

# The Christian Visitor.

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1864.

## MADAGASCAR.

For the Christian Visitor.  
Suggested by Rev. John Armstrong's speech at the Annual Meeting of the New Brunswick Auxiliary Bible Society, St. John, New Brunswick, January 26th, 1864.  
Fair Nature here most lavishly has given  
Abundance to this Indian Ocean Isle,  
And woods and mountains, hills and valleys green,  
All meet the eye with smiling plenty crowned,  
Two Malages, with weary, anxious look,  
Have left a tedious hundred miles behind,  
And sought the stranger landed on their shores,  
To ask a favor humbly from his hands:  
And plead so earnestly for costly gems!  
Oh, no, not these. The Bible's what they crave,  
For though their country's rich in mineral wealth,  
This Pearl of greatest price—God's Holy Word,  
Has been prohibited in their Island home.  
But they had heard the sacred scriptures read,  
And some of "David's words" they long possessed  
In common with their families and friends,  
And cautiously unfolding they displayed  
A few worn pages of the "Book of Psalms."  
The good man wished this cherished relic his,  
And gave them a new volume in return,  
Which they received with joy well known to those  
Who've hungered for the bread of life in vain  
Through weary years of persecution's fires.  
What Christian heart can contemplate this scene  
Without emotion deep! A barbarous Queen,  
Through a long reign, had blindly tried to crush  
The pure religion spreading through her realms;  
And cruel death, or slavery, was the fate  
Of many faithful followers of the Lamb.  
But still the heavenly flame was not put out;  
Its Sovereign Author destined it to live—  
His Holy Word was in their souls enshrined—  
His was the work—to Him be all the praise.  
The wicked tyrant's fell career has closed,  
And once succeeds, not to the Truth opposed;  
The precious gospel can be heard once more,  
On Madagascar's fair and fertile shore.  
LIZZIE.  
Canal, C. C., June 1864.

## A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF THE MALAGASSEE MISSION.

By AT A BAPTIST MONTHLY MEETING CONCERT,  
AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS., ON MAY 1st, 1864.

Interesting as are the physical features of the Island of Madagascar, its productions, whether animal, vegetable, or mineral; interesting as are the history, customs, religion and language of its people, we shall be able in this essay to give them but a passing glance; for much more interest attaches to the history of the introduction and spread of the gospel in the Island, and to the cruel and bloody persecutions which have fallen upon those who have forsaken idols for the worship of the true God.  
After having rapidly reviewed the history of the country previous to the introduction of christianity, and having noticed the manners, customs, and religion of the people only in so far as is necessary for the clear understanding of the subject, I propose to devote this essay to a sketch of the Malagassian mission.  
Madagascar, one of the largest islands of the globe, lies a few hundred miles off the eastern coast of Africa, in the Indian ocean, and almost wholly within the tropic zone. In area, it is equal to France, Belgium, and Holland united. It is especially noted for its mineral productions. Its population is about 2,000,000, consisting of two separate races, the Hovas, a people of an olive complexion, and with straight or curly hair, and probably belonging to the Malayan division of the human family, and the Sakalavas, who are dark featured, with crisped hair, and who belong to the Ethiopian division. The language spoken in Madagascar is the Malagassian, one of the Polynesian languages, but there are several dialects used in different parts of the island.  
The Malagassians are a people possessed of much intelligence and of considerable energy, as the progress they have made in civilization and the arts, since the introduction of christianity, fully shows. In moral character they are cruel, bloodthirsty, ambitious, and intemperate, but there are no traits in their character more prominent than lying and deceit.  
In religion they are, like all Eastern nations, idolaters. Of a God, a great Spirit, the Father and the Ruler of all things, they have no conception. The phenomena of Nature they attribute to the gods, or charms, and they believe in fate, a destiny, firm and unending, by which everything is brought about. They have no idea of the soul, as a spiritual, invisible, and immortal part of man. There is no word in the Malagassian language to express it.  
Idols are numerous, counted all powerful and worshipped with prayer and sacrifice. From them they ask favors, and in times of calamity they seek to appease their faceted wrath by offerings. They are usually kept from public gaze; but, at times, fixed on the top of a long pole, and wrapped in velvet, they are carried about in solemn procession. There is little of interest in their religious services.  
The common mode of trial of persons suspected guilty of offences is by ordeal. There are several ordeals; but the most common is that of the tangena. The accused is compelled to drink a liquid prepared from the tangena fruit. Taken in certain doses it causes vomiting, in others it acts as a virulent poison and causes death. If the accused dies under the ordeal he is guilty; if not, he is considered to be innocent.  
The tangena is, in the hands of the sorcerer, a dangerous weapon, for it is in their power to so regulate the dose administered as to cause the death of the person undergoing the ordeal, or to set him free, as they may desire.  
The Queen Ranavalona, of whom we shall have hereafter to speak, soon after her accession to the throne, caused a general purification of her country to be made, by means of the tangena, and hundreds fell victims to the poison.  
In the early part of the 18th century, the Indian ocean was infested by pirates, who committed such depredations on European ships, that a combined force was sent out by European nations to put a stop to their ravages. Compelled to give up piracy, they entered into the slave trade. They had already made some settlements on the island of Madagascar, and had been looking upon with much favor by the natives; but they now began to stir up strife among the chiefs of the island, exciting civil wars in order to get possession of the prisoners, who were sold to them in slaves. Thousands of the natives were thus made captives, many being carried to America. Slavery had long existed in the country, but in a comparatively mild form. In some cases, a dreadful scourge was used, and the captives were sold to the

