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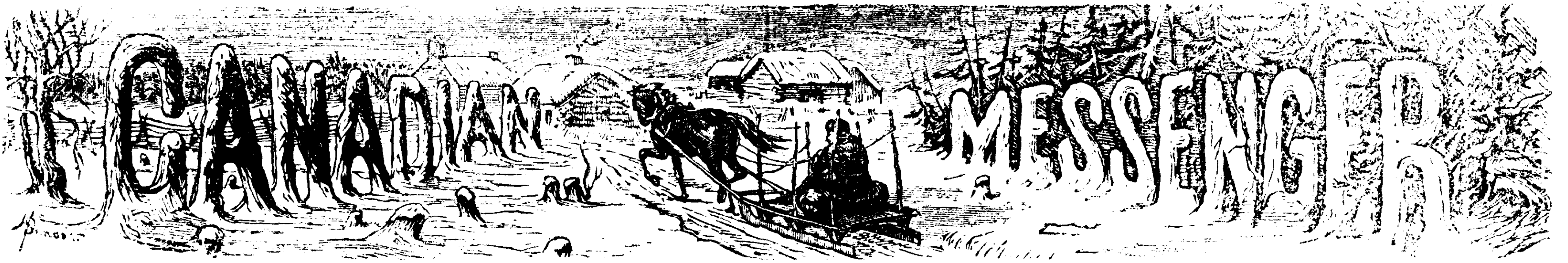

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION.

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NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figures 12 after their names will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

Temperance Department.

ANOTHER SOUL GONE.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Written on the death of a great man, who died through drink.

There's another grand soul
Cut down by the scythe that King Alcohol swings.
And the fiend of the bowl
A song of rejoicing and merriment sings.

Such a masterful mind!
To be drowned and dethroned by the demon "Drink's" hand.
No wonder, O wind!
That your song is a wail, as you speed o'er the land.

A king of the earth!
But his masterful intellect crowned him not man.
Do you know his mind's worth?
Then behold it, and show me his peer, if you can.

Poet, satirist, wit:
Three gems from the crown that his intellect made.
God formed him to sit
On the high mountain-tops, where but few feet have strayed.

Was there no hand to save?
Was there no one to lift up this beautiful soul
From the gloom of the grave,
And defeat the dark fiend of the maddening bowl?

O women! O men!
Can we sit idly down, and let this work go on?
Up, soldiers, again!
Hear you not the war-cry. "There's another soul gone?"

Temperance Advocate.

"ALONE IN A GREAT CITY."

"Alone in a great city!" This was Frank Taylor's sad experience. Early left an orphan, and without near relatives, circumstances had compelled him to leave the country town where he had many friends and acquaintances, for a situation as clerk in a large builder's house in London. It was a great change for the country youth: formerly he had never needed to spend a lonely evening; in D—— plenty of pleasant homes had been open to him, and on the Sunday kind friendly greetings had been a pleasant and an easy thing.

In London it was very different; his fellow clerks were much older than himself, with families or circles of their own to which they did not care to introduce the stranger. His lodgings were comfortless, and the evenings were miserably dull and lonely.

On Sunday it was even worse. Instead of joining a church on first settling in town, and thus opening a door for friendly fellowship, he had foolishly spent some months in roaming from one place of worship to another—now to hear that particular preacher or see such and such a special service—till his religious feelings were deadened, and in disgust at the cold treatment he received in strange churches (for which he was himself mostly to blame), he more frequently than not spent Sundays in the parks or his own room.

This was a first step in a downward course. As solitude became more irksome (and no solitude is so terrible as that of one alone in a great city), for the sake of companionship he took up with men from whom in the old time he would have shrunk. There were plenty only too glad to do the devil's work, and to lead the young man astray. And alas, Frank's religion had been more of the head than the heart, more a form than a consecration of heart and life; when temptation came he had only his own strength to resist it, and he fell.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Something is wrong with our new clerk," observed the foreman of Messrs. R. and S., builders, to his wife one evening; he called Frank Taylor "new clerk," though he had now filled that office a year. "When he first came I liked the looks of him uncommonly, and tried to draw him out a bit, but he was so shy and reserved that I felt rather shut up; yet now, for all his quiet, gentleman-like manners, he's gone and taken up with some fast young men at Mortmain's opposite; and if they don't lose him his situation before three months, my name's not Joe Larkins."

"What has he done?" asked Mrs. Larkins.

"Done! nothing that sounds much as yet; only been a little late in the mornings, and looked as if he hadn't had his sleep out. But I know the signs only too well—bloodshot eyes, shaking hands, nervous manner. They've made him join their 'free-and-easy' club at the 'Sun,' and that means ruin."

"Perhaps he hasn't any friends; it must be very dull to live in lodgings," said Bella Withers, Mrs. Larkin's pretty young sister.

"That's no excuse," interrupted Mrs. Larkins. "Didn't Joe live in lodgings alone ever so long before we married, and did he go and join any of your 'free-and-easies'?"

"Perhaps this young man is of weaker stuff, and besides," added Bella archly, "Joe had you to look forward to, and that kept him steady you know."

"True, my girl, the thought of your sister did help me in those lonely days; I've often thanked God for keeping me steady through those two years. I was just at this young fellow's age, when a man's whole life is often either made or marred. Poor chap, I'm sorry for him," and honest, kind-hearted Joe Larkins, in his thankfulness for his own mercies, began to ponder how he might benefit his erring neighbor.

When we are really wanting to do good, God opens up a way for us; and an opportunity for serving Frank Taylor came to the foreman almost immediately. The next evening as he was leaving the yard, he, being the last to go, observed the "new clerk" a little in advance of him. While debating whether to go up and speak, he saw Taylor reel, then clutch at a wooden railing for support; in a moment Larkins was by his side, and had taken his arm within his own.

"Thank you, Mr. Larkins," said the young man, as he quickly recovered from his giddiness. "I feel tired and stupid; "I'll just drop into the 'Sun,' and get a glass of something hot. Will you come in with me?"

"Certainly not; and if you're wise, you'll just come along home with me and have tea; or I'll walk with you to your lodgings and see you safe in. But if you'll come to my place 'twould be a real kindness, for the missus and Bella will be out, and I'm only a lone fellow for the evening."

"I'm that all evenings, unless I turn into the 'Sun,'" answered Taylor, sighing, and letting his new friend take him where he pleased.

"Do you find it pay?" asked Larkins, walking in the direction of his own home.

"Pay?" echoed Frank bitterly. "Why man you don't know what it costs. I'm sick of the 'Sun,' of the fellows I meet there, of myself, of everything. I'm sick even of my life! Pay! it has cost me peace of mind, it is swallowing up my earnings, it is destroying my health——"

"And your soul," added Larkins, solemnly, as the young man paused.

Taylor started, and for the moment seemed as if he would go back; but they had now reached the foreman's door, and he was inside the cosy little parlor before he could utter a word.

How pleasant it looked after his dreary lodging. Mrs. Larkins, like a good little wife, had left a bright fire in the grate, on which the kettle was singing its well-known domestic tune; the table was spread for tea, everything was in perfect order, and just ready for the master's use; to Joe's amusement there were cups and plates for two.

"I told the missis," laughed he, filling a teapot and then cutting away at a ham, "that I wouldn't stand being left to myself, and would bring home somebody; I only said it for a joke, but it's turned out true, and I'm very glad."

There was no resisting the kindly tone and welcome. Frank Taylor's reserve all thawed beneath it, and soon he was pouring into his companion's ear all the temptations that had beset him, and the depths to which he had fallen.

"I could give up every sin but drink," he said, in conclusion. "I detest Mortmain's young men when I am in my right mind; I resolved to leave them; then came these long lonely winter evenings, and a fearful craving that only drink can satisfy. I cannot master it—it has mastered me."

Joe spoke, as one speaking from the heart, in simple earnest language of God's hatred of drunkenness, of the Saviour's self-sacrificing life and death, of the help that is given by the Holy Spirit to those who seek it.

"That is the awful part of it," cried Frank, despairingly; "I know that just sins like mine brought the Saviour to the Cross, that there is no heaven for the drunkard; and, believe me or no, it is true that I have prayed again and again to be delivered from the power of this sin."

"I do believe you," said Joe, laying his hand kindly on the other's; "but after your prayer, have you shunned the 'Sun' and the people you met there? Have you done all you could to resist the sin; or have you been content with praying against it, and then gone drifting into [illegible] of temptation?"

It was a searching question, and arrested Frank's attention. Had he done all he could to resist the sin? And his conscience answered, No. Had he done all he could to foster in himself a religious life, a nearness to God? He remembered his formal acts of worship, his misspent Sundays, his unopened Bible, and again conscience answered, No. Had he not rather played with temptation, even while insulting God by praying against it? If drink was now his master, had he not become a slave, little by little, and of his own free will? It was a revelation of himself, such as he had never had before.

For an hour or two the foreman and his guest talked together; never since he had left D—— had anyone thus cared for his soul; and though, as yet, Frank despaired of the future, never before had he been so fitted to receive salvation as now, when humbled by a knowledge of sin and weakness.

"I must give an hour or two to my books before my missis returns," said Joe, when the clock struck seven; "I've got some worrying measurements to make right. No, you shan't help me; I didn't ask you in for that. Either sit in the arm-chair, or if you like, here's a ticket for a lecture on John Bunyan at our school-rooms, that will last about an hour. Would you care to hear it? and then come back and tell us all about it over supper."

Frank Taylor shrewdly guessed that Joe would work happier and quicker when feeling quite alone. "A lecture on Bunyan; yes I'll go; there's sure to be something worth hearing."

"If you're wise you'll join the course," said Joe; "there's always a good lecture on. If once you put your mind into good and sensible things, the 'Sun' won't have a chance."

Scarcely any lecture could have been better fitted to impress the conviction already awakened than the one on Bunyan to which Frank listened. As he heard of a man plunged so deeply in the mire of sin that extrication seemed impossible, yet by God's grace and forgiveness being cleansed from its filth and walking earnestly Zionwards, hope and courage rose. Through the blood of Jesus there was pardon and help for him and the thought of such infinite love touched his heart and awakened a new sensation of gratitude. And the story of the dreamer's life, as it proceeded, taught him many a wholesome lesson. Not in one moment had Bunyan overcome all temptation and weakness, many times did he wrestle in agony with sinful thoughts and feelings, and came off at length a conqueror, God helping him. Frank thought of his own quiet evenings, and how he had misused his time and opportunities. Never would he forget the picture drawn by the lecturer of the persecuted man, in prison for conscience sake, alone in his dreary cell, uncheered save by his Bible and his God, consecrating his time to a work which should prove a good influence so long as language lasts, and making his painful loneliness a means of blessing future generation.

Then and there Frank resolved, by God's help, to become a follower of Christ, and resist temptation even unto death. "God assisting me, I have done with drink for ever," was his determination as he left the room and turned down Joe Larkin's street.

That night made the two men intimate as under every every-day circumstances it might have taken long to do. Frank Taylor kept his resolve; and also became a frequent visitor at the Larkin's new abode. In fact, having found a pleasing, modest girl, whose influence would he knew, be all on the side of godliness and temperance, he very wisely determined to win her for his very own. And in due time Bella became Mrs. Taylor.

THE MOTH AND THE CANDLE.

Wine and strong drink form another candle in which millions of men have singed themselves and destroyed both body and soul. Here the signs of danger are more apparent than in the other form of sensuality, because there is less secrecy. The candle burns in open space, where all men can see it. Law sits behind, and sanctions its burning. It pays a princely revenue to the government. Women flaunt their gauzes in it. Clergymen sweep their robes through it. Respectability uses it to light its banquets. In many regions of this country it is a highly respectable candle. Yet, every year, sixty thousand persons in this country die of intemperance; and when we think of the blasted lives that live in want and misery, of wives in despair, of loves bruised and blotted out, of children disgraced, of alms-houses filled, of crimes committed through its influence, of industry extinguished, and of disease engendered, and remember that this has been going on for thousands of years, wherever wine has been known, what are we to think of the men who still press into the fire? Have they any more sense than the moths? It is almost enough to shake a man's faith in immortality to learn that he belongs to a race that manifests so little sense, and such hopeless recklessness.

There is just one way of safety, and only one, and a young man who stands at the beginning of his career can choose whether he will walk in it, or in the way of danger. There is a notion abroad among men that wine is good,—that when properly used it has help in it,—that in a certain way it is food, or a help in the digestion of food. We believe that no greater or more fatal hallucination ever possessed the world, and that none so great ever possessed it for so long a time.

Wine is a medicine, and men would take no more of it than any other medicine if it were not pleasant in its taste; and agreeable in its first effects. The men who drink it, drink it because they like it. The theories as to its healthfulness come afterwards. The world cheats itself, and tries to cheat itself in this thing; and the priests who prate of "using this world as not abusing it," and the chemists who claim a sort of nutritious property in alcohol, which never adds to tissue (!) and the men who make a jest of water-drinking, all know perfectly well that wine and strong drink always have done more harm than good in the world, and always will until that millennium comes, whose feet are constantly tripped from under it by the drunkards that lie prone in its path. The millennium with a grog-shop at every corner is just as impossible as security with a burglar at every window, or in every room of the house.

We do not like to become an exhorter in these columns, but, if it were necessary, we would plead with young men upon weary knees to touch not the accursed thing. Total abstinence, now and for ever, is the only guarantee in existence against a drunkard's life and death, and there is no good that can possibly come to a man by drinking. Keep out of the candle. It will always singe your wings, or destroy you.—*Dr. J. G. Holland.*

NANA SAHIB.

THE MASSACRE OF CAWNPORE.

FROM THE "LAND OF THE VEDA," BY REV. DR. BUTLER, INDIAN MISSIONARY OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

To-day we present our readers with a portrait of Nana Sahib, whose capture was recently reported, although subsequent accounts cast doubt upon the identity of the person in custody. With it we give the following account of the terrible massacre of Cawnpore, from Dr. Butler's "Land of the Veda," which supplies a connected and succinct narratie of the fearful tragedy and the events that preceded it :

"The massacre of Cawnpore" has been truly called "the blackest crime in human history." Every element of perfidy and cruelty was concentrated in it. No act ever carried to so many hearts such a thrill of horror as did the deed that was done there on the 15th of July, 1857.

