



The Family Treasury.

The World is What We Make It.

I've seen some people in this life Who always are complaining...

Saturday Night.

Saturday night makes people human, and sets their hearts to beating softly, as they used to do before the world turned them into war drums...

Lessons in Loving.

There are different kinds of love. One is simply kindness, another is attachment, and another is passion.

They should be of two kinds. First, children should be taught not to expect love unless it is deserved...

On the other hand, children should be taught to love all around them. Too often their hearts would be larger but for the narrowing influence of the circle in which they live.

Some children are clever enough to keep this tendency of theirs out of sight. They are shrewd enough to know that if they used the language of their elders, they would be rebuked...

Parents only knew how surely the worst things they do will be imitated, they would be more particular with regard to the words and spirit of their lives.

Lessons in loving may also be given with regard to animals. Children should never be allowed to be unkind to cats, dogs, or horses...

There is another lesson which should be wisely and most earnestly taught, "All thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart."

The Mormon Tragedy.

The atrocity unparalleled in modern times, called the Mountain Meadow massacre, transacted twenty years ago in Utah, is once more detailed in all its sickening horror...

Just a Few Words.

Just a few words, but they blined The brightness all out of a day; Just a few words, but they lifted The shadows and cast them away.

The Poetical Temperament.

We have heard it advanced that a poetical temperament is the result of a peculiar combination of the physical and mental—a sort of physical ecstasy which inspires the mental.

for some deed which offended the professor's sense of rectitude. Keats, on one occasion, distinguished himself very similarly.

The Music of the Soul.

Mr. Gough was in a church in a strange city once, and the sexton showed into the same pew another person whose looks impressed Mr. Gough unfavorably.

"Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me."

At that moment it seemed to me that I never heard a Beethoven symphony in my life with as much music in it as in that hymn sung by that poor man, whom Christianity had made happy in his lot.

Sympathy of Childhood.

"There are a good many sad things in this world, and since sorrow on the whole is better than laughter, the lightest-hearted among us do well at times to shade our eyes and peep into the darkness."

The best place to study this art is in the family circle. Here are often to be found young, middle-aged, and elderly people, and there is always opportunity to avoid saying unpleasant things, to avoid doing what must give offence, and to avoid being disagreeable.

There are so many ways in which a father may contribute to a happy home life that it seems strange the number of houses should so greatly exceed the homes.

The trust ministry we shall ever know is that for which Celsus mocked at the early Christians—a ministry to the sorrowful and sad, a binding up of the broken-hearted.

Woman A Lady.

Wildness is a thing which girls can not afford. Delicacy is a thing which can not be lost and found. No art can restore to the grape its bloom.

always in her right insensibly worthy of respect. To a lady, prince and peasant alike bow. Do not be restrained. Do not have impulses that need restraint.

The Art of Being Agreeable.

The art of being agreeable is both positive and negative. Negatively, it consists in not giving offence; positively, in conferring pleasure. Both the positive and the negative element must be present and in equilibrium to produce the highest results.

People who agree in their intellectual, moral, and physical tastes, and who easily keep pace together, have little need of making any effort to be agreeable to each other.

Two doctrines lie at the foundation of this art, the doctrine of equal rights, and growing out of that, the doctrine of self-denial. My neighbor has just as much right, if he is tall, to take long steps, as I have, being short, to take short steps; and if it is hard for us to keep equal pace, he is no more to blame than I; neither is to blame, and the inequality of locomotion must be got along with, or we must not try to walk together.

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Home.

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The Bride and the Book.

A friend said, "You do not press upon people to read their Bibles." Mr. Moody told us a story which will explain that point.

For the Young Folk.

Called by the Angels.

The farmer's wife is sitting alone In the dusk of a winter's day...

Her eyes have wandered through mist of tears To the churchyard under the hill...

And, ah! how oft, as the days go by, She starts, as her listening ear Has almost caught on the passing breeze...

And back again as her dim To the hills where the shadows lie...

But the weeks are slow, and the aged two, In the dusk of many a day, Will watch the shadows come and go...

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Six Young Men.

"Who was that young man who bowed to you so pleasantly, Miss P.?" I said to a friend with whom I was walking one bright afternoon.

"O, that is Charley Stanley, one of my Sunday-school scholars. He is a noble fellow. I have six of them; they are all noble fellows."

"Your Sunday-school scholars!" I exclaimed, "why, what do you mean? He is a man grown, he smiled as cheerily to you as if you were his mother or dear friend."

I looked at my gentle friend, fair and lovely and frail. I did not wonder that the six boys loved her, and I gradually drew from her a little account of her class.

"I have always been in the Sunday-school, and have taught quite a variety of classes—sometimes very little children, then again young ladies; sometimes poor children, who know nothing at all, and appreciated very little the interest shown towards them; but finally the superintendent said to me one day, 'Miss P., you have wonderful success in keeping up an interest in your class. Your scholars are seldom absent when the roll is called. Would you be willing to undertake a very refractory class of boys? Five different teachers have tried them, but have given up in despair, and say they can do nothing with them. I looked across the school, and discovered six very active little fellows, full of spirits, and life, and wide-awake to the last degree.'"

