

THE ERUPTION OF MAUNA LOA.

This celebrated volcano in the Hawaiian Islands was recently in violent eruption. On Sunday afternoon, January 16, smoke was seen issuing from it, and in the evening fire suddenly burst forth, sending huge forks of flame high into the air, accompanied by almost incessant earthquakes, estimated at from 300 to 500. On the next Tuesday a large stream of lava sent out a river of fire that thundered down the mountain-side towards the sea. It was a brilliant sight, immense quantities of the lava shooting high in the air, and forming three branches that flowed from the burning crater on the mountain-side 6,500 feet from the sea level, the stream being several miles in width at some points and a mile wide where the flow met the sea. Honolulu papers give spirited accounts of the eruption, which lasted several days and must have been a sublime spectacle.

A SKETCH.

Many years ago, when I was a lad, attending one of the public schools of Edinburgh, John Paton, a boy about thirteen years of age, was enrolled in my class, born without arms from the shoulder. Considerable curiosity and excitement were roused as to how such a strange phenomenon would comport himself among his class-fellows. We were not left long in suspense, for being a boy of natural ability, he very soon asserted himself, and more frequently than any other wasdux of the class. As may be imagined, his class-fellows, on this very account, began not only to esteem, but to love him, more especially as he had a bright, happy disposition, and was ever ready to join them in any amount of fun and frolic in which they might happen to indulge. The second day after John entered school, as our class was repairing to the writing room, he quietly asked me if I would take off the shoe and stocking of his right foot, as he wished a copy-book as well as the others. "What," I said, "You can't write." "Oh, yes," he said, "I can do a little, and wish to learn to do more." I shall never forget the delight with which I asked from the master a copy-book for John, and judge of the surprise of both master and pupils, as a pen was put between the big toe and its neighbor. John commenced his first half-text line, the first then as now, "Amendment is commendable." He made rapid improvement in this branch, and before leaving school he wrote with his toes a beautiful hand. The use he made of his skill in writing will be told in the sequel. After passing through all his classes with distinction, (arithmetic included), the Government system of education was being introduced into Scotland, and John offered himself as a candidate to become a pupil teacher, but as one of the conditions was that applicants must have no physical infirmity or defect, this door was effectually closed against him. As he knew it was with his brains he would have to make his way in the world, he now determined to prosecute his studies at the University of Edinburgh, and qualify himself for the ministry. Before proceeding further, it should be stated that John had gathered round him at least a dozen staunch companions who had been at school with him, and who were always ready to render assistance where hands were essential. For instance, in our swimming feats, the companion who had the honor (we boys all considered it so) of undressing and dressing him, was until lately a leading Edinburgh physician. None of us, either in rapidity or length of stroke, could at all approach him, as he propelled himself on his back through the water. He was dressed

while at school like other boys, except that, instead of a jacket, he wore a short mantle, which, as he got older, was exchanged for a morning coat with stuffed arms, the ends of which were placed in its pockets, so that, to all appearance, no defect was visible. When he made his visits to me, little did the servant admitting him know he had pulled the bell with his teeth.

He entered, as before stated, the University, going through the Arts curriculum, in which he carried off several prizes. But a heavy disappointment was awaiting him when he applied for admission as a student into the Divinity Hall of the Free Church, Edinburgh. The principal and professors, who admired the unflinching perseverance of the young man, and deeply sympathized with him, came to the conclusion that, as there were many duties in the ministerial

SMOKING.

An English journal recently offered a prize for the best argument against smoking. Following is the article for which the prize was awarded:

It is unphysiological because no animal in a state of nature uses it, and the first time a man smokes he is usually violently upset by it. When a man eats a new kind of fruit for the first time he may not like it, but it does not make him ill, as such fruit is a food. But tobacco, being a poison, nearly always causes an upset to the system. It is only by continued use that man can use it without being made immediately ill; he is made ultimately diseased by its use. It is expensive because there is no need for it; it is not even a luxury that helps us to spend our superfluous cash harmlessly, because it causes more loss and injury than it

wastes energy as it depresses the vital powers, and uses up itself, life and power that should be used for helping on man kind. It leads to drinking. Smoking always causes a dryness of the throat, and the saliva ejected is fluid lost to the system; to relieve both these conditions fluids are taken. As tobacco is a nervine depressant alcohol is often used to get rid of this depressed feeling. Statistics of temperance friendly societies show that smokers break away from their pledge in greater numbers than non-smokers do.

