

POETRY.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOLARS INVITATION.

BY JOHN LONG.

Air—"Mountain Maid's Invitation."

Come come come!

Don't delay, haste away,

To the Sabbath school to-day;

Here to meet, and to greet,

All in friendship sweet.

Come while we wait the dawn of morn

Nature all with gems adorn;

Be in time, rain or shine—

Order is divine.

To the happy, happy school,

Joyous, joyous Sabbath school!

Be in time, rain or shine—

Order is divine.

Come, come, come!

Not a tear—no thought of fear

Nor of sorrow is found here;

Faces bright, tempers right,

O, the happy sight!

Health and beauty all around,

And no harsh or jarring sound;

Light and free, full of glee,

All is harmony.

O, the happy, happy school!

Joyous, joyous Sabbath school!

Light and free full of glee,

All is harmony.

Come, come, come!

Keep the way, do not stray,

Tis the holy Sabbath day!

He alone—in a throng

In their grateful song.

Hither come! who would decline

Bliss so rare and joys divine?

Pleasures pure, that endure,

All may have secure.

O, the happy, happy school!

Joyous, joyous Sabbath school!

Pleasures pure, that endure,

All may have secure.

THE WORLD'S LIBERATORS.

BY W. J. FOX, N. Y.

A little child in balustrade

Came floating on the Nile's broad water

That could make Egypt's glory dark,

And freed his tribe from bonds and slaughter.

A little child for knowledge sought

In Israel's temples of its sages—

That child the world's religion brought,

And crushed the temples of past ages.

"Mildest word of reason, if remain

Young hearts to freedom will inspire;

If, used in Superstition's chain,

The human mind is all inquiring—

Then let not print or tyrant doom

On dreams of laws the world commanding:

The ark of Moses is slain,

And Christ is in the temple standing!

FAMILY READING.

Serious Reading.

"What! reading again, Mary?" exclaimed

her lively cousin Ruth, as she entered a room

where the former was sitting, delightedly

engaged with a book. "Pray what is it which

so occupies your attention?"

"It is a volume of very interesting sermons,

Ruth."

"A volume of sermons! Well, Mary, I

must say that you are the strangest girl I ever

knew. And so you left us all when we were

amusing ourselves so finely, just for the sake

of reading a sermon?"

"It was my reason for reading. My dear

mother advised me, when I left home for

school, to set apart a particular time for this

purpose. She said that if I did not have

some fixed plan about it, I should, among the

many employments and amusements of a

boarding-school, be sometimes tempted to

omit it. You know that it is not convenient

for me to be alone more than half an hour in

the morning, and so I chose this hour for

reading in the afternoon. It has just expired."

"And that half hour in the morning, Mary!

I know how you gain it—by rising half an

hour before the bell rings to call us to our

beds. And these cold winter mornings, too,

and all that you may be able to read your

Bible alone. I don't see how you muster

resolution to rise so early. For my part I

dread to hear the sound of the morning bell."

"It is not hard after one has become ac-

customed to it. My quiet half hour in the

morning is worth many such efforts. It helps

to prepare me for the duties of the day."

"But why do you choose serious reading

in the afternoon, Mary?"

"Serious reading in my object. I want to

learn more of God, and of heaven, and of my

daily duties. I am so afraid, dear Ruth, of

yielding to temptation, and so bringing dis-

honour upon the religion I have professed."

"I know that I have need of much instruction,

and I try to seek it from the Bible, and reli-

gious books."

"Well, I don't understand you at all, nor

see why you need to be so very good. And

as to sitting down on a week-day to such

gloomy reading as sermons, I am sure I should

never think of such a thing."

"Gloomy! The sermon which you found

me reading was anything but gloomy. It was

of the love of Christ, and it was like touch-

ing and comforting. I wish you would read

it, Ruth. You could hardly help being

touched by the author's affecting description

of the Saviour's love. And God might make

it the means of leading you to himself."

"But I have no wish to give up all the

pleasures of life, and to become religious to

young. It will be time enough when I am

older."

