Hoy

Rural

proces

bull (

wants

ring in

which

purpo

tilage

leaves

ring i

ed int

drawi

the c

closed

it is

canul

\$1.25

by fa

post, ing h

ing t

feet

pushi

is dr

and

the 1

fixed

canu

be c

large

direc

like

be p

youn

stroi

mon

bull

tion

of c

kno

conv

full

forn

on t

the

bari

low

plac

wat

thre

piel

liq

far

ing

Îin

Pul

Samily Reading.

The Blue-Bottle Fly.

Buszing and gay in the early dawn, Fresh from a nap on the parlor wall, Out for a flight over garden and lawn, Fearing no tumble and dreading no fall guess,' Came a fly:

A lively, frolicsome, blue-bottle fly; And his feet

Were as neat, And his style As complete, As his brain

Was replete, With the mischief that laughed in h eye!

"What glorious fun I'll have to-day, When the baby's asleep and the nurse

When Rover lies by the kitchen door I'll waken them both and make them roar !

Oh, what larks!' Cried the rolicking, reckless blue-bottle

"What a cry," Said the fly, "There will be After me. When I've done With my fun !"

And he wickedly winked his wee eye! "Then I'll go and dance on grandpa's

head. While he struggles to brush me away And tickle his ear till he'll wish I was

Back and forth,

And feast on crumbs from a freshly. baked pie!

And Ill sip From the lip Of each glass That may pass, All sweet things Dinner brings!" Quoth this riotous blue-bottle fly.

But, alas for the plans he had laid! And alas for the day just begun! For this fly soon lit in the grateful shade To escape the hot rays of the sun; And to dream

Of the sights that should soon greet his When unseen.

From the green Of a limb Above him On his head, By a thread, Fell a spider,

Who coolly devoured that blue-bottle My 1-Christian Union.

How our Hens helped to make me a Dressmaker.

(A true story.)

BY MRS. H. F. LANE.

'What skilful fingers!' I exclaimed, as my friend Mrs. Larkins helped me 'make over' an ugly, ill-fitting dress into a tasteful comfortable garment. . Who taught you the art of dressmaking?

A ripple of mirth played for an instant about the firm mouth and threw a brilliant light into the deep-set eyes, as ily. she answered,-

dresmaker.'

'The hens!' I exclaimed. 'Who mother is away.' ever heard of such a thing? tell me their system.'

'A fish lent a helping hand, I was going to add. It was after father died. you know, that little Nannie began to droop. I think we all loved her too much. Mother did all she could and then sent for the doctor.

"Take her to Boston for a change of scene; it will do her more good than medicine,' was his advice. 'But to have it amount to anything you must start at once.' '

doing all a boy could do to fill father's place, and when he heard what the doctor said, he exclaimed, 'Why, mother can't go, for I am to have eleven men here next week to work on the new barn and in the field.'

case, young man,' said the doctor, and Duncan was convinced of the truth of his words when our Nannie had a fainting-spell as mother was putting her to

Brother Dan was at work in Boston, well as Lucy in her dress, ready to rebut his wife was at her father's, a mile or so away; and when Duncan went

to come to the farm and stay until mother got back.

'We all helped and got mother started off in a few days. 'I wish Jane was here,' she said as she left the house, 'but she will come down after the morning's work is done up,

'There were no cars then to Duxbury, and as Nannie could not bear the jolting of the coach, mother went up in the packet.

point before Jane's father came to tell us that she was sick in bed and could not come. Duncan tried to find some one to help me, but every one was busy, so he said, 'Poor Bett, I don't see but you will have to worry along through it with Lucy's help.'

'I was then just sixteen, and Lucy was nine. I already had Duncan, Robbie, a hired boy, and Lucy to work ample.' for, and then these men were to be added to my family. The men all came, and among them was 'Chewder Jim,' a man famous for his skill in cooking all kinds of fish, and especially for making chowders. He was always in great demand when there was a clam bake or fishing pienic.

