

THE CUNNING OF THE CROW.

Roosting Places Where Immense Numbers Gather—The Way They Open Shell Fish.

After the duties of incubation are past, the crows lead an industrious and happy life with their young, teaching the brood how to find food for themselves, and to avoid the dangers they are liable to encounter from the manifold traps, set by the careful farmer to the hunter with his gun on his shoulder. It is said this sagacious bird smells powder. His sharpness and cunning in avoidance of it would make one almost believe so. The young are taught early to steer clear of all men with sticks in hand, roaming at large through the woods, while the loud, urgent "Caw, caw, caw," the old crow's danger signal, is familiar to everybody. As the evenings become cool the parent birds, with their charges, now as large as themselves, join with others of their sort until all the crows that inhabit a radius of 20 miles or so are banded together. For a month more they pick up their living as one large family, seen everywhere in flocks.

Sooner or later Jack Frost arrives. This is the signal the crows seem to have waited for, as the morning after the ground shows white, these sable marauders choose an open spot; generally, if near tide water, a marsh is preferred, throwing out two or more sentinels, like the good generals they are, begin a regular conference meeting. The ground from 20 to 200 feet, according to the size of the flock, is black with them. An irregular ring is formed and a speaker, or rather several speakers hold forth, much to the edification of the rest. The assembly is thoroughly noisy, and their loud cawing at such times is audible half a mile away. The gathering is continued generally, if not disturbed, at the same place for several days, gaining in intensity, like a protracted camp meeting of the Methodists, as though they realized the importance of coming to a speedy decision. Presently the interested countryman or naturalist, who has been a silent observer at distance, of this bird "pow-wow," wakes up some morning to find a thin film of ice has formed in wet places over the landscape. He then glances down to the distant meadow of marsh just to see how the crows like it. To his surprise there are none there. Their meeting ground is vacant, and not so much as a feather is in sight. They are off, he thinks, when and how they left he cannot imagine.

A month or six weeks may pass, and this casual observer, who has neither seen nor heard a crow in the meantime, is astonished some day by the old familiar sounds while he notices a black body or two busily at work in their usual haunts. Though the winter is at hand, he thinks, perhaps (if he has not given the matter some forethought), that these birds are the forerunners of the old lot. He is entirely wrong in his conclusions. These newcomers are crows who have spent the summer far northward, reaching their present location after a long migration. Hardy fellows these, who will brave winter's coldest blasts without leaving New York state. But let us follow the main body South. The immediate vicinity of Baltimore and Washington are great resorts for them. The writer, as a schoolboy in Baltimore one winter on half holidays shot 104 of these birds by hiding behind the road fence and taking the crows on the wing, as they flew over the turnpike on their way to the cattle yards which skirted the city.

For many years past the crows have had a roosting place near Arlington (Geo. Lee's old home—now a national cemetery) opposite Washington on the Virginia side of the Potomac. It is a familiar and daily sight to the inhabitants of the capital, during the winter months, to see them passing overhead in the early morning going east to their feeding grounds, which are usually on the shores of Chesapeake bay, though they glean the marshes and branches of the Potomac river as well. They spend the day in this manner, returning in great flocks from 3 to 4 o'clock in the afternoon till dark, in numbers too large to be readily estimated. A low calculation would be 75,000. One hundred and fifty thousand was once stated in the Washington Star as a fair guess at them. If the day happens to be windy the crows show great judgment in avoiding the heaviest part of the breeze, sometimes flying so low as just to clear the housetops, and then again soaring so high as not to appear larger than swallows.

On the water's edge if a shell fish is found by one of them with too thick a covering to be readily broken, it is taken up into the air and borne away to some rocky part of the shore, when it is dropped from a height. The fall rarely fails to break the shell, exposing the dainty meat to the cunning forager. Two or three years ago, a lot of them conceived a fancy for passing the night in a small patch of woods near the new observatory close to the city limits. But these quarters were so handy for the small boy and his bean shooter that they were soon dislodged. One summer a few of these birds that did not go north with their kind in the spring, remained to build their nests and rear their young in the tall elms of the president's grounds, where, as they were not disturbed, they apparently found congenial quarters. This was rather

remarkable and gives a hint of what the crow may eventually do when his confidence is won, and the day may come when a crow roost will adorn gentlemen's estates, like some famous rookery of England and the continent.

The crow blackbird shows in the last few years a tendency in the same direction where there are clumps of firs 40 feet and upwards. In October, 1882, the crows held a national convention at Keene valley in the Adirondacks.

