

"What is the truth of this sad story?" asked the colonel. "Is it as bad as we have heard?"

"It is bad enough. Poor Dan drank himself into delirium tremens, and then tried to put an end to his sufferings and his life at once. Fortunately, though the dose he took was enough to have killed an ox, it was too much for a human stomach to stand. I have been doing my best to help nature, and I believe between us, we shall put him through yet. At all events, he is still alive."

"Thank God! Thank God!" cried Harry, and burst into a hearty fit of crying.

"Thank God!" echoed the colonel, reverently, and then gave, in as few words as possible, such an explanation to Dr. Burnett as made their extreme interest in poor Dan intelligible, without betraying that Harry's share in the wrong done was greater than his own.

"I am glad that the poor fellow—from any cause—has found friends," said the doctor. "Dan is not a bad sort of a fellow if he can be weaned from the whiskey bottle. I believe that this spell will make a better man of him if he can survive it, and I think he will if he has proper care."

Proper care he had, as it is hardly necessary to say. A patient, tireless watcher in Harry Welsh, a liberal provider of all necessary comforts in Col. Holcomb; and after a long illness, Dan Shaw fulfilled Dr. Burnett's prediction, and arose from his bed a wiser man.

The consequences of the lie told by Harry Welsh were not so terrible as they had threatened to be, but the lesson they taught him is likely to last for a lifetime.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE FAITHFUL PROMISER.

"Not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass unto you, and not one thing hath failed thereof" (Joshua xxiii. 14). "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread" (Psalm xxxvii. 25).

It was piercingly cold, a sharp east wind seeming to cut through to one's very bones, the dust was flying in clouds. Altogether it was a most miserable day. Hard at work breaking stones by the roadside was an aged man.

It was just noon, and as he rose from his occupation to eat his frugal dinner, which had been tied up by his old wife with loving care in a red cotton handkerchief, you might perceive he was nearly bent double, for Jamie Dawson was a martyr to rheumatism, which the severe weather was making exceedingly painful. He had a fine face and well-shaped head. His features were good, though they looked rather large, he was so thin. The expression of his countenance was calm and dignified, and as he moved toward a sheltered spot to eat his meal, his white hair floating in the wind, he muttered to himself, "I have been young and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Yes, yes, it is His word, and "He is faithful," he exclaimed in a louder tone. "Oh Jamie, surely you are not going to begin doubting the Friend who has never failed you these 'threescore years and ten,' and a slight cough tinged his pale cheek, as if ashamed of the thought, "but my poor boy, it is hard to lose you," and the old face quivered with strong feeling, and tear after tear rolled down his weather-beaten cheeks.

The meal despatched, he returned to his work till evening.

We shall follow old Jamie Dawson to his dwelling, his stiff and feeble limbs heavily mounting the steep hillside.

His cottage was a mere hovel, but once inside it was so clean and tidy that it looked quite a nice little home, and it was the dread of leaving that home that was agitating him, but still more bitter than losing it would be the parting with the faithful companion of a lifetime; the placid, decent old woman, awaiting his return, seated by her bright hearth and cheerful little fire.

Jamie Dawson and his old Betty had served God for many a year. Numerous trials had been theirs, poverty, sickness, all their dear children but one taken from them, some of them grown up men and women; the only one left to cheer and solace their old age being the one whose constant ill-health had promised an early grave.

What a blessing that feeble life had been to them! The old father and mother had known no want while the clever workman

plied his needle seated at the tailor's board; but the tears were flowing, because intelligence had just reached them that his faithful "servant" while engaged in his daily task had suddenly been called away.

Jamie was very old, he could earn but little; Betty was feeble and infirm, but the work and the trifling parish pay, with that good son's help, had hitherto sufficed; now the workhouse was in prospect, and separation from each other.

The next day Jamie's rheumatism would not allow him to move from the snug fire-side. His Bible was before him, and he read to his partner promise after promise of their Heavenly Father, and they comforted each other with many a reminiscence of past mercies and wonderful deliverances.

Just then a cheery voice was heard at the cottage door, and the parson's big, rough dog bounded in for the welcome Betty always gave him.

"Ah, Jamie, I was sure the rheumatics had pinched you and pinned you home to-day; but what a fire! it makes one cold to look at it." Soon the parson plunged into the object of his visit—some coals to be given away, and they were to have a share, and then there was "a little trifling help" from a friend, sent to those who were of the same "household of faith."

Gladly would Mr. Pierce, the vicar, have kept the old people in their cottage, providing for their few wants, but a family of nine children and a small income made it impossible. He could give little more than his sympathy and prayers, and he could promise nothing beyond occasional help from friends.

