RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Among the wickedness denounced by the recent Free Church Assembly of Scotland was "the admiring of the works of nature on the Sabbath."

—The Presbyterian Church at Oyster Bay, N. Y., celebrated its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary recently. Eight of the former pastors of the church were present.

—An appeal is made to every Catholic in the world to contribute five cents toward erecting a monument to the memory of the late Pope Pius IX.—*Christian Union.*

—The General Baptist Association of England held its 113th annual meeting recently, at which the income for the foreign missions in Rome and India was reported to be $10,600.

—The people of the Canton of Zurich, Switzerland, by a vote of 26,729 to 17,945, have adopted a law prohibiting unnecessary labor on Sunday, theatrical representations, street processions, etc.

—The Presbytery of the Red River of the North, in a recent session at Moorhead, Minn., decided to locate their college at Casselton, Dakota. Twenty acres of land at that place or $30,000 in cash are promised. Casselton is a few miles west of Fargo, on the Northern Pacific Railway.

—There is in St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church at Pittsfield, Mass., a St. Andrew's Guild of boys who have made a vow not to use any profane or indecent words. Judging from the language heard in the streets of any of our towns St. Andrew's guilds might multiply indefinitely with much profit to the rising generation, and the wish that the guild would not put the limit of age to its membership would be shared by many.—*Christian Union.*

—Education is advancing in Italy. Within the last ten years the residents of Udine had increased in the ability to read and write at the rate of nine per cent., and those of Como 6.50 per cent. Strange to say, Brescia has receded. That city had in 1871 about 2,899 people who could neither read nor write; now that number has been increased to 3,120. Taking all the principal cities of the country, those able to read and write are about fifty per cent. of the population.—*Chicago Journal.*

Two Women at Front Doors.

Across the street from our house is a new double brick block, with front doorsteps exactly alike. Two families, strangers to each other, lately moved into these twin houses, and there began a rivalry between the "better half" of each family as to which of the two doorsteps should be most tastily decorated. The landing on the left was first ornamented with a gorgeous, many-colored rug. The lady on the right flung defiance with a bright-hued carpet that covered the steps and reached to the sidewalk. The rug at the left looked lonesome, and was reinforced by a low bamboo rocker strung with many-colored ribbons. The lady at the right came to the door, saw the ribbon rocker, and resolved to go it two better with a couple of camp-stools, beautiful to look upon, but unsatisfactory for sitting purposes, if the sitter weighs more than a fairy.

For a brief moment the lady at the left was staggered, but on recovering her self-possession she rushed in and dragged out one of those treacherous hard-to-get-into and easy-to-get-out-of arrangements called a hammock. While she was tacking this up on the porch, in such a way as would break the first man's back who tried to ride it, her rival hovered around the scene, a picture of apathetic despair. The poor little guitar, minus one string, with which she had vainly endeavored to stem the tide which was setting against her, was plainly inadequate. At this juncture fate came to her aid. The discordant cry of a potted flower vender sounded like the rarest melody to her ear. After an agony of waiting he came within hailing distance, and she bought him out, leaving no living thing for her left hand neighbor to fasten upon.

The smile of triumph that curled around the corners of her mouth after this maneuver was a study for a painter. But it faded as quickly as it came. The left hand lady matched the floral display with an improvised aviary, consisting of a yellow canary and a green parrot, which she had previously overlooked, and then she sat down in the midst of her surroundings with a complacent air as of assured victory, to await the coming of her housemaid, who had been sent to a florist's for a gorgeous hanging basket, which was intended to drive the iron of defeat straight into her rival's soul. The right hand woman was not idle. As a last resource she produced her parlor aquarium, containing a gold-fish and a striped water-lizard (the latter dead.) Then she appeared, and after a short delay came back carrying the family clothes-basket.

It was draped with the crimson-figured table cover from the parlor, and contained the family cat and her large litter of newly-born kittens. Two staid citizens might at this time have been seen making their way, arm in arm, toward this new block, and deep in conversation. They stopped before the astounding display and gazed in wonder. "Are you to move so soon?" "No; but I should judge that you were fixing for an auction sale!" were the remarks exchanged. They were the husbands of the respective ladies. To hide their emotion, the men sought the nearest saloon. And while the ladies went inside their empty houses to have a "good cry," a colored man walked off with the canary, cage and all, while some naughty boys sequestered every one of the old cat's kittens.—*N. Y. News.*

Through the Suez Canal.