## reigned. It has been computed that from 3 to 4,000 Malagassians were, yearly, during the continuance of the slave-trade, carried away from the island as slaves.

Early in the present century Madagascar came under British influence, and efforts were put forth by that nation to secure the suppression of the slave trade. Radama was at that time king of the island. He was a man celebrated for his great ability and liberal ideas, a man of superior mental power, apt to learn, and desirous of furthering the interests and of bettering the condition of the people under his rule. In 1818 Radama was influenced by Sir Robert Farquhar to send two of his younger brothers to the Mauritius, there to receive a European education. They were placed under the charge of Mr. Hastie, with whom they returned to the island, at the close of the year. Just before their return, Mr. Le Sage was sent by the British Government to the court of Radama to make a treaty with him, securing free intercourse between the two nations. His mission was successful.  
Mr. Hastie was received with great honor by the king, who had a house built for him at the capital. The first endeavor was to induce the king to put an end to the slave trade. Radama was convinced of the conclusiveness of the arguments brought to bear upon him; but he hesitated long, for it was the great business of the people, the source of their gains, and it was a great and dangerous step to put an end to the traffic. At last, however, in consideration that the British government should pay him a certain sum annually, to make up for the loss in his revenue, he entered into a treaty with the British government, decreeing the abolition of the slave traffic, which treaty was finally arranged in October, 1820.  
In 1818 Missionary operations were commenced in the island, by Messrs. S. Bevan and D. Jones, who were sent out by the London Missionary Society. They visited Tamatave, a village on the East coast, where they established a school as an experiment. Delighted with the intelligence and docility of the pupils, and the interest manifested in the enterprise by the natives, they returned to the Mauritius for their families, and brought them to Tamatave; but Mr. Bevan died the same season, together with his wife and daughter, and the wife and daughter of Mr. Jones were cut down by the Malagassian fever, a disease very prevalent on the island, and particularly fatal to foreigners. Mr. Jones, himself ill, was obliged to return to the Mauritius.  
Immediately after the ratification of the treaty with the British government, Mr. Jones received messages from Radama, inviting him to come, with any other missionaries, and their families, to Tamatave, his capital—a large city in the interior of the island. Mr. Jones willingly complied with the request. The king received him kindly, and a school, composed of members of the families of the king and nobles, was soon established. In this school, called the Royal school, the king took great delight.  
About the latter part of the year 1821, a school for the common people was set up by Mr. Griffiths, who had come from the Mauritius, with some assistants, for this purpose. This school, under the royal patronage, met with great success.  
An event of great interest, the administration of the ordinance of baptism to the first Malagassian converts, took place on the 1st day January, 1822. About this time a letter was sent by Radama, by the hands of Prince Ratsifa, to the London Missionary Society, in which, after having stated the manner in which the missionaries had been received by him, he says:—  
"Therefore, gentlemen, I request you to send me, if convenient, as many missionaries as you may deem proper, together with their families if they desire it, provided you send skilful artisans to make my people workmen, as well as good Christians."  
"I avail myself, gentlemen, of this opportunity to promise all the protection, the safety, the respect, and the tranquillity, which missionaries may require from my subjects."  
"The missionaries who are particularly required at present are persons who are able to instruct my people in the christian religion, and in the various trades, such as weaving, carpentering, &c."  
Accordingly, the Rev. Mr. Jeffrey, and his wife were sent out, together with four artisans. The newly arrived missionaries began immediately another school.  
In September 1822, the first Malagassian church, established on the Congregational plan, was formed at Tamatave.  
All the schools in the capital were, in 1824, at the king's request, consolidated into one, called the "Missionary Seminary," while eight new schools were opened in the neighborhood of the capital. Altogether they numbered about 2,000 scholars. Radama passed a law enjoining attendance at school, and he punished those who disobeyed his command. Thus prosperously did the work go on. Under the patronage of the liberal-minded king, the men of God labored earnestly to instruct the Malagassian youth not only in those things which would tend to advance them in the scale of civilization and enlightenment, but in that better knowledge which would fit them for a life beyond this life. They did not confine their attention to teaching, but gave much time to preaching and conversing with the natives on the subject of religion. No wonder that rapid advancement was made in civilization and the arts, that men abandoned their idols, and that many came to love and to obey the true God.  
In 1826, Mr. Hastie, the agent of the British government at Radama's court, the friend to Madagascar, one who, during his residence there, had devoted his whole time and energy for the civilization of the country, a man beloved by the king, died, mourned by the king and people.  
The missionaries had long been working on the Malagassian language, reducing it to a grammatical form, and they had accomplished something already in translating portions of the Scriptures; but it was not until the year 1828 that printing was introduced, and the first Malagassian book was published.  
Thus far all had gone well, the opposition met with by the missionaries was as nothing. Their success was greater than they had hoped, and their prospects for the future were bright; but the good king Radama died, and the queen, Ranavalona, succeeded the throne. With the king's death came gloom over the prospects of the missionaries. Ranavalona was not a friend to the mission, and though she wished to have her people better than she, it was only that she might seem to be so. Events soon transpired which led her government to the christian religion, and she had intended to send with Great Britain, and dismissed the missionaries. In the first place, she ordered Mr. Jeffrey, and Mr. Bennett, one of the missionaries, to leave the island. Prince Ratsifa, an educated man of noble ability, was the only one who remained.