The city of Cawnpore is situated on the banks of the Ganges, six hundred and twenty-eight miles from Calcutta, and two hundred and sixty-six miles from Delhi. At the time of the great Rebellion, the English general commanding the station was Sir Hugh Wheeler. He had under his command four Sepoy regiments, and about three hundred English soldiers. In addition to these, there were the wives and children of the English officers and of his own force, and of the force at Lucknow. Oude having been but recently annexed, the families of the officers in Lucknow could not yet obtain houses there, and so were left for the present under the care of Sir Hugh Wheeler at Cawnpore. When the alarm began to extend, the ladies and children of the stations around also went to him for protection, so that before the rebellion broke out, the General found himself responsible for the care of over five hundred and sixty women and children with only three hundred English soldiers and about one hundred and forty other Europeans, for their protection.

Sir Hugh had been over fifty years in India. His age and his confidence in the loyalty of the Sepoys under his command ill-fitted him for the position he then held. He would not credit the imminence of danger, nor make that provision against it which some of those under his orders believed to be urgently necessary. He still trusted the loyalty of the Nana Sahib, and placed the Government treasure—an immense sum of money—under his care; and there was even a proposal to send the ladies and children off to the Bithoor palace for safe-keeping. There was a strong magazine on the banks of the Ganges, well provided with munitions of war and with suitable shelter, to which Sir Hugh might have taken his charge, and where, it is believed, he could have held out till relief reached him; but, unfortunately, he thought otherwise, believing himself not strong enough to hold it. So he crossed the canal and took a position on the open plain, in two large one-story barracks, and threw up a low earth-work around it, and thought himself secure till assistance conld reach him from Calcutta. He did not take the precaution to provision even this place properly or in time, and also left the strong intrenchment on the Ganges stored with artillery of all sizes, and with shot and shell to match, with thirty boats full of ammunition moored at the landing-place—left all to fall into the hands of his enemies; and it was actually used, profusely used, against himself in the terrible days that followed. The few cannon which he took with him were no match for those he left behind and which he had afterward to fight so fiercely and at such disadvantage.

On the 14th of May intelligence reached them of the fearful massacres of Meerut and Delhi. On the 5th of June the Cawnpore Sepoys broke into open mutiny, having been joined by other regiments from Oude. The Nana Sahib had been in intimate communication with the ringleaders; yet for some reason or other, probably a disinclination to murder their officers or to face the few English soldiers there, the Sepoys seemed more inclined to leave the station and march for Delhi than to remain and attack the English. They actually started, performed the first stage, and encamped at a place called Kullianpore. The wily Azeemoolah and his master now saw that their hour had come. Arriving in the camp, they persuaded the Sepoy host to return to Cawnpore and put all the Euglish to the sword before they left the place. Their unwillingness was overcome by the promise of unlimited pillage, and the offer by the Maharajah of a gold anklet to each Sepoy. They retraced their steps. That night the English officers were, some of them, sleeping in their own houses, imagining that they had seen the last of that Sepoy army. But the intention was shown to commence the attack at once, and there was barely time to summon the officers and families outside ere it began. Every thing of

NANA SAHIB.

value, clothing and stores of all kinds, had to be suddenly abandoned. He who in that close and sultry night of midsummer had sought a little air and sleep on his house top might not stay "to take any thing out of his house;" he who had been on early service in the field might not "turn back to take his clothes." Few and happy were they who had time to snatch a single change of raiment. Some lost their lives by waiting to dress. So that, half-clad, confused, and breathless, the devoted band rushed into the breastwork, which they entered only to suffer, and left only to die.

Within this miserable inclosure, containing two barracks designed for only one hundred men each, and surrounded by a mud wall only four feet high, three feet in thickness at the base, and but twelve inches at the top—where the batteries were constructed by the simple expedient of leaving an aperture for each gun, so that the artillerymen served their pieces as in the field, with their persons entirely exposed to the fire of the enemy—within this inclosure were huddled together a thousand people, only four hundred and forty of whom were men, the rest being women and children. Here, without anything that could be called shelter, without proper provisions for a single week, exposed to the raging sun by day and to the iron hail of death by day and night, these Christian people had to endure for twenty two days the pitiless bombardment, the rifle-shots, and storming parties, launched at them from a well appointed army of nearly ten thousand men.

How well these four hundred and forty men must have fought, when, with closed teeth and bated breath, the Brahmin and the Saxon thus closed for their death grapple, where no quarter was asked or received, may be imagined. But who can imagine the terror and the sufferings of that crowd of five hundred and sixty ladies and children, not one of whom could be saved, even by all the valor of those brave men who fought so hard and died so rapidly to protect them! Of the whole number, only three men escaped—Captain Delafosse, Major Thompson, and Private Murphy.

America and Europe have ever forbidden their warriors to point the sword at a female breast. But Asiatics have no such scruples. The Hindoos, who allow their women few or no personal rights, and the Mohammedans, who doubt if they have souls, have no tenderness for the position or treatment of the weaker sex. The sharp-shooters and gunners of Nana Sahib were true to their heathenism. They gave no rest, and showed no mercy. Some ladies were slain outright by grape or round shot, others by the bullet; many were crushed by the splinters or the falling walls. At first every projectile that struck the barracks, where they were crowded together, was the signal for heart-rending shrieks, and low wailing, more heart-rending still; but ere long time and habit had taught them to suffer and to fear in silence. The unequal contest could not last long. By the end of the first week every one of the professional artillery men had been killed or wounded, besides those who had fallen all around the position. Sun-stroke had dazed and killed several. Their only howitzer was knocked clear off its carriage, and the other cannon disabled, save two pieces which were withdrawn under cover, loaded with grape, and reserved for the purpose of repelling an assault. Even the bore of these had been injured so that a canister could not be driven home, and the poor ladies gave up their stockings to supply the case for a novel but not unserviceable cartridge. As their fire became more faint, that of the enemy augmented in volume, rapidity, and precision—casualties mounted up fearfully, and at length their misfortunes culminated in a wholesale disaster. One of the two barracks had a thatched roof. In this, as more roomy, were collected the sick, and wounded, and women. On the evening of the eighth day of the bombardment the enemy succeeded in lodging a lighted "carcase" on the roof, and the whole building was speedily in a blaze. No effort was spared or risk shunned to rescue the helpless inmates; but, in spite of all, two brave men were burned to death. During that night of horror the artillery and marksmen of the enemy, aided by the light of the burning building, poured their cruel fire on the busy men who were trying to save the provisions and ammunition, and living burdens more precious still, out of the fire, while the guards, crouching silent and watchful, finger on trigger, each at his station behind the outer wall, could see the countless foes, revealed now and again by the glare, prowling and yelling around the outer gloom like so many demons eager for their prey.

The misery fell chiefly on the ladies; they were now obliged to pass their days and nights in a temperature varying from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty-eight degrees, cowering beneath such shelter as the low earth work could give and all this to women who had been brought up in the lap of luxury, and who had never till now known a moment of physical privation. There were but two wells within reach; one of these had been used to receive their dead for they could not bury them—the other was so rained upon day and night by the shell of the enemy that at last it became the certain risk of death to remain long enough to draw up, from a depth of over sixty feet, a bucket of water for the parched women and children. Yet necessity compelled that risk, while it made the sip of water rare and priceless, but left none to wash their persons or their wounds. A short gill of flour and a handful of split peas was now their daily sustenance. The medical stores had all been destroyed in the conflagration—there remained no drugs, or cordials, or opiates to cure or alleviate. The bandages for the newly wounded were supplied off the persons of the ladies, who nobly parted with their clothing for this purpose, till many of them barely had enough left to screen their persons. And to this condition were these once beautiful women reduced—herded together in fetid misery, where delicacy and modesty were hourly shocked, though never for a moment impaired. Bare-footed and ragged, haggard and emaciated, parched with drought and faint with hunger, they sat watching to hear that they were widows. Each morning deepened the hollow in the youngest cheek, and added a new furrow to the fairest brow. Want, exposure, and depression speedily decimated that hapless company, while a hideous train of diseases—fever, apoplexy, insanity, cholera, and dysentery—began to add their horrors to the dreadful and unparalleled scene. Alas! even this does not by any means exhaust the list of terrors, but we can go no further. American ladies will add their generous tears to those which have been flowing for their sorrows in many an English home during the past few years.

They tried hard to communicate with the outside world—with Lucknow or Allahabad—for they had a few faithful natives who ventured forth for them; but so close were the cavalry pickets around their position that only one person ever returned to them. These spies were barbarously used. The writer saw some of them after the Rebellion in their mutilated state—their hands cut off, or their noses split open; and one poor fellow had lost hands, nose and ears. The native mode of mutilation was horribly painful, the limb being sometimes chopped off with a tulwar—a coarse sword—and the stump dipped in boiling oil to arrest the bleeding.

Events had now reached their dire extremity. The sweetness of existence had vanished, and the last flicker of hope had died away. Yet, moved by a generous despair and an invincible self-respect, they still fought on for dear life, and for lives dearer than their own. By daring and vigilance, and unparalleled endurance, these brave and suffering men staved off ruin for another day, and yet another. Long had their eyes and ears strained in the direction of Allahabad, hoping for the succor that was never to reach them. The 23rd of June dawned—the anniversary of the battle of Plassey. The Nana Sahib had vowed to celebrate that centenary of the rise of the English power in its utter overthrow; the Sepoys had sworn by the most solemn oath of their religion to conquer or perish on that day. Early in the morning the whole force was moved up to the assault; the guns were brought up within a few hundred yards of the wall, the infantry in dense array advance, their skirmishers rolling before them great bales of cotton, proof against the bullets of the besieged, while the cavalry charged at a gallop in another quarter. It was all in vain. The contest was short but sharp. The teams which drew the artillery were shot down, the bales were fired, the sharpshooters driven back on their columns, and the saddles of the cavalry were emptied as they came on. The Sepoy host reeled before the dreadful resistance and fell back discouraged—nor could they be induced to renew the effort. That evening a party of them drew near the position, made obeisance after their fashion, and asked leave to remove their dead. This acknowledgment of an empty triumph was a poor consolation to these gaunt and starving Englishmen, under the shadow of the impending doom of themselves and those whom they so well defended.

The result of this day's conflict produced a sudden change in the plans of the Nana Sahib. He began to despair of taking the position by storm, and events were forbidding him to wait for the slower process of starvation. The Sepoys were already grumbling, and another repulse would set them conspiring. The usurper saw he must bring matters to a speedy conclusion; for, in addition to Sepoy discontent, rumors had already reached him of an avenging force having left Benares to save those whom he had resolved to destroy. He had not a day to lose. It behoved the monster to bring the matter to a speedy conclusion by any means, even the very foulest, as all others had failed. He therefore resolved to insnare where

he could not vanquish—to lure these Christians from the shelter of that wall within which no intruder had set his foot and lived. He suspended the bombardment and opened negotiations. The world had never yet heard of treachery so hellish as what he meditated then. Though some of the ladies had their fears, yet none imagined the purpose which was in the depths of the dark hearts of this man and his minion, Azeemoolah. Admiration of the defence was expressed, and sympathy for the condition of the ladies still living, with the offer of boats provisioned and a safe conduct under the Nana's hand to take them to Allahabad. The terms of the conference were committed to paper, and borne by Azeemoolah to the Nana for his signature; all was made seemingly right and safe for the capitulation. The boats were actually moored at the landing-place and provisions put on board, and the whole shown to the committee of English officers. That night they could obtain water, and deep were the draughts of the blessed beverage which they imbibed; they could also sleep, for the bombardment had ceased, though a cloud of cavalry held watch around their position. They slept sounder the next night, as Nana intended they should.

Some criticisms have been made upon their agreement to surrender at all. It may be answered, that had that garrison consisted only of fighting men, no one would have dreamed of surrender. But what could be done when more than half their number, male and female, had already been killed, and the balance was a mixed multitude, in which there was a woman and child to each man, while every other man was incapacitated by wounds or disease, with only four days more of half rations of their miserable subsistence, and the monsoon—the tropical rains—hourly expected to open upon them in all its violence? The only choice was between death and capitulation; and if the latter was resolved on it was well that the offer came from the enemy.

Eleven o'clock next morning, June 27th, came. Everything was ready; all Cawnpore was astir, crowding by thousands to the landing-place. The doomed garrison had taken their last look at their premises and the well, into which so many of their number had been lowered during the past three weeks. The writer has walked over the same ground, between their intrenchment and the landing-place, wondering with what feelings that ragged and spiritless cavalcade must have passed over that space that day. But they had at least this consolation—they thought that their miseries were ending, and they were going towards home, with all its blessed associations. They moved on, reached the wooden bridge, and turned into the fatal ravine which led to the water's edge. Two dozen large boats, each covered with a frame and heavy thatch, to screen the sun, were ready; but it was observed that, instead of floating, they had been drawn into the shallows, and were resting on the sand. The vast multitude, speechless and motionless as spectres, watched their descent into that "valley of the shadow of death." The men in front began to lift the wounded and the ladies into the boats, and prepared for shoving them off, when amid that sinister silence, the blast of a bugle at the other end of the ravine, as the last straggler entered within the fatal trap, gave the Nana's signal, and the masked battery, which Azeemoolah had spent the night in preparing, opened with grape upon the confused mass. The boatmen who were to row them thrust the ready burning charcoal into the thatch, plunged overboard and made for the shore, and, almost in a moment, the entire fleet was in a blaze of fire. Five hundred marksmen sprang up among the trees and temples, and began to pour their deadly bullets in upon them, while the cavalry along the river brink were ready for any who attempted to swim the Ganges. Only four men made good their escape—two officers and two privates, one of whom soon afterward sank under his sufferings—and they owed their lives to their ability in swimming and diving, and were indebted for their ultimate safety to the humanity of a noble Hindoo, Dirigbijah Singh, of Oude. The Nana Sahib was pacing before his tent, waiting for the news. A trooper was dispatched to inform him that all was going on well, and that the Pershwa would soon have ample vengeance for his ancient wrong. He bade the courier return to the scene of action, bearing the verbal order to "Keep the women alive, and kill all the males." Accordingly the women and children whom the shot had missed and the flames spared, were collected and brought to land. Many of them were dragged from under the charred woodwork or out of the water beside the boats. Some of the ladies were roughly handled by the troopers, who, while collecting them, tore away such ornaments as caught their fancy, with little consideration for ear or finger. Their defenders were all soon murdered, and lay in mutilation on the banks or in the boats, or floated away with the stream. The ladies were taken back along the road, through a surging crowd of Sepoys and townspeople, till the procession halted opposite the pavilion of the Maharajah, who, after receiving his wretched captives, ordered them to be removed to a small building north of the canal, which was to be the scene of their final sufferings on the 15th of the following month.