After coaling at Malta we steamed down the Mediterranean, over the smoothest sea and beneath the bluest sky it ever was my happy portion to see. It was about five o'clock one morning when we first saw the light-house at Port Said, and about eight we entered between the two piers which guard the entrance to the canal and stretch far out into the Mediterranean. Passing a Turkish frigate and a French ram we slowly steamed close to the left-hand shore and made fast to a buoy. No sooner were we fast than the Arabs swarmed on board, and soon coal was coming over the side and into the bunkers at a rapid rate from barges alongside. On the left-hand for a long distance stretched coal-sheds, for this is the great coaling port of steamers bound eastward, there being quite a difference in the price here and at the other end of the canal. On the right was the town of Port Said, while in front, lost far in the desert, appeared the canal, the grandest engineering feat of the age. Just fancy the amount of labor, when it was necessary to carry the sand a mile off into the desert, and at the same time prevent the surrounding sand from drifting and rolling into its place. Just take a handful of sand out from a pile and see how quickly the hollow is filled up, and you can then form some idea of the undertaking. I was told out there that the English abandoned the work through inability to obtain laborers at any price, and that the French only succeeded by convict labor; that the soldiers stood guard, and a refusal to work was instantly followed by a shot; and that every foot of the canal is a monument to some poor devil sent in short order to the Arabian paradise. However this was, the canal was finished, and is today the only route for steamers to the East. About one o'clock the pilot came on board, and in a few minutes we left our moorings and steamed into the canal. The channel has about twenty-six feet of water in it, and which is only kept at that depth by constant work at the dredges and by strengthening the sides by sinking rock and walling up the sides where they are the most threatening. On both sides the embankments rise up to a height of ten or fifteen feet, and are composed of the dull, brown sands which stretch away on both sides as far as the eye can see, the horizon shrouded in the blinding glare of the heated air rising from the burning sands till the eyes ache and the heart sickens at the dismal scene. With what relief we turn to the canal stretching like a blue sparkling ribbon and feast our eyes at the sight of a station looming up a half-mile ahead with its little cottage, its shrubbery and trees, planted right in the midst of a desert and drawing life from a soil which has been brought a hundred miles to make life endurable to the station-master, banished away out here, hundreds of miles from his own fair France, for who else but a Frenchman would ever think of bringing his garden with him, with its flowers and trees, out here in this wilderness of sands? We tied up for a few seconds to let one of the large P. & O. steamers pass us; for every vessel must give way to the "Royal Mail," except men-of-war, which have the right of way everywhere. The "canal" is not wide enough for vessels to pass each other, so every quarter of a mile or so there is a wider place for tying up, and the vessel reaching there first makes fast to the bank and allows the other one to pass, except in the case of a vessel carrying the mail or a man-of-war, both of which go right on through without stopping, except during the night.

On the right-hand side runs a track, and I was startled by the familiar sound of the engine whistle, and the next minute a train swept on by at the rate of forty miles an hour, while overhead,

> Like strings of ghosts
> The telegraph posts
> Came quickly trooping by.

I noticed on the other bank a veritable caravan, such as one reads about and sees so much in pictures of the great desert—horses and camels, and the old man all wrapped up in his white clothes, with the same long rifle, with its crooked stock, which I have seen duplicated on canvas, till I felt an inclination to extend a hand and say: "How are you, old boy?" for old acquaintance sake. And then I thought what a difference between the two banks. Here the railroad, the telegraph—and there the old Arab traveling, as his father and his grandfather and his great-grandfather did a hundred years ago; a century separated by this narrow stream.

At dusk we tied up, having made about thirty miles, as we were only allowed to go "slow" through the canal for fear of injuring the banks. The next morning found us on our way, and soon we were threading the crooked channel through the lake with the town of Ismailia broad off the port beam. After about two hours' steaming at full speed we again slowed down and entered the other part of the canal, and again passed through between the same brown banks with disgust, and only enlivened by the stations, with their few feet of surrounding verdure and occasional steamers bound to the westward, too few and far between, which we passed or which passed us, until we finally steamed into the Gulf of Suez about five in the afternoon.

Off on our left gleamed the houses of Suez, and here we left our French pilot and took up a native Red Sea pilot, black as coal and mute as one of the Sphinxes which adorn his native deserts.—*Cor. St. Louis Republican.*

—We would not advise the sowing of white clover in lawns. It exterminates other grasses and does not stand heat drought.—*N. Y. Herald.*

FACTS AND FIGURES.

