

Poetry.

TIRED OUT.

(Can any one tell who is the author of these delicate and tender lines?)

He does well who does his best;
Is he weary? let him rest.
Brothers! I have done my best,
I am weary—let me rest.
After toiling off in vain,
Battered, yet to struggle faint;
After toiling long, to gain
Little good with mickle pain,
Let me rest. But lay me low,
Where the hedge-side roses blow;
Where the little daisies grow,
Where the winds a-maying go;
Where the footpath rustics plod;
Where the breeze-bowed poplars nod;
Where the old woods worship God,
Where His pencil paints the sod;
Where the wedded thistle sings;
Where the young bird tries his wings;
Where the wailing plover sings,
Near the rattle's raving springs!
Where, at times, the tempest's roar,
Shaking distant sea and shore,
Still will rave old Boreas o'er,
To be heard by me no more!
There, beneath the breezy west,
Tired and thankful, let me rest,
Like a child that sleepeth best
On its mother's gentle breast.
—N. Y. Tribune.

Selections.

HERE AND THERE.

—A man may sit down with his conscience and yet be in very bad company.

—The people who don't think there is any honesty in the world have been studying themselves too closely.

—It's the same with men as with eggs, you can't tell whether they are good or bad till they're broke.

—If our religion is not true we are bound to change it; if it is true, we are bound to propagate it.—*Whately.*

—By the will of Jacob Persinger, of Roanoke county, Va., recently admitted to probate, Roanoke College will receive about \$10,000.

—The Madrid Catholic papers have resolved not to report cases of suicide, their belief being that such reports suggest the commission of the act.

—The Bible House at Constantinople keeps on sale 1,082 different books in eighteen Oriental languages, and an unprecedented inquiry prevails for all.

—Nothing will more mightily convince a man of the truth of religion than to mark the difference in one's feelings when he does a kind deed and when he does a mean one.

—During the last four years there have been 50 cases of cremation at Milan and 10 at Lodi—viz., 2 in 1876, 14 in 1877, 15 in 1878, and 29 last year. Three have already occurred this year.

—"When I was young," said Mrs. Scodwell to her little girl, "I used to love my dear mamma too well to act as you do." "And did your mamma," replied Bertie quickly, "used to be all he time telling you what she did when she was a girl?"

—Yang-Chin, celebrated in one of the Chinese odes on virtue, had a friend who brought him a bribe, saying, "It is now evening; take it, and no one will know it." Yang-Chin replied, "Heaven and earth know you and I know it. How can you say 'No one will know it?' And with this he refused the offer."

—M. Chavard, an old Catholic priest at Geneva, has resigned on the ground that after six years' efforts he dispairs of a Catholic reformation in its present hauds, the movement being without unity of doctrine or liturgy, and perverted to political ends. He intends to hold aloof from all the ological controversies.

—"Oh! how vain a thing is man, even in his best estate, while he is nothing but himself,—while his heart is not united and fixed on God, and he is disquieted in vain. How small a thing will do it! He needs no other than his own heart; it may prove disquietment enough to itself; his thoughts are his tormentors."—*Leighton.*

—When a man comes out from behind a green shutter wiping his mouth with his handkerchief, and runs against his astonished wife on the side-walk, and tells her that the place is a barbershop, and she looks up into his face with not a shadow of doubt in her love-lit eyes, ought that woman to be trusted with the ballot?—*Scientific American.*

—A congregation, anxious to get rid of their pastor, was considerably perplexed how to do it without hurting his feelings. After considerable discussion, they concluded to inform him they were obliged to reduce his salary. A delegation was appointed to wait on him and notify him of the fact. "Brethren," was his reply, "I have been with you in prosperity, and I will never desert you in adversity."

MAKE ROOM FOR CHRIST.

Could Martha have done a better thing than make room for Christ in her home? Sinner, can you do a better thing to-night than make room for Jesus Christ? It is the best thing you and I can do, in these hearts of ours, to make room for Him. The usurper came and crowded Him out; the world comes and crowds Him out; there is room enough in these hearts to take Him! Shall we not make room for Him? Shall we not unlock the door, pull back the bolts, and throw open the door and welcome, thrice welcome, the Son of God in these hearts of yours and mine. He will come. Then give him a welcome.

