

Notches on The Stick

"Um! Relation of your'n." This was the startling comment of a negro mammy, who, having entered our home and surveyed interrogatively the rather familiar and common place lithograph entitled, "Uncle Tom, and Little Eva," had been informed as to its identity. "That's Uncle Tom," remarked the good wife pleasantly; and the negress nonplused her at once by that unthinking kind of a remark which nevertheless contains the substance of profound truth,—"Um! Relation of your'n."

And why not? I have seen many a white face, and many a set of Anglo-Saxon features, I should be much less pleased to own in that common kinship which binds us all. I would be willing to incur the taint,—if you think it such—of African blood, for the sake of relationship with noble souls, and a union with sublime affections. I am no scorner of the race to which I belong, and I hold the humanities dear to me.

I say of a negro, as I say of any man, the superior mind is his standard. I ask concerning the African, as Shakespeare of the Jew,—"Hath not an African eyes? Hath not an African hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a white man is? If you prick us do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not—forgive? Nay, we will extend the argument, and catalogue other points of likeness: Hath not a negro aspiration and ambitions? hath he not soul and intellect? can he not be a brother? is he not equal to the offices of friendship? Can he not sorrow? Can he not serve his God and do good to his fellow? Why then my neighbor shall you condemn and abuse him? He is that good man, your brother,—"A relation of your'n."

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," early enlisted our tears and awakened some of the most generous, yet painful emotions of our heart. From it we learned to love humanity and human freedom, and to hate tyrants and slavery. We shall not cease to prize its author for her contribution to the world's welfare. Mrs. Stowe's book is one of the dear tomes of our boyhood, and now we re-read it with our children, and mark their sympathies quickening and kindling with our own. And "Dred" comes not far behind it, with its pictures of slave-life in the sunny south; but with the disadvantage that it was the second, and not the first.

And now that the worthy author has passed away, it is fitting that her life should be written; and it has been written by her dear friend of many years Mrs. Annie Fields. It is a book which should be read, and we doubt not, will be. The writer declares, in her preface: "The cause to which she surrendered herself is not forgotten; one by one the figures of those who bore a part in the great sacrifice begin to shine like bronze after the smelting, and stand, cut in imperishable forms, upon the tablets of memory. Therefore it is fitting that one who led the vanguard—one who was born, nevertheless, to carry no bayonet or gun, but to bear upon her heart the weight of a great love for suffering men—should now herself be known."

And well is the history of her life unfolded. We have delightful glimpses of the paragon home of the Beechers, at Litchfield, among the Berkshire hills. A wonderful personage headed that family, and he was sire to a "rare brood of children." A priest, a prophet, a sturdy piece of Pilgrim manhood was he; and in his day

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the church was the moral and intellectual centre of the community. "To my childish eyes," wrote Harriet, "our old meeting house was an awe inspiring thing. To me it seemed fashioned very nearly on the model of Noah's ark and Solomon's temple, as set forth in the pictures in my Scripture Catechism. . . . Its double row of windows, its doors, with great wooden quills over them; its belfry, projecting out at the east end; its steeple and bell—all inspiring as much sense of the sublime in me as Strasburg Cathedral itself. . . . But the glory in the execution of these good old billowy compositions called tugging tunes, where the four parts that compose the choir take up the song and go racing round one after another, each singing a different set of words, till at length, by some inexplicable magic, they all come together again, and sail smoothly out into a rolling sea of harmony! I remember the wonder with which I used to look from side to side when treble, tenor, counter and base were thus roaring and foaming, and it verily seemed to me as if the psalm were going to pieces among the breakers, and the delighted astonishment with which I found that each particular verse did emerge whole and uninjured from the storm."

Cowper, in his pathetic verse, recalls the anguish of a sensitive child, early bereaved of his mother, and the kindly sophistry with which the questionings of the "poor dupe of tomorrow, even from a child," were put aside. So the mother in this Litchfield home was early taken—"the gentle, contented, smiling, healthful mother"—much to the perplexity of the younger children, who could not understand whither she had vanished. That she had gone to Heaven, or that she had been laid under ground, were vague and mysterious ideas to them. Little Henry, conjoining the two statements, hit on a bright idea, and resolved to dig through the ground and reach Heaven; so one morning he was discovered by Sister Catherine digging most industriously. To her inquiry as to his intent he lifted his curly head, and said, with a child's simplicity, "Why, I'm going to Heaven to find ma." Of her excellent mother Mrs. Stowe declared: "It will be the testimony of all her sons that her image stood between them and the temptations of youth as a sacred shield; that the hope of meeting her in Heaven has sometimes been the last strand which did not part in hours of temptation; and that the remembrance of her holy life and death was a solemn witness of the truth of religion, which repelled every assault of scepticism, and drew back the soul from every wandering to the faith in which she lived and died."

