The Christian Visitor.

"Hold fast the form of sound words."—2d Timothy, i. 13.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1871.

Old Series, Vol. XXIV., No. 32.

PROVINCIAL

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AND

SAVINGS' FUND.

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By Order.
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mar 2

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114 packages Superior Congou Tea;
25 caddies Extra do. do.;
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36 kegs Bi-Car. Soda;
5 cases Coleman's Mustard, in tins;
5 " " Ginger;
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10 " Nuts;
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1 " Epsom Salts;
1 " Cream Tartar;
1 can Nutmegs; 25 boxes Soap;
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30 casks Molasses;
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20 boxes Extract Logwood;
1 ton Redwood.

Together with a general assortment of GROCERIES.

Also—600 brls. No. 1 Superfine FLOUR, good brands.
For sale at market rates. J. READ & CO.,
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THE

WEED SEWING MACHINE,

For Family and Manufacturing purposes, made by the

NORTH AMERICAN SEWING MACHINE CO.,

PRICES REDUCED.

HAVING opened a Retail Store, No. 54 King Street, under our own control, thus saving Agents' Commissions, and with improved facilities for manufacturing, we are enabled to reduce our prices.

Every machine warranted and kept in repair free of charge.

Duplicate parts supplied at a moment's notice. Instructions for using the "Weed" Machine freely given at Retail Store.

Hundreds of the above Machines in constant use in the Dominion, and giving entire satisfaction. Large discount to Clergymen.

Retail Store, 54 King Street,
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PHOTOGRAPHS!

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Right on the Corner King and Germain Streets.

MR. MARSTERS thanks the public for their very liberal patronage in the past, and begs to say that having just thoroughly Renovated, Enlarged and improved his Establishment, and increased his facilities for producing First Class Work, he is determined to merit a largely increased patronage.

He has now the finest rooms and best skylights in the City, and is enabled, by long experience and practic, to proomise his patrons a style of work that is not surpassed anywhere, with perfect confidence.

Notwithstanding the present low prices, he will use only the Best Materials, having made ample arrangements to procure them.

A newly fitted up Ladies' Dressing Room, which is entirely private, has been added for the convenience of his Lady customers.

All kinds of work furnished at short notice.

Miniature, Magascopic and Stereoscopic in Photograph, Ambrotype or Oil.

N. B.—Having in possession the Negatives of his predecessor, Mr. N. Durland, copies can be furnished.

Remember, right on the Corner King and Germain Sts
May 30. J. D. MARSTERS.

NEW DRY GOODS STORE.

48 Prince Wm. Street.

ENTIRE STOCK, New and Fashionable, now being offered at unusually low prices,

—GREAT BARGAINS IN—

DRESS GOODS; LINENS;
SILKS; COTTONS;
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SILK VELVETS; GLOVES;
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SHAWLS; RIBBONS;
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FLANNELS; LACES;
BLANKETS; DRESS TRIMMINGS.

An inspection respectfully solicited.
Nov. 4 M. C. BARBOUR.

A. CHRISTIE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS AND BUILDERS.

WE would intimate to our friends and the public that we have within the last three months fitted up the large Brick Building in the rear of the Workshop, in Waterloo Street, with a Powerful Engine and all the Machinery necessary for carrying on extensively the manufacture of

DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, TURNING, JIG SAWING,

and all that may be required for BUILDING PURPOSES.

A large assortment of DOORS and SASHES, of various sizes, constantly on hand, or got up to order.

NEWEL POSTS and BALUSTERS on hand.

All kinds of TURNING done at the shortest notice.

Parties in want of the above-mentioned will find it to their advantage to give us a call.

☞ Particular attention given to BUILDING and JOBBING. Feb. 24

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Of EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

ESTABLISHED IN 1809.

CAPITAL, - - £2,000,000 Sterling.

Invested Funds (1864),.....£2,504,512 7 10 Stg.
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FIRE DEPARTMENT.

THIS COMPANY Insures against loss or damage by Fire—Dwellings, Household Furniture, Farm Property, Stores, Merchandise, Vessels on Stocks or in Harbour, and other Insurable Property, on the most favorable terms.

