

Temperance.

THE TWO PICTURES.

AN INTERESTING TEMPERANCE STORY BY STUART MILLER.

Edward Glen was going home one night in the dusk. Well, I'm not quite sure it he was going straight home, for there happened to be a half-way house at a certain corner, which somehow he could never get past when he had a sixpence in his pocket. He was on the way home, however, when he met an old-fellow-apprentice whom he had not seen for an age.

"Why, where on earth have you been all this while, Glen?" exclaimed Frank Dysart. "We've been on the hunt after you ever since we came to town."

"I work at Mosman's Foundry," said Edward confusedly.

"All right," returned Frank, "but you must take a cup of tea with us to-night, and we will return the compliment one of these days."

"I promised that I would be early home to-night," began Edward, but his old friend caught him by the arm, and wheeled him round with an air of resolution.

"Our crib is not a hundred miles off, and your wife won't grudge an old comrade half-an-hour.—Anyway, Edward, you must look in and see the old woman and the children, and it was no use begging off."

"I know you've been one of the lucky ones, Frank," said Edward Glen, as they walked along.

"Luck's all nonsense, Glen," said Frank; "my belief is, that every man has his fortune in his own hands, with God's blessing."

"Some can't get on though, do as they like," sighed Edward.

"Then, depend upon it, there's a screw loose somewhere, if the machinery won't work," laughed Frank; "but this is our cabin door."

Edward Glen stared, as well he might, when Frank pointed to a handsome cottage, with a pretty flower garden in front, and a goodly piece of well cultivated ground behind.

"You have had a windfall, Frank," said Edward in amazement.

"Yes, you cherry tree in the farthest corner was a windfall," answered Frank with great gravity; "but thank goodness, there was no worse damage done that fearful night."

That was not exactly what Edward Glen meant, but he smiled and followed Frank in silence through the perfumed path to the jasmine porch.

"One, two, three, four, five—half a dozen to keep in grub. Frank must have found a purse," thought Edward.

"Nice situation this, isn't it Glen?" said Frank, pausing to watch the setting sun's golden glory.

"But rents must be high in this quarter," said Edward.

Frank gave a short laugh. "Well, most of us up here are our own landlords."

No, no, Frank had got money left him, lucky fellow.

"I wish somebody would leave me a legacy, Frank."

"Bah! I wouldn't be any one's beggar as long as I could make my own way," said Frank, proudly.

"We are obliged to nobody for what we have; and half the pleasure we enjoy is from our glorious independence."

"What are you talking about?" asked a smiling little woman, laying her hand affectionately on Frank's shoulder.

"Ah, I was just saying, wife—but don't you see an old friend, Missis?"

Ether Dysart was dressed like a lady. What was the secret of all this prosperity? A glance inside discovered a comfortable furnished house, and an abundance of everything. The tea was sumptuously served with ham and fresh-laid eggs, and newly churned butter, and cream, and hot cakes, and jellies. "Upon my word, thought Edward, Frank's got a rise, and no mistake."

After tea, the boys brought their prizes, to show father's friend. Three rough, tearing lads, that weren't kept on nothing; smart chaps, though, and far ahead with their education for their size.

"Who helped Frank?" that was what Edward wanted to know.

"My wife helps me," laughed Frank, "she spends the money; that is her department."

"But you've got a tremendous rise since you came to town," said Edward.

"Well, I have, Glen," candidly answered Frank. "I am a foreman, now."

"You," instinctively exclaimed Edward Glen. "By sheer determination and perseverance," continued Frank with a smile. "You know I wasn't a bright particular star at the outset, Glen."

Edward Glen knew that well.

"But a growing family put me to my mettle, and so with God's help, I got along."

"But you say this house is your own; and, your life insured."

"Oh, the cottage is not quite paid up yet," said Frank, "but it's on the way for it, and we are clear with every thing else," he added, gaily catching up his youngest baby, and whirling him over his head.

"I wish you would tell me your secret, Dysart," said Edward Glen, as Frank walked to the garden gate with him.

"We have no bottles in our house," said Frank, "and I don't turn in at the corner, on any way home, Glen."

Edward reddened.

"You've always kept your temperance principles?"