'You know that men are very apt to bungle, the best of them, and certainly Duncan did when he brought me a great fish to boil for that first dinner! I hated fish, and it made me sick to be anywhere near one, and there lay the creature just as they took him from the times, meant the immersion of a pro

"I forgot,' said Duncan, 'you'shall

have Jim to dress and cook it.' But Jim was busy, and my pride refused to allow Duncan to send him: I took the fish out doors and down at a rock where the wind would take the smell out into the bay, and there cleaned him in tears and disgust. This rock was a place we used often to come to, and look over to Plymouth and up to and talk over the Pilgrims and their never landed.' There were no cookbooks in these days, to help and confuse | Mrs. Wilkin's friend. the ignorant, so I tried to recall just how mother managed. I knew the precess, but how long it would take der Jim' before my eyes.

'I had the dinner on the table promptly at twelve, my potatoes hot and mealy, drawn butter gravy just the that the dinner was a failure, so I fled to mother's bed-room when the men came in. My heart beat fast when the noise of knives and forks began to be heard. Nothing was said for a time, then 'Chowder Jim' passed up his plate, remarking, 'This is about the best biled-fish dinner I ever sat before. Then I heard brother tell that I had cooked it, 'and only sixteen.'

"Smart gal,' responded Jim heart-

" 'The hens on father's farm in Dux- gave us a splendid dinner, sister. I'm

pected I went to the store and exchanged my eggs for a calico dress for Lucy, and stuff to make Robbie some pants. But mother did not come in the packet. 'Coming next week,' said the captain. I would help her make her dolly, Phoebe Jane, a dress that evening, because I

did not feel like doing anything else. " What a nice fit!' said Lucy heartily, when Miss Phoebe Jane tried on

dressmaker, sister.' 'That set me a-thinking, and now that some of the men had gone, I ventured to try and cut Lucy's dress. grew anxious and hot over the fitting and made poor Lucy stand a long time, "Can't isn't the word to use in this but the attempt was a success. I worked every moment I could get on it, and it was done three days before mother could possibly reach Duxbury Success made me courageous, so much so that I had Robbie in his new pants as

ceive mother and little Nannie.

'brave, unselfish child'-praise that morning. Mr, Wilkin's father was earnest, and convincing words. I have was very dear to me.

" A fortunate journey, said Duncan, for our Nannie got her health, and Bett has found out how smart she is.' I have two good trades, and never learned either, but somehow I feel indebted to those hens for them.'

'Why not to the fish?" asks the listener to my dressmaker's account of

'The bens, the fish, and Miss Phoebe 'I think they had hardly rounded the Jane all helped, but the real credit is due my mother, for she taught us to sew our 'baby rags' as nicely, and cut all the doll garments as carefully, as if we were doing it for 'live folks.' All that has been of real good in my life I can trace back to the influence of my pious, home-staying mother; and as time goes on, I set more and more value upon her instructions and ex-

Mrs. Wilkin's Twins.

'I really feel ashamed of my chil dren's baptism,' said Mrs. Wilkins to a Baptist friend with whom, on other than denominational points, she had a cordial understanding.

'Ashamed of your children's baptism Well, I never expected to hear that from so sturdy a Presbyterian as you.'

'Ch! but I don't mean what you think I do,' said Mrs. Wilkins, 'Ot course I know that baptism, in apostolic fessed believer; but I think that in the exercise of a wise discretion, sprinkling or pouring may well take the place of immersion; and the consecration of one's children unto God at the baptismal font is so thoroughly in harmony with the spirit of Him who said suffer the little children to come unto me,' that I don't see how any reasonable being can object to it.

