

The Home Mission Journal.

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A Little Loving Life.

By ELEANOR LESUEUR MACNAUGHTON.

CHAPTER III.

WHILE these recollections passed through the mind of Mark Torrington, his weakness increased, and the dread arose that he might not have strength to accomplish his purpose. He must at least get out of sight, and he arose painfully; but exhaustion overcame him and he barely managed to drag himself a short distance in amongst the trees when he sank down in a mossy hollow and was soon in a deep sleep.

The pictures of his past life that he had been recalling pursued him in his sleep, and most persistently that of his little self, the happy faced little lad in the blue sailor suit. They turned over picture books through, elmed trees, ran races, and now they were resting under the shade of a great tree. The little fellow chatted away. How plainly he could hear him speak, "I want you to come to my feast." That was not a dream voice. Was he awake? No; he could not be, for the child of his dreams still stood before him his bright brown curls shaded by a big straw hat, his blue eyes fixed intently on Mark's face while with a pleading expression he repeated: "I hope I haven't sturbed you; I only said it very low, and I do want you so much to come to my feast."

"Want me," said Mark in a bewildered way. "Yes," said the child; "I've been looking for you nearly all the afternoon. I made a feast, like the king in the story you know, and 'vited Sammy Forbes, and he 'scused himself because he wanted to go fishing, and I felt very bad to have the feast wasted, and then I 'membered about the king and how he sent his servants out to bring in the people that were in the highways, and I thought I would go myself because I haven't any servant. But they must have been diff'unt highways near the king's palace, for I looked and looked and could find nobody, and I was just getting 'scouraged when I found you. Please, sir, will you come right off?"

"Where is your feast," said Mark, "and what is your name?"

"My name is Toto Marshall, and my feast is in my own little house."

"I can't go to any house," said Mark. "I—I don't feel well."

"I'm so sorry," said Toto, "but perhaps you would feel better indoors, and my little house isn't far. Look, you can see it on the bank of the river. Uncle gave it to me for my very own. Perhaps, if you were to lean on me, you could get down to it. Do try, I'll be so 'pointed if you can't come."

He clasped Mark's hot hand in his little moist palm, and the man yielded to the touch and staggered to his feet, but had to steady himself by leaning on the child's shoulder. The sturdy little fellow braced himself up, proud to be of assistance, and the strange pair walked down the hill, struck into a side path just above the bridge, and a few paces brought them to a little cabin. The door stood hospitably open, and Toto helped his guest in, and seated him in an old rocking-chair in front of a small table, while he took his place on a three-legged stool at the other side.

"Isn't it nice?" he cried delightedly. "When the sugarmaking was over, uncle bought this cabin for my playhouse, and next spring Sammy and I mean to make sugar in it. That corner where you see all the pine twigs is the bedroom, and the place by the window is the parlor. That

is why I put all my pictures there, all except this one. It was about the king's feast, and I thought it would look best in the diningroom."

"This one" was a fair-sized print, representing the marriage supper at the point where the king confronts the man who is without a wedding garment.

"But we'd better begin," said Toto cheerily, "and I hope you won't be 'pointed, Mr.—"

"Mark," said his companion.

"Thank you," said Toto, "I was going to say, Mr. Mark, that perhaps I oughtn't to have said that my feast was like the king's supper. It may have made you think that I had things like they had, wedding cake and salad and chicken and ice cream. Mine has just to be made out of little things I save. Sarah gave me these two cookies this morning and this is my gingerbread from tea last night. I gathered the raspberries, and Aunt Amy gave me the milk and bread and butter for running three errands."

He passed the articles named to Mark as he spoke and filled him a tumbler of milk, but the man made no attempt to eat. Toto looked distressed, then a thought struck him, and flushing up he said, "Perhaps you would like to say grace, Mr. Mark. Please 'scuse me for forgetting. If you don't feel well enough I could say mother's grace."

"I should like to hear you say it," said Mark mechanically.

Toto bent his bright head at once, clasped his hands reverently and said, "On what we are about to receive may the Lord command a blessing."

