

Every one is sowing, both by word and deed; All mankind are growing either wheat or weed; Thoughtless ones are throwing any sort of seed.

Serious ones are seeking seed already sown; Many eyes are weeping now the crop is grown; Think upon the reaping—each one reaps his own.

Surely as the sowing shall the harvest be— See what you are throwing over hill or lea— Words and deeds are growing for eternity.

There is One all knowing, looking on all day— Fruit to Him is flowing, feeling for the day— Will your heart be glowing in the grand array?

Ye that would be bringing sheaves of golden grain, Mind what you are flinging both from hand and brain, Then mind dngs singing you shall glean great gain.

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include the work which has been done by the Roman Catholics, or by the Greek Church.

In the Eastern District of the Cape of Good Hope the R. C. Bishop is about to found a Trappist Monastery, so as to start a model farm. The Boers in these quarters (writes a Jesuit priest) are nearly all Protestants; "They are all," he adds, as they say in Dutch, "van't onde geloof" (of the old faith), and they add: "Roomsche is van den duivel" (the Roman belongs to the devil). The Jesuits have taken charge of St. Adrian's College, which now has an attendance of forty boarders and one hundred and fifty externs, all of English or Irish extraction.

Some of the brethren who pray in meeting have an unpleasant habit of making statements. These they prefix with "Thou knowest. Oh Lord," or something of that kind. At the Fulton street prayer-meeting, N. Y., a few days ago a brother thus informed the Lord that this was the only meeting of the kind in the United States and that others ought to be established in all the big cities. The brother was short of information on this point, for in Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Baltimore and many other cities there are such meetings. Another brother rose to correct the misinformed stranger.

In a recent address, Mr. Spurgeon said that giving advice to would-be preachers was the burden of his life. Sometimes he tried to imitate the Delphic oracle, and give an answer that might be taken two ways. A man wrote to him lately that his master objected to his preaching, and asked him whether he should go on with it, and he wrote him this reply, "Dear Brother,—If the Lord has opened your mouth the devil cannot shut it; but if the Lord has not opened your mouth, may the devil shut it." This person said he felt encouraged by the answer.

Rev. Wm. M. Taylor thinks that a funeral is no place to pronounce eulogy on the dead. He says in this week's *Christian at Work* that "the whole custom of pronouncing a funeral oration comes to us from the French, and has in it not a little of the artificial and rhetorical for which as a nation they are remarkable. The discourses of Bossuet, Massillon and Bourdaloue, of this class, are not equal to their other productions. And the same thing is true in most of the funeral addresses which we have heard. The minister lacks spontaneity, and his words, when they are not personal eulogy, are either vague generalities or stereotyped commonplaces. In the circumstances, would it not be better to return to the simplicity of our fathers and substitute devotional exercises for a funeral address? What can we do better for a mourner than take him by the hand and lead him to Him whose name is a 'God of all consolation?'"

London Working Girls. Along the embankment between Blackfriars and Westminster the student of social science may on Sunday evening observe the most remarkable spectacle in Europe. There is not a city on the Continent, not even Vienna, in which anything like it can be seen. Under the gleam of the electrical lights thousands upon thousands of men and women are strolling, and it is easy to see that all of them belong to the humblest walks of life. It is no exaggeration to say that thousands of young girls may be seen wandering entirely unprotected by any male escort, and laughing, jeering, pushing, dancing, shouting, sometimes behaving in what the French would call an "unqualifiable manner." These are the work girls of London. Heaven help them! and they are so little conscious of their degradation that they seem to take a positive delight in it. "Do you suppose they are happy?" I asked an old Londoner. "Happy? They're pleased as Punch with what they call a lark! Lor' bless you, they don't think they're doing anything wrong. They're not brought up in a way to know much about the finer feelings, I can tell you." They see immorality all around them, and never know anything else themselves. If one of them remains reasonably pure, it is considered a great stroke of chance. They are ignorant as savages of ten thousand things which they ought to know for their own protection. They wander here by the river, talking sometimes in language which pen may not record. It is easy to see that many of them have been visiting the public houses, and by the time they reach the parental roof's protecting shadow some of them are oblivious of external circumstances. Large gangs of men and boys of all grades, from the coarse and dangerous villain in hob nailed shoes to the small city clerk with his too tight fitting clothes and the jargon of the counting house parade the broad sidewalks, now engaging in an amateur dance with some merry party of girls, now talking to other groups in language which would be insulting if they chose to consider it so; and now getting into a sound encounter at fistfights. A fight among the girls is not at all uncommon. And these are the future mothers of the working classes. These the creatures that must be in shop and market at sunrise and remain there until sunset, every day except Sunday. And what a use they make of their Sunday! Of course the fathers and mothers, careless and callous as the majority of them are, still would feel a certain compunction about allowing their daughters to wander through the streets alone until long after midnight, if it were not a custom which has become time honored. What percent of the working girls of London are thus exposed to every danger of a great metropolis, I do not know, but it must be very great. Judging from the language which one hears from these Sunday promenaders on the embankment, they have been touched by no moral influence whatever, nor by any aesthetic one, except that procured by a view of the public house walls, and the rows of lights around "Cleopatra's Needle."—*Edwards King in Boston Journal*

