

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Scottish fast days are losing their hold upon the Presbyterian people of New Zealand, even in Otago, which is Presbyterian to the core. At Dunedin the churches have decided not to observe them any longer but in lieu of them to celebrate the Lord's Supper four times a year instead of yearly or half yearly.

—At least some of the gold and silver taken from our mines, should be employed in giving the Gospel to the millions of the West. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof."

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An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.

W. W. Sherar, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

That Boy.

A young American in roundabout and goggins, perched upon the fence devouring a huge piece of mince pie, and a maiden of five summers, in pantalettes, looking very wisely at the gormand on the fence. Young America—"I say, sis, does your mar make mince pies? If she does I'll bet they ain't so good as my mar's." Little Miss (timidly)—"I like mince pie awfully well." Young America—"Well, now, that's funny. Just look here (drawing a quarter of a pie out of his pocket) and its boss, too! Aint my mar good? I've been stowing it away in his pocket. That boy "is father to the man" who has his cigars and any other masculine luxury his contemptible selfishness craves, while his poor sickly wife must go to the work of two women ("girls as earn more than they earn," he says), and for the want of a little money to purchase few bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the sovereign remedy for female diseases, she is literally dying by inches—and all because of that masculine selfishness that would not divide the childish luxury with his playmate, and now tacitly furnishes his wife the luxury of health.