"Yes, that's the secret of our prosperity,"

said Frank. "If I had yielded to drink with my dull head I would have stuck at the foot of the ladder; and what's saved off the beer goes in to good investment."

"What a downright idiot I've been," muttered Edward Glen, as he wended his way homewards. "That fellow had't half the chance I had when we began together, and he is a lord compared to what I am to-day—curse drink. If it hadn't been for it I might have been better off than the Dysarts, poor weak fool!"

But there's the brilliant lamp that has so often guided his unsteady steps in the "Golden Fleece," flinging him a friendly gleam; he scowls at it as if it were a snare to fleece him. The smiling landlady stands at the door; he passes without a word, and never halts till he comes to his own door, and then he half recoils with a feeling of disgust, the contrast in his own home is so great.

Bare floors, black fireside, crying children—crying with hunger and cold, poor things and a pale weary wife, hanging over a dirty wash-tub by the light of a cracked lantern. How could any man be expected to come home with pleasure to a miserable scene like this? It was quite different with Frank Dysart. Why, his home was like a palace! Of course he wasn't to blame, it was his wife; and full of indignation he went in and abused poor Sarah for not being a better housewife, and making his home attractive. He was perfectly sober, but Sarah seemed to doubt it. She looked at him pitifully, but made no answer. And in this she showed her wisdom. It is said speech is silver, but silence is gold sometimes.

Edward Glen was not a bad tempered man; a little hot when he was raised, perhaps; but his anger blew off in no time when he was sober. But he was annoyed with himself to-night, and when that is the case conscience is not easily pacified. He stormed longer than usual, but when he could make nothing more of it, he sat down sulkily at his cheerless hearth.

"What are you squalling for?" he asked, as he roughly shook a thin white faced little object, shivering on the floor.

"I'm so, so hungry, sobbed the little one.

"Can't you give them some supper?" said Glen, addressing his wife.

"We have no bread in the house, to-night, Edward," said Sarah, meekly, "but I will have money to-morrow, when the linens are sent home, dear."

"And have you no coals either, Sarah," he asked.

"There is one piece left, but we must be sparing."

"It is a cold night though, said Edward; let us have a fire for once, and there is a shilling to get a loaf and butter."

"Oh mother, let me go for the loaf," cried little Tilly, clapping her hands. "I shall not lose the money; oh, do, I'm starving, and so are Johnny and you, mother."

"There then, run as fast as you can, Tilly," said her father, wrapping the shilling in a piece of paper, "get a cake for yourself, or anything you like, child; here is another sixpence." He hid his face behind Johnny's head, for there were tears in his eyes.

Wondering much at the change that had come over Edward, Sarah broke the last lump of coal in the house and made a good fire, and when she had tidied up the hearth and set away the tubs, and smartened herself up a bit, she took courage to ask him if he had got his wages advanced?

"Not yet; but I expect something of that sort, if I keep in the mind I'm in just now," he answered.

"But if I had known you were coming home so soon to-night, I would have been in better order," said Sarah.

"You can't make this hovel look much better, replied Edward, with a dash of bitterness.

"Perhaps we shall see better times yet," said Sarah, hardly knowing what to say.

"Well, I'd blow my brains out to-night, if I didn't hope so," said her husband.

Poor Sarah feared he had gone out of his mind, he looked so wild and strange; but next morning he was more composed, and went out to his work quietly. In the evening he came straight from the foundry.

"He is out of money," thought Sarah; "when pay-day comes he won't pass the 'Golden Fleece.'"

But fancy her surprise when, instead of staggering in with a bare shilling or two close upon midnight, he came in smiling before it was dark, and flung his unbroken wages into her lap.

"There, Sarah, and before long, if God gives me strength, I will have twice that sum to give you on pay-day."

Poor thing, she burst into tears, and fell sobbing on his neck.

"I've been a downright idiot and a brute to you, Sarah, for all your goodness," said Edward with a husky voice. "I didn't deserve such a wife."

"Oh, don't say that, dear Edward," said Sarah. "You were always kind but for drink."

"Well, you will forgive me, lass, I see," interrupted Edward, kissing her soft cheek, "and we will begin life again on Frank Dysart's principle. No bottles in the house, and a clear head always to make progress upwards."