Claims settled promptly without reference to the Head Office.

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Ninety per cent. of the Profits are allocated to those Assured on the Participating Scale.

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After a Policy has been five years in existence it shall be held to be indisputable and free from extra premiums, even if the assured should remove to an unhealthy climate after that time.

For Rates and other information apply at the Office of the Company, on the corner of Princess and Canterbury streets. HENRY JACK,
March 26. General Agent.

L. W. WILLIAMS, teacher of Piano-Forte and Vocal Music, St. John, N. B. Orders left at J. Chaloner's, King Street, will be promptly attended to.
Oct. 20. L. W. W.

DR. J. R. FITCH informs his friends that he has removed to Carleton, Saint John, where he intends to practice his profession, in its different branches. Office and residence:—King Street, opposite Saint George's Church, Carleton. Nov. 11

From the Baptist Union.

THE FULTON STREET PRAYER MEETING.

The meeting feels the influence of this dog-day weather and heat. Thousands have fled from the city to seek the cool retreats of the country and the watering places. Some few familiar faces we do not see. They have gone to a better country, even a heavenly. We are losing the praying ones almost every week, and they vanish silently away, and are seen no more. A great number have died out of this meeting since it was established; and a larger congregation have gone than any we have now.

We took a seat one day last week to see the attendants as they came in, and were astonished to find that we could not recognize but very few of them. They were strangers. Few remain who began this meeting with us fourteen years ago.

HOW I BUILT A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

A tall man arose and said: "I am a clergyman, and my field of labor is in Key West, Florida—the most interesting field I have ever occupied, among a most interesting people. They are made up of sailors, soldiers, wreckers, ship-carpenters, longshoremen, fishermen, and almost all classes you can name, and of almost all nationalities. I preach to them several times every Sunday, and I pour the truth into willing ears and willing hearts. They are the most religious people I ever knew, and the most devoted Christians, so far as they are Christians at all.

"They must have family prayer three times a day—morning, noon, and night. They ask a blessing and return thanks at their meals; and if any little fellow gets away from the table during meal time, he knows enough to get back before thanks are returned.

"I want to tell you how I built a church. There were a great number of spars, and masts, and ships' timbers scattered along the beach, belonging to nobody; they had been washed ashore from wrecks; so I thought of these. I would have a church. I told my plan to some of my people, and they approved of it. So I called the people together to help build.

"They came in great numbers, eager to help. When gathered they said, 'Who is going to boss this job?' 'I am going to boss it myself,' I said; and so I off with coat, and they did the same, and went to work, and the way the spars and timbers flew into position was a caution. In thirty-two minutes by the watch after we had commenced, we had a church built capable of holding and seating 1,000 people. I preach in that church every Sabbath afternoon at 5 o'clock, and the thousand seats are filled. Some have proposed to put a roof on it, but I won't have it. The sky is the sounding-board of my pulpit, and I want nothing better.

"I speak very plainly to the ungodly among the people—terrible sermons—so that I am almost scared myself. I charge home upon them all that they are short of perfect righteousness through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. I hold up to them what they are and what they ought to be, and with all the force I can I depict their certain and eternal ruin unless they repent. And my appeals are not in vain; many do turn to the Lord.

"Mine is the best church I ever saw in my life. They are the poorest and most ignorant I ever saw. They are called 'conchs,' 'crackers,' 'spongers,' 'fishers,' etc.; but they have the love of Jesus and the power of the Holy Spirit among them. Their life is hard, poor, and ignorant; but they accept a full gospel and a high standard of holy living. Their prayer-meetings are meetings of great power. A grand place to preach in is my 5 o'clock preaching church. It makes you feel as if you had full swing. Many hard characters have had legions of devils cast out of them. These men go out to do good as soon as they are born again. I tell them I would not give two bits for a Christian who would not try to make somebody else a Christian. I love these people, and I hope to live and die with them."

The speaker spoke with great vehemence and power, and the meeting hung upon his words.