## together with his wife, who was Radama's eldest sister, and their son, who was heir apparent to the throne. Hatred to christianity, with the resulting opposition to the missionaries as religious teachers, gradually developed itself; but though the future looked dark, they did not despair, and they gave themselves earnestly to the doing of all that was in their power to advance the spiritual welfare of the people, feeling that the time for working might be short, and that the period of their labours might at any time be brought to an end by some hostile movement on the part of the government. They strove to prepare one sacred legacy to leave behind them in Madagascar, if they should ever be obliged to quit the island, a complete translation of the Word of God. Notwithstanding the Queen's dislike to it, the christian religion was still tolerated, a chapel was erected in the suburbs of the capital, multitudes listened attentively to the faithful preaching of the missionaries, and many gave their hearts to the Saviour.

On Sabbath, the 20th of May, 1831, Mr. Griffiths baptized twenty converts; a week after, Mr. Jones baptized eight more, and a native church was formed. Persecution of the native christians now began, amounting to but mere annoyance at first, but gradually becoming more and more bitter. Alarmed at the progress of christianity among its subjects, and at the many professions made of a belief in its teachings, and of disbelief in the idols, the government began to interfere with the church, forbidding some of the noble family, who were desirous of uniting therewith, to identify themselves with the christians. Then followed a prohibition of the use of wine at the sacrament of the Lord's supper, and an edict forbidding any of the members of the public school, or of the army, to profess Christ. Yet the word of God, preached by his servants, was listened to with deep attention, and the number of believers increased, books were printed in abundance, a new church was organized, and Mr. Freeman, who had gone to South Africa, returned with a Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson. At first the missionaries hoped that they would be allowed to preach and teach as before, but the edict to the schools and army were soon extended, and all the subjects of the Queen were forbidden to make a profession of the christian religion. Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson were obliged to leave the island, after having spent about a year at the capital. This was very discouraging, but it only stimulated the missionaries who remained to make yet greater exertions in preaching and publishing christian books, for which there was a great demand.  
(Conclusion next week.)

## THE BARLEY FIELD ON FIRE.

A SERMON, BY REV. G. H. SPURGEON.