"Oh, thank God, thank God," murmured Sarah.

"I do, with all my heart, for leading me to a noble example to open my blind eyes," said her husband.

After tea they went out together to make some purchases, and next day the neighbours were surprised to see Edward Glen going with his wife to church; but had they looked in at dinner and seen the bright blazing fire and the well set table, they would have got a surprise. A whole joint of mutton at the head, and roasted potatoes, and a jolly plum pudding because it was Sunday.—*Scottish League Journal.*

Agriculture, etc.

RAISING BEANS.—Beans can be raised where other crops fail. The white bean will cover your barren knolls, and benefit your pocket—and not much trouble either. The worst is to dry them, to those who are not initiated in the mysteries; and these mysteries are simple—only to get your beans when ripe above the ground, with a chance for the air to circulate readily. This secures your bean. The usual way is, to drive a stake into the ground, and put your beans around it, raising the column as high as you like, and can do with safety from the wind. This is shelter, air and freedom from the ground. Uniformity of size and ripening should be aimed at in selecting seed. This uniformity will be seen in the crop if fairly cultivated. A uniformity of size gives a good appearance to the beans—so does equal ripening. In a word, every bean clear and hard—all alike—this is what is wanted. Select them accordingly.

THE FARMER'S BAROMETER.—Take a common glass pickle bottle, wide mouthed; fill it within three inches of the top with water; then take a common Florence oil flask removing the straw covering, and cleansing the flask thoroughly, plunge the neck of the flask into the pickle bottle as far as it will go, and the barometer is complete. In fine weather the water will rise into the neck of the flask even higher than the mouth of the pickle bottle, and in wet and windy weather, it will fall to within an inch of the mouth of the flask. Before a heavy gale of wind, the water has been seen to leave the flask altogether at least eight hours before the gale came to its height. The invention was made by a German, and communicated to a London Journal.

A HORSE FOND OF MISCHIEF.—A gentleman, some years ago, speaking of the habits of animals, gave the following curious account. There is, said he, a very fine horse in the possession of Sir Henry Meaux & Co., the eminent brewers, which is used as a drag horse, but is so tractable that he is left sometimes without any restraint to walk about the yard, and return to the stable, according to his fancy. In the yard there are a few pigs of peculiar breed, fed on grain and corn, and to these pigs the horse has evidently an insuperable objection, which is illustrated by the following fact: There is a deep trough in the yard, holding water for the horses, where this horse goes alone with his mouth full of corn, which he saves from his supply. When he reaches the trough, he lets the corn fall near it on the ground, and when the young swine approach to it (for the old ones keep aloof), he suddenly seizes one of them by the tail, pops him into the trough, and then capers about the yard, seemingly delighted with the frolic. The noise of the pig soon brings the men to his assistance, who know from experience what is the matter, while the horse indulges in all sorts of antics, by way of showing his glee, and then returns quietly to his stable.—*English paper.*

BORERS IN FRUIT TREES.—Bore the trees about one inch in depth with a gimlet or auger; fill the hole thus made, with sulphur, and then secure it with clay or shoemaker's wax. The sulphur will penetrate the tree, or the sap will carry it into the pores of the trees and the borers will disappear and the trees will recover from their injurious effects. I saved a thrifty apple tree by this method a few years since. The sulphur does not injure the tree; the hole made for it will grow up, and the tree will thrive again. If holes made by the borers are accessible, fill them with sulphur, and the borers will not again trouble the tree.

If the trees are large, more sulphur will be required, and perhaps an inch auger would not be too large. Let the sulphur be put into the tree in half a dozen places. It will not injure the tree, and is a certain remedy against the borer.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Fat people may now breathe more freely. Dr. Dupare, of London, assures the public that, by using his remedy of Fucus Vesiculosus, they may become shapely and get rid of their superfluous flesh. His remedy is no more nor less than a seaweed, used in the manufacture of kelp, and common on sea-coasts. Strange to say, however, this very Fucus is fed in the Scottish islands to horses, cattle and sheep, to keep them in flesh during the winter months, and so also in Norway. This inclines us to doubt the pretensions of Dr. Dupare.