Are we on the eve of a great religious revival during the coming fall and winter? Many think so. Many are praying for a mighty baptism of the Holy Spirit. Churches are reporting revivals. Many say, "Pray for us that God would send the heavenly rain." Many are thirsting and crying to God, "Lord revive us."

A WORD FOR OUR WIVES.

There is an old proverb which reminds us that

"Man's work's from sun to sun;
But woman's work is never done."

Like a good many other old proverbs, it must be taken with a bit of allowance; and yet it has a substantial basis of truth. A good many men of our acquaintance cannot compress the toil required of them into the proverbial period "from sun to sun." It would be better for them and for their generation if they could. But the number of women who are in this sad predicament is vastly in excess of the number of the men—possibly there are ten women to establish the validity of the proverb, where there is one exceptional man to call it in question.

The wife of a man who is not the possessor of a competence, if she be at all faithful to her husband and children, must be busy, with head, heart and hands, from early morning till late at night. The problem of "making both ends meet" devolves very largely on her for solution, and it entails upon her a work which is—most emphatically—never done. No sooner is one emergency provided for than another presents itself. No sooner is one day's toil accomplished than another must be planned. The husband, on his return from the farm, the workshop or the office, can, in most cases, give his evening to the newspaper, or, if too weary for that, settle himself for a quiet doze; while for the wife there are stockings to mend, or bread to mix, or child to nurse, or some other of the thousand and one incidents of housekeeping to be attended to.

And woman's work is not only unintermitted—not only exhausting because of its excessive duration: it is exhausting in that it taxes, equally and at the same time, all the faculties of the worker. The brain must be as active in devising expedients to meet unforseen emergencies as that of the merchant or the statesman. The body must be taxed as severely—in proportion, of course, to its capacity to endure fatigue—as that of the farmer or the blacksmith. And, in addition to all this, the emotional nature must be constantly excited—the true wife must, and will, put her whole heart into her work, feeling with and for her husband and children in all their joys and sorrows; but bearing her own burden of petty household cares unaided.

All this wear and tear of body, mind and heart is on little things. All the trials met are little trials, in which the patient toiler can hardly venture to ask for sympathy—save from those similarly situated, who have their own cares to coodle. All the burdens borne are—take them one by one—little burdens, for which the burdened housewife can hardly venture to demand a helping hand. And the triumph—if patient industry does triumph—is a little triumph. What has the worn and weary toiler to show for all her work and worry but children neatly clad, meals served promptly and attractive, and house swept and dusted? And that—why, if anybody notices it, she will seem to have done no more than her duty—no more than is to be reasonably expected of the wife and mother; but, ten to one, the children will pass from a condition of spotless cleanliness to one of rents and dirt every day in the week, the meals be promptly served and as promptly eaten, the house be swept and dusted and in the same day littered from garret to cellar, for a succession of years, without any one's noticing it. The achievements of man are—not infrequently—grand in their individual proportions, and sufficiently enduring to command, in the long run, respect. The work of a true woman—arduous as it is in the aggregate, and richly as its successful prosecution demands the meed of praise—fails of recognition because, at any given time when her work falls under inspection, she seems to be busying herself with mere trifles.

If the view that we have taken of woman's work be correct, no wonder that some women are begging to be excused from it, and seeking an opportunity to win, by less arduous and protracted toil, the honors and emoluments that are now pretty much confined to men. But the noblest and best of the sex do not demand this: and this demand, if conceded, would be fatal to the existence of the family. Woman must still toil on as she has toiled on for ages, bearing those little burdens, making those little sacrifices, suffering those little pangs which are the price of a quiet and well-ordered home. Every true woman is willing to do this; but she longs for an appreciation, a sympathy, a helpfulnesss to which she is justly entitled, and which would be oftener accorded her if the husband realized how hard a time his wife has.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

A BRAVE DEED.

Translated from the German by Annie Richter.

An English vessel, commanded by Captain Richardson, was overtaken by a violent storm near the port of Danzig. To the superior seamanship of the captain, and the exertions of his brave men, the vessel succeeded in reaching the port in safety. Another vessel was not so fortunate; it was thrown on a sand bank, and the sixteen men who were in it expected instant death and a watery grave.