Oh, my children, will you not let Him come? Little children He will make your heart His home. What did He say? "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." Does the heart throb? That is Christ knocking. "I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door I will come unto him and sup with him and he with me." Oh, what a blessed truth that is: Christ coming down to dwell with man, to be your Saviour.

Dear young man, do you want a deliverer? Make room for Jesus Christ to-night. And you, young man in the gallery, do you want a Saviour? Make room for Him. Do you want a Redeemer to redeem you from the curse of the law? Make room in your hearts for the Son of God and He will come and break the power of sin in your heart, and give you the victory over your passions, over your lusts, over your depraved appetites, over your tempers, and over every besetting sin. He will set His love upon you, and raise you up at the last day as Lazarus was raised. That is only typical of what He is going to do; the time is coming when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear His voice shall come forth.

Yes, there is room in this world for everything but Jesus Christ; there is room for self; there is room for pleasure, for passion, for business, for making money; there is room for hate, for envy, for jealousy; there is room for every conceivable thing in these hearts of ours, but no room for Christ. He comes, young lady, knocking at your heart to-day. Will you say to Jesus, "There is no room for you here to-day, I am so full of pleasure of the world that I can not make room for you?"

As He comes, dear Father, knocking at the door of your hearts, will you turn Him away and say there is no room? Oh, let us be wise to-day and make room for Him; and He will make room for us up there. He goes to prepare a place for you and for me. He has gone to make room in heaven, and as you make room in your hearts, the order will go forth from the throne. "Prepare another mansion; get another robe ready; for another soul has come to the world of light." If you make room for Him down here, He will make room for you up there, in that pure and holy throng that gather around the throne forever and ever.

My friends, will you make room for Him? Will you look up and say, "Lord Jesus, I want to be thine; Lord Jesus, come and be mine; I want to dwell with Thee." Will you do it? You will make heaven glad if you do. There is not a thing a sinner can do to make heaven glad but that one thing; nothing will please Him like that; just recognized His love and His goodness, thank Him for His blessing, and see how quick the blessing will come to your own heart.

I was reading an account in a paper a few years ago of a mother that had an only child, a child that was idiotic; and one of her neighbors came in one day and found the woman weeping as though her heart would break. She asked her what was the trouble, and the woman said, "There is my child, for whom I have given up the world and society; I have spent fourteen years of my life with that child. I have refused to let her be taken and put into an institution; I have refused to allow my servants to take care of her; there has not been one night for fourteen years but that sometime in the night I have been up with that child; she has been under my special care for fourteen years, and after watching over her all that time, and caring for her, she don't know me from you or any other neighbor; if that child would just recognize me once it would pay me for all that I have done; but to think that my only child don't know me, don't recognize me, is just breaking my heart." O,

sinner, does not that apply to you? Think of the blessings you have received from God's loving hand; think of your life; think of your family; think of your family ties; think of all the blessings that you have received from a loving Saviour; and yet have never looked up to thank Him; you have never recognized Him once in all His goodness towards you.

Oh! may God break every heart in this house to-day; may the love of Christ reach your heart and mine as it never has reached it before. Let us make room for the Son of God: let us serve Him and follow Him.

To-morrow evening at 7:30 o'clock, we are going to have a meeting here for all those that want to make room in their hearts for Christ. I don't know how it is with you, but I never in my life had such a desire that Jesus Christ should take full possession of my heart; I want Him to have every corner of it; I want Him to have everything; I don't want to give the world a particle of it; I want to be wholly His. There may be some here who are not Christians, who are hungering to meet Him, and who will come as Christians to be consecrated to-morrow night. Let us lay ourselves upon the altar of God and re-consecrate ourselves to Him. If there is a lukewarm heart here; if there be a heart conformed to the world that the Lord has not blessed and has not used as He would like to, let us go to that meeting to-morrow night and re-consecrate that heart to God. Let us pray that the world and pleasure, and everything that is wrong, shall be turned out of that heart, and that Jesus Christ shall take full possession, and reign in our hearts without a rival.—*D. L. Moody, as reported in Southern Churchman.*

HINTS TO PARENTS.

Always speak in a pleasant voice. Teach your children how to work; how to obtain a living by their own efforts. Teach them the nobility of labor, that they may respect and honor, the producer.