A certain man got mad at the editor and stopped his paper. The next week he sold all his corn at four cents below the market price; then his property was sold for taxes because he didn't read the sheriff's sales; he lost \$10 betting on Mollie McCarthy ten days after Ten Brock had won the race; he was arrested and fined \$9 for going hunting on Sunday simply because he didn't know it was Sunday; and he paid \$300 for a lot of forged notes that had been advertised two weeks and the public cautioned not to negotiate them. He then paid a big Irishman with a foot like a derriek to kick him all the way to the newspaper office, where he paid four years' subscription in advance and made the editor sign an agreement to knock him down and rob him if he ever ordered his paper stopped again.

The great difficulty of arguing some people out of a thing is that they have never been reasoned into it.

The celebrated pigeon roost in Scott County, Indiana, is now, as it has been for seventy-five years, the roost of millions of pigeons. They fly away in the morning to their feeding grounds, many of them going to such a distance that they do not return until midnight. The timber on thousands of acres covered by this roost is broken down badly, large limbs being snapped off like reeds by the accumulated weight of the birds. Thousands are killed nightly, but the slaughter seems to make no diminution in the vast flocks that congregate there.

The Edinburgh *Footman* says that Mr. John Allen, of Galashiel, a devoted aparian,

AROUND THE WORLD.

Interesting Gossip From the Mother and Other Countries.

Mr. E. E. Gellowski, of Grosvenor street, London, is executing a bust of the late Sir Louis Cavagnari.

The latest British emigration returns show that 55,019 persons emigrated in the last quarter—86,110 were English, 6,727 Scotch and 12,182 Irish.

Fifty thousand acres of land in Parker and Palo Pinto Counties, Texas, have just been purchased by a French capitalist for colonization purposes.

There is said to be a great rush of Burmese and Shan adventurers across the frontier into Siam, attracted thither by a reported discovery of an immense field of sapphires.

In view of the forthcoming meeting of the British Association at Swansea, it was resolved on the election of Mayor that the salary be £800 a year, instead of £300, which has hitherto been paid.

On Nov. 2 Dr. Ebenezer Henderson, F. R. A. S., died at Astral Villa, Muckhart, Dunfermline, Fifeshire, after a brief illness, at the age of seventy. The deceased gentleman was widely known.

During September 41 tons 5 cwt. of diseased fish were seized by the Fishmongers' Company at and near Billingsgate Market, London, and on board boats lying off that place. The fish numbered 65,698.

On Saturday week a female prisoner in the dock at Dublin threw a large stone, which she had concealed in her dress, at the presiding magistrate, without, however, doing any injury.

There are to-day more than 242,000 Government pensioners. The amount of the year's pension to all pensioners is \$25,493,742; but the actual payment is millions in excess, because the newly-admitted cases have arrears of pension due.

Mr. Sergeant Coxe, who lately died in England, was about the fifth largest newspaper proprietor in London. He owned the *Field*, which is immensely valuable; the *Queen*, also a splendid property, and a law journal, which has a large circulation.