"You are older than Hannah Matrice,

who died last summer. And you may die

young as well as others. And how dreadful

a thing it would be, to be obliged to meet

death before you have made any suitable

preparation for its approach. It seems to me

that it must be hard to leave this pleasant

world, and all our dear friends here, at any

time, even if we live, and have tried to serve

God. What must such a separation be to

those who have lived in the entire neglect of

their Creator, and must go through the dark

valley alone, with no Saviour's arm to lean

upon, and with no good hope of reaching a

happy home."

"You make me feel so silly, Mary. I

really wish you would not talk about such

things. You have spoiled my pleasure now, for the day. You are always wanting me to wear a long face, and think and talk about nothing but religion and death, and to give up all my amusements, and to be as unhappy as possible."

"O Ruth, how sadly you misjudge me! I by no means wish you to give up all your pleasures, or to make yourself unhappy. It is your happiness for which I am anxious. True religion never makes any one unhappy. It does more than anything else to make people cheerful and contented. You know Betty Morse, who washes at our house, and you know what a change religion has made in her character. Why, she used to be so cross and fretful, that I dreaded going into the kitchen with any message to her. Mother used sometimes send me to her house with cold meat, and other provisions, and I considered these errands most disagreeable tasks. She never seemed grateful for anything I carried, but was always murmuring at her hard lot, and saying that she was as good as her neighbours, and she wondered why she should be so poorly off, when they were living in plenty. You know how differently she appears now."

"Yes, she is very much changed."

"I wish you could have seen her last time I carried a bundle to her house. She was doing some mending, and the Bible lay open on the table before her. She looked up when I entered, and greeted me with a pleasant smile. I could hardly believe that the countenance which for so many years had seemed so harsh and repulsive could wear such a smile. And she seemed so thankful for what my mother had sent, and said that she had deserved nothing at the hands of God, but that He was all the time supplying her with comforts, and crowning her life with mercies. Any one can see that religion has made her happy."

"Well, I believe it has; but then she was not young, and did not have to give up many pleasures."

"Religion does not require you to give up innocent and healthy pleasures. It insists upon the sacrifice of those which are sinful, or which are unsafe, and which will lead us wrong in the end. But it permits us to enjoy all the right kind of pleasures."

Here several school girls entered the room, and the conversation was interrupted.

"Gold and the Gospel."

"Come now, let's go beg," said a mother to a little boy of four years old, who stood with a Christmas Card in one hand, and a pencil and little steel purse in the other.

The little boy had been an ardent lover of missions, since he could understand the word, and was all eagerness to go to his work; but he stopped at this summons, looked earnestly in his mother's face for a few seconds, and then said, "Collect, mamma, not beg, when it is for one of God's things." Was not the child right? He did not say a mercenary traveler goes to beg, when he calls at the year's end for the payment of his bills; and would any one think of calling the collector of Her Majesty's customs a beggar? God says, "The silver is mine, the gold also is mine;" and when we give to his cause, or ask others to give we are only giving to or receiving from, the King of kings, that which is his own. Alas, alas! how few seem to understand or believe this truth!

"I cannot give anything to the missions this year; if I do, I must go without a new coat." And why not, brother? What comparison is there, between your doing without a new coat, and the heathen doing without the Gospel?

"Bring the robes into the store-house," said the master's work first, and then if you have what will get a new coat, by all means get it. A lady sat in her snug parlor; she had been reading a select party of friends with rich plum cake, she was elegantly dressed, and was enjoying the social chat, when a juvenile collector was announced. "Cannot afford anything this year, the times are so hard," now this was not a laudable nominal professor; but one who rejoices in the Saviour's love. A widow sat in her clean but humble cottage, her two little girls stood beside her, on the table lay her quarter's income. There were four bright sovereigns, half a sovereign and ten shillings in silver. "See, my children," she said, "how good the Lord is! he is our Shepherd, we shall not want." She then reverently took up the half sovereign, and putting it aside she said, "That is God's; may he teach us how to lay it out for his glory." She then laid aside five shillings more. "That is for the poor," said she. "Now, children, take up that and put it by; that is for our use. May God teach us so to economize that we may provide things honest in the sight of all men!" They then knelt down to praise and pray.—*Wesleyan Juvenile Offering*

A Teetotal Monkey.