"So the next Sunday I took my seat beside the six restless little fellows and began talking to them pleasantly of their homes, their parents and their school, so as to fix their attention. I then told them I intended teaching their class, and hoped they would give me no trouble. They all looked pleased, and one of them was excited enough to hold out his hand to me and say, 'boy-fellow, that is bully, ma'am; we will all sit still as mice.' But pretty lively mice I found them sometimes."

"So Sunday after Sunday I was at my post, and Sunday after Sunday the six boys were in their places. I did not preach much to them, but interested them in their lessons and in all the exercises of the school, sang with them in their little choir, and read with them some portion of Scripture every Sunday, and had them help me explain it, and a wonderful interest sprang up between me and my six boys. I kept on with the class for eight years; the youngest was sixteen years old, and I said to them, 'You are no longer boys, my friends, you are young men; some of you are ready for college, and others will soon be finding places of business. If you feel too old to remain my scholars, take classes of your own; but do not leave the school.' But all asked if they might remain just as they were, my Sunday-school scholars, as long as I would keep them. Two of them now are in college, noble fellows! But when vacation comes round they always come to me, and remain in my class until they are obliged to go back. Two are preparing themselves for the ministry, and two have good situations in stores in the town—all active, earnest, working young men, and by God's help will make valuable citizens and Christian gentlemen in whatever society they may be placed. I feel the tender love and care for them. They have always come to me in all their perplexities at school or in the family, and many times have I knelt with them to ask God's forgiveness for their shortcomings, and His blessing upon their future. My heart will be with them wherever I go, and my prayers for their welfare will daily go up to the throne of grace."

"When my friend had finished her recital I thanked her kindly and left her, thinking to myself, what an invaluable friend and teacher has this lady been to these six young men! Patiently, gently, and most lovingly she has borne with these wild, irrepressible boys, leading them on and on until they have all come forward in the Church, and have with her commemorated the holy feast in memory of their dying Lord."

Six young men! trained, taught, watched over, and tenderly cared for by one frail, gentle woman! What a noble band to send forth in-

to the world to take their places as Christians in the highest sense among their fellow-men! What jewels in her crown when the Master cometh and calleth for her!—American Messenger.

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How Butterflies are Made.

"There, I have caught him at last! What a beauty! and I never could catch a butterfly before."

The words were uttered in an excited tone by little Katie Kirkham, as she gazed in both her hands a lovely butterfly which she had been chasing in the garden for nearly half an hour.

"What have you there, Katie?" asked her father, looking up from his book; "let me see."

"A butterfly, papa," replied Katie, running to the garden chair where her father sat. "I am afraid it will fly away if I open my hands." She cautiously unclosed her grasp, and Mr. Kirkham took the little creature in his hand.

"No, Katie, it will never fly again. That little glad life which was passed so happily in the sunshine, is at an end forever. You have crushed it to death."

"O, papa, I didn't mean to! I only wanted to catch it. I didn't think about its being happy."

"But your not thinking has taken away a life you never can restore, if you try until your hair is grey. How did it become a butterfly, Katie?"

"Why, God made it, of course; He made everything."

"Yes, but how did He make it? What was it before it was a butterfly?"

"I don't know. Was it anything, papa?" "I will tell you something about its history. First of all another butterfly laid a tiny egg; several eggs in fact, but we have only to do with one. Well, from this egg there came in time a wee little grub, and the little grub crawled about and nibbled cabbage-leaves till it grew into a fine large caterpillar."

"But I want to hear about the butterfly, papa," interrupted Katie, "not about ugly grubs and caterpillars. I thought you were going to say a little baby butterfly came out of the egg."

"But it didn't, so I couldn't tell you so. We shall find how it did come all in good time. Well our friend the 'ugly caterpillar' had rather a dull time of it, only able to crawl along; it could not fly about, you know, like the butterfly. But at last it found a new occupation; it began to spin for itself a silky case, or tied itself to a twig by a silky cord, and here it lay or swung for some time in what is called the chrysalis state, till, when the bright, warm weather came, the cocoon burst, and out flew a beautiful butterfly."

"O, papa, how wonderful! I had no idea a caterpillar could turn into a butterfly. Do you think it remembered while it was flying about that it once was a caterpillar only able to crawl?"

"No, I don't suppose it did, dear; it could not think, you know, either about the past or future; it only enjoyed the sunshine of its little hour. But now look at the wings. What are they made of?"

Katie looked, and gently touched the wing. "How soft and downy it feels! what is it, papa?"

"Feathers. We will look at it under my microscope, and then you will see that the wings are covered with very small but quite perfect scales. Come into the library, we have just time to inspect it before dinner."

Katie followed her father into the house, and watched while he put the butterfly under the microscope, and then eagerly looked through the glass. "How beautiful!" she cried; "they are real little scales! Papa," she added, turning round, "how wonderfully wise and kind God must be to take so much trouble over a little butterfly!"