It comprised two principal rooms, each twenty feet by ten, with three or four windowless closets, and behind the building was an open court, about fifteen yards square, surrounded by a high wall. Guarded by Sepoys, within these limits, during nineteen days of tropical heat, were penned up together these two hundred and one ladies and children and five men—two hundred and six persons in all—awaiting their doom from the lips of a monster. Their food during those terrible days was very coarse and scanty indeed; and, to add to it the keenest indignity that an Oriental could give, it was cooked for them by the Methers (scavengers). They lay on the bare ground, and were closely watched day and night.

That evening the Nana Sahib held a State review in honor of his "victory," ordered a general illumination of the city of Cawnpore, and posted the proclamation already quoted, in which he called upon the people to "rejoice at the delightful intelligence that Cawnpore has been conquered, and the Christians have been sent to hell, and both the Hindoo and Mohammedan religions have been confirmed."

The Maharajah at length enjoyed the compliment he had so long coveted, and was so long denied—at the review he was greeted with the full sum of twenty-one guns, his nephew and two brothers receiving seventeen each. He wore his royal honors for seventeen days, and no more. Distributing $50,000 among the mutineers, he returned in state to his Cawnpore residence. This was a hotel kept by a Mohammedan, and in which the writer slept when in the place a few months previously. The Nana took possession of these premises, which were about seventy-five paces from the house here shown, where the poor ladies were confined. Here he lived from day to day in a perpetual round of sensuality, amid a choice coterie of priests, panderers, ministers, and minions. The reigning beauty of the fortnight was one Oulaor Adala. She was the Thais on whose breast sank the vanquished victor, oppressed with brandy and such love as animates a middle aged Eastern debauchee. She is said to have counted by hundreds of thousands the rupees which were lavished upon her by the affection or vanity of her Alexander.

Every night there was an entertainment of music, dancing, and pantomime, the latter being some caricature of English habits. The noise of this revelry was plainly audible to the captives in the adjoining house; and as they crowded round the windows to catch a breath of the cool night air, the glare of the torches and the strains of the barbarous melody might remind them of the period when he who was now the centre of that noisy throng thought himself privileged if he could induce them to honor him with their acceptance of the hospitality of Bithoor. To such reality or woe were they reduced! Heat, hardship, wounds, and want of space and proper nourishment were beginning to release some from their bondage before the season marked out by Azeemoolah for a jail delivery such as the world never witnessed before. A sentence of relief may be added here, as rumors contrary to the fact have been circulated; Trevelyan, whom we have so freely copied, declares that the evidence shows that these ladies died without mention, and we may hope without apprehension, of dishonor.

The hour of retribution dawned at length! Outraged civilization was coming with a vengeance to punish the guilty, and to save this remnant if it were possible. General Havelock and his brave little brigade were on their way, making forced marches daily. The Nana roused himself to meet the danger. He had forwarded armies to resist their approach, but twice his forces were hurled back, bringing to him the news of their disaster. Reserving his own sacred person for the supreme venture, he now ordered his whole army to be got ready. But before setting out he took advice as to what was best to be done with the captives. It was seen that dead men or women tell no tales and give no evidence, and this was important in case of a reverse; while he also reasoned that, as the British were approaching solely for the purpose of releasing their friends, they would not risk another battle for the purpose merely of burying them, but would be only too glad of an excuse to avoid meeting the Pershwa in the field. So he and his council concluded. Their decision was that the ladies should die, and that, too, without further delay, as the army must march in the morning.

We purposely omit many of the details of the horrors of that dreadful evening, as we have read them or heard them described by Havelock's men, and will try to give the result in brief terms. About half-past four o'clock that afternoon—the 15th—the woman called "The Begum" informed the ladies that they were to be killed. But the Sepoys refused to execute the order, and there was a pause. Nana Sahib was not thus to be balked, even though the widows of Bajee Rao, his stepmothers by adoption, most earnestly remonstrated against the act. It was all in vain. The Nana found his agents. Five men—some of whom were butchers by profession—undertook the work for him. With their knives and swords they entered, and the door was fastened behind them. The shrieks and scuffling within told those without that these journeymen were executing their master's will. The evidence shows that it took them exactly an hour and a half to finish it; they then came out again, having earned their hire. They were paid, it is said, one rupee (50 cents) for each lady, or one hundred and three dollars for the whole, and were dismissed. Then a number of Methers (scavengers) were called, and by the heels, or hair of their head, these once beautiful women and children were dragged out of the house and dropped down into the open well—the dying with the dead, and the children over all! The well had been used for purposes of irrigation, and was some fifty feet deep. Next morning, when the army marched, no living European remained in Cawnpore.

Commanding in person, the Nana Sahib went forth that day to meet General Havelock, bent on doing something great in defence of his tottering throne. But, notwithstanding the disparity of their numbers, he soon realized the difference between them and the group of invalids and civilians, whom he had brought to bay behind that deserted rampart, or a front rank of seated ladies and children and a rear rank of gentlemen, all with their hands strapped behind their backs, as in his first "victory." Now he saw before him, extending from left to right, the line of white faces, of red cloth, and of sparkling steel. With set teeth and flashing eyes, and rifles tightly grasped, closer and closer drew the measured tramp of feet, and the heart of the foe died within him; his fire grew hasty and ill directed, and, as the last volley cut the air overhead, the English, with a shout, rushed forward at their foes. Then each rebel thought only of himself. The terrible shrapnel and canister tore through their ranks, and they broke ere the bayonet could touch them. Squadron after squadron, and battalion after battalion, these humbled Brahmins dropped their weapons, threw off their packs, and spurred and ran in wild confusion, pursued for miles by the British cavalry and artillery. At night the Nana Sahib entered Cawnpore upon a chestnut horse drenched in perspiration and with bleeding flanks. On he sped toward Bithoor, sore and weary, his head swimming and his chest heaving. He had never ridden so far and fast before. It was the just earnest of that hardship which was henceforth to be his portion.

A JAPANESE ELOPEMENT.

The festivites, etc., attendant upon marriage in Japan, which ordinarily last about a week, are so exceedingly expensive as to act, in some sense, as an impediment to it, for it not uncommonly happens that a man is hampered for many a long year by the lavish expenditure to which the national custom has driven him, on the occasion of his entering into the bonds of Hymen. The Japanese, however, are gifted with a good deal of hard common sense, and not caring to be burdened for half their lives with the consequences of indulging, against their will, in the extravagant festivities necessary for getting married in the orthodox manner, they sometimes resort to a species of elopement, to avoid the pecuniary embarrassments we have alluded to. M. Humbert, in his "Japan and the Japanese," gives such an amusing description of a supposed case of this kind, that we venture to quote it *in extenso*: "An honest couple," he says, "have a marriageable daughter, and the latter is acquainted with a fine young fellow, who would be a capital match, if only he possessed the necessary means of making his lady-love and her parents the indispensable wedding presents, and of keeping open house for a week. One fine evening, the father and mother, returning home from the bath, find the house empty; but the daughter is gone. They make enquiries in the neighborhood; no one has seen her; but the neighbors hasten to offer their services in seeking her, together with her distracted parents. They accept the offer, and head a solemn procession, which goes from street to street, to the lover's door. In vain does he, hidden behind his panels, turn a deaf ear; he is at length obliged to yield to the importunities of the besieging crowd. He opens the door, and the young girl, drowned in tears, throws herself at the feet of her parents, who threaten to curse her. Then comes the intervention of charitable friends, deeply moved by this spectacle; the softening of the mother, the proud and inexorable attitude of the father, the combined eloquence of the multitude employed to soften his heart; the lover's endless protestations of his resolution to become the best of sons-in-law. At length the father yields, his resistance is overcome, he raises his kneeling daughter, pardons her lover, and calls him his son-in-law. Then, almost as if by enchantment, cups of saki circulate through the assembly. Everybody sits down upon the mats; the two culprits are placed in the centre of the circle; large bowls of saki are handed to them; and, when they are emptied, the marriage is recognized, and declared to be validly contracted in the presence of a sufficient number of witnesses, and is registered the next day by the proper officer without any difficulty." Truly this is an ingenious way out of the difficulty, and clearly shows that the Japanese have an innate talent for comedy.

THE DWELLERS BY ETNA.—The people have a sorrow-smitten and stern aspect. Some of the men in the prime of life are grand and haughty, with the cast-bronze countenance of Roman emperors. But the old men bear rigid faces of carved basalt, gazing fixedly before them as though at some time or other in their past lives, they had met Medusa; and truly Etna in eruption is a Gorgon, which their ancestors have oftentimes seen shuddering, and fled from terror-frozen. The white-haired old women plying their spindle or distaff, or meditating in grim solitude, sit with the sinister set features of Fates by their doorways. The young people are very rarely seen to smile; they open hard, black-beaded eyes upon a world in which there is nothing for them but endurance or the fierceness of passions that delight in blood. Strangely different are these dwellers on the sides of Etna from the voluble, lithe sailors of Sciacca or Mazara, with their sunburnt skins and many-colored garments.—*"Sketches in Italy and Greece," by John Addington Symonds.*

SELECTIONS.

—Macaulay once observed that prize sheep were only fit for candles, and prize essays to light them.

—They are so lazy in a certain city in Kansas that they spell the name of the place "11-worth."

—Two things that are weakened by lengthening: steamships and sermons.

—We are constantly told that evening wore on; but what the evenings wore on such occasions we are not informed. Was it the close of a summer's day?

—A young lady at an examination in grammar the other day, when asked why the noun "bachelor" was singular, blushingly answered, "Because it is singular they don't get married."

—The editor of a religious paper is mad because he undertook to state that Mr. Spurgeon, in his "Sword and Trowel," said so and so, and the printer called it "Shirt and Towel."

—An Illinois editor returns thanks for a centipede sent to him by mail from Texas. "It being," he says, "the first cent of any kind that we've received for several weeks."

—A young gentleman remarked to his lady-love the other evening, "Ah! the most beautiful evening in my recollection. Luna looks peculiarly beautiful." "Was that she that just went by?" quickly answered the young lady.

—A man who had just lost three of his toes by a railway carriage running over his foot, and was howling with pain, was checked by a by-stander, who exclaimed, "Stop your din there! You make more noise over the loss of your toes than that stranger did yesterday over the loss of his head."

—Incongruity is not always so amusing as in the device of a gunsmith, who has labelled a large horse-pistol in his show-window "Good for cats"; while to a bright little pocket weapon are attached the words "Good for boys." He leaves it an open question whether cats should be armed with horse-pistols, or boys cut off prematurely.

—When Sir Francis Carew had rebuilt his mansion-house at Beddington, in Surrey, he planted the gardens with choice fruit trees. Here he was twice visited by Queen Elizabeth; and Sir Hugh Platt, in his "Garden of Eden," tells a curious anecdote relating to one of these visits. "I conclude," says he, "with a conceit of that delicate Knight, Sir Francis Carew, who, for his better accomplishment of his royal entertainment of our late Queen Elizabeth, led Her Majesty to a cherry tree whose fruit he had of purpose kept back from ripening at least one month after all cherries had taken their farewell of England. This secret he performed by straining a tent, or cover of canvas, over the whole tree, and wetting it now and then with a scoop as the heat of the weather required; and so by withholding the sunbeams from reflecting upon the berries, they grew both very great, and were very long before they had gotten their perfect cherry color; and when he was assured of Her Majesty's coming, he removed the tent, and a few sunny days brought them to their maturity."

NEW PICTURES FOR THE FALL EXHIBITION.

"Things to Adore," by Smith—A pair of iron hinges.

"The Wood-cutter"—An axe.

"The Bridal Scene," by J. Sadler—A very nice bridle used for a horse.

"Lynx in Repose," by a Constable—A small chain, consisting of about a score of links.

"Mamma's Little Helper"—A sewing-machine.

"A View of Cork," by S. Stopper—A wine-cork.

"The Family Doctor," by C. Oyle—A bottle of castor-oil.

"A Fancy Ball on Board," by Seafield—A child's fancy wool ball placed on a board.

"The Flower of the Family, by Millais—A basin of corn flour.

"Caught in a Squall off Yarmouth"—A red herring.

"The Traveller's Rest"—Slippers.

"Relics of the Great," by W. E. Cole—Cinders from the fire-place.

Agricultural Department.

FENCES OR NO FENCES?

This is one of the most important questions of the time, and upon its solution depend material interests of great magnitude. So long as forests were an obstruction to agriculture, and incessant war had to be made upon them to extend the area of cultivation, nothing was more natural and necessary than to use part of the wood for fencing in order that the cattle might browse freely in the wood. Then the trees had to be felled, at any rate, and the rails were procured on the spot for the mere trouble of splitting and putting up. But the case is entirely changed when lumber has to be purchased at a high price, and hauled at a great expense, and repaired or replaced every twelve or fourteen years. We have seen it stated that the cost of the fences of the United States would pay the national debt, and nearly the whole might be saved if the system practised for centuries on the Continent of Europe were adopted here. There the only divisions between farms are stones sunk in the ground for landmarks, and the punishment for moving any of these stones is very heavy. This mode of dividing property was also the system, as we learn from the Bible, in the land of Israel, and, indeed, such stones are the only fences between the United States and Canada at this day. In this system the cattle are fenced in *from* the land, *instead* of the land from the cattle; or if they are let out to graze they are carefully herded to prevent them from trespassing on the growing crops. Nor is this system of dividing properties without fences unknown among us. In the extensive meadows near Northampton, Mass., there are no fences.

The question is one of expense. If the cost of carrying fodder to the cattle, or herding them when out grazing, is greater than that of fences, of course the fence system will be continued; but if it is found that cattle are more advantageously kept in a park, the fencing of farms will be abolished. In this question others are involved, namely: how many more cattle can the same land maintain upon the *soiling* than the *grazing system*; and again, whether raising cattle or grain is most profitable. The circumstances of each State would have to be taken fully into consideration before its laws could be altered so as to prevent cattle from going at large.