Glimpses we have of the restrained feelings which lie so deep in the bosom of Lyman Beecher. "I am sick," Mrs. Stowe remembers her father to have exclaimed, when in age, "because I cannot reveal the feelings of my heart." Then, on another day, when he had taken up his rusty old fiddle, and thrummed its string, he exclaimed in a tone of dissatisfaction,—"If I could only play what I hear inside of me I'd beat Paganini." So have felt and complained many of the great masters when their power of expression had declined.

We have recalled the manner in which the sudden message of Byron's death affected the youth, Tennyson; and the effect on a certain person who came upon that wild poet's funeral procession headed toward Hucknall. Here we learn that one day, when the news had come, Lyman Beecher said to his wife,—"My dear, Byron is dead;" then, added meditatively, after a moment of silence,—"O, I'm sorry Byron is dead. I did hope he would live to do something for Christ. What a happy relation to the memory of Byron? We are told that on the next Sabbath the elder Beecher took Byron for his subject, and for his text the words,—"The name of the just is as a brightness, but the name of the wicked shall rot;" setting forth the immortality of goodness, and the oblivion into which the vicious are doomed eventually to pass, however they have been garnished with the brilliancy of genius.

A beautiful picture of paternal love and pastoral benediction is given us. The father's faithfulness and his pulpit minis-

trations deeply impressed his child; for when Harriet had reached her fourteenth year she returned to her room, from a sermon on Jesus as the friend of the soul, to dedicate her dawning life to Him. Going into her father's study, she threw herself into his lap, and said,—"Father, I have given myself to Jesus." What more quickly could reach such a heart as his? Looking down sweetly and tenderly into his child's face, the man of God said, while he pressed her to his heart, and his hot tears fell on her head,—"Is it so? Then has a new flower blossomed in the Kingdom this day." It seems that some doubts arose in the mind of Sister Catharine, as to the genuineness and durability of her religious impression; for in that day great stress was laid upon what is called "being under conviction," and this slipping too easily into the Christian fold was much to be guarded against. She was therefore put to catechism, and her heart was appalled by such questioning from the pastor at Hartford as this: "Harriet, do you feel that if the universe should be destroyed [awful pause] you could be happy with God alone?" No wonder if the abyss seemed to open, and the skies to darken over her!

Who ever has beheld the person, or even a good portrait, of Isaac McLellan,—now enjoying the distinction of being the oldest living poet in America,—has recognized a man of noble and impressive appearance, yet in an excellent condition of preservation. He was in his earlier day a school-fellow of Longfellow and of Whittier, and is interesting from being a coeval of that school to which they belonged and which has well nigh passed away. It is recorded of him that "he is the oldest surviving member of the Independent Cadets, of Boston, which he joined in 1830. He is still a regular member of the organization. He is a descendant of Isaac Hull, the commander of the constitution in her memorable battle with the English warship, Guerriere, off Boston harbor in the year 1812. The poet is well known to many summer tourists from New York and Brooklyn." Mr. McLellan is to be reckoned among the "poets of Maine," having been born in Portland on the 2nd of April, 1806, and graduated at Bowdoin college in 1826, after having been fitted at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. For a few years he was a legal practitioner in Boston, subsequently withdrawing into the country, and engaging in agriculture and field sports while at the same time, writing poems usually inspired by his favorite pursuits. He contributed, at an early day, to several American magazines,—among them "Knapp's Boston Magazine," and also to the New York "Literary Gazette," of which William Cullen Bryant was editor. Later he undertook editorial work on the Boston "Daily Patriot," which he conducted with ability. In 1836 appeared a volume of his poems. The writer remembers the school recitation of his familiar lines on "The Death of Napoleon," commencing,—

"Wild was the night; yet a wilder night
Hung round the soldier's pillow;
In his bosom there waged a fiercer fight
Than the fight on the wrathful billow."

He is also the author of a familiar lyric entitled, "Maine," of which we give a couple of stanzas:

Far in the sunset's me low glory,
Far in the daybreak's pearly bloom,
Fringed by ocean's foamy surges,
Belted in by woods of gloom,
Stretch thy soft luxuriant borders,
Smile thy shores, in hill and plain,
Flower-enamelled, ocean-girdled,
Green bright shores of Maine.