. But if you are entirely satisfied that the hill where Captain Standish lived, it is left to your 'wise discretion' to modity the commands of Christ, and hard life. I remember saying that day that your maternal instinct was not at to Lucy, as I scratched the scaly back | fault when you brought your little ones of my fish, ' I wish the old Pilgrims had to the font, why should you be ashamed of your children's baptism?' queried

'Why, you see,' said Mrs. Wilkins, 'I had made up my mind that no child of mine should ever be baptized in a such an extra quantity to boil was the private, underhanded way, as if I was puzzle. I gave much anxious thought ashamed of it. No! If God ever gave to the subject, with the fear of 'Chow- me a little one, I would dedicate that but some are afraid they shall not make little one to God in the presence of the a good 'impression.' Others are exgreat congregation. So, in expectation | cusing themselves from speaking from of the advent of a little stranger, I had the fear that what they might say prepared a beautiful christening robe. would do no good, perhaps harm, right thickness, so I hoped. Still I felt I'll show it to you some time, if you care rather.' to see it. It's never been used; for you know, God was good enough to of these excuses one evening at our give me twins, and what good was one prayer-meeting, when I was young in christening-robe for two babies-unless my Christian experience, and hiding we took one of them to church one there for a long time. The meeting Sunday and the other the next, which dragged on, and at last I was on my I didn't quite like to do. I had never feet, and I talked longer and more dreamed of such a complication before; earnestly than I had any idea of doing though, of course, it can't be that mine when I began. At last I saw, or was the first experience of that nature, thought I saw, some of my auditors for what young mother would think of smiling, and I sat down. I was not adding to the little ward-robe of her quite sure they were laughing at me-· When I saw Duncan he said, 'You unborn babe two christening-robes?'

bury were the means of making me a proud of you. Now I am going to give my needle, I went to work on another you all the eggs that are laid while christening-robe for Tim; though I had thing. I kept saying to myself all the to God in the presence of the great but could not sleep for thinking of it. congregation. I had painted pretty After a very uncomfortable night I pictures of myself, pale and delicate, arose, ate my breakfast, and started for bearing my little one up the aisle, while We were disappointed, so I told Lucy | my husband bent over me with manly solicitude. But owing to the inevitable delay in the babies' baptism, I was getting quite plump and rosy; and the picture of both my husband and me tugging a baby up the aisle wasn't men who looked at me steadily for some of our congregation, Still I ing. worked away, at odd times, on christening-robe number two, with the idea of carrying out, at some time, the modified embarrassed in my life, nor felt my programme that had been arranged for

wasn't destined to be finished. Jim, was many weeks old there came a night | earnestly holding out his hand : 'Mother was surprised, and, of when we thought we must lose him-

house and not in the church, without any they do?' christening-robes at all-the boys were being baptized. And the worst of it is you were not going to speak, but when -you know how much those boys look | you did get up, there was no hesitating alike; you can't tell them apart your- and clearing of your throat. You got self, you know you can't-in the confusion of the moment, father Wilkins actually christened Jim, Tim; and Tim, Jim!

Mrs. Wilkin's Baptist friend.

'Not a bit of it. As soon as I saw the blunder, I had father Wilkins you. I made up my mind then and there change the names. The oldest was to that I would delay the all important be called 'Jim' after his father, and 'Jim' he is; but it was the most ridiculous performance you ever saw. Do at my own home I shall make my you wonder I'm ashamed of it I'

'Why, dear me,' said Mrs. Wilkins's interlocutor, ' it strikes me as hardly the great and good service you have more ridiculous than a good many other done me. Good morning,' and away cases of intant baptism. The perform- he went to the railroad station, and I ance of the rite at midnight and in your have never seen him since. I do not own house gives it quite a Scriptural aspect. It reminds me of the Philippian jailer. But, taken as a whole, it's a very pretty offset to some stories we hear about the inconveniences of immersion, and I'm certainly going to send it to The Examiner.

'All right! Only no names, remember, said Mrs. Wilkins. Accordingly. I sign myself,

NO NAME. -Examiner.