"A'bsalom sent for Joab, to have sent him to the king; but he would not come. When he sent again the second time, he would not come. Therefore he said unto his servants, see, Joab's field is near mine, and he hath barley there; go and set it on fire. And Absalom's servants set the field on fire. Then Joab arose, and came to Absalom into his house, and said unto him, Wherefore have thy servants set my field on fire?"—2 Sam. xiv. 29, 31.  
You remember the historical narrative. Absalom had fled from Jerusalem under fear of David's anger; he was, after a time permitted to return, but he was not admitted into the presence of the king. Earnestly desiring to be restored to his former posts of honor and favor, he sought Joab to come to him, intending to request him to act as mediator. Joab, having lost much of his liking for the young prince, refused to do so; and, though he was sent for repeatedly, declined to attend at his desire. Absalom therefore thought of a most wicked but most effective plan of bringing Joab into his company. He bade his servants set Joab's field of barley on fire. This brought Joab down in high wrath to ask the question, "Wherefore have thy servants set my field on fire?" This was all that Absalom wanted; he wished an interview, and he was not scrupulous as to the method by which he obtained it. The burning of the barley field brought Joab into his presence, and Absalom's ends were accomplished.  
Omitting the sin of the deed, we have here a picture of what is often done by our gracious God with the wisest and best design. Often he sends for us, not for his profit, but for ours; he would have us come near to him and receive a blessing at his hands, but we are foolish, and cold-hearted, and wicked, and we will not come. He, knowing that we will not come by any other means, sendeth a serious trial—he sets our barley fields on fire, which he has a right to do, seeing our barley fields are far more his than they are ours. How few families without severe trials, hardly a person escapes for any long season without tribulation. With impartial hand, sorrow knocks at the door of the palace and the cottage. Why all this? The Lord, we know, "Dust not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men;" for naught; why can it be that he employs, as many frowning servants, and sendeth out so often, his使者 of the black rod? Wherefore can it be? Perhaps I may be able to give the fitting answer to this very proper inquiry, and it may be that I may be as servicable to the afflicted as the jailor was to Paul and Silas, when he washed their stripes.  
I. First of all, brethren, let us use the text with REFERENCE TO BELIEVERS IN CHRIST.  
My beloved brethren and sisters in Jesus Christ, we cannot expect to avoid tribulation. Your Saviour hath left you a double legacy, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace." You enjoy peace; you must not expect that you shall escape without the privilege of the tribulation. All wheat must be threshed; and God's threshing-floor witnesses to the weight of the fall as much as any other. Gold must be tried in the fire; and truly the Lord hath a fire in Zion and his furnace in Jerusalem.  
But you, beloved, have four very special comforts in all your trouble. You have first, this sweet reflection, that there is no curse in your cross. Christ was made a curse for us, and we call his cross the accursed tree, but truly Jesus hung upon it is the most blessed; and I may now say concerning the cross of affliction, "Blessed is every man who hangeth on this tree." The cross may be very heavy, especially while it is green, and our shoulders unused to carrying it; but remember, though there may be a ton weight of sorrow in it, there is not a single ounce of the curse in it. There was a time when you were under conviction of sin, when you thought you would rot in a dungeon or burn at the stake most cheerfully, if you could, but yet rid of the sense of God's wrath, and still you now become impatient! The wrath of God is the thunderbolt which scathes the wick; and now that you are delivered from that tremendous power, you must be overwhelmed with the few showers and gentle dews which Providence sends you. A God of love inflicts no sorrow; he is as good when he chastens as when he caresses; there is no more wrath in his afflicting providences than in his best of mercy. God may seem unkind to unbelief, but his love is always as love in his heart.

## Oh! what a mercy that Sinai has ceased to thunder!

You have, secondly, another ground of comfort, namely, that your troubles are all apportioned to you by divine wisdom and love. As for their weight, he who weigheth the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance, takes care to measure your troubles, and you shall not have a grain more than his infinite wisdom sees fit. The devil may seem to be turned loose upon you, but remember he is a chained enemy. There is a tether to every trouble, and beyond that tether it can never stray.  
You have a third consolation, namely, that under your cross you have many special comforts. There are cordials which God gives to sick saints which he never putteth to the lips of those who are in health. God's vines owe more to the pruning-knife than to any other tool in the garden; superfluous shoots are sad spoilers of the vines. But even while we carry it, the cross brings present comfort; it is a dear, dear cross, all hung with roses and dripping with sweet smelling myrrh. Rutherford seemed at times in doubt which he loved best, Christ or his cross; but then, good man, he only loved the cross for his Lord's sake! Humble souls count it a high honor to be thought worthy to suffer for Christ's sake. If ever heaven be opened at all to the gaze of mortals, the vision is granted to those who dwell in the Patmos of war and trouble. Furnace-jobs glow quite as warmly as furnace-flames. Sweet are the uses of adversity and sweet are its accompaniments when the Lord is with his people.  
"Mid the gloom, the vivid lightning  
With increasing brightness play;  
'Mid the thorn-brake beautiful snows  
Look more beautiful and gay.  
So, in darkest despondencies,  
Doth my faithful Lord appear,  
With his richest consolations  
To reanimate and cheer!"