It is likely, however, that the time will soon come, at all events in the prairie States, for assimilating the laws in this respect to the laws of France, Germany and other nations on the Continent of Europe.—*N. Y. Witness.*

DETERIORATION OF APPLE ORCHARDS.

A paper on this subject was read by Rev. J. V. C. Smith at a recent meeting of the N. Y. Farmer's Club:—

In the course of various excursions into farming regions, within the last few weeks, it was a painful discovery that orchards are generally in a state of decay. Forty years ago, for example, apple culture was in a far more advanced condition than at the present day. Trees were better attended to, and, as a crop, fairer, sounder, and suffered much less from insects throughout New England. With an increasing population, and consequently a corresponding demand for agricultural products, it is extraordinary that a fruit so easily raised and universally held in estimation as the apple, should suffer as it has from positive neglect. Apples have this advantage over most other fruits, that they may be kept from the time of ripening till another crop is gathered from the same tree. Apples may be eaten at all hours by children or adults, either by themselves or in artistic combinations, without apprehension that bad consequences might follow. Yet pears and peaches are now receiving more scientific attention. No plans have been devised for keeping those of the finest quality beyond a few weeks at most. Canning simply means that an inherent tendency to decay is arrested by scalding and protecting the fruit thus treated in syrup. Of course the original flavor is considerably modified, but the art should be liberally encouraged, as a means of enjoying a luxury throughout the year and in climates where they cannot be raised. Apples, on the contrary, exist in boundless varieties, from which selections are made to meet the ever-varying temperature of this climate, or indeed, those almost tropical, for a surprising period.

An impression has gone abroad that apple trees, from some unknown cause, do not thrive among us as formerly. There is neither a fault in the soil, nor a distemper preying upon the vitality of orchards that gives them their sickly and diseased appearance as now seen. Their shabbiness, and the deterioration so pathetically lamented by the owners of old worn-out orchards, is wholly chargeable to their delinquency—their want of active energy in doing for them what they do for their horses, their cattle, or their pear, peach, and apricots. Orchards, with few exceptions, are a standing reproach to farmers, who inherited them mostly from their fathers. They neither prune nor assist them in the slightest manner to contend with enemies that threaten their utter destruction. Grasses hug the base with the grip of a boa constrictor; vermin flourish in colonies on the branches, and when the buds open armies of hungry caterpillars devour the leaves as rapidly as they are developed. The tree's breathing apparatus being destroyed, it can neither absorb carbon from the atmosphere nor throw off oxygen for the purification of the air. The sin of absolute neglect does not end with the death of sturdy old bearers that used to yield abundantly—hardly any new orchards are planted. In this sad picture of pomological indifference, the curculio takes a possession of every individual apple, makes a home in it for its young to depredate the coming season in the same manner. Thus the fruit is extensively marred and defaced. Hence good apples are scarce, dear, and imperfect. All this is due to neglect. With very slight assistance thousands of trees struggling for existence would make a rich return. Thin out their tops, that air and sunlight may exercise their potent influence on the circulation; sweep away webs and worms as soon as discovered—giving them no opportunity to riot at the expense of a valuable tree, and without fail keep the base clear of grass, weeds, and suckers. Examine the stem often, and leave no hiding places on the bark or underside of limbs for cocoons or spider webs. As a sanitary measure eminently conducive to productiveness, supply the ground for at least a yard all round the base with bones or bonedust, as they contain phosphate of lime, which they crave, by sending their roots an incredible distance to obtain it. The carcass of any animal not wanted for other purposes, as a cat, dog, parts of a horse, and even rats and mice, buried within six feet of an apple tree, essentially nourishes it, and shows by increased vigor the stimulating effects produced on the growth of wood and the development of fruit. As apple trees succeed on hill sides and on rocky ground where it is difficult to cultivate, it would eventually redound very much to the profits of proprietors of such land to plant apple trees extensively, as their ancestors did, who had large orchards which are gradually disappearing.

[The above instruction to thin out the heads of trees should be guarded. No large limbs should ever be cut off on any account, and whilst all new shoots in the interior of a tree should be rubbed off as soon as practicable, it is exceedingly dangerous under the burning sun of America to thin out the head of a fruit tree as much as trees are thinned in Britain.—Ed. Witness.]

Trimming Up.—All farmers, perhaps, are not aware of the great improvement in trimming up in the general appearance of their farms, and especially when done in the immediate vicinity of their buildings, which can be accomplished by cutting and clearing worthless bushes from the roadside. Besides affording a clearer and better view of "verdant field and pasture green" on the other side to the passer by, it is an unmistakable evidence of the thrift and enterprise of its owners. This may seem to them of small consequence when there is so much other necessary work to be performed, yet we can assure them that people passing by always notice and comment upon the appearance of their premises, and judge the man by his immediate surroundings, and are generally pretty correct in their judgment. If you wish to sell your farm, the expense of brush-cutting will prove a paying investment; if you wish to keep it, it will pay still better in the pride and satisfaction it will bring you. A certain amount of pride should be fostered by all classes, and we think it more becoming among farmers than most others, as they have greater opportunities and inducements to exercise it.—*Peterborough Transcript.*

Broken Glass, Nails, etc., in Streets.—Lancaster, Pa., has adopted the following ordinance: "An ordinance prohibiting the throwing of broken glass, nails, cuttings of tin or sheet-iron, etc., into any public street or highway of the city of Lancaster. Section 1. The select and common councils of the city of Lancaster do ordain, That any person who shall put, place, deposit or throw any broken glass, crockery, china, cuttings of tin or sheet-iron, nails, hoop-skirts or other articles calculated to wound, bruise, or maim man or beast, on or into any public street or highway of the city of Lancaster, shall pay a fine of five (5) dollars, to be recovered before the mayor or any alderman of the city of Lancaster as other fines are recovered." A worthy example to be followed by other cities. Hundreds of horses have been injured by stepping upon broken glass and nails thoughtlessly swept or thrown into the street. House and store keepers should forbid this practice.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Harness-Chafing.— Harnesses that are much used generally become rough on the inside surface, particularly at the edges, with a collection of moisture, perspiration, dust and dandruff, which, if not removed, may very soon roughen up and wear off the hair and chafe the skin, making it very sore. Although it may not have the appearance of a fresh gall, it is very tender and painful, and may be found to be composed of a number of small, watery pimples. Great care should be taken, in currying, not to come across these sores. "Prevention of cruelty" being our motto, we would suggest that the harness be kept soft and free from this accumulation of dirt, by scraping and washing often, and by shifting the harness so that it will not come in contact with these tender spots.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Kindness Does it.— An experienced horse trainer in California thus writes us:—In reply to your letter, I would say that the education of my colts has in a great measure been accomplished by kind treatment. The horse is so constituted that by proper management and kind treatment his confidence and affection may be acquired to such a degree that his will becomes completely absorbed in that of his friend and trainer. I will say, further, that the horse naturally possesses a far greater degree of intelligence than he has ever been given credit for.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

DOMESTIC.

MAKING BREAD.

Jennie desires to know how to make a loaf of nice, spongy bread. Now there is no end to receipts for making this "staff of life," and yet the inexperienced housewife may find that success will not attend her efforts in trying any or all of them; for there are many things to be taken into consideration in the manufacture of "a nice, spongy loaf of bread." In the first place the flour must be of first-rate quality; second-rate flour will never make excellent bread. Then the yeast must be fresh and frothy; and last, but not least, the exact degree of fermentation must be attained when the loaf is put into the oven, and the heat of the oven must also be exactly of the right temperature—not so hot as to brown it directly, and give it a burned appearance; nor so cool as to make it rise too slowly, and present a pasty, half-baked aspect.

All these things cannot be taught by receipt, but must be learned by experience and the exercise of due judgment. Bread, to be of an even texture, and without deep holes, should be kneaded at least three-quarters of an hour before it is put into the pans, and then should remain in a warm place until it rises up light and spongy, and cracks on the sides and top the least bit. The best rule I know of for making first-rate flour into bread, is to make a sponge by taking four quarts of sifted flour, one cup of sweet, light yeast, a tablespoon of salt, and one quart of warm water, not too hot, but just about as warm as milk fresh from the cow. Stir this thoroughly together by putting the flour into the bread pan, making a hole in the middle of it, turning in the water, stirring it a little, and then add the yeast. Mix this in by stirring slowly until there are no lumps in it. Sprinkle flour over it, cover with a pan and place in a cool pantry or closet for the night, in summer, and near the stove in winter. Early next morning add enough flour to mix it into a dough that will mould soft and light. If too much flour is added it will make the bread stiff and crumbly, and hard to knead. Two quarts of flour and one pint of warm water will make a soft dough. Knead it in the pan for at least fifteen minutes; then set it away for a while until it rises up well. Knead on the moulding board now for at least half an hour, taking great care not to add much flour in the kneading, as it cannot be raised enough to make it light before the loaves are ready for the oven, and hence it will be soggy and clammy, and make the bread so. One fertile source of non-success in bread-making comes from the adding of flour when kneading the bread after the first kneading. Sprinkle just a little on the board to keep the dough from clinging to it, and flour the hands very lightly. There is a great difference in flour as to the quantity of wetting required to make it into dough of the proper consistency, so that no exact rule for water or milk can be given; but the dough should be as moist as it is possible to work it up into loaves. All cakemakers know that too much flour will spoil their cake, and in the same way too much flour will always make bread stiff and hard.

Throw a little sprinkle of flour into the oven to test its heat. If it burns quickly, the oven is too hot to bake well, and it should be cooled down a little. If it browns slowly but surely, it is just right, but if it hardly colors, it needs more fire before you bake the bread. Too much heat over the loaf will bake the top too quickly, however, and leave a clammy spot in the centre; the oven needs to be equally heated. In the morning, as soon as a fire is kindled, the bread must be attended to, and a little of the well-risen sponge, baked in "gem pans" or muffin rings, will never come amiss on the breakfast table.

After breakfast, the bread must be looked at and kept in mind until it is well baked, and the smoking loaves are turned up against a towel on the kitchen dresser to cool off. Good bread can only be obtained by constant watchfulness. It cannot be left to itself while the baby is dressed, or the breakfast dishes washed, or the chamber-work attended to; it must be of the first importance in the day's work. And it is on this account that so many housewives fail utterly in its manufacture. If it has risen beyond the exact degree of fermentation, no saleratus or soda can ever make it as good again; yet they must be added to make it in the least degree palatable.—*Cultivator.*

Gelatine Pudding.—Two tablespoonfuls of gelatine soaked in a little cold water. Add one pint of boiling water, eleven tablespoonfuls of white sugar, the juice of a lemon, with the rind grated in, the yolks of three eggs, and a pint of scalded milk. For the frosting, the whites of three eggs beaten, and three tablespoonfuls of sugar, to be poured over the pudding when cold.

Attention.—A child should be early instructed to be attentive to the wants of others—more especially to those of his mother. He should, for instance, be taught, on her entering the room, to offer the chair he is sitting upon to his mother; or, if he is old enough, to hand her a chair; to open the door for her either upon her entrance or upon her exit from the room; to be attentive while his mother or any grown-up person, is speaking, and not to interrupt them in their conversation. These little acts of courtesy are very engaging in a child. There is something very winning—especially in a child—in attention to the wants and to the feelings of others. Attention is like good words—"worth much and costs little," and is the distinctive qualification of a *gentleman.*—*Dr. Chevasee's Aphorisms.*

The Pork Barrel.—A number of circumstances unite to cause salt pork to be one of the leading articles of diet in the farmer's family; and for all it is so easily cured, it is astonishing to know how much is lost every year by being improperly cut and salted. Much finds its way to the soap-kettle, and a larger amount comes on the table so badly tainted as to be unwholesome food. Every farmer should be prepared with a suitable barrel, as the first essential for properly saving pork. It should be of good materials: iron bound, with an extra heavy hoop at the bottom. It should be provided with a closely fitting cover that will come over the chine. This cover should be provided with a handle. If new wine should not be put into old bottles, there is no danger in putting new pork into old barrels. Many, indeed, seem to think that there is a virtue in an old barrel, and would prefer one that had been in use for years, to one just from the shop of the cooper. A well made pork barrel will last for years, for the salt it absorbs will preserve it. It should not be used, however, for holding beef, mutton, or even hams and shoulders which require a different pickle than that required for clear pork.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Calf's Heart, Roasted—Put the heart in lukewarm water for an hour, then wipe it dry; stuff it with a nice and highly-seasoned veal stuffing or forcemeat, cover it with buttered paper, and set it down to roast at a good fire from half an hour to an hour, depending on the size; serve it with any good gravy.

Pork Cake.— A correspondent sends the following: 1 cup pork chopped fine; ½ cup boiling water over it, 1 cup molasses; 1 cup brown sugar: 2 eggs; 1 teaspoonful saleratus; 1 lb currants; ½ lb citron; Spice to taste. Bake slowly after making stiff with flour. N. B. Be sure to pour real boiling water over your pork, and I prefer cold boiled pork to any other.

Rissoles of Cold Meat.— To one pound of cold meat allow three-quarters of a pound of bread-crumbs, salt, and pepper, a tablespoonful of minced parsley, a little finely chopped lemon-peel, and two eggs. Mince the meat very fine; mix altogether. Divide into balls or cones nicely shaped; put them into a pan of boiling lard; there must be enough lard to cover them. Fry the rissoles till they are a nice light-brown. Serve with parsley for a garnish, or, if preferred, with gravy poured over them. Chicken or rabbit makes very delicious rissoles.

Mutton Chop.— To cook a mutton chop well is a great art. They should not be cut too thin, and should be done over a nice bright coal fire. They will take from eight to ten minutes. When the fat is transparent, and the lean feels hard, the chop is done. It should be served on a very hot plate, and with a nice mealy potato, hot. In dressing a chop never stick a fork into it. Tomato sauce is likewise served with it.