Captain Richardson saw their danger, but his own vessel was disabled, and his men exhausted by fatigue and terror. Hence it seemed impossible to turn back and rescue the unfortunate men on the stranded vessel. But this noble man would not see his fellow-beings perish thus; so he hastened to the captain of another vessel, which lay at anchor, to entreat him to fulfil his duty to his fellow-men and assist him in saving the wrecked. This man, however, belonged to the class who care only for themselves, and have no sympathy for the sufferings of others. Thus all entreaty was in vain; the most touching representations could not induce this hard-hearted man to expose himself to danger in order to save his fellow-men. Having refused his personal aid, he also refused to lend Richardson his life-boat, for which the latter asked him, as his own was neither very large nor safe. "For," said he, "it may be lost in the storm."

Filled with indignaation at such inhumanity and selfishness, Richardson returned to his own vessel and thus addressed his men: "Friends, have you sufficient strength and courage, as well as faith in God's assistance and protection, to do a deed of charity? See the unfortunates yonder, they are near death! Whosoever has a heart, follow me!"

With these words he sprang into the life-boat, and six sailors followed him. Rowing as rapidly as possible through the foaming waves, they at last reached the stranded vessel. But only six persons could find room in the small boat. The first six were safely landed, then others in their turn were brought ashore. Tears of joy and gratitude were shed by the rescued; they knew not how to express their thanks to their deliverers.

But Richardson needed not their thanks to make him happy; neither gold nor silver could have recompensed him for the joy he felt in his heart. Among the rescued was a wealthy merchant from Smyrna, in Turkey. On the following day he called on Richardson, and in order to prove his gratitude, desired to present to him 1,000 ducats. "What is the money for?" asked Richardson.

"For you, my deliverer," replied the merchant, "accept it as a small token of my gratitude."

"For me, for me?" inquired Richardson, "the Lord defend me, do you think I helped you for money?" As the merchant continued his entreaties, urging Richardson to accept it, the latter kindly said: "How large are your possessions that you are able to make such presents?"

"Large enough to keep you and your crew above want without impoverishing myself," replied the merchant.

"In that case," said Richardson, "I will accept the gift. Hereupon he took the money, called to the sailors to come on deck and distributed it among them, retaining none for himself. While the ship's crew shouted for joy the merchant cried.

"What ails you?" asked Richardson.

"I grieve," said the merchant, "that the man to whom I owe my life disdains my appreciation of his goodness."

"There you are in error, it was not from vanity that I divided your generous present, but because the sailors need the money more than I, and without their aid I could not have saved you."

"And did you suppose that I had forgotten them?" Here the merchant pointed to a second purse, "this was intended for them; but, alas, I see that you despise my gratitude."

"I tell you, truly," answered Richardson," "I do not despise it."

"Then accept this," pleaded the merchant, and drawing a costly ring from his finger, he offered it to Richardson, who at last accepted it.

AN INTERESTING CASE.

"Let me go, for I am a Christian and prepared to die, and you are not."

During the terrible flood of 1870, in the Shenandoah river, West Va., that swept before it some fifty buildings at and near Harper's Ferry, and caused to perish forty-six persons, the following touching incident occurred. It was related to me by the mother of the man whose Christian wife uttered the words quoted above:

It was night. Mr. S. and his wife sat by the window of their dwelling watching with intensest interest the rising of the waters, and hoping in vain for a timely abatement of the same. At length, portions of the building they were in gave way, and it was evident that longer delay must hurl them, together with their crumbling tenement, to utter destruction. Then, grasping firmly his wife with one hand, they dropped into the foaming current, the husband struggling heroically to keep his wife above the waves, and gain a point of safety with his precious charge. The rush and roaring of the waters were most terrific. But little progress was made in the direction of the shore, and when they had reached a point from one fourth to one half a mile down stream, believing that her husband as well as herself, must perish, if he continued his efforts to save her, with wonderful deliberation she said to him, "Let me go, for I am a Christian and prepared to die, and you are not!"

