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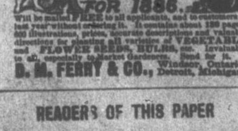

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" Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly ;"
Sang two girls beneath the shade,
 As the sunbeams flitted by,
Sang as happy maidens do,
 When their life is free from care,
Dreaming little of the power
 Of the words they uttered there.

It was evening. All was hushed.
 With bowed heads, a mighty throng
Waited 'neath the whispering trees,
 While a soul, with trembling tongue,
Owned its Maker as its God ;
 Sin-confessing, kneeling low,
Prayed the Father would forgive,
 Make his heart as white as snow.

Hushed with awe the thousands sat ;
 When a line from an old hymn,
Whispered faintly at the first,
 Made each eye with tears grow dim.
Like a tempest how it swept !—
 Caught each lip in passing by :
" Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly !"

Sunset paints with gold the west,
 Sits an aged woman lone.
Tenderly her thoughts wing back
 To past years ;—her girl-friend gone.
But the tear-drops gather fast ;
 From her heart there comes the cry,
" Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly !"

So it is ; we need Him near,
 Every day and every hour.
Sunshine comes and fills our hearts,
 But we lack the spirits power.
And 'mid dark and cloudy ways,
 He will hold us—hold us fast.
Sweet it is to ask of Him,
 " Oh, receive my soul at last !"

The Feverish Hand.

It was a Monday morning, and a rainy one at that. "Mother" was busy from the moment she sprang out of bed at the first sound of the rising bell. Others besides children get out of bed "on the wrong side," as this mother can testify. She began by thinking over all that lay before her. It made her "feel like flying!" Bridget would be cross, as it was rainy ; there was a chance of company for lunch, so the parlor must be tidied, as well as dining-room swept, dishes washed, lamps trimmed, beds made and children started for school. Her hands grew hot as she buttered bread for luncheons, waited on those who had to start early, and tried to pacify the little ones and Bridget.

"My dear, you're feverish," said her husband, as he held her busy hand a moment. "Let the work go and rest yourself—you'll find it pays."

"Just like a man!" thought the mother. "Why, I haven't time even for my prayers!" But the little woman had resolved that she would read a few verses before ten o'clock each day ; so, standing by her bureau, she opened to the eighth chapter of Mathew and read these words : "And he touched her hand, and the fever left her ; and she arose and ministered unto them."

It seemed to that busy wife as if Jesus himself was speaking to her, that she might minister wisely to her dear ones. The beds could wait till later in the day—the parlor might be a little disordered—she must feel his touch ! She knelt and he whispered : "My strength [not yours, child] is sufficient. . . . As thy day so shall thy strength be. . . . My yoke is easy [this yoke you have been galled by is the world's yoke, the yoke of public opinion or housewifely ambition], take my yoke upon you and learn of me. . . . Ye shall find rest."

The day was no brighter, the work had still to be done ; but the fever had left, and all day long she sang, "This God is our God, my Lord and my God."

It is true that, when the friends came to lunch, there had not been time to arrange the parlor, and no fancy dishes had been prepared for the table, but the hostess heart was filled with love for them as members with her of Christ, and they went away hungering for such a realization of him as they saw she had.

"Ah," said her husband, when he held her hands once more, "I see you took my advice, dear ; the fever is quite gone."

The wife hesitated—could she tell her secret? Was it not almost too sacred? Later on, when the two sat together, she told how he had cured her fever, and said quietly : "I see there is a more important ministry, than the housekeeping, though I don't mean to neglect that."

"Let us ask the Lord to keep hold of our hands," said her husband. "Mine grow feverish in eager money making as yours in too eager housekeeping."

This is no fancy sketch. Dear mothers, busy anxious housekeepers, let us go again and again to him, that he may touch our hands, lest they be feverish, and so we cannot minister, in the highest sense, to those about us.

Not Our Own, But Christ's.

'Dear little one, to whom do you belong, besides to dear mamma, those about you you love so much? You belong to the whom blessed Saviour, who bought us with his own precious blood. You know that the blood in our bodies is our life. If the blood were lost, we could not live a moment. So when our dear Saviour gave his blood for us, he gave his very life. And why did he give his life—why did he leave his happy home in heaven to come and die for us? Because he loved us so much that he wanted us to be happy forever in heaven with him.

Satan tempts us so as to make us wicked like himself ; but Jesus bought us for himself with his own precious blood, and he will keep us from sin and Satan, if we ask him.

Well, if we are not our own, but belong to Jesus, we must use every part of our body for him. We cannot do for him as Mary and Martha did ; but for others we can do acts of kindness, and give little words of love, because we love Jesus, and so it will all be for him.

Did you ever think that your little hands could do something for Jesus, by working for others ; and your little feet by running readily on some message for one you love ; and your tongue, by speaking kindly and gently, even when others speak unkindly to you? Your thoughts also you can, by his help, keep pure and good for him. Whatever we do for Jesus, whose eye is always upon us, he will see and love. How sweet it is to think that we belong to such a loving Saviour !—*Sunday-School Times.*

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THE FARM.

To Grow Plants from Cuttings.

