

was most exposed to the frost of any man in the ship. He was sledging sixty days in all. On one occasion he accompanied the Captain to the Alert, a distance of some ninety miles, doing the journey in four days and eight hours, and returning in three days and a half. He had been medically examined on Tuesday by the doctor of the ship, with the rest of the crew, and he learnt that he had never been treated for scurvy. He had only suffered from a cut in the hand. He believed that his immunity from disease was entirely owing to his teetotalism. He had slept well throughout the campaign, and had relished his food. He had also escaped frostbite.

Gore, it seems, had been an abstainer until he was 21 years old, but in an unguarded moment while on the sledge journeys he succumbed to the temptation and persuasion of his companions and took to grog. Previous to breaking his pledge Gore states that he could eat as well as any one. In fact, after devouring his portion, he was in the habit of looking about for more; but no sooner had he taken to grog drinking than he found his appetite to fail, and he was deprived of the refreshing sleep which he had formerly enjoyed. He was the only Good Templar who joined the expedition that was attacked with scurvy, and for this he was no doubt indebted to his unfaithfulness. He gave stimulants, he remarks, a fair trial, and he is now convinced that it was the grog which did the mischief. It may be noticed that the testimony of the whole ship's companies—doctors and others included—is unanimous and conclusive against the serving out of stimulants during the day. They emphatically state that no work can be done upon the grog, but many of them seem to cling to the belief that a glass at night was a sovereign recuperative agent, and fitted them for the fatigues of the morning.

Dr. Colan, the senior medical officer on board the alert, speaks very favorably of total abstinence as exhibited during the expedition, and his forthcoming report will possess much interest—(*Times*).

*The Big Brother.*—There is nobody in the household who has so many chances to make the rest happy as the big brother. He is the pride and delight of his father and mother, and the younger children fairly worship him. His sisters are ready to do whatever he wishes, and unless he is very unkind and disobliging, they are quite right in this disposition; for the big brother is always supposed to be a manly, generous fellow, willing to help weaker people and ready to lend a hand to those who need it.

I remember one big brother whom I greatly admired. He was about eighteen years old, tall and broad-shouldered, with a faint shadow of moustache on his upper lip. He was studying hard for his profession, but there was not a moment when he would not lay his books aside to solve a difficulty for Lulu or Jennie, whose parsing troubled them, and he had never said an ungentle word to the little brother ten years his junior, who came to him with his kites and skate straps and broken toys to be mended. The manly big brother lost nothing by his kindness and suavity, and now that he is a physician, a little bald, and with boys of his own to bring up, the same gentleness of demeanor recommends him to patients and friends.

Some boys seem to think it very fine to affect rudeness and bluntness of manner at home. They take off their hats very gallantly to the young ladies who reside in the opposite house, but it is too much trouble to be courteous to their own sisters. They scorn the idea of encumbering themselves with a little brothers or cousin who wants to go and see a procession, or to accompany them on an excursion. It does involve some self-sacrifice to give up one's careless independence on a journey and be responsible for the safety of a child; but then, if all the world were looking out simply for itself, where would the happiness go to?

Believe me, boys, the people for whose opinion you really care, will value and honor you far more for your habitual tenderness, good nature, steadiness, and patience with those who are younger than yourselves, than for your most brilliant performance in the school-room. If you are tempted sometimes to be cross and petulant, to say sarcastic things to those who cannot easily answer them, and to snub your little sisters and brothers, ask yourself whether or not after all you do not love these home folks better than any others in the world? Are you not sure of their love for you? Then is it not worth while to be amiable and lovely to those whose love makes earth's sunshine, and whose absence would make earth dark indeed? I often think if we were all more careful to be kind

in little things, we would be repaid by the comfort we should have in our own consciences. It is very easy to say a gruff word, when a gentle word would be the right one, but to most boys there is apt to be a troublesome prick afterward. A kind and pleasant word even in the way of reproof costs no more than a gruff one, and is a hundred-fold better. If you doubt it try it.—*Margaret E. Sangster, in the Christian at Work.*

*Sacredness of a Promise.*—An eminent British statesman is said to have traced his own sense of the sacredness of a promise to a curious lesson he got from his father when he was a boy. When home for the holidays, and walking with his father in the garden, his father pointed to a wall in which he intended to have pulled down.

"Oh," said the boy, "I should so like to see a wall pulled down."

"Well, my boy, you shall," said his father.

The thing, however, escaped his memory, and during the boy's absence a number of improvements were being made, among others the pulling down of this wall and the building of a new one in its place.

When the boy came home and saw it, he said: "Oh, father, you promised to let me see that wall pulled down."

Instantly the father remembered his promise and was deeply pained to think that he had seemed careless about his plighted word.

"My boy," he said, "you are right. I did promise, and I ought not to have forgotten. It is too late now to do just what I said I would, but you wanted to see a wall pulled down, and so you shall."

And he actually ordered the masons up and made them pull down and rebuild the new wall, that as nearly as possible his promise might be made good.

"It cost me twenty pounds," he said to a friend who was bantering him about it, "but," he added solemnly, "if it had cost a hundred, I should have thought it a cheap way of impressing upon my boy's mind, as long as he lives, the importance a man of honor should attach to his plighted word."

—The London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* writes:—"The main portion of the Babylonian antiquities just received at the British Museum as the result of the last expedition of Mr. George Smith was found near Hillah, a town about three miles north from the site of Babylon. They are chiefly contract tablets, mortgage loans, promissory notes, records of the sale of lands, shares, and other commodities, representing, in fact, all the various commercial transactions of a Babylonian firm, who may be approximately described as Messrs. Gabi and Sons, bankers and financial agents. Many of the tablets represent the renewal of loans and mortgages, so that the documents referring to the first and the last of continuing transactions bear the dates of several different reigns. The dates thus extend from the fall of the Assyrian empire to the reign of Darius Hystaspes, including dates in the reigns of Nabopolassar, father of Nebuchadnezzar, Evil-Merodach, Cambyses, and the elder and the younger Cyrus. The dates of the tablets, therefore, furnish very important chronological landmarks, and they are in many respects subversive of the recent chronology. The rate of interest current in Babylon on loans was generally 10 per cent., and much light is thrown on the social life of the Babylonians from the circumstance that witnesses of deeds are always described by their trade or profession. One of the tablets is dated in the reign of Belshazzar as king, being the first time his name has been found in connection with the royal dignity, previous inscriptions having had reference to the time when he was described as the son of Nabonidus. There are a large number of mathematical tablets giving calculations of considerable intricacy. One curious and beautiful tablet presents a calendar for the entire Babylonian year—or would if a fragment had not been lost—and for every day in the year, distinguished the days as lucky or unlucky, whether for feasting, fasting, marriages, or the building of houses. The calendar further indicates in what respects the several days affect or influence person and property, health and fortune. Among the antiquities are some early Babylonian bricks, and fragments of statuary of a kind hitherto unknown in the city of Zergul, called at this day by the slightly varied form of Zergul. There are also specimens of pottery, and two small bronze statuettes of gods, with inscriptions. The whole series of tablets may be said to be, all things considered, in a fair condition as to their integrity."