—Ohio manufactured over four million pounds of plug tobacco last year.

—There are fifty-two breweries in Brooklyn which produce 4,000,000 kegs of lager annually, and paid a revenue of $1,000,000.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The corn crop of Texas this year is estimated at 140,000,000 bushels. The value of the agricultural products of that State is $94,071,998.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Two ninety-foot lathes, said to be the largest in the world, have been made for their own use by the South Boston Iron-works. Each lathe contains 600,000 pounds of iron, and is intended for boring out cannon.—*Boston Post.*

—The crop of Indian corn is one of the most important and valuable in the United States. The crop of 1880 was estimated at 1,717,000,000 bushels; the wheat crop of the same year was estimated at 498,000,000 bushels. It must be considered the staple crop of the Western and Southwestern States. In 1880, Illinois produced 240,000,000 bushels, as against 60,000,000 bushels of wheat. The acreage of corn in Kansas the same year was 2,995,070 acres, and the product 108,704,927 bushels, against an acreage of 1,520,659 acres of winter wheat, with a product of 17,560,259 bushels.

—It is estimated that nearly 2,000,000,000 pounds of paper are produced annually; one-half of which is used for printing, a sixth for writing and the remainder is coarse paper for packing and other purposes. The United States alone produces yearly 200,000 tons of paper, averaging seventeen pounds per head for its population. The Englishman comes next with about twelve pounds per head; the educated German takes eight pounds; the Frenchman seven pounds, whilst the Italian, Spaniard and Russian take respectively three pounds, one-half pound and one pound annually.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The English are the best customers for American canned salmon. Most of the Sacramento River salmon go to the Atlantic cities, but Liverpool draws the bulk of its supply from Oregon, either direct from the Columbia River or through San Francisco. The Fraser River salmon all go to England direct from Victoria. Last season the Fraser River sent 146,000 cases to Europe. It is expected that as many more will be canned there this season for the same market. The Columbia River sent 380,700 cases direct to Europe for the year ended March 31. Thus far this season three cargoes have been cleared direct from the Columbia River for England, with 98,480 cases.—*Chicago Times.*

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Dean Stanley said: "The best remedy for all evils is to look forward."

—It takes a clever man to conceal from others what he doesn't know.

—Said a young miss the other day as she examined a cat that was "shedding its feathers," "I really believe this cat has been moth eaten."

—A girl who sets out to look graceful in a hammock has as much work on hand as the man who tries to be languid with a saw-log following him down hill.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Said little Edith to her doll: "There, don't answer me back. You musn't be saucy, no matter how hateful I am. You must remember I am your mother!" Strange, what curious ideas children get into their heads sometimes.—*Our Continent.*

—A New York paper says "the ice pitcher is more fatal than alcohol." That depends. An ice pitcher is a harmless thing in itself; but if a man were to swallow one he would no doubt wish he had taken a pint of alcohol instead.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"I should like to have a coin dated the year of my birth," said a maiden lady of uncertain age to a male acquaintance. "Do you think you could get one for me?" "I am afraid not," he replied. "These very old coins are only to be found in valuable collections."

—She was an up-town lady of culture. She stood watching a boat loaded with ice. "What is that boat loaded with?" "Ice," was the reply. "Oh, my!" she exclaimed, in surprise; "if the horrid stuff should melt, the water would sink the boat!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Don't you known how hard it is for some people to get out of a room after their visit is really over? One would think they had been built in your parlor or study, and were waiting to be launched.—*Holmes.* We think there is a typographical error in the last word of the above. It was probably a lunch, and not a launch, they were awaiting. There are such people.—*Texas Siftings.*

—A Jerseyman went to Mauch Chunk, Pa., to spend his vacation, and during his first night three old hens, which had gone to roost on a tree outside his bedroom window, were disturbed by a cat, and flew into the apartment. The Jerseyman awakened and slashed a pillow around until they found their way out. The next morning he told his host that he should come there every summer, for during the whole night he had seen but three mosquitoes.—*Philadelphia News.*

—An official in the Water Board of a Western city having departed this life, the city Government, who esteemed him as a faithful employe, sent his salary for the remainder of the year with a letter of condolence to the widow. A friend of the latter in speaking of her loss remarked that the action of the city had been very considerate, etc. "Yes," said the bereaved one, "but seems 'if they might have shut off the water for half a day at least, as a mark of respect for John."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

To a Puzzled Parent.