I Love to Tell the Story. BY MRS. ANNIE S. PRESTON.

I heard a good, large-hearted brother tell this story in a rather dull prayermeeting one evening not long since.

'There are a good many friends here to night, who have something to say, They are willing and anxious to speak.

'I well remember getting behind one but Satan stood ready to tell me they 'Well, as soon as I got so as to use | were, and I felt uncomfortable enough.

'I never felt so mortified over anybusiness, fully persuaded, that at the next prayermeeting, if I spoke at all, it should be only to quote a passage of

Scripture. 'As I turned from a side street into the main thoroughfare, I met a gentle Duncan was the brother who was her new frock. 'You are a real good quite the picture that my fancy had moment, and then, lifting his hat, painted. It would have been all the politely said, 'I am sure, sir, you are more interesting? Well, I was afraid the one whom I heard speak in the --it would be a little too interesting to street church prayer-meeting last even-

'I spoke there, certainly,' I replied hesitatingly, 'and I never was more weakness so much.' I thought the gentleman was going to condole with 'That christening-robe, however, me for some blunder or senseless remark I had made that my friends had not well as he is now, was a puny little dared to speak to me about for fear they thing when he was little, and before he should hurt my feelings. But he said

and stated the caes to her, she promised course, delighted, and called me her when we didn't expect he could live till ont the right way to me by your hearty.

with us then-ke is a clergyman, you been almost persuaded to be a Christian know-and he said to me, while the for a long time, but have been kept child lay moaning on my lap, Polly, back by the attitude of Christians wouldn't it be a comfort to you to have | themselves in regard to their religious the boys baptized?' Now, of course privileges. Now, when I see a prayer-I'm not silly enough to think that it meeting go as hard as I fancied that makes any difference whether a little one did last night, when I first dropped one whom the Master takes to himself in, thought I, 'Well, these folks don't is baptized or not; and if I'd had my believe what they profe-s to. If they senses about me, I should have said did, they would not sit and hesitate so 'No.' But I was half wild with anguish long to tell of their great joy and at the idea of losing the child, and don't | blessed assurance. They can sing 'I know what I did say. At any rate, the love to tell the story,' but if they really next minute—at midnight, in my own loved to tell it, would they hesitate as

"I was watching you. I thought up as if you were glad of the privilege and you made no excuses, but went right on and teld what the Lord had done, and was doing for you, as if you 'And is Jim Tim to this day?' said | delighted to tell it. That was what I wanted to hear: it was what I needed. It did me more good than I can tell matter of securing my soul's salvation no longer. In the next prayer-meeting resolutions known.

"I only wanted to thank you for know the gentlemen's name even, but I have always thought that the Lord sent him to me that morning to encourage me to use the one talent he had given me in my own humble way, and to assure me that some simple word of mine, even when I fancied I was making no good 'impression,' would take root in some waiting, longing heart, and bear precious fruit.'

Cemperance.

The following is old, but good, and we do not remember that it has been in the Messenger, at least for some vears. To those who have read it before, it will be of interest and benefit :-

Dr. Dod's Sermon on Malt.

Dr. Dod lived many years ago, a few miles from Cambridge, Eng. Having several times preached against drunkenness, some of the students were very much offended, thinking he made reflections on them.

As Dr. Dod was once walking towards Cambridge, he met some of the gownsmen, who, as soon as they saw him at a distance, resolved among themselves to ridicule him, and meeting him, said :

"Your servant, sir."

He replied, "Your servant, gentle-They asked him if he had not been preaching very much against drunken-

ness of late. He answered in the affirmative. They then told him they had a favor to beg of him, and it was that he would preach a sermon to them there, from a text they should choose. He argued that it was an imposition, for a man ought to have time for consideration before preaching. They said used up on Jim's pretty much all the way home, 'Why did I make such a they would not put up with a denial, This was quite a large gift in those old lace at my disposal: and I confess fool of myself? There were strangers and insisted upon his preaching immedays. The day before mother was ex- I hadn't much heart in the task. It in the meeting, too, and what must they distely (in a hollow tree which stood was all very well to dedicate one child have thought of me?' I went to bed, upon the roadside) from the word MALT.