Mr. Banting intends to open a hospital for the reduction of fat people. The London street boys know all about him and his theory. When they see a fat man in the street they shout after him, "Halloo, Banting!"

A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—A poor woman who had attended several confirmations was at length recognised by the bishop. "Pray, have I not seen you here before?" said his lordship. "Yes," replied the woman, "I get me conformed as often as I can. They tell me it is good for the rheumatism."

ESTIMATING THE WEIGHT OF CATTLE BY MEASUREMENT.—The *Canada Farmer* in reply to a correspondent, says:—

Many experiments have been made by graziers and salesmen to ascertain the net weight of cattle by measurement, and a number of rules and tables have been formed from the results obtained. None, however, can be regarded as absolutely correct. While the most accurate mea-

suring is required and a practical acquaintance with the points and forms of animals, allowance must be made according to age, size, breed, mode and length of time of fattening, &c.; conditions which require a practical eye and lengthened experience to correctly appreciate. We have found the following method to lead generally to trustworthy results:—

Measure carefully with a taph line from the top of the shoulder to where the tail is attached to the back; this will give the length. For the girth, measure immediately behind the shoulder and fore legs. Multiply half the girth by itself in feet, and the sum by the length in feet, and the product will give the net weight in stones of 8 lb. each. For example, with an ox or cow 5 feet in length and 7 feet in girth, the calculation will be as follows:—

Table with calculations for weight in stones based on girth and length measurements.

Correspondence.

Sabbath School Convention.

I have just received the circular from the Secretary of the Central Sabbath School Convention, preparatory to the meeting to be held in Canar, September the 15th.

The Programme is an excellent one, and it is to be hoped that it will be carried out in such a manner as to give a new impulse to all our Sabbath Schools. The subjects to be discussed in the public meeting in the evening are important, namely, "Sabbath School literature," "The best method of retaining advanced pupils in the school," and "The continuance of the schools throughout the year." These with the address to be delivered, also the essay, will doubtless throw much light upon our minds. We understand too that these exercises are to be supplemented by others of a highly interesting nature.

It is very important that every school within this Association be represented in the meeting of the Convention, that full statistics be forwarded from each School, and that faithful reports be sent in, for these will constitute the foundation of all the proceedings. Let the blanks be filled up immediately, and other information given, that will shew the true state of the Sabbath Schools during the past year, or half year, as well as their present condition. Let the Schools take up the matter with earnestness, and our Sabbath School Conventions will be the most pleasing and profitable of our religious gatherings.

Let us remember that the object contemplated is important enough to warrant any sacrifice we can make to attend, to say nothing of the pleasure all may reap by visiting the garden of Nova Scotia at this season of the year.

A FRIEND OF THE CHILDREN. August 17, 1864.

OBITUARY NOTICE.

JEREMIAH BROOKS.

Died at sea, and buried at Cienfuegos, Jeremiah Brooks, a member of Long Island Church, leaving a large family to mourn the loss of a kind son, an affectionate brother, and a circle of friends to whom he was much endeared.

Brother B. was baptized when only nine years of age, and departed this life March 16th, 1864, in his 24th year. I will insert a short extract from the letter of Captain Wm. Wyman. "I asked him before he died if he had any message to send home. He said, 'Tell them I have gone happy.' These are the last words he said about home. O what a thing it is to die happy; to go home to dwell with Christ for ever and evermore. The night before he died he made a beautiful prayer; he prayed for father and mother, and brothers and sisters, and for all on Long Island. We had prayers on board night and morning ever since we left home." In writing home to his parents, our departed brother expressed his pleasure in joining in worship on shipboard. "Tell Mr. Hall (he thus wrote) we have prayers on board of the Frank, as well as on board of Capt. Lent's vessel," thus showing his interest in prayer.

He has gone home to die no more. His death was improved upon to a large congregation from the words "Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh," Matt. xxiv. 44.—*Com. by Rev. Wm. Hall.*

TREODATE VAN BLARCOM.

So fades a summer cloud away, So sinks the gale when storms are o'er, So gently shuts the eye of day, So dies a wave along the shore.

Died at Long Island, 24th May, Theodate, daughter of Brother Seth and Sister Mary Van Blarcom, in the eighteenth year of her age, in sure and certain hope of eternal life.