But then, and this is the point to which my text brings me, and all I have already said is going astray from it, you have this comfort that your trials work you lasting good by bringing you nearer and nearer to your God. My dear friends in Christ Jesus, our heavenly Father often sends for us and we will not come. He sends for us to exercise a more simple faith in him. We have believed, and by faith we have passed from death unto life, but our faith sometimes staggers; we have not yet reached to Abraham's confidence in God; we do not leave our worldly cares with him, but like Martha, we cumber ourselves with much serving. We have faith to lay hold upon little promises, but we are oft-times afraid to open our mouths while though God has promised to fill them. He therefore sendeth to us. At another time he calls us to closer communion with himself. We have been sitting on the door step of God's house, and he bids us advance into the banquet hall and sup with him, but we decline the honor. He has admitted us into the inner chambers, but there are secret rooms not yet opened to us; he invites us to enter them, but we hold back. Jesus longs to have near communion with his people. This is that which gives him "to see of the travail of his soul, and to be satisfied." It must be a joy for a christian to be with Christ, but it is also a joy to Christ to be with his people, for it is written, "His delights were with the sons of men." Frequently the call is, to more fervent prayer. Do you not feel in yourself, at certain seasons, an earnest longing for private prayer? You have felt as if you could not be at ease until you could draw near unto God and tell him your wants; and yet, may be, you have quenched the Spirit in that respect, and still have continued without nearness of access to God. Ah, brethren! we are verily guilty here, the most of us. The Master saith to us to pray, and we will not come. Often, too, he calls us to a higher state of piety. I am persuaded there are christians as much in grace beyond ordinary christians, as ordinary christians are beyond the profane. There are heights which common eyes have never seen, stars less scaled. Oh! there are nests among the stars where God's own saints dwell, and yet how many of us are content to go creeping along like worms in the dust! Would that we had grace to cleave the clouds and mount into the clear blue sky of fellowship with Christ! We don't serve God as we should. We are cold as ice when we should be like molten metal burning our way through all opposition. We are like the burning Sahara when we should be blooming like the garden of the Lord. We give to God, peace when he deserveth pounds, nay deserveth our hearts' blood to be coined in the service of his church and of his truth: O, brethren, God offereth us to higher degrees of piety, and yet we will not come.

## A PARABLE.

"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not sown."—Jer. li. 5.  
It was spring. A little seed lay in the warm ground. In the air above, the birds sang their spring songs. The green grass began to clothe the earth with its spring garment. It was the time of nature's great revival.  
To this little seed went messengers.—His sun with gentle warmth irradiated it, saying, "Burst into life, little seed, burst into life." His warm rains fell upon its hiding place, saying, "Burst into life, little seed."  
"To-morrow," said the little seed, "to-morrow." To-morrow came. And again the warm sun renewed its kind message, and the spring rain its invitation unto life, and again the seed replied "to-morrow."  
So passed May. Every day brought a new invitation. Every day was marked by new delay. June came and went. July the rain no longer fell. The sun shone alone, but upon an earth hard and dry for reason of the summer heat.  
Then at length the seed awoke from its inaction. "Now," it said, "I will begin to live. Now I will bring forth germ, stalk, leaf, and blossom."  
But now no rain fell to supply its thirst. No sun tenderly warmed it into life. The life giving period had passed, and the little seed had died, murmuring sadly, "Too late! too late!"  
"O you, dear reader, God's invitations come as often as the rain drops in the spring showers. Upon your heart, the radiance of a Saviour's love shines inviting to eternal life. To minister, to friend, to Saviour, and to God, your answer is ever the same—"To-morrow, to-morrow."  
But it will not be always saying: "God's Spirit shall not always staid with me."—The heart long shone on by God's love, but never answering it with upspringing life, grows hard and dry. And the soul which often says, "To-morrow," at length cries sadly, "Too late! too late!"—British Messenger.