Explain the reason why. The child is a little walking interrogation point.—To it all is new. Explain the reason. Your boy will some day repay this trouble by teaching some other child.

Teach your children the evil of secret vice, and the consequences of using tobacco and spirituous liquors; teach them to be temperate, orderly, punctual, prompt, truthful, neat, faithful and honest.

Encourage your child to be careful of personal appearance; to return every tool to its place; to always pay debts promptly; to never shirk a duty; to do an equal share, and to always live up to an agreement.

Teach your children to confide in you, by conference together. Tell them your plans, and sometimes ask their advice; they will thus open their hearts to you, and will ask your advice. The girl who tells all her heart to her mother has a shield and a protection about her which can come only with a mother's advice and counsel.

Give your children your confidence in the affairs of your business. They will thus take an interest, and become co-workers with you. If you enlist their respect, then their sympathy and co-operation, they will quite likely remain to take up your work when you have done, and will go ahead perfecting what you have commenced.

If you are a farmer, do not overwork your children, and thus by a hard and dreary life drive them off to the cities. Arise at a reasonable hour in the morning, take an hour's rest after meals, and quit at five or six o'clock in the afternoon. Let the young people, in games and other amusements, have a happy time during the remainder of the day. There is no reason why a farmer's family should be deprived of recreation and amusement, any more than others.

Teach your child the value of the Sabbath as a day for the spiritual improvement of the mind; that on the Sabbath morn the ordinary work of the week should not be resumed if it is possible to avoid it; that the day should be passed in attendance upon religious service of some kind, or exercise that will ennoble and spiritualize the nature. While rest and recreation may be a part of the day's programme, true philosophy dictates that the spiritual faculties of the nature should be cultivated by setting apart a portion of the time for their improvement.

Teach your children those things which they will need when they become men and women. As women they should understand how to cook, how to make a bed, how to preserve

cleanliness and order through the house, how to ornament their rooms, to renovate and preserve furniture and clothing, how to sing, how to play various games, that they may enliven the household. They should be taught how to swim, how to ride, how to drive, how to do business, and how to preserve health. The mother should early entrust money to the girl, with which to buy articles for the household, that she may learn its value. Think what a man or woman need to know in order to be healthy, happy, prosperous and successful, and teach them that.—*Hill's Manual.*

"ONLY LUKE IS WITH ME."

So wrote Paul in his letter to Timothy. It is readily perceived that the imprisoned apostle craved companionship. Grace does not destroy or weaken the social faculties of our nature. It tends to purify and exalt all noble sympathies. Paul was no hermit, fleeing from the face of his fellow-men, as if their presence was a contagion and their fellowship a snare. His desire for fellowship and sympathy comes out again and again in his busy and varied life. In part this is due to his need of fellow laborers that could supply the pressing needs of the wide mission field in which he labored and directed the labors of others. But, it is also true that his heart was hungry for trusted and true men that knew and loved him. How kindly always does he mention his helpers, both men and women. If he craved companions in the missionary fervor of his younger years, how much more when, as Paul the aged, he was in severe imprisonment, uncertain as to what the issue would be, with reason to dread the worst. Suffering pleads for sympathy. It is no wonder, therefore, that like his Master under the olive trees, Paul longed for the presence of old time friends. You catch the thrill of his rejoicing and gratitude as he speaks of Onesiphorus, "for he oft refreshed me, and was not ashamed of my chain. But, when he was in some, he sought me out very diligently and found me." "Do thy diligence to come before winter," breathes the painful yearning of his heart for Timothy, his own son in the gospel. God grant that when old age comes, with its infirmity and suffering, we may have loving friends to cheer and comfort us. May we never forget the gentle ministry of a thoughtful love to others. "Only Luke is with me." Then Paul keenly felt the desertion of others. Others had been with him. Some had departed on necessary work. Their absence brought sorrow without bitterness. But those that deserted him touched the quick of a soul singularly responsive and tender. "But Demas has forsaken me, having loved this present world." This same Demas had been joined with himself and the beloved physician in greetings to the Colossian church. Yea, he had been with Paul in his first imprisonment. Heavier than a chain must have been this forsaking, "this turning away from me."