TO OUR READERS

It will doubtless be interesting to the readers of the *Messenger* to know that its circulation is rapidly increasing, and that now more than *fifteen thousand* copies of each issue are sent to subscribers. Several improvements are also in contemplation, which, it is expected, will make it more than ever a favorite. Of those to whom it is a welcome guest, we have a favor to ask, viz., that they assist in doubling its circulation within the year. This can easily be done if the right way be taken. One new subscriber each would do it. The daily receipts of the *Messenger* show the rate of increase to be *eleven per cent.* more than last year. We want it to be FIFTY PER CENT. more. Are our boys and girls prepared to guarantee this increase?

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—The *Witness* prospectus, which is enclosed in this number with blank form for subscribers' names, may be separated at the place designated and returned when filled up. Those of our friends who usually interest themselves in our behalf are respectfully requested to use their best exertions, as this is the best time of the year for obtaining subscribers.

The Family Circle.

THE LITTLE LIGHT.

I have a little trembling light, which still
All tenderly I keep, and ever will:
I think it never wholly dies away,
But oft it seems as if it could not stay,
And I do strive to keep it if I may.

Sometimes the wind-gusts push it sore aside;
Then closely to my breast my light I hide,
And for it make a tent of my two hands;
And though it scarce might on the lamp abide,
It soon recovers, and uprightly stands.

Sometimes it seems there is no flame at all:
I look quite close, because it is so small;
Then all for sorrow do I weep and sigh;
But some One seems to listen when I cry,
And the light burns up and I know not why.

Sometimes I think,—"How could I live, what do,
Without my dear light?" then,—"Does each of you,
Dear friends" (I think), "a little light have too?"
But soon I tremble for my words, and sigh:
And it will be my secret till I die

O God, O Father, hear thy child who cries!
Who would not quench thy flame; who would not dare
To let it dwindle in a sinful air;
Who inly feels how precious such a prize,
And yet, alas! is feeble, and not wise.

Oh hear, dear Father, for thou know'st the need;
Thou know'st what awful height there is in Thee,
How very low I am; Oh do thou feed
Thy light, and let it burn ever, and succeed,
My life to deepest holiness to lead!

HENRY SEPTIMUS SUTTON, 1854.

FANNY'S BIRTHDAY GIFT.

BY JOANNA H. MATTHEWS.

(Published by Robert Carter & Bros., New York.)

CHAPTER X *(Continued.)*

Lily, however, looked at matters with a very different eye. Here was an opportunity—a grand opportunity, she thought it—of expressing in a public manner her disapprobation of Felix, of treating him with what she would have called "scorn," and so showing her sense of his meanness.

Drawing herself up, and throwing back her head with a contemptuous look at Felix, she said,—

"Maggie, I've changed my mind. I shan't be in the charade."

"Oh, dear! Why not? What for?" exclaimed Maggie, filled with dismay at this sudden rebellion on the part of one of her usually submissive subjects, and that one her chief personage in the proposed charade. The others pressed about Lily, urging her to be obliging, and take the part assigned to her by Maggie.

"No, I shan't, I shall not," repeated Lily. "Maybe I'll be in another charade; in this, never!"

"But why?" "Why not?" "How unkind!" came from one and another; and, "You promised, Lily," in a reproachful tone from Maggie.

"Circumstances alter minds," said Lily, changing the well-known proverb to suit herself. She was apt to make a free application of her proverbs, and to take other liberties with them.

"Well," said Miss Annie Stanton, coming up to the little group, and seeing that there was some hindrance in the arrangements. "What is the matter, Maggie? Can I help you?"

"Lily won't take the part I programmed for her," said the aggrieved manager, in a despairing tone.

"No I won't," said Lily, "and if you want to know why, I shan't be programmed with Felix. Now!"

"Hoity toity!" said old Mr. Walton, who had followed Miss Stanton, and who could not help laughing at Lily's air and manner, but supposed it to be only some childish quarrel, some slight offence to be easily smoothed over, "What's the matter with you and Felix, Lily? Is that the way you treat your beaux, little lady?"

"I shan't have mean, greedy beaux," said Lily, with her little nose in the air, and a glance of supreme disdain at her luckless admirer.

"Lily! Lily!" said Miss Stanton, in a voice of gentle reproof; for her family and that of Lily being on exceedingly intimate terms, she felt at liberty to call the juvenile lady to order.

"I don't care, Miss Annie," persisted the scornful little damsel. "I shan't; nor be in charades with him, either. He knows why I won't, and good enough for him too. He's the most contemptuous boy I ever knew in my life. Ask him if I shall tell you why; just ask him! A great knight he is!"

In her indignation, just, but not very civil under the circumstances of its expression, Lily had quite lost sight of the fact that Felix was Mr. Walton's grandson, and the brother of her young hostess. Had she remembered, I am not sure that the recollection would have stopped her. Lily was free spoken at all times, and scarcely put the check she might upon her saucy little tongue when she was excited.

Felix was used to being called "mean" and "shabby," and such like names by his brothers and schoolmates, and generally maintained an appearance of sublime indifference on such occasions,—whether he felt it or not was another thing,—but now it was a different affair.

To have such uncomplimentary epithets hurled at him in the presence of a numerous company, and that by his own particular charmer, was hard lines for Felix, richly deserved though it was; and he was not only extremely angry, but also thoroughly abashed. Moreover, he was in terror lest Lily should tell what he had done; and although he was prepared to deny it, and say she had been mistaken, he did not care to have to face such an accusation.

"What is the matter, Felix?" said his grandfather, taking Lily at her word. "What have you done to displease this young lady?"

"Nothing," answered Felix, sulkily. "She needn't get into such a fuss about nothing. I am not going to be in the charade, not if she wanted me to ever so much."

"What is the trouble, Lily?" asked Mr. Walton, turning to the little lady who was carrying matters with such a high hand. "I am sure Felix has not meant to offend you."

"Oh, I shan't tell, sir," answered Lily, with another toss of her head. "I'm not going to tell tales, if he is so horrid; but I shan't be in the charade with him, and when I say I shan't, I mean I shan't. He's the piggishest boy I ever saw!"

That she meant all she said was plainly to be seen, and poor Felix, feeling decidedly small, and wishing a thousand times over that he had never seen a strawberry rather than that he should have brought himself into such a scrape, once more repeated that he had no intention of taking part in the charade, and moved beyond the reach of Lily's scornful looks and speeches. Not, however, before he heard her say,—

"Take Harold, Maggie. He's fit to be seen, and a great deal cleverer than Felix, too. I hope Felix won't get the gold medal."

But in spite of her fierce indignation, Lily resolutely refused to tell either Mr. Walton or the children the cause of her displeasure; and they imagined, not without reason, that it was some personal offence.

When her excitement had a little calmed down, however, Lily began to feel that she had not behaved very well, that she had expressed her sentiments too freely, and not been altogether polite or discreet.

"I have been perfectly horrid," she said confidentially to Maggie Bradford, "and I am going to tell Mr. Walton and Miss Annie so. I suppose I had better tell that hateful Felix so, too. But, oh! how I can't bear that boy! But I'll have to tell them so: I can't have a weight on my mind about it."

Harold agreed to accept the post assigned to him by Lily, in Felix's place; and the charade was very successfully carried out, especially the third scene, where the whole word came in. Harold made a splendid Sir Walter Raleigh, attired in the dress improvised for the occasion by the genius of Maggie and Miss Annie Stanton, and the kindness of Mrs. Leroy, who allowed her wardrobe to be rumaged over as much as they found necessity for.

Felix looked on with angry, envious eyes, more jealous than ever of Harold, since he had been preferred before himself to take a part which he felt he could have filled with so much credit.

Not that Harold did not fill it well; every one said that he carried out the character of the courtly gallant to perfection, and even Felix was obliged to allow as much. But that jealousy of his brother which was always smouldering within him, and which had been roused to greater bitterness within the last few days, was fanned anew by this little occurrence.

And Lily "hoped" he would not gain the gold medal! He was as angry with her as he was with Harold, and more than ever determined that his brother should not gain this advantage over him.

Lily made an apt and very pretty, though rather saucy-looking little queen; and she carried out the character with sufficient dignity of manner for even the stately Elizabeth.

"Capitally well done for such young performers!" said Mr. Walton, when Queen Elizabeth and her followers had disappeared from view, and the audience were waiting for the second sharade. "But I wonder what did ail that little witch to make her act so to Felix?"

The remark was more to himself than to any hearer; but the answer came from one whom he had not suspected to be near him, as a soft little hand touched his, and a young voice said behind him,—

"Mr. Walton, sir;" and turning, he looked down upon Lily.

"Well, my dear?"

"I wanted to ask your pardon, sir."

"For what, Lily?" asked the old gentleman, although he had a pretty clear idea of what she meant to ask pardon for; for, to tell the truth, he had been surprised, and not altogether pleased, at Lily's treatment of his grandson Felix.

"Because I was horrid, sir," answered repentant Lily; "horridly rude, and not so very respectful to you. I knew mamma would tell me so, and I thought I'd better tell you. People oughtn't to talk that way about people's relations; but I did forget Felix was your grandboy when I called him names before you."

"You're an honest little girl," said Mr. Walton, laying his hand upon her head.

"Yes, sir, I want to be," said Lily; then added, in rather a shamefaced manner, "I'm going to tell Felix, too."

"You are going to take it all back?" asked Mr. Walton, smiling as he remembered Lily's fierce, indignant vehemence.

"No, sir," said Lily, looking up with fearless eyes into his face; "not take it back, because I did mean all I said: but I oughtn't to have said it, and I'm going to tell him that."

"If Felix has offended, or been rude to you, my dear," said Mr. Walton, more gravely, "I shall try to bring him to a sense of his ill-behavior. What was it?"

"He didn't do anything to me, sir," said Lily again, with another toss of her head; "but I can never be good friends with him again."

The old gentleman saw that she meant to give him no further information in regard to the cause of offence she had, or fancied she had, against Felix; but he was sure that this was something pretty grave, in her eyes at least; and there had also been that in Felix's manner which showed that he felt guilty and uncomfortable. Nor, Mr. Walton thought, was this altogether due to Lily's plain-spoken rebuff: his conscience and his pride were both evidently uneasy.

So he afterwards questioned Felix on the subject, without, however, gaining more from him than he had from Lily. Indeed, the boy boldly asserted that he had done nothing, and that he could not imagine the cause of Lily's displeasure.

Moreover, father, mother, sisters, and brothers all plied him with questions on the subject; believing, not without reason, that he must have given serious cause of offence to Lily, whose careless good-nature and sweetness of temper were well known to all the family.

Yes, Lily's good nature and good temper could pass lightly over any offence to herself; but only let her see any slight or wrong offered to another, and she was up in arms at once, ready to take up the cudgels in defence of the one whom she considered oppressed or slighted. Her indignation on Dot's behalf was not to be easily appeased, although she was, as she said, "no tell-tale," and would not make known the cause.

All this questioning from others, however, only incensed Felix more and more. He was now in a thoroughly bad state of feeling, and in a frame of mind to fall a prey readily to temptation.

Lily's advances were received most ungraciously, so much so that the little lady was filled with regret for having made them; and her opinion of Felix was only more strongly confirmed than ever.

CHAPTER XI.—TEMPTATION AND SIN.

"What have you there, little daughter?" asked Mr. Leroy.

Fanny had just come into the room where he sat with his wife and Ella; and, laying a bundle of papers upon the table, she drew up a chair and seated herself with the air of one having business on hand. Pleasant business it was, too, to judge by her looks.

"Composition of Maggie Bradford's, papa," answered the little girl. "Bessie keeps all her compositions after Miss Ashton has done with them, for Bessie is very proud of them and so she ought to be. There's no girl in our class can write such beautiful compositions as Maggie; and we all like to read them. They are very funny too, sometimes. She is very, very clever."

"And you are going to read all those?" asked Mr. Leroy, laughing.

"Yes, papa, I am going to read every one. You don't know how interesting they are."

"How did you come by them?" asked Ella. "Maggie is such a modest little thing, and so shy, that I should not think she would wish to make any display of her own compositions."

"No, she does not," said Fanny. "That would not be a bit like Maggie. Bessie lent them to me. These are the compositions Maggie wrote while I was away, and all the other girls had heard them read in school; so I told Maggie it was pretty hard I should lose them, when I liked her compositions so much, and I begged her to let Bessie lend them to me, and she said she could."

"And now you are going to have a good time," said Mr. Leroy, as she untied the blue ribbon which was wound about the bundle of neatly-folded papers.

"Yes, sir; that I am," answered Fanny, with an unmistakable air of satisfaction in the task—or rather amusement—before her.

"This one," continued Fanny, laying aside a paper tied with a red ribbon, "this one Bessie says is the best of all, and she told me Colonel Rush had read it, and he said it was perfectly wonderful for a girl of Maggie's age. And Miss Ashton said that if she had not known how very true and honorable Maggie is, she could hardly have believed she had written it all herself, or without help from some older person. But then, you see, she does know what Maggie is, and so do we all. So I am going to save that for the last. I wish I were as clever as Maggie."

In spite of her resolve to keep the best "for the last," Fanny indulged herself with a little glance over the much-praised composition,—not actually reading it, but taking off the ribbon, unfolding the paper, and running her eye down the neatly written pages. Then she laid it aside, and addressed herself to those less choice, but still all good in her eyes, as they were in those of most of Maggie's little playmates.

Presently, Mr. Leroy, having finished reading his newspaper, laid it down; and, stretching out his hand, took up the choice paper which Fanny had just laid aside as a *bonne bouche*.

He opened it rather absently, and, at first, without any intention of actually reading it; but a sentence or two which caught his eye attracted and pleased him; and, turning to the commencement, he began and read it through.

Several times a smile, more than once a hearty laugh, and various exclamations of astonishment and admiration escaped him; but Fanny, absorbed in her own reading, did not notice them.

"Really," said Mr. Leroy, when he had finished the composition, and sat, turning over the pages, "really, this is wonderful for a child of Maggie Bradford's age. Is it possible that she has written it without help from any one?"

Fanny looked up.

"Oh, yes, indeed, papa!" she exclaimed. "If you knew Maggie well, you would be sure of that. We are not allowed to have help in our compositions from any one, and Maggie is the last child in the class to do it. Indeed, I am quite sure she had no help. Maggie is very, very clever; but she is even more honest than she is clever."

Mr. Leroy smiled at Fanny's energetic defence of her friend.

"I can believe all you say of Maggie, dear," he said. "She has been tried, and not found wanting; has she not?"