## THE MOTHERLESS.

They are motherless! O gently, gently keep back those bitter words. Avert that cold, cruel stare. See you not the tearful eyes? Alas! that sorrow should ever make a child's heart his home. They are motherless! Stranger hands ministering to their daily wants; stranger hearts weeping of the irksome duty.  
No fond, sweet kisses of warm embrace! No gentle words of comfort and love! No soft folding of little hands! No mother!  
Missing the low, sweet cadence of her voice; missing that "good night!" Seeking, seeking all in vain, that ark for the weary dove—a mother's heart.  
Draw the little forms near to your breast. Pillow the aching head upon your bosom. Think of your sunny childhood—your mother's earnest love, her gentle care, her patient forbearance, her precious forgiveness. Then only in kindness let your hand rest on each honored little head; only in love prove that stricken little folk.  
O let yours be the hand that will lead them in the green pastures, and by the still waters of the precious Saviour's love! Let yours be the blessed benediction: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Remember their angels do always behold the face of our Father in heaven. Then, it may be that a child's hand may lead you to that heavenly home—a child's hand place the crown upon your head.

## NIAGARA OUDONE.

A detachment of troops recently scouting the valley of the Snake or Lewis fork of the Columbia discovered a waterfall which, it is said, is entitled to the distinction of being called the greatest in the world. The entire volume of Snake River pours over a sheer precipice one hundred and ninety-eight feet high, thirty-eight feet higher than Niagara. Snake River is full as large as the Niagara, and the cascade is one solid sheet of body. The locality of this immense waterfall is near the point designated as the great Shoshone or Salmon falls of that river, but they have always been enveloped in mystery. Almost a dozen years ago the writer passed along the Snake River road. For two days we heard the roar of these falls, but learned no more respecting them than if they had been in the moon. It was said that there was a series of falls and rapids, making a descent of seven hundred feet in seven miles, and the sound gave color to the report. For hundreds of miles across the great plain, Snake River flows through a canon, with vertical walls hundreds of feet high. It is only at long intervals that salient points are found by which the river can be reached. The road crosses from point to point of the bends, only approaching close to the river where there is a chance to descend for water. From these facts, very few, if any, of the tens of thousands of adventurers that have crossed the plains ever looked upon the great falls. The late discoverers report, besides the main cataract, many others of less height, varying from twenty to fifty feet each, near by. Some day they will be visited by the tourist and pleasure-seeker, and looked upon as frequently and familiarly as Niagara is to-day; and it will be admitted that, with the stupendous grandeur of their surroundings, they are as far beyond Niagara, as Niagara now exceeds the balance of the world.—Exchange.

## THE HUMAN FAMILY.

We get but a faint conception of the magnitude of this from statistics; yet is well to look at the figures which annually reckon up the vast sum total. Here is the present footing:  
Europe contains 202,000,000 inhabitants, Asia 720,000,000, Africa 89,000,000, America 200,000,000, and Polynesia, 2,000,000—total, 1,283,000,000. Of this crowd, about 32,000,000 die in each year, which is 87,671 a day, or 61 per minute. Another estimate shows that 36,627,843, 275,075,859 people have lived on the earth, since the creation.  
We let this calculation pass as utterly incomprehensible. But in the first there is a statement which any one can understand. It is, that there is a human death every second. Every tick of your watch tells of the fitting of an immortal soul to God who created and will judge it. What a thought to ponder, and to take into the circle of the motives which urge to prayer and effort for this world's salvation! One hardly dares to ask himself, how many of these accounts for the deeds done in the body are ready for the eye of that Judge of men. Every one ought to ask most solemnly and honestly, "Is mine thus ready?" Thirty-two millions of the human family will die this year!