He then began, "Beloved, let me exhort your attention. I am a little man -come at a short notice-to preach a short sermon-from a short text-to a thin congregation-in an unworthy pulpit Beloved, my text is Malt. I cannot divide it into sentences, there being none; nor into words, there being but one; I must, therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be these four-M, A, L, T.

M-is Moral. A-is Allegorical. L-is Literal.

T-is Theological. "The Moral is to teach you rustics good manners, therefore,

M-My masters, A-All of you, L-Leave off T-Tippling.

"The Allegorical is, when one thing is spoken of and another meant. The thing spoken of is Malt. The thing "I want to thank you for pointing meant is the spirit of Malt, which you rustics make

M-your Meat, A-your Apparel, L-your Liberty, T-your Trust. " The Literal is, according to the lete M-Much

A-Ale. L-Little T-your Trust. "The Theological is, according to the

effects it works; in some, M-Murder; in others, A-Adultery; in all,

L-Looseness of life; in many, T-Treachery. "I shall conclude the subject, first by way of exhortation.

M-My masters, A-All of you. L-Li-ten

L-Look for

T-To my text. "Second, by way of caution, M-My master, A-All of you,

T-The truth." This quaint sermon was, by God's blessing, productive of a great change in the lives, not only of the hearers, but of many others.

How Drinking causes Apoplexy.

It is the essential nature of all wines and spirits to send an increased amount of blood to the brain. The first effect of taking a glass of wine or stronger form of alcohol is to send the blood there faster than common; hence the circulation that gives the red face. It increases the activity of the brain, and it works faster, and so does the tongue. But as the blood goes to the brain faster than common, it returns faster, and no special harm results. But suppose a man keeps on drinking, the blood is sent to the brain so fast in such large quantities that, in order to make room for it, the arteries have to enlarge themselves; they increase in size, and, in doing so, they press against the more yielding flaccid veins which carry the blood out of the brain, and thus diminish their size, their pores, the result being that blood is not only carried to the arteries of the brain faster than is natural or healthful, but it is prevented from leaving it as fast as usual; hence, a double set of causes of death are in operation. Hence a man may drink enough of brandy or other spirits in a few hours, or even minutes, to bring on a fatal attack of apoplexy. This is literally, being dead drunk .- Dr. Hall.

I'll take what Father takes.

'Twas in the flowery month of June, The sun was in the west, When a merry, blithesome company Met at a public feast.

Around the room, rich banners spread, And garlands fresh and gay Friend greeted friend right joyously Upon that festal day.

The board was filled with choicest fare The guests sat down to dine; Some called for 'bitter,' some for 'stout, And some for rosy wine.

Among this joyful company A modest youth appeared; Scarce sixteen summers had he seen, No specious snare he feared.

An empty glass before the youth

Soon drew the waiter near; What will you take, sir?' he enquired, 'Stout, bitter, mild, or clear ?' 'We've rich supplies of foreign port, We've first class wine and cakes,"

The youth, with guileless look, replied: 'I'll take what father takes.' Swift as an arrow went the words Into his father's ears, And soon a conflict deep and strong

Awoke terrific fears. The father looked upon his son, Then gazed upon the wine, O God! he thought; were he to taste, Who could the end divine?

Have I not seen the strongest fall? The fairest led astray? And shall I on my only son Bestow a curse this day?

No: God forbid! 'Here, waiter, bring Bright water unto me, My son will take what father takes; My drink shall water be.'

Love is a habit. God has given to us the love of relatives and friends, the love of father and mother, brother and sister to prepare us gradually for the love of God.

W. HOYLE.

God had one Son on earth without sin, but never one without suffering.