"It's nice to have a friend people can talk about that way," said Fanny, her eyes sparkling: "and I'd like to have people think so of me."

"I don't think any one doubts your honesty more than they do that of Maggie," said Ella, with a gentle pull of the long fair hair which fell over Fanny's shoulders.

"But that composition is truly astonishing," said Mr. Leroy, returning to the subject. "It would do credit to one many years older than Maggie. Sprightly, original, and extremely witty, and with a great deal of poetry and good sense in it too. A very remarkable production for such a child, I say."

"What is the subject of it?" asked Mrs. Leroy, as Ella—her curiosity stimulated by her father's praise—took up the paper he had just laid down.

"Making the best of it," said Mr. Leroy, turning a laughing eye on Fanny. "Perhaps Bessie had a purpose in giving it to our Fan to read."

"That's what Maggie always does herself," said Fanny. "She always makes the best of every thing."

"She has certainly made a good thing of her composition on the subject," said Mr. Leroy. "A remarkable production, indeed; a very remarkably clever thing."

Mrs. Leroy and Ella fully agreed in this opinion, when they in their turn had read Maggie's composition; and it received praise enough to have satisfied even her little sister Bessie, who took such pride and glory in her clever Maggie.

The boys were more than usually occupied during this evening; for, having taken the whole afternoon for some out-door amusement, they were obliged to devote the entire evening to study. So it happened that they were not present during this conversation, or the reading of Maggie Bradford's composition by their father.

Felix was in the worst of humors—in "a dreadful stew," as Charlie expressed it—over his composition. He found it almost impossible to make a beginning; and, that done,—not at all to his own satisfaction,—he could not make it "go." He scolded at Harold for suggesting such a "subject," and at those of his school-fellows who had voted for it: called it "stuff and nonsense," "babyish humbug," "girls' ideas," and such like.

"If I only had the bothering thing composed, I could fast enough turn it into French better than Harold's, I know," he said grumblingly to Charlie.

"Of course you could," said aggravating Charlie. "I'm glad you're stuck over the compo, you've been cock of the walk, and crowed it over Hal long enough. It's his turn now."

"His turn!" sneered Felix. "Just as if Harold would take the prize! His French!"

"Yes, his French," repeated Charlie, provokingly, turning himself upside down, and putting his head where his heels should have been. "His French is not to be sneezed at, I'll tell you, when he puts his mind to it; and as for the compo, it's first rate. He let me see it."

And here Charlie, walking about on his hands, brought his feet into rather dangerous proximity to Felix's head, not quite involuntarily perhaps.

"Stop that!" cried Felix, referring to the intrusive heels; then once more returning to the subject of the composition, "Where did Hal get his ideas? Such rubbish! 'Looking on the bright side!'"

"Out of his own head, I suppose," said the voice from the floor. "Hal's ideas are not apt to come from any one else's cranium. He don't borrow: don't pla—plag—what do you call it when you steal some one else's ideas?"

Felix did not answer. Charlie's careless words had struck a thought in his brain to which he did not care to give utterance,—scarcely dared to give it shape and form even to himself. But it was there.

If he could find an idea to start with, his own, or—some one else's—what did it matter? He and Harold—all the boys—were allowed to "read up" when the theme for composition was historical, biographical, or any other subject where facts and incidents came in. Why not now?

It was an understood thing, it is true, that when the composition was to be in the form of an essay, the young writers were expected to draw entirely upon their own imaginations, without help from books or other aids; but it had never been forbidden. He only wanted "an idea;" but where to find one on such a subject? His own brains, cudgel them as he might, would not furnish him with one that was satisfactory.

"Look here, Fe," said Charlie, bringing himself to an upright position, "get Robbie to write your compo for you. He has more head for making up than any one of the lot of us."

Still no answer. Felix was absorbed, either in his composition or with his own thoughts; and Charlie, who was really good-natured, with all his mischief and love of teasing, would not disturb him farther.

Once more Felix put his mind to the task before him; once more he made a beginning: but it seemed to him a lame one, and perhaps it was. As I have said, such themes were not Felix's forte; and his present discontented, restless mood was not propitious to composition.

And Harold was ahead of him! Harold who generally finished his compositions just at the last moment, so that they always bore the marks of haste, had composed his, and had even partly translated it. He would wager Harold had borrowed some ideas from Fanny, being so ready to take up with her ridiculous suggestion. Ideas from a girl!

Felix always measured another's sense of honor by what he believed to be that others advantage, his own truth and honesty being on a scale that would keep him just fair in the eyes of the world. To those who did not know all the little turnings and windings of his school and home life, these might stand well enough. His parents and master, though knowing him to have an undue love of gain, believed him to be above all suspicion of unfair dealing in any way; but brothers and school-mates knew him as "a screw," "a Shylock," "ready to drive a hard bargain," &c. But, gauged by his own conscience, the light of which was seldom brought to bear upon his thoughts and deeds; or—more powerful still, the All-seeing eye of God,—how far could they have borne the scrutiny; what would the record have been?

He made but little headway with his task that evening; and went to rest thoroughly out of humor, ready for almost any thing that would enable him to compass his end, and filled with bitter jealousy of Harold. But he had made up his mind what he would do. "No harm in it:" he should only "borrow an idea or two, and dress it up in his own words."

(To be Continued.)

A TRUE WIFE.

Upon the terrace of the principal hotel at Whitecliff, two ladies sat in conversation, unheeding, because unaware of, a listener behind the closed blinds of a window near them. Not an intentional listener, for he was deeply absorbed in the contents of a newly arrived letter, when the sound of his own name attracted his attention. One of the pretty matrons was speaking:

"I can't imagine how such a sparkling brilliant woman as Mrs. Lancaster ever came to marry that solemn piece of granite, Edward Lancaster."

"Solemn piece of granite! One of the most profound scholars, Edith! A thorough gentleman, too, and very wealthy."

"Wealthy!" repeated the first speaker. "I suppose that accounts for it. She married him for his money, of course."

"And spends it most loyally, I can't imagine Edith Lancaster without the surroundings of money. Her dresses, her jewels, her carriages seem a very part of herself."

"But she would be beautiful in a print dress and a straw hat."

"Here she comes now in her new yachting dress. Is she not lovely?"

The dark eye behind the closed blinds followed the same direction as those of the two ladies. Coming toward the hotel was a merry party, who had just then been on the water for several hours, and prominent in a group of pretty women was a tall, slender brunette, in a jaunty dress of blue cashmere with gilt buttons and broad hat, from underneath which could be seen a face of exquisite beauty. The perfect oval of shape, the clear olive complexion and crimson cheeks, the regular features and large, dark eyes, were all in oriental style; while the masses of purple black hair needed no artificial additions to wreathe the small shapely head with navy braids.

She was chatting merrily and laughing as she talked, as if youth and happiness were personified in her beautiful face.

The man who watched her from the closed blinds was tall, broad-shouldered and strong-featured. His hair, thick and curly, was iron gray, and piled high above a massive forehead; his eyes were deep set, but very large and full of earnest expression. Not a handsome man, but one whose air of distinction was undoubted—a man who would be noticed in any assemblage of men.

As he watched the radiant figure in the sunlight coming toward him the shadow upon his brow grew deeper every moment, till with a groan, he rose and went to his own room, closing the door behind him.

There was little resemblance to granite in his face, as he paced up and down this room. It worked convulsively, and the emotions that in a woman would have been vented in passionate tears, found expression only in an occasional sigh that was a groan.

He was living over the last three years of his life as he walked up and down. Until that time he had been a scholar only. With large wealth, inherited from his father, he had devoted himself to the acquisition of knowledge, living in his library, except when he travelled, always in pursuit of some new light upon a favorite science or study. His money matters were arranged by his lawyer, and his household affairs by a housekeeper, while his books were his world.

From this scholarly seclusion, at the age of forty-five, he was wakened by a call of friendship, being summoned by an old schoolmate who besought him to become guardian of a very modest fortune he was about to leave his only child. Obeying this summons, Edward Lancaster found his friend already dead, and the orphan turning to him for consolation. He took her home, gave her to Mrs. Keene, his housekeeper, as he would have done with a baby, for care and comfort, and retired again to study.

Between his eyes and the pages of his book came ever the face of the orphan girl. He found himself sitting idly before his papers, listening for the sound of a musical voice in the passage or garden. He neglected his studies, to count the hours between meals, when he met his ward at the table. Never before had a woman's face or voice wakened even a passing emotion in his heart, and interest once aroused, love crept in and took root, deep, strong, life-long. There was no possibility of driving away this love, once it was admitted. Edward Lancaster knew that Edith must be won if he was ever to know happiness in life again. If he lost her he would live, bury himself in his books once more, but never again could the same peace he had known, be found.

When he told the child—she was about seventeen—he loved her, she nestled in his arms, lifted her sweet face to his and promised to be his wife. He never doubted her love, strange as it seemed, and they were married within six months of Edith's arrival at her new home.

Once she was his own, Edward Lancaster made his wife a perfect favorite of fortune. He left his dearly beloved library to escort her to gay watering places in summer, to balls and parties in winter. He never counted the cost of any indulgence she craved. Her dress was of the costliest description; her jewels were the envy of her circle of friends; and she had but to name a wish to have it granted. She was of the sunniest temperament, child-like in her gratitude, and flitting from pleasure to pleasure as a bird flies from fruits to flowers.

Life had been very sweet to Edward Lancaster in the three years following his marriage, though many wondered, seeing the grave, elderly man, how he came to marry his child wife.

But pacing his room in the Whitecliff Hotel, Edward Lancaster questioned his happiness as he had never questioned it before. The letter he held fast in his clenched hand, the conversation behind the porch combined to probe his heart to its core, and the question hidden there rose to the surface.

Did Edith love him?

She had been always gay, tender, affectionate, deferring to his wishes more like a child with an indulgent father than a wife; for, as yet, but little wifely duty had been exacted of her. Of household cares she had none. Her life had been passed in perpetual pleasure-seeking, with no call for sacrifice.

But the letter, the fated letter, told the tender husband that the wealth he held so carelessly for years was gone in one great commercial crash; one hour a man of riches, the next a pauper. It was all gone, his lawyer wrote, and the sale of Elmsgrove, his home, would scarcely cover the liabilities incurred in the past three years.

"Edith! Edith!" That was the cry of the man's heart. His darling who had been shielded from every rude blast, who had known only the brightest side of life under his care, who had married him for money perhaps!

Had she married him for money? The thorn, once planted, stung him sore. He was not a vain man, but he had thought his love, so devoted, so true, had won a return. Money had been to him, all his life, so small a consideration, never feeling its want, that he had never taken it into consideration, except to be glad it was his to give Edith every indulgence. And now the hateful thought rose, and pressed him sorely, that he could give it her no longer.

A rattling at the door handle, a voice calling his name, roused him from his moody misery, and he drew back the bolt to admit Edith.

"Just in time to dress for dinner!" she cried coming in. "I stayed down until the last minute. Shall I ring for Mary, Edward, or —" she looked in her husband's face. "Edward, what is the matter?"

An impulse, a cruel one, prompted him to test her then and there, and he put the letter in her hand. In a moment, before she had smoothed the crumpled sheet, he repented, and drew near to catch her if she fainted and to console her if she wept. She read it all. The light of merriment in her face softened to a sweet, earnest gravity, and some of the rich color faded from her cheeks. Her voice was very tender as she said, "I'm so sorry for you, Edward. You will miss your library, your books. Perhaps we can save some of them for you."

"But you, Edith!" he said amazed.

"I? Mr. Morrell tells you, especially, that my property is safe. A hundred a year!" she said with a silvery laugh. "How little it is, compared to what you had, but I have seen a time when a hundred a year seemed positive wealth."

"But Edith, child! you do not understand. I have lost everything. I can no longer give you diamonds, lace, velvets, whenever the whim takes us, I—I can give you nothing."

His face was ashy white, and his eyes rested upon his wife with a piteous, imploring look as if entreating her pardon for some wrong. She put her arms about him, drew him down beside her on the sofa. Then she rested her head upon his broad shoulders, and put her hand in his before she spoke.

"Edward, my husband," she said gently, "do not grieve for me. I never owned jewels till you gave them to me. I was brought up in a school of comparative poverty. The income my father left me was gathered together at a cost of privation and hardship I can never describe to you. When my father died you came. I was never in a house so beautiful as Elmsgrove. I never had any one to speak to me so lovingly as you spoke. My father had given me an education, and my teachers were fond of me, but he seldom spoke to me, I was a desolate child."

"Edith! Edith!" her husband said tenderly.

"Then you took me home. You spoke so gently; you cared to have me near you. You"—Edith's tears were falling fast—"you loved me. You so noble, so good, so rich, stooped down to love poor little me. Edward, nobody ever loved me in all my life but you. You gave me every wish of my heart; but all the pleasures, all the indulgence, were nothing beside your love."

Edward Lancaster was too much moved to speak. Never before had Edith torn the veil from her heart as she was doing now, and the certainty he was rapidly gaining that she had given love for love was a happiness too overpowering to find vent in words.

"And yet," Edith said softly, "there was always one wish ungratified. Do not think I undervalue all the sacrifices you have made for me: I appreciate the care for me that has made you leave your home, your books, to take me about in the gay world. I saw that it made you happy to have me dress handsomely, to have me invited into society and enjoy its pleasures, but in all these three years I have scarcely seen you; I have craved a home where we could be all to each other; where no claim of the gay world should come between us. Not a grand home, with servants to perform each task, but a home your wife could beautify with her own hands. Now we will find one, my husband. I am longing to show how nicely I can cook; how daintily I can clean a room. While you read I will work; and in the evening we will sit together in our tiny sitting-room, and be far happier than we are in these crowded hotels. And Edward, if we are very saving, we can buy back your books. There are all my jewels, surely they will buy some."

"Edith, stop! my own happiness bewilders me. You love me like that? You will be happy in a poor home cooking and working for me?"

Edith lifted her shining dark eyes to the noble face bending over her and drew down her husband's head till her lips touched his.

"I love you—I love you!" she whispered. "Love will make all labor light if it is for you."

There was contention in the gay circle of Edith's friends when the next day she was missed from among them. Speculations were wild regarding the sudden disappearance of the brilliant star of society and many were the pitying words lavished upon her when Edward Lancaster's losses were known.