## BUSINESS RULES.

An Eastern paper gives the following seasonable and excellent rules for young men commencing business:  
The world estimates men by their success in life, and by general consent, success is evidence of superiority.  
Never, under any circumstances, assume a responsibility you can avoid consistently with your duty to yourself and others.  
Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this never reckon on the cost.  
Remember that self-interest is more likely to warp your judgment than all other circumstances combined; therefore, look well to your duty when your interest is concerned.  
Never make money at the expense of your reputation.  
Be neither lavish nor niggardly; of the two avoid the latter. A mean man is universally despised; but public favor is a stepping stone to preferment; therefore, generous feelings should be cultivated.  
Say but little—think much and do more.  
Let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is a friend in need.  
Keep clear of the law; for, even if you gain your case, you are generally a loser.  
Avoid borrowing and lending.  
Wine drinking and smoking cigars are bad habits; they impair the mind and pocket, and lead to a waste of time.  
Never relate your misfortunes, and never grieve over what you cannot prevent.  
POLITENESS.—If you have an enemy, and an opportunity occurs to benefit him, in matters great or small, act like a gentleman, and do him good service without hesitation. If you would know what it is to feel noble and "strong within yourself," do this secretly and keep it secret. A man who can act thus will soon feel at ease anywhere. It is said of Calot, an eminent French artist and engraver of the seventeenth century, that he was once slandered in a pamphlet by a certain nobleman of the court. At that time, to have one's portrait engraved by Calot was an object of ambition with the highest dignitaries of the kingdom, and it was attained by very few. Calot's answer to the injury was to publish a superbly executed likeness of his enemy, with an inscription setting forth his titles and great deeds. To this day the incident is cited as an instance of proud nobility of soul. Calot was in the highest sense polite.  
POLITENESS is shown by passing over the faults and follies of those whom you meet. Cultivate this especially towards relatives. The world is strewn in judgment of those who expose the faults of kindred, no matter what the provocation may be. Vulgar families are almost always at feud. It is not polite to detail injuries which you may have received from one, unless there exist some urgent necessity for so doing.  
PHYSIOLOGICAL FACTS.—The number of bones in the frame-work of the human body is 260, 180 of which are in the feet and hands, there being in each 27.  
The quantity of blood in adults is, on an average, about 36 lbs., which passes through the heart once in four minutes.  
Only one-tenth of the human body is solid matter. A dead body weighing 120 lbs, was dried in the oven till all moisture was expelled, and its weight was reduced to 19 lbs. Egyptian mummies are bodies thoroughly dried; they usually weigh about 7 lbs.  
The lungs of an adult ordinarily inhale 20 cubic inches of air at once, and if we breathe 20 times in a minute, the quantity of air consumed in that time will be 800 cubic inches, or 48,000 inches an hour, and 1,152,000 inches in a day, which is equal to eighty-six hogheads.

## Family Reading.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.  
—  
SPRING CONCERT.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.  
There's a concert, a concert of gladness and glee,  
The programme is rich, and the tickets are free,  
In a grand, vaulted hall, where there's room and  
space to spare,  
With no gas lights to eat up the oxygen there.  
The musicians excel in their wonderful art,  
They have compass of voice, and the gamut by  
heart;  
They have travelled abroad in the winter recess,  
And now 'tis a favor and privilege rare,  
Their arrival to hail, and their melodies share.

These exquisite minstrels a fashion have set,  
Which they hope you'll comply with and may  
not regret.  
They don't keep late hours, for they've always  
been told  
'Twould injure their voices and make them look  
old;  
They invite you to come if you have a fine car,  
To the garden or grove, their rehearsals to hear:  
Their chorus is full ere the sunbeam is born,  
Their music the sweetest at breaking of morn—  
It was learned at heaven's gate, with its raptur-  
ous lays,  
And may teach you, perhaps, its own spirit of  
praise.

## FARMER'S CROPS.

Now is the season for activity with farmers; and at no time in the history of this country has the prospect been so great for a large remuneration for agricultural labor as at present. Everything of farming production is selling readily in the market, and at the farmers own door, at almost fabulous prices, and the prospect is that produce will be still higher. Let every one in city and village, as well as those in the country, do something towards replenishing our exhausted store-houses. Let the professional man, the trader, the mechanic, all that have a patch of ground, see that it is cultivated; and if you have not a patch of your own, rent a piece, even if you have to go half a mile or double that distance. The walk or ride will do you good, and every dollar's worth of produce you raise with your own hands will add so much to the real resources of the country. And now while our brave boys have left their home endearments to stand between us and danger, we should see that their temporal wants in the field are supplied, as well as the wants of their families at home. And to meet these wants, the earth must be made to yield her increase; this she will readily do, if we are faithful to our duty.  
Now is the time for every farmer to be in earnest. See that every plot of ground, suitable for a crop is put to the test, and don't waste your time by trying foolish experiments. If your land is not adapted to the raising of wheat, and we have but little land in New England that is, put it to corn, oats, or anything certain of a yield. Don't curtail your farming operations because you lack for manure—scrape together all the manure you possibly can and put it where most needed. There are certain crops, such as corn for instance, that will produce well on by mauling; but potatoes, that most valuable of all crops, may be raised with little or no manure. Turn up the soil of an old piece of pasture, which now scarcely affords food for grasshoppers, mellow the soil up well by harrowing, drop in each hill a spoonful of plaster, or plaster mixed with wood-ashes, plant in good season, and our word for it, you will find in the fall a fair crop of nice meal potatoes, free from rot. Then again, beans, which are worth \$3 a bushel, and will be higher, can be raised on almost any soil, with no manure, save throwing on a few ashes or a little plaster as soon as they are up. We say then, rally, if you need a few days' additional help, hire, if you can, if wages are high, it will pay; but if you can not hire, turn out the boys, yea, the girls—light out door work will make them blooming and strong. Let no one feel that he or she is disgraced by doing what God designed from the beginning we should do.—Bideford Union.