It leads to loss of property, goods, and lives, by the fires which originate by lighted ashes from pipes, by lighted cigar ends, or matches used by smokers. The loss in this country by fire traceable to smoking is very large.

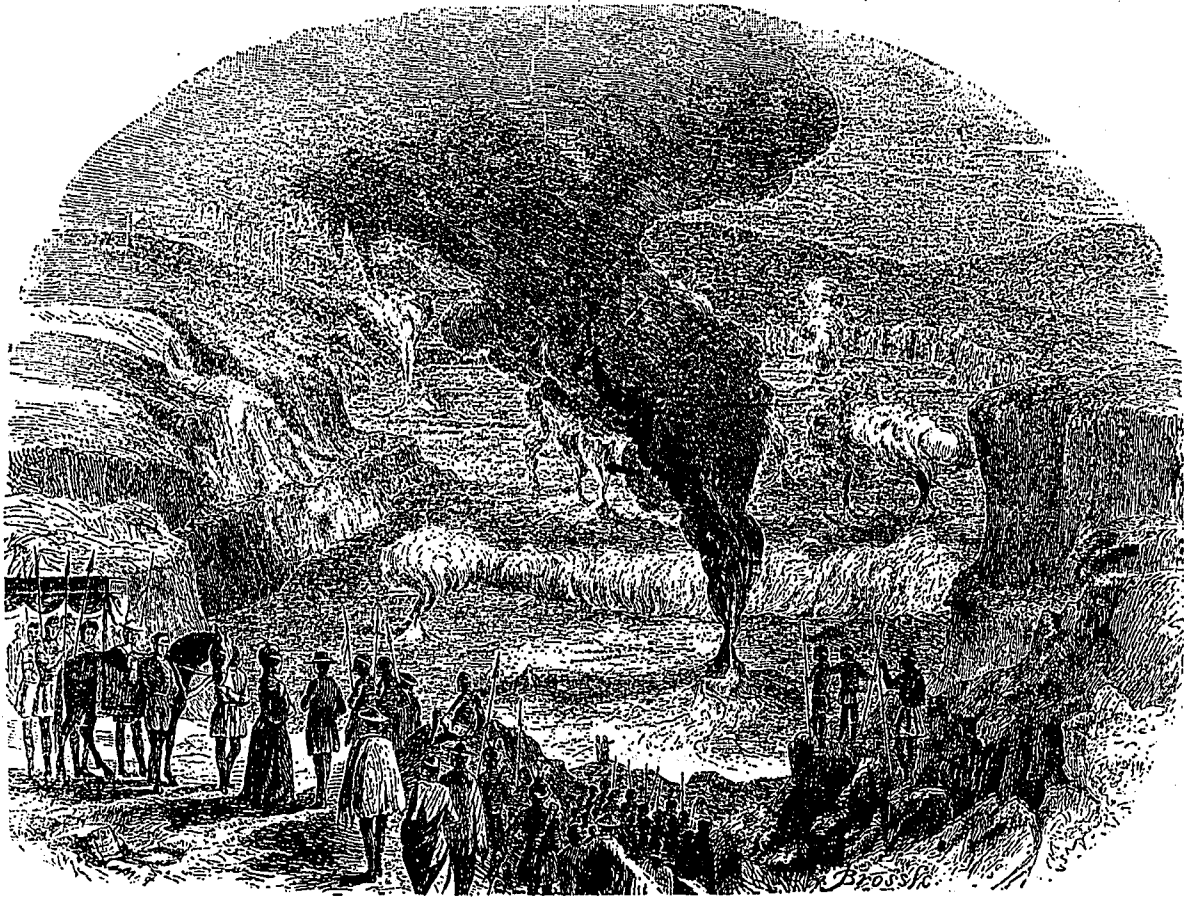
A WORD IN SEASON.