The place chosen was well adapted for such a purpose. The whole east side of the valley that year was covered with a splendid growth of forest trees, principally elms and maple from which the lower limbs had been removed, leaving the ground open beneath, with a heavy tuft of branches at the top. The leaves had not yet fallen, but were rich in autumn coloring. One afternoon someone noticed a lot of crows flying restlessly about. The next day they poured into the valley from all directions and it was found that they were assembling in the woods, first by hundreds then by thousands. In a short time the country was overrun with them.

An eye witness of this strange sight said: "I never happened to catch them in the morning, for they were off too early in search of food, but in the afternoon it was fun to watch their return. Some few would hang around all day, probably the committee men, or the lobbyists or those anxious for a front seat. About 4 o'clock they began to assemble. In an hour's time the trees would be swaying beneath their united weight. Occasionally a limb would break causing some disturbance. But the rest on the next branch would good-naturedly crowd up and make room.

"The proceedings were opened by a venerable old scapegrace who mounted upon a high branch in sight of all, began an oration. For a time there would be comparative silence. Then somebody would disapprove of his remarks or would ask a question. Others objected to the interruption and for a little while there would be a row. But peace would follow and the elderly speaker would continue his harangue. In a few minutes more half a hundred would rise to reply. In their eagerness they would lose their places and wheel about the presiding officer until beaten down into subjection and silence by others, presumably policemen. Finally some prominent bird would be called upon to make the answer, and for a while all would listen. Then there would be a wild break again continuing until darkness hushed the 'cawing,' and each black head was hidden behind the wing. This grand meeting lasted for a week or more. When the business that had brought them here was settled they adjourned. The day after, not a crow could be found in the valley. These proceedings were quite as orderly and seriously business-like as those in the House of Representatives at Washington, while it is probable, judging from our late experience, the crows accomplished more than the House delegates would in a longer period."—Boston Herald.

Mr. Gladstone on the Atonement.

We are born into the world in a condition in which our nature has been depressed or distorted or impaired by sin; and we partake by inheritance this ingrained fault of our race. This fault is in Scripture referred to a person and a period, which gives definiteness to the conception: but we are not here specially concerned with the form in which the doctrine has been declared. This fault of nature has not abolished freedom of the will, but it has caused a bias toward the wrong. The laws of our nature make its excellence recoverable by Divine discipline and self-denial, if the will be duly directed to the proper use of these instruments of recovery. A Redeemer, whose coming was prophesied simultaneously with the fall, being a person no less than the Eternal Son of God, comes into the world, and at the cost of great suffering establishes in his own person a type, a matrix so to speak, for humanity raised to its absolute perfection. He also promulgates a creed or scheme of highly influential truths and founds therewith a system of institutions and means of grace, whereby men may be recast, as it were, in that matrix or mould which he has provided, and united one by one with his own perfect humanity. Under this exercising forces of life, their destiny is to grow more and more into his likeness. He works in us and by us not figuratively but literally. Christ, if we answer to his grace, is, as St. Paul said, formed in us. By a discipline of life based on the constitutive principles of our being, he brings us nearer to himself; that which we have first learned as lesson distills itself into habit and character; it becomes part of our composition, and gradually, through Christ, ever neutralizing and reversing our evil bias, renews our nature in his own image.

We have here laid down for us, as it would seem, the essentials of a moral redemption; of relief from evil as well as pain. Man is brought back from sin to righteousness by a holy training; that training is supplied by incorporation into the Christ who is God and man, and that Christ has been constituted, trained and appointed to his office in this incorporation through suffering. His suffering without any merit of ours, and in spite of our guilt, is thus the means of our recovery and sanctification. And his suffering is truly

vicarious; for if he had not thus suffered on our behalf, we must have suffered in our own helpless guilt.

This appears to be a system purely and absolutely ethical in its basis; such vicarious suffering, thus viewed, implies no disparagement, even in the smallest particulars, to the justice and righteousness of God. It is not by any innovation, so to speak, in his scheme of government, that the Almighty brings about this great and glorious result. What is here enacted on a gigantic scale in the kingdom of grace, only repeats a phenomenon with which we are perfectly familiar in the natural and social order of the world, where the good, at the expense of pain endured by them, procure benefits for the unworthy. It may indeed be said, and with truth, that the good men of whom we speak are but partially good, whereas the Lord Christ is absolutely good. True; yet the analogy is just, and it holds, even if we state no more than the better suffer for the worse. The Christian Atonement is, indeed, transcendent in character and cannot receive from ordinary sources any entirely adequate illustration, but yet the essence and root of this matter lie in the idea of good vicariously conveyed. And this is an operation pertaining to the whole order of human things, so that, besides being agreeable to justice and to love, it is also sustained by analogies lying outside the Christian system, and indeed the whole order of revelation.