If this work has not been attended to, it should be without delay. The *Scientific American* gives full instructions, and they are so concise and intelligible that they are copied here :

"The old way of rooting cuttings in a small glass bottle filled with water is a good method when a hot-bed cannot be used, but the bottle should not stand so close to the window as to become hot, and thus scald the rootlets. A little cotton-wool within the rim of the bottle will prevent evaporation. In two or three weeks the roots will be plentiful, and then the cuttings may be transferred to thumb pots, or, if the season suits, into the beds. As each cutting is taken from the bottle, dip the roots into a little warm sand until each fibre is coated ; this will keep them apart and prevent wilting. If pots are used, nearly fill them with a rich sandy compost, and press it to the sides, so as to leave room in the centre. Put the roots in gently and give the plant a little twist, to spread the roots, or separate them with a hairpin. Then put in more soil, and press it about the roots. Tight pressing is one of the secrets of success in raising plants from cuttings. Water the young plants well, and shade them at first from the sun.

"Cuttings can be also started in pots of sandy compost, with a glass tumbler placed over them to confine the moisture, and keep from the sun for two or three days ; then place the pots in the warmest window exposed to the southeast. Wet sand is also good for growing cuttings, and they will start quicker than in compost. A Shallow pan is preferable ; fill it up with sand (not sea sand), sopping wet, then press in the cuttings tightly and keep them wet. When new leaves are seen, transplant into pots filled with light sandy loam. After shading a day or two, they may have ample sunshine and sufficient water to keep them moist. Cuttings taken from the fresh growth of a plant strike best. It is better to break off a branch of a geranium or verbena than to cut it (if it breaks readily). Cuttings of roses, heliotropes, etc., will grow better if taken off at the junction of old and new wood, and should be cut off just below a joint or bud, as the roots start from that point ; and if the bud is not left near or close to the base, the cutting is liable to decay in the soil."

—Connecticut products during the past year amounted to 754,900,000 bushels of corn, 459,500,000 bushels of wheat, and 407,000,000 pounds of tobacco—a quarter of a pound to each inhabitant of the world.

—We should keep in mind the fact, that seeds are not a collection of fragments, of vegetable matter, like a lot of shoe pegs. They really contain living plants—living, but in a state of suspended animation—dormant. Seeds kept in closely stoppered bottles often fail. The ordinary method of keeping them in paper bags for, small quantities, and in sacks of course fabric for large ones, is found to be the best, as it secures dryness, and does not entirely exclude the air. The exposure to a high temperature for a long time or to a very low one is very injurious. The most suitable temperature is just above the freezing point, or about forty degrees. An inner closet or room which is not heated, will be better than a warm dwelling room or kitchen.

—The Hon. Norman J. Colman, United States commissioner of Agriculture, said : A column of cattle 12 deep, extending across the continent form New York to San Francisco and back again to Boston, would contain about the number of cattle there are in the United States. The value of this vast herd is $1,200,000,000. The annual product of these animals exceeds in value four times the yearly earnings of all the railroads of the country. And Dr. D. E. Salmon of Washington, Chief of the Bureau of Animal industry, added : The annual cattle production of the United States is 7,000,000 head ; export trade, 122,000 head ; annual product of the swine industry, 29,000,000 head ; value of the product which goes into inter-State commerce, $243,000,000.

TEMPERANCE.

A Judge's Estimate Of Rum-Sellers.

Hon. F. M. Hubbard, Judge of the Eighth Judicial District of Iowo, in passing sentence upon some liquor dealers, for violation of the prohibitory laws of the State, said : "While there are greater crimes, known to the law, which are punishable with greater severity, there are none which involve more of those qualities, known as despicable meanness and audacity, than the selling of intoxicating liquors. There is something in the taking of human life instantaneously that shocks and terrifies the minds of all ; and yet we look upon the man who takes human life, quite as surely, but by a slow, lingering process, if not without condemnation, at least without horror. You, who stand before the court for sentence, are in every moral sense murderers, and you are within the spirit, if not the letter, guilty of man-slaughter ; for the law says that whoever accelerates the death of a human being unlawfully is guilty of the crime. Your bloated victims upon the witness stand, who undoubtedly committed perjury to screen you from the law, not only abundantly testify that you are accelerating death, but that you are inducing men to commit still greater crimes than your own. You still maintain the appearance of respectability, but how morally leprous and scrofulous you are inwardly. The ruin, poverity and idleness, which you are inflicting upon this community, declares, as from the housetops, that you are living in idleness and eating the bread of the orphan, watered with widow's tears ; you are stealthily killing your victims, and murdering the peace and industry of the community, and thereby converting happy, industrious homes into misery, poverty and rags. Anxious wives and mothers watch and pray in tears nightly, with desolate hearts, for the coming home of your victims, whom you are luring with the wiles and smiles of the devil into midnight debauchery.