Her body sank in death, but her pure spirit rose to glory, we can not doubt. Mr. S., sometimes under water and sometimes on the surface, barely succeeded in maintaining his hold on life until, nearly a mile below the place of his residence, and much exhausted, he caught on the roof of another building and the next morning was rescued from his perilous situation.

This thrilling event impresses us with the value of a good hope for the future.

A. H. Morrell.

Harper's Ferry, West Va., June, 1871.

A BOY TO SUCCEED.

A few years ago a large drug firm in Boston advertised for a boy. The next day the store was thronged with applicants, and among them a queer-looking little fellow with his aunt, who took care of him. Looking at the poor boy, the merchant promptly said, "Can't take *him*—places all full; besides, he is too small."

"I know he is small, but he is willing and faithful." There was a twinkle in the boy's eyes which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm promptly said, he "did not see what they wanted of such a boy—he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider. The boy however, was allowed to stay, and set to work.

Not long after a call was made on the clerks in the store for some one to stay all night. The quick offer of this little fellow was in strong contrast to the backwardness of the others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and found him quite busy scissoring labels.

"What are you doing?" he asked. "I did not tell you to work nights."

"I know you did not tell me to," said the boy, "but I thought I might as well be doing something."

In the morning the cashier got orders to double the boy's salary, "for *he is willing.*"

Only a few weeks passed before a show of wild beasts went through the streets, and quite naturally all hands in the store rushed to see it. A thief saw his chance, and entered the rear door to snatch something, when he suddenly found himself grabbed by the young clerk and pinned to the floor. Not only was this robbery prevented, but things taken from other stores were found on him.

"What made you stop behind to watch when all the rest quit their work to look?" asked the merchant.

"You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay," said the lad.

Orders were immediately given once more, "Double that boy's wages because he is willing and *faithful.*"

Before he left the clerkship he was getting a salary of $2,500, and he is now a member of the firm. No boy or young man will be out of a place who does so.—*Child's Paper.*

UTAH.

On July 4th, at Salt Lake City, a serious conflict between the State and the Church was escaped by a hair's-breadth, and the supremacy of the United States laws over the decrees of the Mormon Church was for the first time fully vindicated. The Mormons expressed a determination to hold their parade July 4th, in spite of acting-Governor Black's proclamation, and the United States officials were equally determined to enforce the laws. Acting-Governor Black called upon Col. De-Trobriand, commanding at Camp Douglass, and troops were prepared for service. A conference was held, on Monday, between the United States officials and the Mormon leaders, who were told that, if the Nauvoo Legion paraded on the 4th, they would be dispersed with powder and ball. The Mormons, the next morning, backed down, and the order calling out the Legion was countermanded. The United States troops were, however, moved to the city as a precautionary measure. This had an effect on the militia officials, who at once took measures to prevent the militia from appearing armed. Those who could took off their uniforms and appeared in civilian attire. The streets were soon cleared of the armed Nauvoo men, who had flourished very extensively in the early hours of the morning. Those who had come in from the country and could not throw off their uniforms, were distributed in the procession so that they did not show. In addition to the military the United States marshal had sworn in a large number of deputies, and there were two or three thousand miners ready to sustain the authorities. If a fight had occurred it would have been bloody but disastrous to the church. A significant fact connected with the affair was the absence of Brigham Young, although he was officially announed as the president of the day in the Mormon celebration.

VARIETIES.

The intoxication of anger, like that of the grape, shows us to others, but hides us from ourselves.

Out West when a notoriously lazy man is caught at work, they say he is meddling with industry.

Sin taken into the soul is like liquor poured into a vessel—so much of it as it fills it also seasons. The touch and the tincture go together.—*South.*

Forgiveness.—A little dumb boy was asked what forgiveness was, wrote upon his slate the following reply: The odor which violets breathe out when trampled upon.