But the little wife neither knew of the pity nor asked for sympathy. Her husband accepted a professorship in a college, and furnished for her the home Edith craved.

The beauty that had made Edith a star in the most brilliant circle of society lost nothing in her husband's eyes when it was the house-light after his days of college, and work. In her quiet dresses, without glittering gems, Edith was lovely as she had ever been in her costly ball or dinner toilettes; and the little hands that could rest idly in luxury, glitter with valuable rings, and flash over the piano keys were busy from dawn to sunset in the housework that women find ever waiting for them.

Edward Lancaster was never very poor, and Edith never knew again the wants and cares of her girlhood; but the wealth he had lost was not restored and never regretted. By its loss he had learned his wife's heart; deprived of that, he found the treasure of happy, domestic life, and in his new duties he found the pleasure of making the knowledge he loved useful to others.

The professor had been two years in his new home, when, one evening, coming from the college he found Edith sewing busily upon a cloak for a year old boy crowing in his cradle. She held up her work for inspection.

"My yachting dress, Edward."

"I remember it," Edward answered gravely.

"Do you? I never wore it but once—the last day we were at Whitecliff."

"The day," her husband answered, "when after an hour of doubting agony, I found my wife had married me with the true love, for better or worse."—*Occident.*

MORE OF MOTHER.

BY MARY P. HALE.

"Don't be hanging around me so, Carrie, when I am busy. I shall never get your dress finished for the party."

"Then please don't put so much trimming upon it. I'd rather see more of you, dear mother, as I used to,than have so many dresses."

"Don't dictate to me, Carrie; we lived in the country then. You must have more variety here, in the city, and be in the style, too, and not look as if you came out of the ark. You don't want to go to that party, I see; but would mope at home, like an old woman."

Carrie left the room, but not before her mother caught a glimpse of the sad face, and saw the longing look which betokened the yearning of the heart—the little hungry heart—for the sweet mother-love, so endearing and once so foundly manifested.

The look haunted her, and so did the words, "More of you, dear mother." And she said to herself, "So the child misses my society. Well, between dressmaking, paying, and receiving calls, and society meetings, I have not been with her much, that's a fact; but then—

She paused a few moments, thinking she ought to find out why Carrie seemed so averse to go to this party. "But then," she added, "I would not have her miss this party on any account. After *that* I'll see if we can't have things more like old times."

And Mrs. Cyril sighed and half wished herself back to her quiet, country home, while she vigorously plied the needle over the elaborate trimmings which were to deck the form of her only daughter. She pleased herself thinking how pretty she would look in the delicate blue silk, and the necklace of pearls given by her uncle. "Oh, she *must* go, by all means, to Mrs. Grand's young people's party; for is not Mrs. Grand's one of the first families in society, and has she not always kindly noticed Carrie?"

And so the mother's vanity overcame her better feelings, and saying to herself, "Carrie is almost fourteen; she will soon be a young lady," she went to the stairs and cheerfully called "Carrie."

The obedient child came down instantly, but traces of tears were visible. The mother's heart was touched, and she said, "I want you to try on your dress, Carrie dear. Go to this party, and after that we'll try and have some good times together."

Carrie burst into tears, and her mother thought, "What means this strange emotion?" but she did not question her, and talked away on subjects calculated to divert her.

Little did she know that this young lamb had, for many weeks, been anxiously seeking to find the pastures of the Good Shepherd, and not finding the peace and joy which she thought a Christian ought to possess, was tormented with needless fears. Not having a Sunday-school teacher to whom she could go freely, she several times sought to open her mind to her mother, but could not "come at it," as she afterward expressed it; for Mrs. Cyril, although a church member, never introduced religious conversation, and it was not strange that her child could not open the subject.

A harrowing grief was to try that mother's soul ere she knew all this. She was to see her beloved one stricken down the very night of the party, and brought to the verge of the grave.

In her delirium she would cry out, in the most piteous tones, "Oh must I be lost—*lost*—*lost*—forever?" Again she would excitedly cry out, "Where are you—*moth-er—moth-er?*" dwelling upon and prolonging the word with unutterable pathos.

When the fever left, so complete was the prostration, that the child's life hung for many weeks as by a thread. But a calm had followed the delirium, a sweet peace of soul—mysteriously given—while the frail body had not voice to be heard above a whisper, and but two or three words at a time,and the weary eyelids were seldom lifted. The Shepherd of Israel had sought the wounded lamb, and she seemed to be reposing in his bosom. The few whispered words, "Peace," and "Jesus close by," were, for a time, all that the stricken child could reveal.

And while she seemed thus to be passing away, how did the mother's heart yearn to know more of the inward life of this one daughter. "Oh, what a stranger have I been to all this inward history of conflict and trial and darkness merging into light at last." So she would bemoan herself, adding, "And now she is going from me, and I am never to know this precious story of my child's conversion. How lightly have I esteemed these momentous subjects! No conversation! Not one word upon them! Oh, what would I now give for one hour's talk with my beloved child!"

But Carrie lived. And although recovery was slow and at times doubtful, yet after a year her prospects of established health were hopeful. As soon as her strength was sufficient she united with the Church, and her mother consecrated herself renewedly to God, and became a living branch of the True Vine. —*Exchange.*

TREASURE IN HEAVEN'S BANK.

The first snow was falling, and Lottie and Louis were watching it from the window with happy eyes. The mother came and stood beside them with an arm around each, and thought of another little girl and boy who, twenty years ago, used to watch snow-flakes fall. Alas! the snows of a dozen winters had rested upon that brother's grave, and the snows of time had begun to fall on the sister's head.

But the mother's eye was bright, even when she thought of the early blessed dead. Hers was a happy home of love and temporal blessings. "She was not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household were clothed in scarlet"—that is, in warm suitable garments.

Just then came creeping down the walk two little barefooted girls. One had a thin old shawl thrown over her head and half-bared arms; the other drew her scant sleeves down as far as she could over her red, cold hands.

"Poor little things!" said mother; "I am glad they happened to pass just now. I want you to look at them well, from their poor bare feet to their half-covered heads. Then I think you will like to leave watching the snow for awhile, and help me in some work I am going about."

"We are ready now, mother," said Lottie, jumping down and stealing her hand into her mother's.

The three went up-stairs to the cedar closet. Here most of the winter clothes were stored in the summer time.

"First, we will look over this stocking-bag," said mother.

"Looking over" was always a delightful process with the children. Now mother laid out various little crimson-topped socks and outgrown stockings, and put them into the large clothes-basket on the middle of the floor. Next, a box of flannel garments was looked over, and two or three sets of last year's robes were placed with the stockings.

"How you children do grow!" said mother with a glad smile, as she looked at her chubby pets.

All the morning they spent among the drawers and boxes and presses, until the big basket was heaping full. Mother looked at the pile with great satisfaction.

"Now, I mean to turn every article there to the very best account I can."

"Are you going to make a rag carpet, mother?" asked Lottie. "I should love to sew the rags for you. I helped Aunt Lucy once."

"No; better than that," said mother.

"May be she's going to sell them to the old china man, Lottie," said her little brother "He brings beautiful things in his basket."

"Better than that, my dears. I am going to lay up treasure in heaven with them."

The children looked at each other a little puzzled, but Lottie soon suggested "I think you are going to give them to the poor."

"That is just it, Lottie; and our dear Lord says that He will regard all such acts of kindness, be they ever so small, as done to him; and more than that, he says, 'They shall in no wise lose their reward.' They are treasures laid up in heaven for us. We cannot take with us any of our property when we leave this world, but we may send it on before us by doing good to Christ's poor."

The basket of clothing was well studied over and sorted, and a great many widows' hearts were made to leap for joy at the sight of a parcel made up from it. Many shivering little forms were comforted by the warm garments, and many heartfelt prayers went up to God for the kind givers.—*Child's World.*

THE HOPELESS SIDE OF HELPING.

If you have ever tried with all your might and main to help somebody who needed help, but who would not be helped in any reasonable way, you know how Sisyphus felt when the stone he was trying to roll up hill kept forever rolling down again. We used to know an old lady who was called Miss Margaret. She was a beneficiary of our Church. Promptly on the Monday morning after each communion Miss Margaret was used to present herself at the pastor's door. She was a long, narrow woman, dressed in rusty black, with a poke bonnet, a faded umbrella, and a satchel on her arm. If the contribution to the deacon's fund had been generous, and her share was proportionally large, Miss Margaret's thin old face would be brightened up by a transient and wintry smile. If it had rained, or folks were out of town, or for any reason there was not much to give her, she was not slow to utter her opinions concerning those who stinted their gifts to the Lord's poor.

"But, Miss Margaret," said a lady one day, "there is no earthly reason why you should continue to be so very poor. There is a place for you where you can help somebody else along, and earn your own living besides. I have a friend who lives in Delaware, in the peach country, you know, in a place like the Garden of Eden for delight, and she is sick, and wants an efficient somebody like you for housekeeper."

We sugar-plummed and coaxed and softly entreated Miss Margaret, and at last we saw her—satchel, umbrella, poke bonnet, and all—fairly on the way to housekeeping and independence. We breathed freer than we had for a long time. But in vain were our hopes: in three months our old friend was back. The air was too strong for her, the invalid was too fretful, and the country was too lonesome. She really preferred being a respectable pauper to being a self-supporting member of society.

There is where the hopelessness of helping comes in. The more you do the more you may do. The timid hand that will scarcely accept your gift at first, through sensitive pride and decent self-respect, grows grasping and avaricious. The thought of the heart, not often spoken out as it was to us the other day, seems to be this: "There is plenty of money in the world, and we have a right to our share." With this feeling on the part of one who receives alms, there is very little gratitude.

The true way would seem to be to aid people to help themselves. Find out what they can do, and get them a place to do it in. Every day our souls are pained and our eyes are dimmed by the dreadful pressure of sin and want and misery that there is in the world. So much is being done all the while, and yet it is like a breakwater of pebbles against the infinite sea. Men and women want work, and cannot get it. Other men and women need workers, and cannot get them. But to bring the two classes together in any really permanent way is as difficult as it was in our school-days to make a larkspur chain. The connection is sure to break off somewhere. So, this winter, as in every other winter since we can remember, the sewing society will meet, and the ladies will make flannel petticoats and calico gowns; the soup kitchens will open, and beef-tea will be made for the sick, and the poor will be helped, some of them. Some will be helped up; some will be helped down. Only the Master's words will abide in truth: "The poor ye have always with you."

Hopeless or otherwise, however, we must not weary in well-doing; but we must try, so far as in us lies, to cease doing our helping in the lump. Personal interest, personal looking after, individual responsibility, must underlie all alms-giving that is worth anything to the recipient. And we need not expect much gratitude. Is there not reward enough in that sweet word, low whispered in the inner ear, that sings with a gush of bird-music to the understanding soul: "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me."—*Christian at Work.*

EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

A writer in the *Religious Herald* makes the following earnest appeal in behalf of the education of youth:

"Ye who live in the country, send your sons to college, your daughters to boarding-school. If you have much to give them, do turn a part of it into education. If you have but little, it will do them far more good in this form than to give them a bit of land and a little stock. If you had but a slender education yourselves, remember that the country is growing fast, and take care lest your children be unpleasantly inferior to their generation—what answered for you will not answer for them. If you were tolerably well educated in your youth, but in these evil days are poor and suffering and depressed, rouse yourselves and educate your children, if by the greatest exertions and sacrifices it can be effected, that they may keep up the family credit and influence, may lift higher the good old family name, may be widely useful as citizens and Christians, in the days that are coming on.

"Ye widow mothers, educate. By all the yet tender memories of the departed, by all the sorrows of your lonely life, by your passionate love for the children, now that you have no one else to love, be moved to educate your sons and daughters. You may be poor, but you know how to struggle, you are getting used to sacrifices. Urge the children to practice economy, and make even desperate exertions, and somehow or other it can be done. You often mourn that without their father's help you have not been able to train and discipline the children, to form their character and habits, as you could have wished. Now is your chance—before they go forth into life, bring them in contact with gifted and noble instructors; the example of these, the silent influence of their character, may be worth as much as their teaching.

"Rich people, educate. Poor people, educate. Where there is a will, there is a way. The tiger could break out of his cage if he thought he could; but he has been in a cage all the time, and, foolish beast, he thinks he can't. And Oh! the bright boys and beaming girls through all the wide land, hundreds and hundreds, thousands and thousands, who could have education, higher education, the freedom of it, the strength and joy and blessing of it, if they only thought so. Fathers and mothers, encourage them, help them. Laugh at impossibilities. Educate, educate."

WINDMILLS IN HOLLAND.

The continual winds blowing from the Atlantic furnished the power gratuitously to whirl the vanes and turn the water-wheel attached to the windmill. There has been little or no improvement made on this machine in Holland for 1,600 years. No other power is so simple, cheap, or reliable. Without its application, two-thirds of Holland and one-fifth of Belgium would even now, in the noon-day of steam-power, of necessity have to be yielded back to the ocean, because the cost of steam machinery, fuel, repairs and attendance, could not be supported from the profits of the land.

A correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* says "there are 12,000 windmills in Holland and Flemish Belgium, each doing from six to ten horse-power service, according to the strength of the wind, and working twenty-four hours per day, and every day in the month during the rainy season, and when the snows and ice are melting and the streams are high. The annual cost of the windmills in Holland is $4,000,000. Twenty times that sum would not operate steam power sufficient to do their work; for recollect that all the coal consumed in Holland has to be imported from England or Belgium.

Go where you will, you are never out of sight of windmills in motion. In the suburbs of large cities, and at certain points where the water of the ditches and canals are collected to be thrown over the embankments, they are congregated like armies of giants, and never cease swinging their long, huge arms. They are constructed of much larger dimensions than those seen in the United States. The usual length of the extended arms is about 80 feet, but many of them are more than 120 feet.

But the windmills in Holland are not exclusively employed in lifting water, but are used for every purpose of the stationary steam engine. I observed a number of them at Rotterdam, Antwerp, the Hague, and here at Amsterdam, engaged in running saw-mills, cutting up logs brought from Norway, and others were driving planing-mills and flouring-mills, brick-making machines, or beating hemp.