At Oldham, England, last week an infernal machine filled with gunpowder and other explosives was found suspended to the door of a School Board officer named Nield. When Miss Nield opened the door the machine exploded and severely injured the young woman.

Lord Beaconsfield by no means shows himself high-minded when he twits the Irish in Parliament with living in garrets and subsisting on potatoes, which he calls "their native esculent in a baked condition." Thomas Carlyle once at a grand dinner declined to eat more than a potato, because it was what and as much as he wanted.

The position of the Chinese in Brazil is a peculiar one. The Government encourages their introduction with the view of more extensive tea and silk culture, while the people oppose Mongols on the ground that their immigration will prevent that of the more desirable Europeans.

At the Manchester County Police Court last week a laborer named Hugh Maguire was charged with biting his wife's lip off. The prisoner and his wife had been drinking, and in a quarrel he seized her under lip between his teeth and bit it clean off. He was remanded.

Sheet iron covered with gum of the euphorbiae, common and luxuriant in the tropical climates, was immersed in Chatham, England, dockyard, where everything rapidly becomes foul, and when taken out was found quite clean. The gum is intensely bitter and poisonous; hence marine animals avoid it.

The Royal Courts of Justice, as the new English Law Courts in London are to be called, have been largely built by Germans, who took the places vacated by strikers. Things now go on amicably between the Germans and English, but rigid discipline has to be maintained on the works. Some of the Germans will remain, the absence of military service being a great inducement.

Captain Carey, who has been trying to effect an exchange from his regiment, the 98th, has been unable to do so. He leaves Portsmouth on December 13, next, in Her Majesty's troopship Malabar, to rejoin the headquarters of his regiment. Immediately on the reassembling of Parliament, several members intend to bring before the House a motion in connection with the "Carey Court-martial."

The Winter Assizes for Notts and Lincolnshire were concluded at Nottingham last week, before Mr. Justice Lush, who tried the only remaining case—a charge against a young woman named Selina Stanhope of wilfully murdering her illegitimate child by drowning it in a dyke at Langtoft, near Market Deeping, on July 18 last. The prisoner was found guilty, with a strong recommendation to mercy, and was sentenced to death in the usual form.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts on November 7 formally presented to the authorities of St. Pancras, London, a monument in the form of a magnificent dial which she had caused to be erected at a cost of about £2,000 in St. Pancras Gardens in honor of the preservation, as a recreation ground for the people, of the burial grounds which formerly occupied the site, and in memory of the dead who had been buried there.

A royal commission has been investigating the sanitary condition of Dublin. Dr. Cameron, the senior Public Health Officer, gave evidence, stating that the high death-rate was distinctly traceable to several causes. These were the state of the Liffey, which was an open sewer; overcrowding in the dwellings of the poor; universally defective drainage in all classes of houses; the existence of many private abattoirs in the city; and the natural dampness of the soil, which caused so much disease of the respiratory organs, and helped largely to swell the death-rate.

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had a young hive, the condition of which he wished to improve. Owing to the bad season, the skep did not contain enough of honey to keep the bees over winter. Mr. Allen filled a fumigator with burning fungi—blind man's snuff is the popular name—and having secured the bees inside, inserted the pine in the box, and blew in the fumes of the fungi. In a short time the bees were unconscious, and were shaken out on to a clean board. Full combs taken from another hive were then fixed in the skep, and the still unconscious bees were returned to their now well-replenished house, and in a short time were as lively as ever.

London *World*: I had a Harrow boy on my hands last Saturday afternoon, and, finding it somewhat of a difficulty to amuse him, I took him to the Aquarium and found a really excellent entertainment provided. A wax figure of a man went through the regular routine of a trapeze performance, a *la* Leotard, in a way that was perfectly inexplicable, no theory of internal quicksilver or external magnetism being adequate to account for what I saw him, or it, perform. Another man—a live one this—who goes down to the bottom of the big tank, and walks about there for twenty minutes, without any tube or other visible appliance of any kind to supply him with air, is equally incomprehensible. He says he can stay below water, at any depth, for five or six hours.

