

for a moment. 'You don't believe in a future state, you know, and it's impossible for you to imagine you saw the spirits of your dead relatives.'

The glaring eyes rested on my face an instant with a sort of bewilderment, then a burst of wild laughter rang through the dismal room.

'Look there,' he cried, pointing to the foot of the bed with his outstretched arm. 'I see my mother as plainly as I see you, and Sarah is standing behind her. Oh, my God, take them away, or I shall go mad.'

'Think a moment of what you are saying,' I put in. 'You hold that there is no hereafter; and if you are still in that belief, a spirit can have no existence in your mind.'

I thought I perceived a gleam of intelligence in his eyes when I began, but the giddy brain whirled off again, and it was impossible to catch it, as it became lost in the hazy regions of delirium. I could do no good by staying at the wretched man's bedside, and when the doctor came I took my leave. The next time I called Ferguson was in a calmer frame of mind. He had passed through the worst stage, and was beginning to come round. He was very low and desponding, and he seemed to have lost all his confidence and swagger in his late conflict with the powers of darkness.

'I'm afraid, sir,' said he, 'it is not possible for you or any other man to do me good.'

'But all things are possible with God, my brother to them who believe.'

'I'm not a believer, though,' put in Ferguson, quickly.

'You are a contradiction,' said I. 'The last time I saw you, you insisted that you beheld the spirit of your dead mother standing at the foot of your bed.'

'For mercy's sake, don't, sir,' interrupted Ferguson, beginning to tremble violently.

'And you declared that the devil had you fast.'

'He thought he saw his poor old father, too, and Sarah,' struck in his wife half jeeringly, as she rose to attend to some household duty.

Colin did not reply until she was out of hearing, then leaning towards me, he whispered, 'I saw them all as distinctly as I see you at this moment.'

'Then if there are disembodied spirits, there must be a future state of being, it is clear.'

(To be continued.)

The Spanish Government and the Cigarette Evil.

Spaniards, perhaps, more than any people in the world, are addicted to the cigarette habit. Men, women and children smoke continually in public and private. A Spaniard without a cigarette would be as strange a sight as a steamboat without a smoke funnel. At last this habit has been recognized as a great national evil, which ought to be curbed by law. The Cortes has before it a bill drafted by the Minister of the Interior, absolutely prohibiting the sale of tobacco, cigars or cigarettes to any person under seventeen years of age. The penalties for violation of the law carry from ten to fifty dollars, with imprisonment in exceptionally flagrant cases. The severity of the measure is justified as imperative for the arrest of racial degeneration. It has been pointed out that tuberculosis is making great and increasing ravages among the Spanish people, and this is largely attributed to the use of cigarettes by boys.—Montreal 'Witness.'

What he Saw in Canada.

When the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, of the West End Wesleyan Mission, a former colleague of the late Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, returned to London, England, after a twelve months' sojourn in the United States and Canada, he said: 'I never saw a woman enter a public house in Canada or the United States; I never saw on any table or dining car a glass of liquor, and I never saw a drunken man till I reached an English port. I was deeply impressed with the self-respecting bearing of the people. They walked with a firm step, as if they knew whose world it is, and felt that they have a share in it.' This is an impressive tribute to the character of the American and Canadian people by a very acute observer.—'Canadian Royal Templar.'

HOUSEHOLD.

My Vacation Mecca.

I will not spend vacation's days
Beside a summer sea,
Nor will I seek the pleasant ways
Of gay humanity.
Upon no mountain's rugged crest
Will I unfold my tent,
But in a place of peaceful rest
My moments will be spent.

I'll journey to a quiet spot,
Beyond a shady lane!
The threshold of a moss-grown cot
My feet will cross again;
And then her lips I'll fondly press,
Her form I will embrace;
I'll look upon the loveliness
Of her angelic face.

We'll stroll together, side by side,
And gazing in her eyes,
My heart will thrill with manly pride,
And love that never dies.
For, in that cot of humble charms
Abides my purest joy—
My mother waits, with open arms,
To welcome home her boy.

—Lawrence Porcher Hext, in 'Leslie's Weekly.'

Health and Home Hints for Whimsical Appetites.

The appetite of sick persons is capricious and whimsical. No question as to preferences should ever be asked. Their tastes should be studied without their knowledge, and their preference should furnish the working basis. Everything about the sick diet should be dainty and attractive. The napkins used for the tray cannot be too crisp and fresh. The most delicate china and silver are not too good. No warmed over food should appear; everything should be fresh. Hot things should be hot and cold things cold. This is very important. Always have too little food rather than too much. Better to have the patient say, 'See, I've eaten it all!' than 'I couldn't eat it all; my appetite is so poor.' The moment the meal is finished all food should be taken from the room.