Dr GUTHRIE relates an amusing anecdote of a reasonable monkey, which we must present: "Jack as he was called, seeing his master and some companions drinking with those imitative powers for which his species is remarkable, finding half a glass of whiskey left, took it up and drank it off. It flew, of course, to his head. Amid their loud roars of laughter, he began to skip, hop and dance. Jack was drunk. Next day, when they went, to take the poor monkey from his box, he was not to be seen. Looking inside, there he lay, crouching in a corner. "Come out!" said his master. Afraid to disobey, he came walking on three legs—the forepaw that was laid on his forehead saying, as plain as words could, that he had a headache!

"Having left him some days to get well, and resume his gaiety, they at length carried him off to the old scene of revel. On entering, he eyed the glasses with a manifest terror, skulking behind the chair; and on his master's ordering him to drink, he bolted, and was on the house-top in a twinkling. They called him down. He would not come. His master shook the whip at him. Jack, astride on the ridgepole, grained defiance. A gun, of which he was always much afraid, was pointed at this disciple of Temperance; he ducked his head and slipped over to the back of the house: upon which, seeing his predicament, and less afraid apparently of the fire than the fire water, the monkey leaped at a bound on the chimney-top, and getting down into a flue, held on by his forepaw. He would rather be smothered than drunk. He tri-

umphed, and although his master kept him for twelve years after that, he never could persuade the monkey to taste another drop of whiskey."—*New York Quarterly*.

HAPPINESS.—Wherever lies the path of duty, wherever you may be most useful, there the Almighty will make you most happy. Happiness is not the offspring and growth of indolent repose in this world; self-denying exercise is necessary to its production. The imagination of a state where every thing will be to our taste, is pure folly. We must be content to take our share in the ills of life, and look for our chief happiness in this world from seeking to do our duty.

THE BOUNDLESS LOVE OF CHRIST.—How little of the sea can a child carry away in his hand! As little do I take away from that great sea—the boundless love of Christ.

THE SABBATH.—Voltaire, the champion of infidelity, once remarked, that "there was no hope of destroying the Christian religion, so long as the Christian Sabbath was acknowledged, and kept by man as a sacred day."

AGRICULTURE, ETC.

Have Farmer's Leisure for Reading?

We are inclined to think that a slatternly, lazy farmer—one whose farm and buildings and fences are not better than they were ten years ago—has perhaps gone back a little instead of going forward—gets little time to read; and we know full well that a good farmer—one whose domain is outward, improving, a little better each year—never finds a time when there is not enough to do. The enterprising farmer never runs out of work. Such is the nature of his employment, that he absolutely never wants for something to do, if he chooses to be active. Nevertheless he needs time for reading, for social intercourse, for his future operations. If the planning of his business, which should always look some ways ahead, can as well be done when his hands are employed, and if his social intercourse can be mostly achieved while in the way of his business, still he needs time for reading. When we hear it said, that he has nothing to do but read all winter, we think the man who says it, never was a farmer, and knows nothing of what he affirms. Why, the real enterprising farmer over his leisure, in the sense of having nothing to do, not even on winter evenings. He could work advantageously every evening in the year, if it were best. But it is not better work in winter, he does work, and then let his sound judgment stop him, after reasonable leisure, even against his will. He never will find leisure; he must make it; and the winter is on the whole the best, but not the only time, for making it. Then better than in summer, he can read deliberately, take time to think as he reads, and to store important truths in his memory. It is pleasant to see a farm, its buildings, fences, fields, stock, everything, growing better from year to year. But how is this with the owner. He is of more consequence than the farm. Let us advise our readers, the easier sort, to take leisure, and the more enterprising, to make it, and both to use it for self-improvement and for the improvement of their families.