Lieut.-Gen. William Crokat, who lately died in Edinburgh at the age of 91, was one of the few remaining Peninsular veterans. He was a witness of Napoleon's death at St. Helena, and the original of the "Officer on Guard" in Steuben's picture of the scene. He possessed numerous relics of the Emperor, among which may be mentioned the silver plate and knife used by him during his exile, and which bear the imperial arms; a portrait of Napoleon as a boy, by Isabey, which, encircled with diamonds, originally formed the lid of the Emperor's snuff-box; the wooden spatula used by Napoleon to clean his spade when working in his garden at St. Helena—an implement formed of a peculiar kind of fir, as light as cork; the cord worn by the Emperor during the "hundred days," and sent by him to his son at Vienna, who wore it till his death; Napoleon's silk stocking and garter; and a beautifully carved spirit case, formed of a cocoon. Gen. Crokat had been living in retirement on half-pay ever since 1830, most of the time in shattered health and suffering from an unhealed wound received 60 years ago in the Pyrenees.

At a meeting of the Edinburgh University Council held recently Professor Blackie intimated that he had nothing to report regarding the Celtic Chair at present. He had, as the members of the Council knew, desisted from active begging—not that he was disgusted with it, for the last four years had been the most valuable and profitable in his life. He had, however, an expectant reception of money. He had got £100 more—(applause)—from a quarter where there was a great deal of Gaelic feeling, viz., Canada; and but for the bad times he believed the subscription would have been larger. £80 of it was from the Caledonian Society of Toronto. In the meantime he was still expectant. He wished they could get £1,000 more, so that they might start with £600 a year, for he did not see why they should be less Celtic than Oxford. He expected to get £1,000 more from some benevolent old lady or gentleman making their wills. (Laughter.) And Professor Blackie was thanked for his labors during the year.

Hard times in Berlin have led to dog stealing and dog eating by the hungry poor. Many families are in mourning for their favorite pugs and terriers—the two varieties of dogs most affected as domestic companions by northern Germans—which have fallen victims to their too tempting obesity and appetizing sleekness. Plump terriers, also, have mysteriously disappeared in considerable numbers. The fate reserved for these domestic pets was unsuspected by the general public until a distressing incident which happened to Prince Henry XXII. of Beuss revealed the ghastly truth. His Highness had lost a poodle of extraordinary talent, which, alas! was as portly of body as it was intelligent in mind. He offered a handsome reward to any one who would restore his favorite, and "no questions asked," but in vain. Day after day passed away in sorrow, unbroken by any hopeful tidings, until one fatal morning the Prince received a post card, unsigned, but bearing the following heartless inscription: "Serenity! The poodle sends his respects, and begs to inform your Highness that he has been eaten."

Although the gradual spread of the population toward the interior of Africa is driving the wild animals further and further inland, and though they are consequently difficult to reach in the more inaccessible haunts to which they have retreated, yet the larger wild animals have, with one or two exceptions, scarcely suffered any diminution from the advancing tide of civilization. Ostriches have suffered, perhaps, most, but only to exchange a wild for a domesticated state. Elephants are frequently seen within a short distance of the southern and southeastern coasts. Hippopotami are abundant. Even the larger beasts of prey are by no means uncommon, and tigers are especial depredators. If the reports of diamond diggers in the northwest are to be believed, a new animal has lately made its appearance as a candidate for the honor of being chased by any enterprising sportsman. It is called by the bushmen, or natives, the "bear lion," and is described as being about the size of a lion, but far stronger in make, and with a tremendous head and neck. Its legs are much shorter than a lion's, but much stouter, and it is apparently far more powerful. Its color is a dark yellow, with black spots. It runs or creeps along the ground, but does not bound like a lion. It has sometimes been seen accompanied by a smaller one—probably a cub—so that the race is apparently not yet quite extinct, whatever the animal may be.

THE FAULT BUSINESS.—The Toronto harbor master reports the following quantities of fruit and vegetables arrived by vessel during the season just closed: 6,390 barrels, 9,931 boxes and 74,447 baskets. These were shipped either from Oakville, Port Dalhousie, Niagara, Youngtown, Lewiston and Oloot, chiefly, and comprised apples, pears, melons, berries, potatoes, tomatoes, peaches, plums and pineapples. The total packages this season was 90,708, against 48,224 packages last year. The number of barrels of apples arrived this year was less than that of 1875, while the packages of peaches alone this year was about 50,000.

