

The Huntingdon Journal. Farm and Household.

Around the Fireside.

The Good Old Farm. The happiest men who live by toil are those who cultivate the soil.

"There's got to be a revival of good sound sense among men, before the days of prosperity will dawn upon us again."

"But there's more hard labor in it, An' more independence, too. An' more real peace 'n' contentment, An' health that's ruddy 'n' true."

"So, when the road to State prison Lays by the good old farm, An' the man sees a toiler's brother, Well out on the way to work, He mourns 'n' he laments 'n' sighs, A tiller 'n' the soil in peace, Where he'll creep back in dishonor, After a tardy release."

"What hosts 'n' 'em go back, broken In health, in mind, 'n' purse, To die in sight 'n' the clover, Or linger along, which is worse; An' how many mourn, which needs, That they didn't see 'n' charm, The safety 'n' independence, 'n' life on the good old farm."

Goldsmith's Maid's Attachment for Her Groom. Recently Charley Cochrane, who was for many years the faithful groom of the celebrated trotter, Goldsmith Maid arrived from California, and wishing to see the grand old trotting mare and her colt, called on Mr. Smith, her owner, to obtain his permission to visit Fashion and Stud Farm, in New Jersey.

He was very jealous of her colt, is very cross, and will permit no one to approach it." Cochrane arranged that Goldsmith Maid should hear his voice before she saw him, and although they had not seen each other for two years, a loud whinny presently recognized the visitors that the mare had recognized the man's voice.

The old Queen of the turf, who for months would not allow any one to approach her, making use of both heels and teeth if it was attempted, rushed with a bound to her old friend, forgetting even her colt, and rubbed her head upon his shoulder, her nose in his face, played with his whiskers, and showed by her every action that her heart was full of joy to see him.

The farmer boys can see from the above what kind treatment will do towards winning the affection of the horse, and we have no doubt many of the young readers of the JOURNAL will profit by this story, about one of the fastest horses in this or any other country. A kind word is always better than a blow or a kick.

Balky Horses. A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals recommends the following rules of treatment of balky horses: 1. Pat the horse upon the neck, examine the harness carefully, first on one side then on the other, speaking encouragingly while doing so; then jump into the wagon and give the word go; generally he will obey.

2. A teamster in Maine says he can start the worst balky horse by taking him out of the shafts and making him go round in a circle. If the first dance of this kind doesn't cure him; the second one will be sure to do it.

3. To cure a balky horse, simply place your hand over the horse's nose and shut off the wind till he wants to go, and then let him go.

4. The brains of horses seem to entertain but one idea at a time; thus continued whipping only confirms his stubborn resolve; if you can by any means give him a new subject to think of, you will have no trouble in starting him. A simple remedy is to take a couple of turns of stout twine around the fore-leg, just below the knee, and tie in a bow knot. At the first check he will go dancing off, and after going a short distance you can get out and remove the string to prevent injury to the tendon in your further drive.

BUTTERMILK—I would say on this subject that, in my opinion, nothing furnishes a more wholesome beverage at meal time, than this delicious liquid. I do not pretend to specify its action on the stomach, or the action of the stomach upon it, in assimilating its properties into the system; but I am satisfied that most persons would be greatly benefited by its constant use. Of course there are some systems that are addressed to it, just as there are to almost everything else. I have used buttermilk constantly for three or four years, and have been entirely free from everything like headache, vertigo, foul stomach, &c. Besides it keeps the appetite in its normal condition. I think that for persons constituted as I am, it is much more easily digested. Fish is considered almost a specific against scrofulous diseases.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.—Ps. xxxiv. 18. We have all been taught from our earliest years to speak to God, to lift up our voices in prayer to Him, and thus to draw nigh unto Him. And never do we seem nearer to Him than when we are lifting up our hearts to Him in prayer. It is a blessed thing to draw near to God. Still more blessed is it to know that He draws near to us, as He has promised in His word—"Draw nigh to God and He will draw nigh unto you" (Jas. iv. 8.) But it is also a solemn thing to speak to God. How should we approach Him? In what manner? When we know and feel that He is also at the same time drawing nigh unto us? The parable of the Pharisee and publican will, I think help us to answer these questions.