You take a political paper of course. Politics—we are on ticklish ground, but shall get off without slipping—are worth your attention, so far as the knowledge of the time will enable you to meet your civil obligations intelligently. Do not read on one side only; look at both sides, three, four if you please; and read not so too many do, merely to confirm yourself in the old opinions, right or wrong, but to find where the truth lies. We are off. Science—we do not mean hard names, but truth as developed in nature—claims and should receive your attention. We insist upon it, that the farmer should be a scientific man. A little reading, in connection with the extensive observation his employment favors, would make him such. Agriculture itself is the grandest, noblest, and most useful of sciences. The loftiest intellects in the world are this moment engaged upon it, are delving deep with the hidden truths, and will yet bring them out for the benefit of mankind. It is yours to practice it, but study it also. Read your agricultural papers with an earnestness next after that with which you read your Bible. One may be a good farmer, without being much of a man; or he may be the latter without being the former. We confess to a little ambition—we should want to be both. If we had a son leaving us for this employment, we would say don't be an unintelligent farmer. After consulting him on the highest obligations of a reasonable being, we would say, putting the least important first, make your farm a model farm, and yourself a model man; and we would say, you cannot do it without reading; and past education, however good, cannot, must not be relied upon.—*J. A. Nash*.

Sheep.

The following is a summary of an article of fifty pages, in the *Transactions of the Royal Society*, on experiments in fattening sheep.

Consumption of Food.—Sheep of different breeds consume quantities of food in proportion to their respective weights when at an equal age, stage of feeding, &c.; that is to say three sheep weighing 100 lbs. each, will consume the same quantity of food as two sheep of 150 lbs. each.

Sheep on good fattening food—such as cake or corn, with chaff and roots—will consume weekly about 4½ lbs. of cake, 4½ lbs. hay, and about 70 lbs. of roots, for every 100 lbs. of their live weight.

When fed as above, they will consume every week one-seventh of their own weight of the dry substance of food; that is, after deducting the moisture it contains.

Rate of Increase.—Sheep well fed and under cover will increase about two per cent, per week upon their weight; that is to say, 100 lbs. live weight will increase from 1½ to two lbs. per week.

To increase 100 lbs. in live weight, sheep will consume about 2½ cwt. of hay chaff and 1½ to 1½ tons of roots.

The increase of a fattening sheep is at the

rate of about 1 lb. live weight to 8 or 9 lbs. of the dry substance of the food consumed.

Live and dead weights.—Haggels or legs (under twelve months old), and in a lean or spare condition, will contain about one-half of their weight carcass, and about one-half of fat.

Shorn sheep, sufficiently fat for the market, will contain about fifty lbs. of carcass in every 100 lbs. of the unfattened live weight.

Sheep in an ordinary state of fatness yield from 7 lbs. to 14 lbs. of oil or lard fat per head, according to breed and size; the long wools giving the least, and the Downs the most.

Value of Increase, &c.—The value of the increase of fattening sheep is less than the cost of the food consumed to produce it; the difference is to be charged to the manure.

The value of the total offal is from 4s. to 6s. per head, independently of the wool.—*Prairie Farmer*.

Water in Barn-Yards.

Such is the solvent power of water, that if admitted in large quantities into barn-yards, it will dissolve into the earth, or into streams and ponds, a large share of fertilizing salts of manure. The manure of stable should, if possible, be housed. It should be kept moist with the urine of animals, and sufficient litter should be used to absorb the whole of this, unless it be preserved in a tank to be used as liquid manure, the policy of which is perhaps doubtful in this country, where labor is high, though it may be well in Europe, where labor is plenty. The true proceeding for barn-yard manure is to keep it as far as possible moist, but not to suffer it to be drenched. If dry and hot, it gives its nutritious gases to the winds; if drenched, it loses its most fertilizing salts; and when neither scorched nor drenched, it is decomposed more gradually, and it retains in itself a larger portion of its enriching properties.—*The Farmer*.

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