The pretexes for impugning the Divine character in connection with the redemption of man are artificially constructed by detaching the vicarious efficacy of the sufferings of our Lord from moral consequences, wrought out in those who obtain the application of his redeeming power by incorporation into his Church or Body. Take away this unnatural severance and the objections fall to the ground. And now we come to the place of what is termed pardon in the Christian system. The word justification, which in itself means making righteous, has been employed in Scripture to signify the state of acceptance into which we are introduced by the pardon of our sins. And it is strongly held by St. Paul that we are justified by faith (Rom. iii. 28, v. 1), not by works. Were we justified, admitted to pardon, by our works, we should be our own redeemers, not the redeemed of Christ. But there are further and unwarranted developments of these ideas, which bring us into the neighborhood of danger.

I have said that, when the vicarious sufferings of Christ are so regarded that we can appropriate their virtue, while disjoining them even for a moment from moral consequences in ourselves, we open the door to imputations on the righteousness of God. But the epoch of pardon for our sins marks the point at which the appropriation is effected; and if pardon be, even for a moment, severed from moral process of renovation, if these two are not made to stand in organic and vital connection with one another, that door is opened through which mischief will rush in. And thus pardon may be made to hold an illegitimate place in the Christian system; as when it is said that the condition and means of pardon are simply to believe that we are pardoned; the doctrine charged with extraordinary pertinacity and vigor by Bossuet and Luther. But in Holy Scripture there is no opening of such a door; no possibility of entrance for such an error. The doctrine of free pardon is not a passport for sin, nor a derogation from the moral order which carefully adapts reward and retribution to desert, but stand in the closest harmony with the component laws of our moral nature.—William E. Gladstone, in the *Nine* *teenth Century for September.*

Wild Potatoes in Maine.

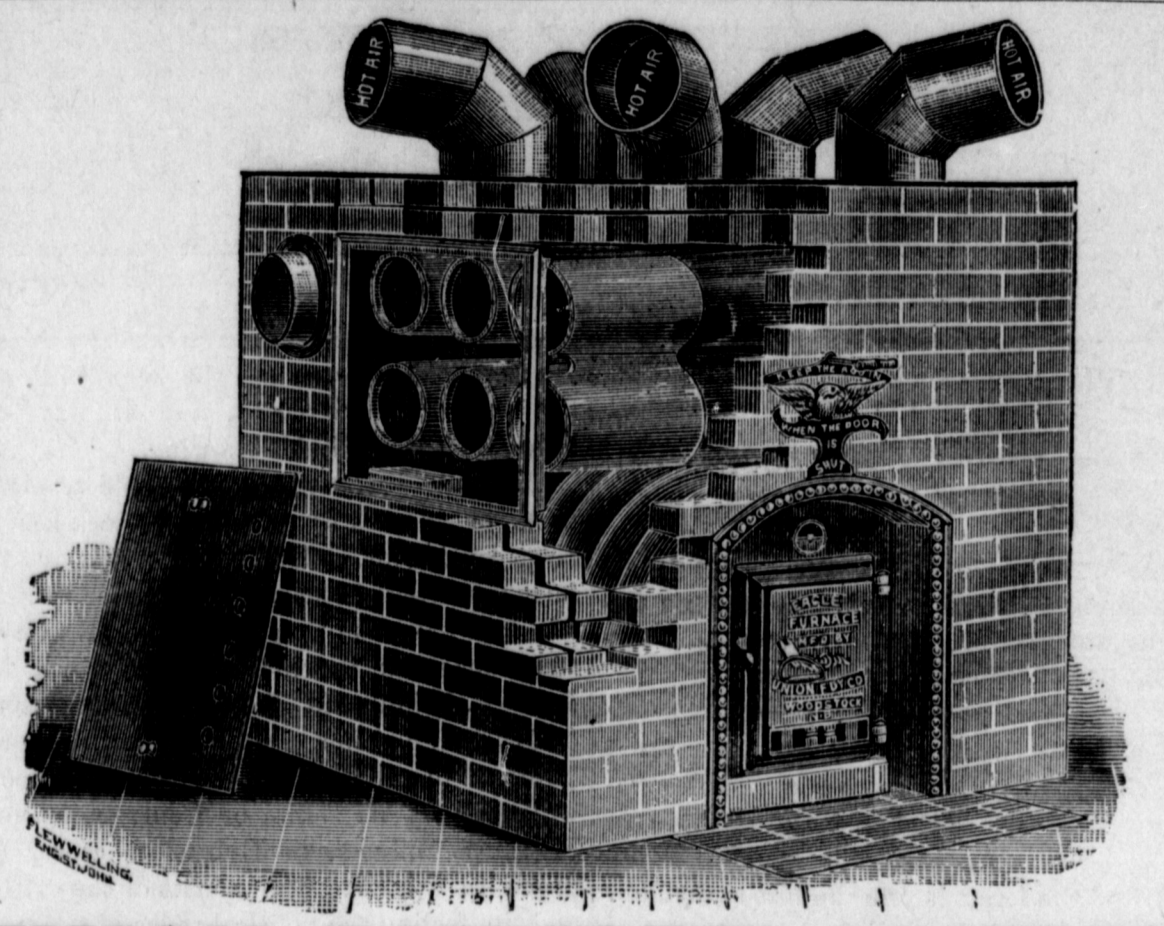
A gentleman who claims to know declares there is a flavor in the potatoes that are raised in the clearings in the Maine backwoods not to be found in those growing in the open regions. It is to him like the wild flavor of venison as compared with tame meats. Whether from the frost-laden fragrance of the atmosphere or from the new soil the quality comes he knows not but he thinks as much of getting his wild potatoes when he goes a-hunting as his game; and he hopes the legislature will put no close time on them.—Leviston Journal.