"Ah! my child, I am glad you have found that out. You speak very differently from the careless way in which you said just now: 'God made it, of course; He made everything.' The earth is full of His wonders. If you keep your eyes open, you will find His wisdom and love displayed in everything that lives. But there is the dinner-bell, so you will have my text without the sermon."

"Well, papa," said Katie, earnestly, "I never will kill or hurt any living thing again, at least not on purpose; and I shall never see a butterfly without thinking about how it was made."

A Brave Regiment.

During the Peninsular campaign, Wellington was often forced to send picked men into dangerous places. On a certain occasion it became necessary to capture a battery at St. Sebastian—a battery which was hurling death and destruction into the British ranks—and the lay of the land was such, and attendant circumstances, that not more than a full regiment could be used in the work. The Duke selected the body of men, and told them what he wanted done. He knew the danger of the enterprise, but the safety of the whole army depended upon the success of that one movement. Said he to the commanding officer: "Colonel, I have faith in you and in your men. Your regiment is the first in the world." "Aye, my lord," replied the Colonel, quickly, "and by the time your order is fully executed it will be the first in the next!" and then he plunged to the head of his regiment, and gave the order for the forward movement. His reply to the Duke had been heard by those who had stood near, and they told it to others, and so it flew through the regiment, and became the battle cry. The old soldiers caught inspiration from it. It made them invincible. They somehow felt that it would be all right with them anyway. They would be the first regiment, let it be in this world or in the next. With a loud shout they dashed on—dashed on with an impetus against which the French cannoners went down like grass—and not more than one man in twenty of the attacking party was fatally stricken. Wellington afterwards declared, and others declared with him, that it was the most magnificent charge ever seen.







SONG IN THE NIGHT.

I take the pain, Lord Jesus, From Thine own hand; The strength to bear it bravely, Thou wilt command; I cannot rest, I cannot rest, In hope of sweet submission, On Thine own breast.

SERMONS TO THE PROFESSIONS AND OCCUPATIONS.

BY REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, DELIVERED IN THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

SERMON XI.—THE SPIDER IN PALACES.

The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in king's palaces. Thou art all watching for phenomena. A sky full of stars, shining from January to January, calls out no many remarks as the blazing orb of noon.

commands you to do. God is not ashamed to do small things. He is not ashamed to be found chiselling a grain of sand, or helping a honey bee to construct its cell with mathematical accuracy.

Correspondence.

THE RELATIVE PROPORTION OF MINISTERS AND MEMBERS IN THE METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

In order to the harmonious and efficient working of a system or scheme, it is important that its parts be adjusted so as to bear a proper proportion to each other. The want of this will be followed by friction and loss of power somewhere.

Table with 2 columns: Year, No. of members to one minister. Rows include years 1824, 1834, 1844, 1854, 1864, 1876.

tempted, either by person or by proxy, turn their attention to the very important faculty of puffing. Some time ago, I saw it proposed that those puffs should all be arranged in certain classes.

Our Church Work.

GAZETTE MISSION.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Hoping a few additional words from the Gazette Mission may not be deemed out of place, would I send you a list of all the names of those who have been baptized.

MILLBROOK.

This Conference year has been one of unparalleled prosperity to this circuit. Special services were commenced early in September, and continued until the close of March.

The Righteous Dead.

PETER MINAKER (Creeky Circuit). Peter Minaker was called to his reward on the 22nd of December, 1876, aged 67 years. He was converted under the labors of Peter Germain.

ELINOR DUNLOP.

The beloved wife of Matthew Key, and sister of Mr. R. Dunlop, Township Clerk of Euphrasia, and a local preacher on the St. Vincent Circuit, departed this life at Ayrview, on the 23rd of October, 1871.

DRUMMONDVILLE.

The anniversary services of our church were held on Sabbath and Tuesday, March 25th and 27th. The Rev. W. J. Max, of St. Catharines, was with us on the Sabbath, and preached our stirring sermon.

receipts of the anniversary were about \$80, which has been applied to recent renovations in the church. The old pulpit has been removed, and a modern platform, with beautifully carved oak and walnut desk, substituted in its place.

MILLICENT FORDE HALL.

Sister of Messrs. J. and R. Furde, and wife of Thos. W. Hall, Esq., of Brantford, was born in Danganon, County Tyrone, Ireland, in the year 1837, and died at her husband's residence, Hall's Avenue, Brantford, in January, 1877.

ZACHARIAH MITCHELL.

In early life he came from the north of Ireland to Ontario, and for some time lived in Port Hope; then in Bowmanville, and afterwards in Lindsay.

MR. ROBERT TAYLOR.

Father Taylor, the subject of this notice, was born in York, England, in the year 1795, emigrated to Canada in 1830, and died on the 14th of October 1876, at the residence of his son-in-law, Thomas Mackie, Esq., of St. Vincent.

ANN DEAN.

The subject of this brief memoir was born in Chinguacousy, near Sand Hill, 1832. She was naturally of a delicate frame, and her health was not good; added to this, she received a severe shock about three years ago, from the effects of which she never fully recovered.

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