He was deeply pained at their trouble. "Let us tell Jesus," said he before they parted. "Joshua at the end of his pilgrimage could say that 'God had never failed him!' David bore the same testimony, and all the other saints mentioned in the Bible, and why should not you?" and they knelt and prayed as those only can who know they are speaking to a friend. Then the little gift the vicar's good wife always contrived to save out of her poverty was bestowed, and he was gone. This visit greatly refreshed the old saints; it told them that, though God for the moment was hiding His face, they were neither forsaken nor forgotten by Him.

God was His own interpreter, and He would make it plain.

And so the day passed. The warm fire which they might now indulge in, and the comfortable meal provided, were taken in token of His faithfulness.

But their faith was to be sorely tried. The attack of rheumatism proved to be a very severe one, and at last the parish officer came to say that "no more outdoor relief would be given them, and they must go into the workhouse."

Betty was now the comforter. "Never mind, Jamie," she would say, "we shall not be parted for long, we are bound for the same home, and we shall soon meet to part no more." It must all be well. Let us not doubt him at the end."

But the prospect of being parted from his faithful wife was a terrible trial to the poor old man. He wept, he agonized, he prayed, till at length he could say from his heart, "Thy will, not mine, be done." Then, like Abraham of old, when the will was given up, the spirit resigned, the lesson learned, the voice was heard saying, "It is enough."

Again Mr. Pierce was at the cottage with a letter he had received from William Dawson's fellow-workmen. Out of a fund they had among themselves they had forwarded to the clergyman quite a nice sum of money to which they had added the proceeds of a concert which they had held out of respect to the memory of a companion whose consistent walk and filial piety had won the esteem and admiration even of those who did not follow his example.

The gift was also accompanied by another letter, addressed to the old pair, telling how these fellow-workmen had valued their son, and expressing their wish to fulfill as far as possible what they knew was an object dear to his heart, namely, to provide for his aged parents. This letter was written by one of them in a coarse and homely style, which conveyed their meaning only the more clearly on that account to the old people, and was signed by all William's mates.

And now there was no more the workhouse to dread; a few friends added a little more to the fund, and the old pilgrims found that at "evening time it was light." They had trusted God when trouble

pressed hard upon them, and now they could set their seal to the verse at the head of this narrative, "Not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you" (Joshua xxiii. 14); "For He is faithful that promised" (Heb. x. 23).—*Mary Inman, in British Messenger.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

April 5.—Acts 27: 1, 2, 14-26.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Much preparation will be needed for this lesson. The teacher should thoroughly "get up" all the nautical details of the voyage,—which, if worthy to be recorded in an inspired book, must certainly be worthy of being studied by readers of that book.—*Eugene Stock.*

I. The voyage (vers. 1-13). Trace this out on the map, with the aid of the *Journal* given in the *Introduction*.

II. The tempest (vers. 14-20), with its dangers and discomforts; the power and teachings of the sea; the vain efforts to resist its force.

III. God in the storm, revealed through His servant (vers. 21-26.)

Paul praying. All the more because he had God's promise to sustain him. We here naturally think of the beautiful stanza of the Greek hymn of Anatolius (d. 458), containing the word *Euroclydon*:
Ridge of the mountain wave, lower thy crest!
Wall of *Euroclydon*, be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be, darkness must fly,
Where's in the Light of light, Peace! it is I!

Paul the means of saving the others. As ten righteous men would have saved Sodom. The power of a good person, or of a few good people, who live their religion. The time of trouble makes their religion to shine the clearer.

Good cheer from God, through faith in His word.

Illustration. A good man said that he rested on three pillows: God's love, God's wisdom, and God's power.

Illustration. A late sermon says that there are three ways of thinking about God: (1) He has been considered as a lofty and glorious King; (2) as a supreme Governor, holy and just, but without heart; (3) the true way is to interpret God by His Fatherhood. Now as a matter of fact, we need all these ways of thinking about God. The glory of his fatherhood is that he is such a Father; that the King of glory, the One who governs all things, He is our Father, and loves us and cares for us.—*P.*

IV. Applications. (1) To the storm of trouble; (2) to the storm of sin. We cannot save ourselves. With all our efforts the tempest is too strong for us. Only God can help; only God can save. He sends His word and His ministers to us, with His promises, and looking to Him there is good cheer.

PREMATURE DEATHS.

Strong men lose their lives by imprudent acts, while the weak, compelled to take care of themselves, often live to old age. Few men live as long as they should, because few abstain from violating some law of health. The late Dr. Marion Sims, the founder of the Woman's Hospital in New York, said that most men die prematurely, even when they die of old age.