The South Carolina Presbytery at a recent meeting received into its membership, after examination, the Rev. James Woodrow, D. D., who has been under a cloud for some time on account of certain views about money business—that is to say, the descent of man—which he is supposed to have entertained. The examination was rigid and satisfactory. He was asked if he believed the Holy Scriptures contained the word of God, and answered that he did. Further: "Do you believe that Moses wrote the Pentateuch?" "Most of it, sir." "What portion do you think he did not write?" "The account of his own death."

OILS. OILS.

- Pure Porpoise Oil,
- Castor Oil,
- Neatsfoot Oil,
- Fish Oil,
- Harness Oil,
- Machine Oil,
- RAW and BOILED Paint Oil,
- Axle Grease.

A. E. JONES, King Street.



UNION FOUNDRY COMP'Y,
Manufacturers of
Stoves, Furnaces, Plows, Cultivators, Horse Hoes, &c., &c.
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

HOTELS.

Turner House,

SMITH & WALTON, Proprietors.

FIRST-CLASS PERMANENT AND TRANSIENT BOARD. TERMS MODERATE.

14 CHAPEL ST. WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Wilbur House,

MAIN STREET,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES.

LARGE SAMPLE ROOMS.

J. H. WILBUR, Proprietor.

VICTORIA HOTEL,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

D. W. McCORMICK, - Proprietor.

Everett's

BOOK : STORE.

ESTABLISHED 1870.

A Full Line of the following:
School Books, Slates, Pencils, Pens and Inks, &c.
Room Paper 5c. per Roll up.
Trunks, Valises, Satchel's,
Novels, Toy Books, Books of Travel.
Croquet Sets, Base Balls, Rubber Balls.
Fishing Rods, Tackle, Hooks and Lines.

PRICES LOW.

W. H. Everett.

CHARLES C. PROCTOR

TAILOR,

Hartland, N.B.

FINE CUSTOM WORK ONLY.
LADIES' GARMENTS A SPECIALTY.
GOOD WORK GUARANTEED.

BAILEY BROS

Shoe Store.

Ladies', Gent's, Misses' and Children's

OXFORDS

Men's, Boys', Youth's
Canvas Oxford and Bals.

: TAN, : DONGOLA, :

All Varieties.

AT THE

WOODSTOCK

SHOE STORE,

YOU CAN BUY

All kinds of Footwear,

At prices away down to
Hard Pan.

Call and examine our goods and
see the bargains.

WE ARE SELLING

Men's, Women's, Misses'

Tan
Goods

AT COST TO CLOSE.

J. D. Dickinson & Son.

Sleds. Sleds.

We are erecting a large building at East Flor-
enceville for a

General Carriage & Repair Shop.

We will also build SLEDS and TEAM
WAGGONS of any description that may be
required.

SEND IN YOUR ORDER FOR SLEDS

AT ONCE.

Bring your Sleigh or Carriage and have it
Painted in a First-Class manner.

Money refunded if not satisfactory.

S. B. & W. S. CHARLTON.

Lee's Restaurant.

Meals Served

At all hours, including

Oysters, Baked Beans,
Ham and Eggs,

And, in fact, everything that goes to make
up a First-Class Bill of Fare.

I beg to call attention of the public to the
fact that I have fitted up a Fine Dining
Room in connection with the restaurant and
we will be better prepared than ever to ac-
commodate our many friends in the county.

Imported and Domestic Cigars, and a fine
assortment of Confectionery constantly on
hand; also Fruits of all kinds.

Thanking my many friends for their pa-
tronage during the last year, and soliciting a
continuance of the same during the ensuing
year, I remain, yours truly,

John M. Williamson.