Those used to lift water out of ditches into canals and embanked rivers have water-wheels instead of pumps attached to them, as they are less liable to get out of order, and are thought to remove more water to a given power.

SERMONS TO CHILDREN.

Dr. Van Doren pleads earnestly, in the New York *Observer*, for mere sermons to children. As to the prevalent practice, he says:

"The minister's addresses to the young are to those to adults about as one to ten."

This is surely a liberal estimate for the children. Many pastors fail to do even this much for the little ones of their flocks. The Doctor then asks, pertinently:

"Have the adults a Bible right to claim the lion's share? What if the Lord has left the command twice to feed the lambs to once to feed the sheep?"

In answer to these questions, he claims that a correct reading of our Lord's injunction to Peter is:

"First, 'Feed my lambs.' Second, 'Tend my sheep.' Distinctly implying that the adults *had* been converted in childhood. Thirdly, 'Feed my little sheep.' What do we learn from this? That to every sermon addressed to the adults two are to be to the children."

In confirmation of his view, he adds:

"This reading has the sanction of the greatest living Greek scholar, Tischendorf. It was the text used by Ambrose. Several of the most authoritative manuscripts contain this reading. To the writer the only redeeming incident in the late Œcumenical Council at Rome was the full discussion of this reading of the Greek text. Her most eminent scholars admitted that it was the correct text. It pre-eminently suits the well-known wants of the Church."

Since Dr. Van Doren is not known as distinctively a "Sunday-school man," his advo-

cacy of this ministry to the children from the pulpit is worthy of special comment. If two sermons are preached to the children where one is addressed to adults there will be little ground for complaint that children do not attend church, and adults will understand more sermons than under the present arrangement. —*N. Y. Independent.*

EDUCATIONAL ITEMS.

— The *Independent* says: "The Boston schools pay good salaries for good services and make a gradual increase, according to length of service. They have, consequently, no difficulty in taking their pick from among the very best teachers. For the three or four vacancies that now exist in the Latin school not less than one hundred and fifty applicants, graduates of colleges in all parts of the country, have offered themselves."

—There is one objection to the kindergarten methods and that is one that strikes deep—it is expensive. Struggle as we may, the best results of education cannot be obtained in large classes. The force of eloquence may sway large numbers, but teaching power effects but few at a time. So in the kindergarten schools, twenty-five persons being all that can be taught by one person, it must cost not less than $50 per year. Those who would cheapen it by putting 100 pupils under a teacher's care will not get a *kindergarten* school.—*N. Y. School Journal.*

WRITING GOOD ENGLISH.— On this subject the N. Y. *Times* says:— If the more advanced students in some of our colleges or female seminaries were each to be required to write without assistance, a letter or a composition of any kind, and if then what had been written should be printed without alteration, and distributed among the parents and friends of the authors, it would constitute a species of examination of which, we venture to say, few institutions would be proud. We by no means recommend such a test. On the contrary, we should denounce an attempt of the kind as utterly heartless and cruel. No instructor could for a moment be justified in thus exposing to ridicule his students. But it would be, in some respects, an excellent criterion if professors and teachers in our higher educational institutions, on perusing the compositions submitted to their inspection, were to ask themselves how these productions would look in print.

EDUCATE THE GIRLS.—The tenderness displayed towards our daughters in guarding them from all knowledge of the world, supplying their every want, and freeing them from the necessity of exertion in self-support is a cruel kindness. In this country, where primogeniture is not recognized, where property is rarely entailed, where fortunes are so continually shifting hands, where the rich man of today may be the poor man of to-morrow, and where the petted and indulged wife of the husband neglectful of life insurance has before her the possibility of widowhood and destitution, there is nothing so wrong, so unjust, so wicked, as training up women to be so dependent on others, and of a consequence, so forlornly helpless when their dependence fails them. Every girl, as well as every boy, should have some honest, self-supporting occupation. There may never be need of its practice on the part of the girl; but the accomplishment will be a valued one, nevertheless, for it will give her courage to meet life, and whatever changes it may bring her. The long and short of the matter is that girls must be taught, as boys are taught, that it is disgraceful to look to another for that means of support which they are perfectly competent to acquire for themselves.—*To-Day.*

TEACHING AND TEXT-BOOKS.—Our system of school teaching, as it stands now, is based upon "text-books." Nearly everything is made to conform to the exigencies of the books. "Studying" and "recitations," "questions" and "answers," merit marks for accurate memorizing, and demerit marks for inaccuracies —all from the books—these make up the greater part of what is called "teaching." But there is just next to nothing worthy of the name of "teaching" about it. Yet this is not the fault of those who occupy the positions of teachers. It is the fault of the system, which is built upon "text-books," and made to conform to the trade in "text-books," and is primarily the fault of those who do the legislation for our school system, who seem to have no capacity for substituting a system of real teaching of knowledge that will be useful to pupils in their after lives, in place of the effete system of memorizing and parrot-like repetitions of words and forms from "text-books," which do not reach the understanding, and most of which are forgotten in a few weeks or days. We have known little creatures to be stranded for twenty-four months in one of the classes of a primary, simply because they had not the faculty to commit words to memory, and repeat them as answers to questions, although they were apt enough to learn when "taught" in another way.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

NOTES ON THE LESSONS.

November 29.—Mark 14:12-50.

THE BETRAYAL.

The time spent in the garden was probably more than an hour, so that, if they entered it about midnight, it was between one and two in the morning when Judas came. The Lord seems to have met him near the entrance of the garden—whether without it or within it is not certain. "He went forth," (John xviii. 4;) "out of the garden," (Meyer;) "out of the circle of the disciples," (Lange;) "from the shade of the trees into the moonlight," (Alford;) "from the bottom of the garden to the front part of it," (Tholuck.) The matter is unimportant. According to his arrangement with the priests, Judas, seeing the Lord standing with the disciples, leaves those that accompanied him a little behind, and, coming forward, salutes Him with the usual salutation, and kisses Him. To this Jesus replies, "Friend, wherefore art thou come?" (Matt. xxvi. 50.) "Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?" (Luke xxii. 48.) Appalled at these words, Judas steps backward, and Jesus goes toward the multitude, who were watching what was taking place, and who, beholding Him advance, await His approach. It may be that Judas had advanced so far before his companions that he was not seen by them to kiss the Lord, and that they were still awaiting the sign. He asks, "Whom seek ye?" They reply, "Jesus of Nazareth." His words, "I am He," spoken with the majesty that became the Son of God, so overawed them that they went backward and fell to the ground. After a like question and reply, He requests them to let the apostles go free, thus implying His own willingness to be taken; and they, thus emboldened, now lay hands upon Him. At this moment Peter draws his sword and smites one of the band. Jesus orders him to put up his sword, and declares that He gives Himself up to them voluntarily, and that, if He needed help, His Father would send Him legions of angels. The healing of the servant's ear is mentioned only by Luke, (chap. xxii. 51.) He now addresses a few words to the chief priests and captains and elders, who had probably to this time been standing behind the soldiers, and now came forward; and, as He finished, the apostles, seeing Him wholly in the power of His enemies, forsook Him and fled. It does not appear that there was any design to arrest them. If their Master was removed out of the way, the Sanhedrim doubtless thought that they would soon sink into obscurity. There was no attempt to seize them, and in the darkness and confusion they could easily escape. Peter and John, however, continued lurking near by, watching the progress of events. The incident of the young man "having a linen cloth cast about his naked body," is mentioned only by Mark, (chap. xiv. 51, 52.) From the linen cloth or cloak, Lightfoot infers that he was a religious ascetic, and not a disciple of Jesus, but a casual looker-on.

The circumstances connected with the arrest are put by some in another order. The incidents narrated by John, (chap. xviii. 4—9,) the going forth of Jesus to the multitude, His questions to them, and their prostration, took place before Judas approached Him to kiss Him. According to Stier, (vii. 277,) Judas was with the band, but stood irresolute as the Lord came to meet them. He with the others fell to the ground, but, reviving, goes forward to give the kiss. But why give the kiss to make Jesus known, when He already avowedly stood before them? It was not needed as a sign. Stier affirms that it was given in "the devilish spirit to maintain his consistency and redeem his word." This may be so, but the order before given is more probable.—*"Bible Student's Life of our Lord."*

December 6.—Mark 14:66-72.

THE DENIAL.

66—68. *Peter . . beneath,* denying his Lord; Peter's Saviour above faithful to His mission. *palace,* or hall (*Lu.*), the open court. How Peter got there is described by John. *Maids,* the portress (John) denied, with an oath. *Cock crew,* this was not the principal crowing cock alone referred to by the other evangelists; Mark, who is more minute, alone mentions this. "We have reason to suspect the truth of that which is backed with rash oaths and imprecations. None but the devil's sayings need the devil's proofs."—*Henry.*

"Every lie, great or small, is the brink of a precipice, the depth of which nothing but Omniscience can fathom."—*Reade.*

"A lie should be trampled on and extinguished wherever found. I am for fumigating the atmosphere, when I suspect that falsehood, like pestilence, breathes around me."—*Carlyle.*

Christ and Peter, a contrast.—Contrast the great opponents of Christ and the weak opponent of Peter. The difference between the confession of Christ and Peter's Galilean (Christian) dialect. Mark how the chasm which bursts apart between Christ and His disciples unites them forever—I. The chasm which opens: Christ, the denied confessor; Peter, the positive denier. II. Peter, now an actually humble sinner; Christ, in the fullest sense, now his Saviour and Comforter. The Lord's great discourse in His deep silence. Christ's sublime silence at the world's tribunal, a prediction of His sublime speaking at the future judgment of the world.—*Lange.*

Stand firm.—At the critical moment in the battle of Waterloo, when everything depended on the steadiness of the soldiery, courier after courier kept dashing into the presence of the Duke of Wellington, announcing that, unless the troops at an important point were immediately relieved or withdrawn, they must soon yield before the impetuous onsets of the French. By all of these the Duke sent back the self-same, spirit-stirring message, "Stand firm!" "But we shall all perish," remonstrated the officer. "Stand firm!" again answered the iron-hearted chieftain. "You'll find us there!" rejoined the other, as he fiercely galloped away. The result proved the truth of his reply; for every man of that doomed brigade fell bravely fighting at his post.

69—72. *a maid,* the same (*Mark*), and also another one in the porch (*Ma*). *again,* this "again" should be omitted (*Ma*). *denied again,* *i.e.,* the second time. *they . . by,* one man especially (*Lu.*). *second . . crew,* all the evangelists record the crowing after the *third* denial. *Thought . . wept,* There are many views of the words used by Mark. We find only three interpretations tenable—1. He flung himself forth—that is, involuntarily he rushed out, meeting the cock-crow as he hurried out, according to the narrative of Matthew and Luke; 2. Referring the phrase to the Word of Jesus, he threw himself into it, under the condemnation of this word (took it to heart) and wept. Or, 3, making the cock-crowing to be, as it were, Christ's waking-call; and therefore he threw himself out of the place (as though Christ had called him) and wept. First, a rushing forth, as if he had an external goal to reach; then, a bitter sinking down into himself and weeping. The turning point between the carnal and spiritual mode of viewing the life.

Speech a revealer.—*I.* Of nationality. *II.* Of provincial origin. *III.* Of intelligence. *IV.* Of creed. *V.* Of moral character. *VI.* Of religious condition.

The prince and the peasant.—An elector of Cologne (who was likewise an archbishop) one day swearing profanely asked a peasant, who seemed to wonder, what he was so surprised at. "To hear an archbishop swear," answered the peasant. "I swear," replied the elector, "not as an archbishop, but as a prince!" "But, my lord," said the peasant, "when the prince goes to the devil, what will become of the archbishop?"—*Bible Museum.*

THE DECEMBER CAMPAIGN.

TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

We should like to enlist not only our grown up friends, but every boy and girl in the country, in an effort to double the circulation of the *Messenger,* and thus give it the largest fortnightly circulation in the Dominion of Canada. It is not at present taken in one family out of ten that would gladly pay thirty-eight cents for such a paper for a whole year, if it were only brought before their notice. A great deal has been done in this way by boys and girls, just because they liked the *Messenger* and wanted to see it have the largest circulation in the country. This great result might be accomplished very soon indeed if all the boys and girls would lay hold in good earnest for one month, and speak to all the friends they know who do not take the *Canadian Messenger* or the *Witness,* and collect one dollar from each family for a *Weekly Witness* or thirty-eight cents for a *Messenger,* or both, and send all the money with the correct names and post-offices along with the subscriptions which their fathers are sending at any rate. Our young friends may say when they are recommending these papers that the *Weekly Witness* will have next year one column more on every page than it has now, and if they take a copy with them people will be able to see how big that is, and they may say that the *Messenger* will have more pictures and more large type than it ever had before, so as to make it nicer for children, for we want every boy and girl in all the Provinces of this Dominion to have it for himself. There will be some few things in the *Messenger* the same as in the *Weekly Witness,* but nearly all will be different. Now we mean to offer some prizes to boys and girls who will work hard for these papers for one month. It is not to pay them for their work, but as a sort of acknowledgment. We are quite aware that there are such differences in the circumstances of different places as to make the competition for these prizes far from a fair one. In one place there are thirty or forty families within easy reach, all of whom might be got, while in most others there are not as many within ten miles. Some places have out of pure good will been carefully canvassed already by friends, who would thus be thrown into the shade by others who still have virgin soil to operate upon. Such as these need not be discouraged in their good work, the great object being to reach a circulation of increased influence and usefulness, and only two in many hundreds will get prizes after all. We do not ask any one to join in the work who is not convinced that to get the *Witness* and *Canadian Messenger* into new families is well worth all the effort.

The prizes will be as follows:—For the largest amount of subscription money forwarded between the twentieth day of November and the twentieth day of December in time to have all entered up by the new year, $20.

For the next largest amount, $10.

We will acknowledge all letters bearing on the post-mark the date 20th December or any day earlier, but no day later. Those who remit in more than one letter should announce in each letter the amount they have sent before to check accounts. No one older than eighteen is admitted to this competition, although we look for the same help as usual from grown-up friends, country merchants, postmasters and others. There will be found enclosed in the present number a prospectus accompanied by a blank form for the names of the subscribers, the latter to be detached when complete, and enclosed in an envelope addressed "JOHN DOUGALL & SON, MONTREAL."

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