Time and trials test as well as intensify even Christian friendship. Let us not be astonished if men fail, if faces that once brightened as we came, grow cold and hard, or are seen no more.

"Only Luke is with me." Then his misery was mitigated by mercy. Luke is with me. Probably the very best man that Paul could have with him. Let us make loving mention of the good our Heavenly Father sends. Let us sing of mercy and judgment. Paul spoke justly and with acerbity of those that had forsaken and done him much evil, but he does not rail at human treachery and disappointment. His noble nature never lost its truth. His loving heart was never touched by scorner's hate.

The wind that sweeps away the chaff leaves the richer grain. The once distressed Mark, who fell away at Perga, is now called for. It is pleasant in this immediate connection to have this expression of restored confidence in "Barnabas' sister's son." Such are the outcomes of life. Let us thank God and take courage. "Only Luke is with me."

Then God honors the faithful and the true. Luke, in a quiet, modest way, stood by his despised but ever dear friend and brother. He thought he was doing the simplest, most unobserved act. It was nothing, he could not do otherwise. But what an aureole of glory surrounds the faithful friend—a glory from the Master's hand. Churchly conizations have been for deeds of doubtful value, or alleged miracles more doubtful still. This honor comes from God, and for simplest deed of human love and brotherhood. "Only Luke is with me" is such honorable mention as the Cesar might never gain.—*Religious Herald.*

PERSONAL WORK FOR THE SALVATION OF SOULS.

In reading such books as the "Memoir of Harlan Page" and the Life of "Uncle John Vassar," we are impressed with their earnest, individual effort for the conversion of sinners. Harlan Page died at an early age, he was a laboring man, rather scantily endowed with mental strength, with but little education, &c. Still his life was a very useful one, and he expressed his gratitude to God, a short time before his death, that he had reason to believe his personal appeal to individuals had been blessed to the conversion of a hundred souls. How is this to be accounted for? Very easily. His heart was full of love to Christ and to the souls of men. He believed the Bible, what it says about the ruined condition of sinners, their exposure to the wrath of God, their perishing need of Christ as a Saviour, his ability to save to the uttermost, &c. As to these important matters he had no doubt, and, therefore, he labored by personal effort to lead sinners to Christ. He was profoundly in earnest. He saw eternity with its solemn realities just before him. All this may be said of "Uncle John Vassar." So active, so unwearied was he in his labors of love, so ready was he to speak of the great salvation "in season and out of season," that the epithet "crazy" was often applied to him. No doubt to men of the world, fully engrossed with the fleeting interests of time, he appeared to be "beside himself," while backsliders, in their coldness and apathy, by way of excusing themselves, tried to think him insane. No higher compliment was ever paid to the piety of John Vassar than when he was called "crazy." We are accustomed to apply this epithet to those who are not in sympathy and harmony with the masses of the people. Being in a small minority, they are put by the majority in lunatic asylums, and the stigma of craziness rests on them. John Vassar found the world opposed the God and neglecting the salvation of Christ. He found the masses of professed Christians lukewarm and comparatively dead. He saw sinners ready to perish and very few earnestly at work for their salvation. His soul was stirred within him. He embraced all opportunities of doing good, and when there were no opportunities, he created them. Winter and summer; spring and autumn, day and night he sought the salvation of souls with all the earnestness he was capable of feeling. He was unwearied in effort, and prayed to God without ceasing.

Such men as Page and Vassar are greatly needed now—men who are ready to do personal work for the conversion of souls—ready to come into personal contact with sinners of high degree and of low degree, and to beg them to accept the Lord Jesus as he is offered in the gospel. It is a bitter reproach to Christianity for any sinner, though the vilest of the vile, an outcast, of outcasts to be able to say in truth, "No man cared for my soul."

Let no brother or sister say, "I cannot descend to go into highways and hedges, into crowded streets and filthy alleys, into the cottages of the poor and into the garrets of the sick." Let not those redeemed by the blood of Christ think it a condescension to go among those for whom Christ died, and labor for their salvation. Personal work for the conversion of sinners is called for.—*Religious Herald.*

WHAT IS RELIGION WORTH?—In connection with the subject of giving Mr. Spurgeon tells the following anecdote:

A gentleman went round with a paper to raise the minister's salary. He went to a poor man who had attended the church twice, who put down £10. The gentleman asked if he did not mean 10s.