Give without grudging. It is not enough that you simply give. You must do it beautifully. Your generosity must not be clownish. It must be fine. It must be noble. We are to be *easy to be entreated.*—*Beecher.*

As when the sea-worm makes a hole in the shell of the pearl oyster the hole is filled up with a precious pearl, so when the heart is pained by an injury, forgiveness is the precious pearl that heals and fills the wound.

When the thief cannot break in at the door himself, he finds a child, and puts him through the little window, and then the great door is speedily opened. Thus do little sins open the door for a great sin.—*Spurgeon.*

You all know some true Christian. You have never, it is true, seen one who in everything come up to the Divine ideal. There is, and always will be, in some points, a falling short; yet you know that the Christian has a life in him which the world has not.

When we see men who are old and infirm, we sometimes say, "They look like disbranched trees;" but if God were to touch our eyes, and reveal to us the companies of angels that surround such venerable, waiting saints, we should never think that they were solitary, or impoverished, or to be pitied.—*Beecher.*

An eccentric wealthy gentleman stuck up a board in a field on his estate, upon which was painted the following: "I will give this field to any one who is contented." He soon had an applicant. "Well, sir, are you a contented man?" "Yes, sir, very." "Then what do you want with my field?" The applicant did not stop to reply.

Fuseli, the painter, had a great dislike to the species of conversation known as "tattle." Once, when sitting in his room among some trifling visitors, who were discussing the weather and such like interesting subjects, he burst forth with a—"We had pork for dinner to-day!" "Dear! Mr. Fuseli, what an odd remark!" exclaimed one. "Why," replied he, "it's as good as anything you've been saying for the last hour."

Not too young.—A little boy asked his father if he might join the church. His father thought him too young. "But Jesus has promised to carry lambs in his arms, father," said the child. "I am only a little boy, and it will be easy for Jesus to carry me." Ah, we must not forget that since the Lord took little children in his arms and blessed them, we must not forbid them the sheltering arms of his church.

Much in Little.—A little Irish girl about six years old, living in Massachusetts, was lately telling some of her schoolmates—children of Protestant parents—what great things the priest could do. "Why," said she, "if he wished, he could turn a man to stone!" The other children laughed, and said, "We don't believe it." "Well," was her reply—beautiful for its simplicity—"if I were you I wouldn't believe it, but *I've got to.*"

Boasting.—What insanity it is to boast in any but in our Lord Jesus! How foolish are they that are proud of the beauty of their flesh—worms' meat at the best! How foolish are they who are proud of their wisdom! The wisdom of which a man is proud, is but folly in a thin disguise. How foolish are they that are vain of their wealth! He must be a poor man who can think much of gold. He must be a beggar indeed who counts a piece of dirt a treasure. They that know Christ always value these things at their right estimate, and that is low indeed.—*Spurgeon.*

To Know Christ.—To know Christ is the best of all philosophy, the highest of all sciences. Angels desire to look into this; but I do not know that they care a fig for half the sciences so valued among men. If you know Christ, you never need be afraid of being ashamed and confounded whatever company you may be in. If you stood in a senate of emperors, or amidst a parliament of philosophers, and only told them of the God that came in human flesh, and loved, and lived, and died to redeem mankind, you would have told them a greater mystery and a profounder secret than reason could discover. Be not ashamed, then, amid the intellectual pride of this boastful age.—*Ib.*

By the light of reason we cast a sort of glaring illusion around ourselves; but if confided in, it tends only to obscure our vision of more exalted glories. Illuminate a town, the streets are light, while the heavens are lost in darkness; but when the day breaks forth, both the earth and the sky become visible. So the sparks of our own kindling, while they shed an artificial brilliancy for a short distance around us, involve the scenes above in shadows even darker than those of night; but if the "day-spring from on high" dawn in the soul, we have clear views both of earth and heaven. —*Rowland Hill.*

Dr. Dollinger Honored.—In a Convocation recently held at Oxford, England, the degree of D. C. L. was conferred by diploma on Dr. John Joseph Ignatius von Dollinger, of the University of Munich. The degree was advocated in an eloquent Latin speech by Professor Liddon, who expressed a hope that it would be carried unanimously. It was, however, opposed by Mr. Rogers, of Magdalen Hall, and the Principal of St. Mary Hall, who thought the present time inopportune. On a division, the degree was carried by sixty-five votes against sixteen. It was expected that Dr. Dollinger would have come to England to receive in person the distinction; but he is at present engaged in a work on the Papal Infallibility, which he is anxious to publish with the least possible delay, and he feels it his duty to remain at home during the crisis which his excommunication has caused through Roman Catholic Germany. The agitation caused by that excommunication is by no means allayed, and the bitterness of the opposing parties becomes greater every day.