PARADISE OF WIFE BEATERS.

The Justice that Woman Gets in the Empire of the Czar.

(St. Petersburg Correspondence of the London Times.)

Wife-beaters in England, on leaving the un congenial atmosphere of the treadmill to which they have been condemned by a sentimental jury, who consider that the hob-nail boots and sticks should not be freely used in asserting the husband's authority, may find consolation in the fact that there are jurists who view this matter in a different light, and who possess a just appreciation of the obedience to be shown by the "weaker vessel" to her lord and master. The Government of Volhynia, in the Empire of Russia, appears to afford peculiar advantages to those individuals whose wives occasionally require a little wholesome correction, if we are to believe the account just published in the Russian press of a sage decision on this subject arrived at by a district court. The wife of a well-to-do peasant in the District of Kremenez addressed herself to the court of the Volost or district, with a complaint against her husband, charging him with beating and torturing her and with keeping her in the cold without food until she had nearly died of starvation. He had bound her stark naked to a post in the street and requested the passers-by to strike her, which he did himself each time they refused to do so. The inhuman brute had even fastened her down to the ground and in such a position he heaped stones and heavy weights upon her body until one of her arms had been broken. When the wife's accusation was brought before the local tribunal, this specimen of domestic authority took fright and did not appear to answer the charge, but neither his absence nor contempt of court prevented the learned judge from coming to an immediate decision. The wife-beater was found not guilty, on the plea that a husband has a perfect right to beat his wife if he so chooses, for, said the wise conclusion of the court, it cannot be permitted to a wife to ignore the authority of her husband. But the affair did not end there. On the following day the husband, emboldened through the generous acquittal by his peers, turned the tables on his "better half" by bringing a counter complaint against her before the same court, and this excellent authority actually declared against the unfortunate woman and by its salutary judgment she was actually flogged publicly there and then on the spot in the most shameful manner. Of such extraordinary distribution of justice as this we have lately had more than one example, and it shows plainly enough that the new judicial tribunals of Russia, from which so much was expected at the beginning of the present reign, are in a vast number of cases quite incapable of appreciating the duties which they are called upon to perform. It is hardly necessary to recall attention to the recent case of the postman in St. Petersburg, whose youth and laziness obtained for him a full discharge from the compassionate tribunal before which he was arraigned for stealing letters during a whole twelvemonth. This flagrant case, about which I wrote to you at the time, is now about to undergo the revision of a higher court, and it is to be hoped that the decision of acquittal will be reversed.

A Lady's Response to the Toast of "The Men."

Mrs. Duniway, of the *New Northwest*, at a literary reunion at Salem, Oregon, "toasted" the gentlemen as follows: "God bless 'em! They have our joys, they double our sorrows, they treble our expenses, they quadruple our cares, they excite our magnanimity, they increase our self-respect, they awake our enthusiasm, they arouse our affections, they control our property and out manoeuvre us in everything. This would be a very dreary world without them. In fact I may say, without prospect of successful contradiction, that without 'em it would not be much of a world anyhow. We love 'em and the dear beings can't help it; we control 'em and the precious fellows don't know it. As husbands they are always convenient, though not always on hand; as beaux they are by no means 'matchless.' They are most agreeable visitors; they are handy at State Fairs, and indispensable at oyster suppers. They are splendid as escorts for some other fellow's wife or sister, and as friends they are better than women. As our fathers they are inexpressibly grand. A man may be a failure in business, a wreck in constitution, not enough to boast of as a beauty, nothing as a wit, less than nothing as a legislator for woman's rights, and even not very brilliant as a member of the press; but if he is our own father we overlook his shortcomings and cover his peccadilloes with the divine mantle of charity. Then, as our husbands, how we love to parade them as paragons! In the sublime language of the inspired poet:

"We'll lie for them,
We'll cry for them,
And if we could we'd fly for them,
We'd anything but die for them."