"One can have no adequate conception of a cataract, until he has seen Niagara, nor of the terrible fury and grandeur of a storm in mid-ocean, until he has witnessed one ; so no one can know the utter degradation and total depravity, to which his species can be brought, until he looks upon the desolate ruin caused by your hellish traffic. You are persistent, defiant law-breakers, and shamelessly boast, that, in defiance of the law and moral sense of the community, you will continue in your wicked and criminal practice. It has, therefore, now become the imperative duty of this court to let fall upon you so heavily the arm of the law that you shall either be driven from your nefarious traffic, or ruined in your fortunes, or wicked prosperity. You have become a stench in the nostrils of the community, and all good men are praying that you be speedily reformed or summarily destroyed. By the providence of God and the favor of this court, their prayers shall be speedily answered, by signal and exact justice for your crimes. And, finally, let me entreat you, if you are lost to every sentiment of humanity, to desist from your criminal vagabond traffic, and betake yourselves to some honest calling for a livelihood, that you may yet become virtuous useful citizens, and entitled to the respect of a Christian community. If you persist in this way, your ruin is certain, and you will receive, as you deserve, the execration of mankind. You may think that the sentence of the court is harsh and unjustly severe, but the court assures you that, compared with your crimes and the desolation you have already brought upon the community, it is mild in the extreme."

Facts About Strong Drink.

Bishop Ireland, in an address before the Plenary Council in Baltimore, presented the following statistics regarding the ruin and sin resulting from the use of strong drink :

In San Francisco last year there were arrested 25,669 people. Of these 19,500 were for drunkenness, or disturbances of the peace owing to drunkenness. In Philadelphia, in 1881, 37,228 arrests out of 44,098 were for intoxication. In Baltimore, in 1883, there were 7,782 arrests made, is a very small number when compared to other cities, but of this number 5,323 were for drunkenness and disturbances of the peace, arising from too much drink. In Boston, in 1881, the Bureau of Labor Statistics made an effort to trace back the source of every arrest made, and after a careful research they found that seventy-two per cent. was due to drink.

Who Did It?

The following incident was related by Mrs. J. K. Barney, of Rhode Island, at the National Meeting of the Women's Christian Union at Philadelphia :

"There came a woman to me with the question, 'Do you know where my boy is?' and gave me a little clew. For five years she had not looked into his face ; and she thought she had traced him under an assumed name to such a prison, and would I find out for her? I located that man in such a prison, to stay there such a time ; and then came a letter asking me if I would go to him, with the word's, 'Couldn't you come and see me, and take a mother's message to my boy?' Mothers, can you think what message you would have sent that boy? She was in an elegant home. I sat down to a beautiful table with her. She handed me a picture and told me to show it to him. I said, 'This is not your picture?' 'Yes,' she said, 'that is mine before he went to prison ; and here,' said she, 'is mine after I had had five years of waiting for Charley.' I went with these two pictures to the prison. I called at an inopportune time. He was in the dark cell. The keeper said that he had been in there twenty-four hours ; but, in answer to my pleadings, he went down into that dark cell, and the man announced a lady as from his mother. But no reply. Said I, 'Let me step in ;' and I did so. There was just a single plank from one end to the other, and that was all the furniture ; and there the boy from Yale College sat. Said I, 'Charley, I am a stranger to you, but I have come from your mother ; and I shall have to go back and tell her that you did not want to hear from her.' Said he, 'Don't mention my mother's name here. I will do anything if you will go.' As he walked along the cell, I noticed that he reeled. "Said I, 'What is the matter?' He said he hadn't eaten anything in twenty-four hours. They brought him something ; and I sat down by him and held the tin plate on which was coarse, brown bread without any butter, and, I think, a tin cup of coffee. By and by, as we talked, I pressed into his hand his mother's picture ; and he looked at it and said, 'That is my mother. I always said she was the handsomest woman in the world.' He pressed it and held it it his hands, and I slipped the other picture over it." He said, 'Who is that?' I said, 'That is your mother.' 'That my mother?' 'Yes,' I said, 'that is the mother of the boy that I found in a dark cell, after she had been waiting five years to see him.' He said, 'O God, I have done it!' And then he said, 'No, it is the liquor traffic that has done it. Why don't you do something to stop it?' He said, I began drinking at home. It was on the table with my food."

Night Encounter with a Panther.

Mr. George Greenleaf, accompanied by his wife, was returning home from Clayton, in the mountains of Georgia, on the night of Jan. 5. It was about nine o'clock, and as is the custom of the country, they both walked up one of the hills while the mules and wagon ascended, their little boy being the driver. Suddenly a rustle was heard in the bushes, and peering out into the darkness could be seen what looked like two balls of fire. It proved to be a large panther. As if by instinct Greenleaf opened his knife, and as the beast sprang at him he made a lunge, only to drive the knife into his wife's arm, she having thrown herself upon him at the sight of the danger. He dropped the knife and fell under the second spring of the panther. The beast, evidently maddened by the scent of blood, was about to insert its teeth into Mr. Greenleaf, when his wife, who had picked up the knife, acting under the inspiration of desperation, made a clean cut at the beast's throat. The panther gave a pitiful cry, rolled over and died. The cry reached the ears of some hunters near by, and soon a number of them were on the spot to find that a woman had accomplished what they had been six weeks trying to do.

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