FOR THE FARMERS.

EVENING AT THE FARM.

Over the hill the farm-boy goes,
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing,
The early dews are falling—
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Further, further over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"
Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day;
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plough;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,
The cooling dews are falling—
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!
Now to her task the milkmaid goes,
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Kowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farm yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling—
The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling—
"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So! so, boss! so! so!"
To supper at last the farmer goes,
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling.
The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose;
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes
Singing, calling—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

Cultivation of Onions.—When grown as a field-crop, the land should be level, comparatively free from stones or other obstructions, deep and mellow. The onion will grow best on such a soil when well drained, either naturally or by artificial means. Fall ploughing, throwing the land into twelve feet ridges, is advisable. In the spring an application of twenty to thirty two-horse loads of well rotted manure is spread broadcast and ploughed under. The ground is then ploughed, harrowed and sometimes levelled with a wooden roller before sowing the seed. An application of two or three hundred pounds of ground bones to the acre will benefit the crop.

The early running of the hand-hoe between the rows is the only way to do in growing onions for profit. If the weeds gain headway the cultivation will cost ten times what it otherwise would.

As soon as the rows are designated by the young plants, keep the scuffle and onion hoes active until the tops are large enough to give shade. Weeds appearing in the lines of the rows must be removed before they attain any size, by hand,—the boy carrying a knife with a curved point made for the purpose. The seed sown early in April, the crop will be ready to harvest in the latter part of August or the beginning of September. The onions are pulled out by hand, throwing three or four rows together and leaving them in this way for a few weeks, until they are dry enough to be stored,—when they are gathered, carted and placed on a barn floor or loft until marketed. If kept over winter they should be protected by a covering of straw or salt hay, before the cold weather sets in. Onions keep better with the tops left on, therefore they are not trimmed till a few days before sending them to market.—*Quinn's Money in the Garden.*

Strawberries for Next Year.—Some one writing with as much authority as if he had just risen from the perusal of Greely's "What I Know," says:

In order to secure a satisfactory crop of strawberries next year, it is necessary to begin preparations now. Layers, rooted in pots, may be planted even in the hot days of July or August; the plant will grow right on, and become sufficiently large to give a good crop next spring. Plants rooted in pots are not generally for sale by nurserymen, but there will be no difficulty in getting them done to order. Small pots, those known in the trade as verbena pots, are filled with good compost and sunk in the soil of the bed. The runner is placed upon the soil of the pot, and a clod of earth or a small stone is placed upon it to keep the wind from disturbing it until it is rooted. The plants should not remain so long in the pots as to become at all root-bound, but as soon as they are well rooted they should be turned out and planted in the new bed. The plant should be set in freshly stirred soil, and if the operation is properly managed, it will show no signs of having been disturbed.

Action of Potash on Fruit Trees.—Dr. George B. Wood, in a late communication to the American Philosophical Society, in Philadelphia, presented the result of certain experiments made by him upon the effect of salts of potassa when applied to grain and fruit-producing soils. In his view, the depreciation of the productiveness of apple, peach and quince orchards is due to the exhaustion of potash from the soil. Several of such orchards, formerly very valuable, but which had within a few years ceased to bear much fruit, on being treated with an application of wood ashes to the roots of the trees, became completely revived, producing full crops the following year. A still more striking effect was seen the second year, under a renewal of the application. He cited several other instances where the same results followed; in one case where an apple orchard, planted on an old orchard's site, which had never borne fruit, was made to produce a good crop by the application of ashes.