"Shillings!" said the man, "do you think that the spiritual benefit and comfort that a man gets from such a minister as ours through a year is only worth ten shillings! I reckon it to be worth a great deal more, but really I cannot afford to give more."

"Well," said the man who was collecting, to himself, "if this man can afford £10 I can afford £25."

He had never before given more than ten shillings. When a man gives sixpence, says Mr. Spurgeon, who is laying up thousands of pounds I can only consider that he forms a pretty accurate measure of the value of his religion. A man who was pulled out of the river by another, offered him fourpence.

"No, thank you," said the man, "I don't want to take your valuation of what you are worth."

Farm and Fireside.

HOW TO TRAIN A GRAPEVINE.

One of the old questions that is ever new, is how to train a grapevine. The books will tell you all about it. Oh yes, nothing easier. There is your renewal system, and your alternate system, and your Thomey system, and dear knows how many other systems, that look so simple and beautifully in the cuts; but when the ordinary man gets in front of a rampant vine that has had its own way in the past, he fails to see how any system will fit in. The fact is, to carry out any systematic training one must begin with a young vine and carry it through for several years.—With an old vine little more can be done than to prune out the old wood and get the young wood evenly distributed over the trellis. Our strong native vines refuse to be cramped by any of the close pruning methods, and go off in a rush of water-shoots when so hemmed in. The Delaware is one of the best to try experiments on, as it yields kindly to any treatment. Our vineyards have been in the habit of pruning back pretty closely, leaving only three or four eyes to shoot, but of late years they are leaving on more wood. Last fall a fruit grower from the Hudson River told us of a system in use in Ulster county which took its name from the man who first introduced it, a Mr. Kniffen. Only two wires are used on the trellis, and these are four and six feet from the ground.—The vine is first carried to the top wire; then four side shoots are grown and trained to the wires for permanent arms. These are kept about two feet long, and from them are grown the bearing shoots each year, four or five to each arm. These shoots are allowed to grow to their full length and hang down toward the ground. Each fall they are pruned back to a single bud and a new set grown the next year. This system has the merit of simplicity, and can be readily tested in the vineyard or with a few garden vines.—*Christian Union.*

PLOW UP THE FOWL RUNS.

Use the plow in the poultry yards.—If the premises are contracted spade up the earth thoroughly, so that the birds can have a spot of fresh earth to run upon or burrow in as the weather grows warmer.

If the fowl-house floors are not boarded over, these should also be cleanly scraped and similarly dug up, spade deep. And the same process may be gone over again and again to advantage for the next three months.

The benefit from this is two-fold—the newly turned-up earth is filled with worms that fowls will devour with gusto, and the top earth, that has been lying exposed for months, may thus be turned under, after the soil has been benefitted by the presence of the birds upon its surface all the winter.

The spading or ploughing of the grounds outside of the hen-house (where the runs are enclosed by fencing) is a necessity in the spring and summer. And the stock will quickly show their appreciation of this measure for their accommodation by rolling and rubbing themselves in the mellowed soil, and thus cleansing their bodies and under-feathers of the vermin that they may frequently have accumulated during the laying season. Nothing can be more grateful to the fowls at this time than this simple provision for their comfort.

And where their range is limited to close quarters, the frequent turning over of the soil will prove highly beneficial to them, as experience has amply proved.—*Poultry World.*

RUSTY TOOLS.—Rust can be taken off tools or any implements of steel by adopting the following process: Place the article in a vessel containing kerosene oil, or wrap the steel up in a soft cloth well saturated with kerosene; let it remain 24 hours or longer; then scour the rusty spots with brickdust. If badly rusted, use salt wet with hot vinegar; after scouring, rinse every particle of brickdust or salt off with boiling hot water; dry thoroughly; then polish off with a clean flannel cloth and a little sweet oil.—*Exchange.*

A farmer in Bangor, Me., noticing that wheat was being picked from the heads of standing grain, and finding flocks of yellow birds flying about, shot some of them. On opening their crops, he found only three grains of wheat and, by actual count, 350 weevils. It is better that farmers know whether they kill friends or foes.

TO REMOVE INK STAINS.—Wash the cloth thoroughly in milk, then in hot water, with soap, and the stains will very soon disappear.