In Luke xviii. we have two pictures, drawn side by side, showing a contrast which makes us pause, consider, look again, and seek to view them in every light, till we have discovered the various points of difference, and learned the cause of them. We read of two men, both in one place, and both doing one thing, speaking to the same person; yet how different are they? They have different thoughts, different feelings, and a different manner. Both went up into God's house, the temple; both went thither to pray—to speak to God, and ask Him to be gracious—"Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican." But how did they address God? In what spirit? In what state of mind? Let us look at each individual in turn.

One was a Pharisee—and, if he was like the rest of his sect, he would be no a godless, careless, irreligious man, caring for neither God nor man, or living only for the day, but very strict, doing all that he thought he ought to do, very particular in religious ceremonies, regular in fasting twice a week, and saying his prayers each day at the appointed hours, whenever he thought he ought; honest and just in his dealings, kind to the poor, giving tithes of all he possessed; till, as with most other Pharisees, every one would think, "What a good man!" and he himself feel self-satisfied, thinking, "I am a very good man. I am not as other men are, I am better than other men!" This man certainly had heaven because he was so good. We must conclude so; for, even when he went into God's house to pray, such a thought was uppermost in his mind. He had no sense of sin, he saw no need for humility; he scarcely even asked for pardon, for help, for grace. No; he thought he was already holy, and could not ask for more. He compared himself with those around him, and was happy to think himself far beyond them all. And now he could thank God that it was so. He stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are, extortionists, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess."

But this was not a prayer acceptable to God. God knew that man's heart, and judged him accordingly.

A Strange Funeral Sermon. The deceased had long been renowned throughout that part of the country for his wickedness. His intellectual abilities were of no mean order; his property was considerable, and he had belonged to a highly respectable family; advantages which he used most assiduously in the service of his master. By the practice of every kind of dissipation he had achieved an evil notoriety, and gloried in being considered the most fascinating and dangerous rogue in the county. This being so, his associates resolved upon giving him a funeral worthy of his reputation.

As one means of insuring this, they invited one of the most eminent Presbyterian ministers in the region to deliver the funeral discourse. To the surprise of many, after some little hesitation, he consented. On the day and at the hour appointed, the country church was crowded to overflowing by an assembly composed of the relatives, friends and companions of the deceased, together with a mixed multitude drawn from far and near by curiosity to hear what such a minister could find to say of such a man.

Punctual to the moment, the tall form of the Rev. Dr. ascended the pulpit, and the services began. There was first the reading of the Scriptures. Then followed a prayer, subdued and tender, for the family and relatives of the deceased. But the announcement of the text fell upon the assembly like a clap of thunder. It was from Luke 16:23—"And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments." The sermon was a most pungent and powerful exhibition of the character, course and end of a wicked man. It held the assembly spell bound to the very last word; but there was in it not a single direct allusion to the person whose obsequies they had come there to celebrate.

In silence and in deep solemnity the congregation dispersed after the service was finished. Some were indignant, but the attempt to excite odium against the preacher was a failure. It was generally thought that in what he had done he was governed by a sense of duty. He was said to have stated afterwards that when he was invited to preach on that occasion, he had determined to decline, but in answer to prayer, received a message which he believed to be from God: "Go—and preach the preaching that I bid thee."

—N. Y. Observer. THERE are depths in the ocean which no tempest ever stirs; they are beyond the reach of all storms, which sweep and agitate the surface of the sea. There are heights in the blue sky to which no cloud ever ascends, where no tempest ever rages, where all is perpetual sunshine. Each of these is an emblem of the soul which Jesus visits; to whom he speaks his peace, whose fear he dispels, and whose lamp of hope he trims.—Treatise.

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