Among these premature deaths he mentions that of Peter Cooper, who imprudently exposed himself at the age of ninety-three, took cold, and died of pneumonia. Capt. Labouche, who died a few years ago in New York at the age of one hundred and eleven, also died prematurely from a cold caused by imprudent exposure.

Dr. Sims says that his own father died prematurely at the age of seventy-eight, because he did what he ought not to have done. One hot day in July, he rode thirty miles in the saddle. Having stabled his horse, he began chopping wood.

Suddenly the axe dropped from his hands, and he was paralyzed. The long ride in the sun had overheated and fatigued his body. The violent chopping overtaxed heart and lungs, and threw the blood too forcibly to the brain. A blood-vessel in the brain gave way, letting out the blood, which, forming a clot, produced paralysis.

"As all this occurred as the result of an imprudent and unnecessary act," says Dr. Sims, "I am justified in saying that my father died prematurely at the age of seventy-eight; for I am sure that without

this he would have lived to be ninety-five, as his grandfather did before him."

The strength of the strong is often their weakness, while the feebleness of the weak is their strength.—*Youth's Companion.*

PUZZLES.

ANAGRAMS.

Into my arm,
Red nuts and gin,
Cart horse,
New door.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Mountains, lakes, towns, etc., of New England.

An animal island; an animal lake; a buried city; useful for table service; a cathedral city; ready for a ride; an important part of a picnic; a gentleman of fine manners; part of an animal; a lively head; a kind of grass; a remarkably intelligent tree; an important public building in London; a famous novel; running water requested to speak; a place that is supposed to be at the other end of the world; useful but not agreeable salt; agreement; a mount of dried grass; a good kind of carpet; a noble man; a day of English racing; a field quite homely; belonging to no one, excepting, it may be, to a woman; a city evidently much interested in the tariff; famous for cutlery; a fruit; a queen's palace; a meadow of considerable extent; lakes of a bird; a river with no life in it; a field without any Winter; an excellent kind of apple; a famous castle in England; the field of an artisan; a pretty hard head; a good place to go for decorations at Christmas time.

AN EASY SQUARE.

1. Tax. 2. Old. 3. To guard. 4. A current.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a voracious sea fish, and leave a word denoting attention.
2. Behead it again, and leave the repository of the covenant of God with the Jews.
3. Behead an inhabitant of the ocean, and leave anything that is healthy. Behead again, and leave a kind of liquor.
4. Behead one of the esculent grains, and leave concreted sugar.
5. Behead a buffoon, and leave an indefinite quantity.
6. Behead a testament, and leave wickedness.
7. Behead the pope, and leave a kind of monkey.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

CHARADE—Chandeller (Shandy Lear).

COUNDRUM.—Each requires a staff.

ANAGRAMS.—Broath.

Worth.
Sury foot.
Revolution.

A VERY HEARTY BREAKFAST, IN TWENTY-ONE COVERED DISHES.—1, tea; 2, coffee; 3, cream; 4, sugar; 5, hash; 6, toast; 7, quail; 8, oatmeal; 9, rolls; 10, fish; 11, bread; 12, pork; 13, beef; 14, egg; 15, liver; 16, butter; 17, potato; 18, melon; 19, pickle; 20, pie; 21, honey.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Benjamin Hamford, Eusebe Corneau, Willie D. Jamieson, Leroy Hicks, Lillian Gerow and John Hunter.

BOILED BREAD PUDDING.—A boiled bread pudding is not so common a dish as a baked one, but it is equally nice. Let one pint and a half of milk come to a boil, and pour it over three-quarters of a pint of fine bread crumbs. While this is cooling, beat four eggs very light, add sugar to your taste with a third of a cup of butter, a teaspoonful of currants, cherries or raisins, and half a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg; then when the milk has ceased to be scalding add these to it, beat well together, and put it into a buttered basin or pudding dish; tie a cloth over the top, set it into a kettle of boiling water, and let it boil for an hour and a half. A tin pail is better than a basin; for by its use there is less likelihood of burning your hand. Have the tea-kettle on the stove, so that the water can be replenished, and the boiling of the pudding not for a moment suspended.

CORN STARCH CAKE.—Half cup of butter, creamed, one and a half cups of sugar, half cup of milk, half teaspoonful of almond, and cup of cornstarch, one and a half cups of pastry flour half teaspoonful of soda, one and a half teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, whites of six eggs. Mix in the order given, and bake in a moderate oven.