## THE MOTHERLESS.

They are motherless! O gently, gently keep back those bitter words. Avert that cold, cruel stare. See you not the tearful eyes? Alas! that sorrow should ever make a child's heart his home. They are motherless! Stranger hands ministering to their daily wants; stranger hearts weeping of the irksome duty.  
No fond, sweet kisses of warm embrace! No gentle words of comfort and love! No soft folding of little hands! No mother!  
Missing the low, sweet cadence of her voice; missing that "good night!" Seeking, seeking all in vain, that ark for the weary dove—a mother's heart.  
Draw the little forms near to your breast. Pillow the aching head upon your bosom. Think of your sunny childhood—your mother's earnest love, her gentle care, her patient forbearance, her precious forgiveness. Then only in kindness let your hand rest on each honored little head; only in love prove that stricken little folk.  
O let yours be the hand that will lead them in the green pastures, and by the still waters of the precious Saviour's love! Let yours be the blessed benediction: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Remember their angels do always behold the face of our Father in heaven. Then, it may be that a child's hand may lead you to that heavenly home—a child's hand place the crown upon your head.

## NIAGARA OUDONE.

A detachment of troops recently scouting the valley of the Snake or Lewis fork of the Columbia discovered a waterfall which, it is said, is entitled to the distinction of being called the greatest in the world. The entire volume of Snake River pours over a sheer precipice one hundred and ninety-eight feet high, thirty-eight feet higher than Niagara. Snake River is full as large as the Niagara, and the cascade is one solid sheet of body. The locality of this immense waterfall is near the point designated as the great Shoshone or Salmon falls of that river, but they have always been enveloped in mystery. Almost a dozen years ago the writer passed along the Snake River road. For two days we heard the roar of these falls, but learned no more respecting them than if they had been in the moon. It was said that there was a series of falls and rapids, making a descent of seven hundred feet in seven miles, and the sound gave color to the report. For hundreds of miles across the great plain, Snake River flows through a canon, with vertical walls hundreds of feet high. It is only at long intervals that salient points are found by which the river can be reached. The road crosses from point to point of the bends, only approaching close to the river where there is a chance to descend for water. From these facts, very few, if any, of the tens of thousands of adventurers that have crossed the plains ever looked upon the great falls. The late discoverers report, besides the main cataract, many others of less height, varying from twenty to fifty feet each, near by. Some day they will be visited by the tourist and pleasure-seeker, and looked upon as frequently and familiarly as Niagara is to-day; and it will be admitted that, with the stupendous grandeur of their surroundings, they are as far beyond Niagara, as Niagara now exceeds the balance of the world.—Exchange.

## THE HUMAN FAMILY.

We get but a faint conception of the magnitude of this from statistics; yet is well to look at the figures which annually reckon up the vast sum total. Here is the present footing:  
Europe contains 202,000,000 inhabitants, Asia 720,000,000, Africa 89,000,000, America 200,000,000, and Polynesia, 2,000,000—total, 1,283,000,000. Of this crowd, about 32,000,000 die in each year, which is 87,671 a day, or 61 per minute. Another estimate shows that 36,627,843, 275,075,859 people have lived on the earth, since the creation.  
We let this calculation pass as utterly incomprehensible. But in the first there is a statement which any one can understand. It is, that there is a human death every second. Every tick of your watch tells of the fitting of an immortal soul to God who created and will judge it. What a thought to ponder, and to take into the circle of the motives which urge to prayer and effort for this world's salvation! One hardly dares to ask himself, how many of these accounts for the deeds done in the body are ready for the eye of that Judge of men. Every one ought to ask most solemnly and honestly, "Is mine thus ready?" Thirty-two millions of the human family will die this year!

## BUSINESS RULES.

An Eastern paper gives the following seasonable and excellent rules for young men commencing business:  
The world estimates men by their success in life, and by general consent, success is evidence of superiority.  
Never, under any circumstances, assume a responsibility you can avoid consistently with your duty to yourself and others.  
Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this never reckon on the cost.  
Remember that self-interest is more likely to warp your judgment than all other circumstances combined; therefore, look well to your duty when your interest is concerned.  
Never make money at the expense of your reputation.  
Be neither lavish nor niggardly; of the two avoid the latter. A mean man is universally despised; but public favor is a stepping stone to preferment; therefore, generous feelings should be cultivated.  
Say but little—think much and do more.  
Let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is a friend in need.  
Keep clear of the law; for, even if you gain your case, you are generally a loser