Gruels that are properly made, delicately flavored and well served are valuable for the sick, especially where the appetite is nil or solid foods prescribed. But such gruels are seldom seen. In their place one finds too often sloppy, tepid and even lumpy concoctions mis-called 'gruel.' In the first place milk, or milk mixtures for the sick—and for anyone else, for that matter, should never be heated in any dish or basin which has been used to cook vegetables or meats. A double boiler is the best utensil for the purpose. It should be absolutely clean and colorless. Gruels are made of flour—arrowroot, farina and other flours. Since these materials are composed chiefly of starch, they must be cooked thoroughly in order to be digestible. Milk, on the other hand, is rendered indigestible by boiling. Consequently, the cooking of the flours should be done in water, and the milk should be added the last thing, and only brought to a scalding point.

To make flour gruel mix into a paste with cold water one tablespoonful of flour, one salt-spoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of sugar. Add a square of cinnamon and a cupful of boiling water. Boil the mixture slowly for about twenty minutes. Then stir in a cupful of milk and let it come to the scalding point. Strain and serve very hot.

In place of cinnamon, nutmeg, almond or vanilla flavors may be used. For a fever patient a little lemon juice will be liked best. Arrow root and farina gruels are made in the same way.

Sweetbreads, broiled fillets of chicken and squabs all furnish variety to the sick-room's bill of fare. All are easy of digestion and more or less nutritious.

Raw beef sandwiches have been eaten with relish by many a sick person, who, if he or she had understood their composition would have refused them. If beef is desirable scrape it, salt it delicately and spread it on thin slices of buttered brown bread or white bread or toast. Delicious sandwiches may be made of bacon cut very thin and toasted crisp. With brown bread these furnish valuable food agents.

Toast made of stale bread is more easy of digestion than if made of the fresh kind. If it is wanted soft, dip it quickly into boiling water before it is buttered.

Uncooked beef juice is never delicious but in many wasting diseases it is of great value. Of consumption this is especially true. A flavor of cooking may be gained by heating the beef before the juice is extracted from it, either on a boiler or in a hot frying pan. Only the outer surface should be scorched. The inside should be warmed only enough to start the juices.—New York 'Tribune.'

The Cheery Girl.

She comes into the room like a soft breeze—fresh, invigorating—and the 'blues' fly out of the window before her sunny presence. She is ready for everything. She never throws cold water on your plans. She clasps her hands and says your ideas are splendid, and suggests a way to make them even more splendid, so sweetly and modestly that you think it is your own suggestion. She can be clever and funny without being unkind or sarcastic. She is receptive and responsive. She prefers to consider all the world honest and glad until it proves itself otherwise. She always gets along; she has friends everywhere.—Exchange.

A housekeeper who has experienced considerable difficulty in keeping a hardwood floor in good condition, believes that she has solved the problem by a method which is claimed to be much superior to that of rubbing with oil, as it leaves no disagreeable sticky feeling. The floor is first swept with a soft brush, then carefully wiped with a slightly damp cloth. Afterward the entire surface is gone over with a mixture, consisting of a half a cup of the best furniture polish dissolved in a quart of moderately hot water. When dry the boards are said to acquire a fine polish as the result of this process.

English Hospitality.

Punctilious unselfishness must constantly be practiced by a hostess, and in this direction no better model can be found than the high-bred Englishwoman. She and her countrywomen generally understand the letting alone of guests in its finest form. In an English home one is never wearied by the feeling that, as a bright American club woman once said:

'One is taking for one's board.'

There is always perfect freedom of action in an English house until the dinner hour. No offence is taken if a guest chooses to spend the entire day in her room, but etiquette demands that the evening dressing bell be regarded as an imperative summons to appear at dinner with the entertaining powers polished to their utmost. Knowledge of the world and of books—originality of thought or speech must be levied upon by the possessor to entertain or enter into discussions which may come up. Many women, and men, too, who have been lacking in the conversational gift, have still made reputations for themselves by the knowledge which enabled them to pose as good listeners. Good taste, good temper and good manners all come from a gentle heart. Cultivate the last, and the others will arrive.—The 'Presbyterian Banner.'

Method in Housekeeping.

One can accomplish much more in a day with system than without it. A good housewife, by planning her work, does a dozen things while they are all within easy reach, while a poor housekeeper will be running from room to room doing one thing in each, and at night will be all tired out, without having much to show for her labor. 'Method,' said Cecil, 'is like packing things in a box; a good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one.'—Well spring.'

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