The fact that your boy has a peculiar faculty for spending money, and a peculiar distaste for saving or even seeming to save it, so that of two articles of equal desirability he would always prefer the more expensive, especially if the prices were to be known to "the boys," may well give you some concern, and certainly calls for some watchfulness and care; but it is not necessarily a bad sign. It indicates rather ignorance than vice, and is a fact due rather to the social civilization of the times than to special personal characteristics.

For in America the common though rude test of character is the ability to make money and generosity in spending it. We do not admire a miser, we do not worship, as it is sometimes said we do, mere wealth. There is no community where hoarding is more despised. But those men are most respected who have means and use them with liberality. The man who has a handsome house, tastefully built and furnished, who drives a fine span, who dresses himself and his wife and children well, who hires an expensive pew in church, who gives liberally to public and benevolent enterprises—in other words, who apparently has plenty of money and uses it freely—is the man most likely to be looked up to by all his neighbors, including the deacons and the minister. The test thus furnished is not altogether a bad one. If a man in America has money, this indicates energy, industry, temperance and thrift—in brief, the economic virtues; if he spends it freely, this indicates a liberal, generous disposition—in brief, the chief social virtue. These two classes of virtues—the economic and the social—by no means constitute a complete manhood; but they go very far toward making a useful and agreeable member of society. The free spending of money is furthermore unconsciously encouraged by ministers and religious literature. Pulpit exhortations to liberality are frequent; to economy, rare. The duty of parting with money is emphasized; the accumulating of money is treated rather as a vice than as a virtue. Under such circumstances it is not at all strange that our boys should grow up ambitious to be free spenders and ashamed of small economies; that they should wish to appear to have plenty of money, and that they should think it manly to spend it freely. They can hardly be expected to look into the philosophy of this matter, or to realize that there is a difference between spending their father's money and spending their own. Not a few grown men, and some with a reputation of greatness, never comprehend this distinction. There are members of Congress with a large reputation for liberality wholly built upon their expenditure of other people's money, and others subjected to the odium of niggardliness simply because they are careful about voting away money which comes out of the hard earnings of others.

Nor is the mere fact that your boy gets into some bad companionships and some demoralizing activities any proof or even any indication of a depraved nature. It indicates danger for him, and demands foresight and caution from you, but it does not indicate moral culpability in him; certainly not of an extraordinary kind nor to an extraordinary degree. Good boys are often only insane boys. They do nothing very bad because they do nothing at all; they mope and are quiet and get a reputation for sanctity simply because they are half sick. They never tear their clothes because they never climb trees; never get wet because, like cats, they are afraid of the water; never fight because they are cowards; never disobey because they have no will of their own. The colt that is hardest to break is worth more as a horse if he is wisely broken. There is no danger of an explosion in a steam-engine which has no fire in the fire-box and no steam in the boiler. An energetic, ambitious, vivacious, inquisitive boy, desirous to know everything that any one else knows and to do everything that any one else can do, full of the sense of his own strength, and ambitious to try it in season and out of season, is in some respects an uncomfortable boy to get along with; sure to be getting into continual scrapes and misleading younger and weaker companions; but these are the boys who make the efficient, successful and useful men, if in their boyhood they are rightly trained.—*Christian Union.*

How to Stop Bleeding.

If a man is wounded so that blood flows, that flow is either regular, or by jets or spurts. If it flows regularly, a vein has been wounded, and a string should be bound tightly around below the wounded part, that is, beyond it from the heart. If the blood comes out by leaps or jets, an artery has been severed, and the person may bleed to death in a few minutes; to prevent which apply the cord above the wound, that is, between the wound and the heart. In case a string or cord is not at hand, tie the two opposite corners of a handkerchief around the limb, put a stick between and turn it round until the handkerchief is twisted sufficiently tight to stop the bleeding, and keep it so until a physician can be had.—*Household.*

—"Beyond all question," says a correspondent of the Boston *Traveller*, "Franconia, N. H., is the great avenue to the superlative natural grandeurs of the White Mountain region. Franconia Notch, with its 'Old Man of the Mountain;' its towering and majestic mountain heights; its wonderful lakes; its road, which is the most magnificent drive we ever rolled over, is in itself and in the glory of its near surroundings the culmination of the grand and the beautiful in the New England scenery."