"Rivers of surpassing beauty
From thy hemlock woodlands flow,—
Androscoggin and Penobscot,
Saco, chilled by northern snow;
Thess from many a lowly valley
Thick by pine-trees shadowed o'er,
Sparkling from their ice-cold tributaries
To the surges of thy shore."

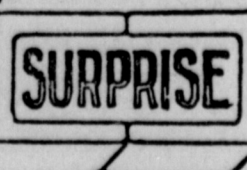
Mr. McLellan has, in his time, been a traveller, having made a tour, extending over two years, of Europe. He is known as "the sportsman-poet," and his residence is at Greenport, Long Island. He has recently celebrated his ninety-second birthday.

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The educational, no less than the literary achievement, of Doctor Theodore H. Rand, the occasion of pleasant comment, and of fitting commemoration. A portrait, painted by J. W. L. Foster, has recently been unveiled at McMaster University,—a portrait it is said, which well expresses not only his lineaments, but his prominent characteristics. "The artist has given that air of intensity, of concealed force of executive ability, we naturally expect to find in such a character when represented in his public capacity." So says the Toronto "Saturday Night;" and further: "From Chancellor Rand's past history, his connection with, particularly the eastern provinces, and his influence in educational matters, we naturally look for a telling and decided personality in his portrait. He has designed and inaugurated the educational system of the Maritime Provinces. The school system of Manitoba has been largely modelled after his plans, and the correlation of the three colleges, Woodstock, McMaster and Moulton, has been largely the 'fruit of his thought.' Dr. Rand will soon be recruiting at his favorite stamping ground, Partridge Island, Parrsboro, Nova Scotia.

The Bryant estate at Cummington, Mass., has recently been purchased by Minna Godwin Goddard, for the sum of \$30,000. The favorite summer home of the great poet, sacred to the memories of his boyhood, will hereafter be kept, with all its belongings,—land, buildings, furniture, bric-a-brac, etc.,—in a branch of the poet's own family. For several years past the property has been occupied by the Goddard's. The deed was executed by Parke Godwin, acting in his individual capacity by power of the will of Fanny Bryant Godwin.

We congratulate the editor and publisher, Mr. James J. Anslow, and also the people of Windsor, N. S., upon the reappearance of the familiar Hants Journal. We hail it as an assurance and a prophecy of the speedy rehabilitation of our home town recently destroyed by fire. We welcome gladly this excellently edited and printed newspaper, which we have missed from our study.

Windsor.

Out of thine ashes phoenix-like arise,
My fair Acadian town! 'Tis good to know
That, like the wind-swept flame that laid thee low,
Aspires thy courage. Thou shalt realize
The blessing of misfortune; and emprise
Of hardy spirits toiling over fate
Shall yet be thine;—yea, goodly thine estate
In years to be 'neath these auspicious skies.
Rise, then, triumphant! Hopeful, bid thy spires
Again point whether thy true hearts ascend;
Rise, purified and garnished from thy fires.
And guardian powers thy new-made walls defend.
Stand, till the years bring thy deserved renown,
Sheltering thy loyal sons,—my fair Acadian town!

PASTOR FELIX.

An Acknowledged Fact.

Three years ago there was not a remedy on the market that could prevent corns or cure sweaty, tender, swollen feet. Now thousands of boxes of Foot Elm are being sold, and everyone admits that it is worth its weight in gold. 25c a box; 5 for \$1. P. Stott and Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., or at drug stores.

How He Died.

An Irishman is too nimble to be caught when he doesn't wish to be apprehended. Cardinal Manning delighted to tell the following story as an illustration of the national elusiveness:

An Irishman, the son of one who had been hanged, having been asked how his father died, thus eluded the admission of the fact:

"Sure, thin, my father, who was a very reckless man, was 'jist standin' on a platform haranguing a mob, when a part of the platform suddenly gave way, and he fell through, and thin it was found his neck was broken."

Sir Henry Bessemer.

The recent death of the inventor of the Bessemer steel process has brought out some interesting anecdotes. He was devoted to flowers, and his conservatory was fitted with mirrors so as to produce the effect of endless perspective. To keep the surface of the mirrors clear from moisture he had hot-water pipes arranged, be-

hind them, which kept the glass so warm that it never was obscured by dew. He was color-blind, and avoided the introduction of plants bearing red berries into his conservatory because he confused green and red.

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The Borrower's Way.

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ten years I was troubled with throbbing and fluttering of the heart. I tried five doctors and several remedies but none of them did me much good. Lately I heard of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and bought two boxes. Before I started using them I could not do my house work and gave myself up to die, as I thought I would never be cured. Now I feel really splendid since taking the pills, do my work, enjoy my meals and feel as if there was something in life worth living for."

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