Faithful tract distributors, who often work bravely on with little apparent fruit will be greatly encouraged by and deeply interested in the following personal incident, given by the Rev. E. A. Stuart in closing his address at the anniversary of the Religious Tract Society:

Some fifteen years ago a young Cambridge undergraduate was travelling in his holidays in the Lake country. He was separated from his companions and happened to get a seat in a corner of a railway carriage which was filled with young men. The train drew up at a railway station and a gentleman opened the door and handed him a tract. This young Cambridge undergraduate was not an altogether thoughtless man with regard to religious things; but, alas! he was at that time destitute of real spiritual grace; content with merely going once or twice to the House of God on Sunday, and

with trying to live as far as possible, as he thought, a moral life. But if there is one thing which he despised more than another it was the giving of a tract. He did not see why men should push their religion down other men's throats and make a public display of what they believed. He refused the tract. Of course it was offered to the next man in the carriage, and he likewise refused; because you know young men are very like sheep, and where one leads the others are pretty sure to follow; so the tract was offered all round the railway carriage, and every one refused it. The gentleman who offered the tract shut the door, with a sigh, and said "Gentlemen, remember you have a soul!" and went away. Those simple words fell like a stone in a stagnant pool on that young man's heart—"Remember you have a soul." At first he got angry. "Why," he thought, "did he want to tell me I have got a soul? I know I have got a soul as well as he." But, nevertheless, the words sank in, hammered by the power of God's Holy Spirit. The very thud of the engine seemed to say, "Remember you have a soul." The words stuck, and went home, and when he went back to Cambridge he allied himself with some young men there who taught him the Word of God "more perfectly." He entered the ministry of Christ's church, and that young Cambridge undergraduate is the speaker who is addressing you to-night.—*English Paper.*

SPURGEON says: "Perhaps your Master knows what a splendid ploughman you are; and he never means to let you become a reaper, because you can do the ploughing so well."



THE ERUPTION OF MAUNA LOA.

office he should have to delegate to others, they could not enroll him as one of their students. John, who was of humble parentage, had now to look about him for other means of work and livelihood. His independent spirit would not brook the smallest aid from others as long as he could by his penmanship or tutoring maintain himself. He was engaged for a short time in the Free Church offices, Edinburgh, in copying out church papers, but the strain upon his back was too much for him, so he had to relinquish such employment. Little do those who may now have to consult such documents imagine that the clear and distinct penmanship is not that of the hand, but of the foot. Private teaching, generally very precarious, was all that was left him to subsist upon; but, as I finally left Edinburgh about this time, I gradually lost sight of him, until I was informed of his decease, dying between thirty and forty years of age.

Was John Paton's life, in his peculiar circumstances, a purposeless one? Certainly not. Had Providence sent him into the world for no other purpose than to rouse the energies of both mind and body, and fire the zeal of those associated with the armless lad, John Paton, I can testify, nobly and successfully accomplished his work. There is not one of his companions now living, who all occupy high positions in their professions, but would most frankly acknowledge that their former companion was the means of giving them an impulse in the path of duty, which played its part in raising them to the stations they now hold. It is to be hoped that even the simple recital of such a short sketch may have a salutary effect upon the lives of the young who may chance to peruse it.—*Presbyterian Messenger.*

A WRATHFUL man stirreth up strife.

does good. In England we spend at least £12,000,000 a year on tobacco alone; what with pipes, matches, cigar-holders, cigarette-tubes, cigarette-machines, etc., we do not spend short of £20,000,000.

It is a dirty habit. What smells worse than the breath of a smoker, than his tobacco-soaked clothes, and his rank pipe? Then the ashes from pipes, cigars and cigarettes fall on clothes, carpets, tablecloths, etc., and dirty or disfigure them. Smoking blackens the teeth, and if a pipe is smoked the teeth that hold it are worn away, and so we spoil a natural adornment—the teeth.

It is selfish, in that the person only who uses it gets pleasure from it, and that often at the expense of others. Smokers poison the air common to all by the fumes they emit. The selfishness of the smoker causes family quarrels and disputes, the husband preferring his pipe to his wife or sweetheart. It is disease-producing. It stops growth, and causes ill-developed persons if used before growth has stopped. In adults, it first blunts the sense of taste, smell, and sight, and indirectly, the hearing and touch. It always produces more or less sore throat, and often, in consequence, the worst kind of deafness—viz., throat deafness. When absorbed into the system it causes palpitation and irregular action of the heart, and has a depressing influence on it. It delays digestion, causes nervousness, trembling of hands, indecision, loss of energy and of will power, with lowness of spirits. It deadens thought, and makes a man dull and listless instead of being intelligent and active. It causes loss of appetite, helps on cancer of the stomach, and is the active cause of most cases of cancer seen on the lower lip, which is rarely seen except among smokers. It also lessens the vitality, and wounds heal less rapidly amongst smokers than non-smokers. It wastes time and energy. It