. I like it very much, and I would like to know if the story of "Daph" is true. We live on the shore of Lake Ontario; it is a very pretty and healthy place. I go to school most every day. I am the only child. FRANKIE EATON.

BROCK, March 28th, 1875. Dear Editor.—I am a little boy 13 years old; I go to school and I am learning to read the Testament, and I hope I shall be a good boy. JOHN HALL THOMPSON.

GREEN HILL, Picou, March 22. Dear Mr. Editor.—I am going to ask three Bible questions: First. What is the middle book of the New Testament? Second. What is the middle book of the

Old Testament. Third. What two chapters are the same. Your little friend.

GEORGE GEDDIE PATTERSON.

BROOKSDALE, March 22nd.

Dear Sir.—Ma saw the WITNESS in a friend's house when she was a girl; she sent for it 8 years ago; I got a few new subscribers, and I send my own 30c to make even money; I will get some more when the roads get good; the sleighing is better now than it has been all winter. Your sincere friend.

MARY ANN.

UPPER MUSQUODOBOIT, Feb. 19th, 1875.

Dear Mr. Editor.—I am a little boy ten years old; I made the fire at school and got a little money to take your MESSENGER; I like the story about "Daph and Her Charge." We have two horses named Captain and Tim. Tim is a yearling colt; we had Tim tackled twice.

HUGH DEAN.

SELECTIONS.

"Where are you going?" asked a little boy of another, who had slipped on an icy pavement. "Going to get up," was the blunt reply.

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any business, and the other is that they haven't any mind.

A correspondent of a paper having described the Ohio as a "sickly stream," the editor appended the remark, "That's so—it is confined to its bed."

Why are sheep the least moral of animals? Because they gambol in their youth, spend much of their time on the turf, many of them are blacklegs, and they all get fleeced at last.

The Paris police discovered a manufactory of begging-letters; not only was there a good sale for them all in various forms, but actually a list of the soft-hearted citizens could be purchased into the bargain.

A little Vermont girl called at a drug store and said, "My mother wants ten cents' worth of jumps." This astonished the clerk. The child insisted that it was jumps she had been sent for; but returned to her mother for further instruction. Very soon she came back and said it was hops she wanted.

A BIG CENT'S WORTH.—A lady in Rose, O., sent a postal card by mail having 1590 words plainly written on it.

A COCKNEY QUESTION.—Hif ha haitch hand ha ho hand ha har hand ha boss hand ha hee don't spell han orse, what does it spell?

A Prussian prefect in the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine was visiting the different localities over which he had authority. On passing through a small village in Lorraine, he asked the old priest to show him over the church, and espied a silver rat in a case over the high altar. He immediately asked what it meant. The good father replied that many years ago the village had been overrun with rats, and as a last resort the people clubbed together and offered a rat in solid silver, life size, to the Virgin, since which time but few vermin had been seen. "Do you mean to say that they believe even to this day that an offering of a silver thing can free the country from vermin?" "I am afraid not," quoth the good father. "Men have grown impious now-a-days, but I am persuaded that if they did believe it, they would ere this time have offered a silver Prussian, life size, at the altar of the Virgin." The prefect looked hard at the old curé turned on his heel, and strode out of the church.

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

TWENTY THOUSAND AGENTS WANTED to obtain one subscriber each to the MESSENGER. We desire to double its circulation during the ensuing nine months, so as to begin the next year with FORTY THOUSAND subscribers on our lists. The very cheap rates now adopted make a very large list necessary, and those who are getting the benefit of them will, we hope, do their best to extend them to others.

JUVENILE RECOMMENDATIONS.

BAYFIELD, 1875. "I's children take the MESSENGER and like it."

JOSEPH WELLS.

BASTARD, Jan. 13, 1875. "I am taking the MESSENGER, I like it well, only it don't come often enough. I am going to get some subscribers for it. I think the story of 'Daph and her Charge' is a splendid one."

EVA ESTELLA EATON.

"I helped Mama to get up a club of seven for the CANADIAN MESSENGER. I like to read the little stories in it."

FRANKIE MERRHAM.

PORT ALBERT, Oct. 1874. "Mother takes the WEEKLY WITNESS and the CANADIAN MESSENGER. I enjoy the Children's Corner very much."

CHARLIE W. MURRAY.

BENTWICK, Dec., 1874.

"I took the CANADIAN MESSENGER for two years and brother Henry took it for two more, but we have not had it this year. I could not do without it any longer, so I thought I would send for it."

NELSON HARRISON.

PRESCOTT, Dec., 1874.

"I commenced to take the MESSENGER when I was seven years old and took it for three years. Parents do not know how much good it will do their children—it will not only teach them to read, but will get them into the habit of reading."

HATTIE BROWN.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

"I take your MESSENGER, and it is a nice paper. There are 42 papers coming at this office, and they like them well."

LITTLE FELLOW, Murray Harbor.

HARUE, Sept., 1874.

"My pa takes the WITNESS, DOMINION MONTHLY and MESSENGER, and I like to read them."

ESTELLA WRIGHT.

PUBLIC OPINION OF THE "MESSENGER."—I received a number of the MESSENGER, read it, and found it was not mere trash, but something to quicken thought and to stir up the soul to noble things, rather than to minister to a carnal mind. May God bless you and yours in the good work you are doing in the Dominion and United States by such wholesome papers for our families.

REV. FRANCIS RAND.

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