"Now you'll feel all right," said he, and Mark, seeing that otherwise his little host would not eat, drank a tumbler of the rich cold milk, ate a slice of bread and butter, and let Toto help him to raspberries.

"I live at Uncle Phil's now," said Toto. "My own home's more than a hundred miles away; but father (he's a doctor, you know), said I must go to the country, so mother sent me to stay with Aunt Amy."

"Have you been ill?" asked Mark. "Yes, very ill. There was something the matter with my head, and I had to stay in bed for a long time. When I opened my eyes, mother was always there sitting beside me. Were you ever ill like that, Mr. Mr. Mark?"

Mark suppressed a groan as a vision rose before him of the large darkened room in which he had once lain during a serious illness in childhood. He could still see the night-light dimly burning and the quiet figure at his side ever ready to minister to his slightest want. "Yes, I was very ill once," he said, "and my mother nursed me."

(To be Continued.)

Health Column.

PHYSIOLOGICAL IRRIGATION.

By A. B. JAMISON, M. D.

PART II

Two or three pints of cold water at a temperature of forty to forty-five degrees, drunk at intervals of half an hour will reduce the pulse from eight to thirty beats. The copious drinking of cold water will act as a diuretic, removing stagnated secretions, and will, at the same time, improve the quality of the pulse and the arterial tone. The drinking of warm water will increase the pulse from five to fifteen beats, and will relax, at the same time, the vessel walls, and also increase the cutaneous secretions to a marked degree.

The drinking of a large quantity of water not only increases the secretions of the kidneys—assisting them in the work of carrying off solid constituents, especially of urea—it also increases the secretions of the skin, saliva, bile, etc. Under proper conditions the internal use of water acts as a stimulant to the nerves that control the blood vessels, a stimulant similar to that produced by its external application.

I advise the drinking of a copious quantity of water daily. There need be no fear that this practise will thin the blood too much; as the ready elimination of the water will not permit such a result to ensue. I would further advise

the generous use of water (temperature 60°) at meal times. I pray you do not drink to wash down food; a bad habit of most of us. Drink all you desire; and if you are like many who have no desire for water, cultivate it, even if it takes years. The imbibed water will be in the tissues in about an hour; and the entire quantity will escape in about three and one-half hours. The demand on the part of the system for water is subject to great variation and is somewhat regulated by the quantity discharged by the organism. Physiologists declare that water is formed in the body by a direct union of oxygen and hydrogen. But those that have cultivated the drink-little habit need not hope to find an excuse for themselves in this fact: chronic ill health betrays them. Water in organic relations with the body never exists uncombined with inorganic salts (especially sodium chloride) in any of the fluids, semi-solids, or solids of the body. It enters into the constitutions of the tissues, not as pure water, but always in connection with certain inorganic salts. In case of great loss of blood by hemorrhage, a saline solution of six parts of sodium chloride with one thousand parts of sterilized water injected into the nervous system, will wash up the stranded corpuscles and give the heart something to contract upon.

When water is taken into the stomach its temperature, its bulk and its slight absorption react upon the system; but the major part of it is thrown into the intestinal canal. When it is of the temperature of about 60° it gives no very decided sensation either of heat or cold; between 60° and 45° it creates a cool sensation; and below 45° a decidedly cold one. Water at a temperature of 50° is a generator of appetite. A sufficient quantity should be taken for that end; say one or two tumblers, an hour or so before each meal, followed by some exercise. Those who have acquired the waterless habit and the many ills resulting from it, will hardly relish cool water as an appetizer; but if they would become robust they must adopt the water habit—a habit that will refresh and rejuvenate nature.

Water of a temperature between 60° and 100° relaxes the muscles of the stomach, and is apt to produce nausea. Lukewarm water seems to excite an upward peristalsis of the intestines and thus produces sickness.

Temperance Column.

THE powers of Europe seem to think that the prohibition of the liquor traffic is a great good thing for the Turks; if not for their own people. It is stated that the Sultan has ordered the discontinuance of the sale of intoxicating liquors in Constantinople, and the six powers contiguous to the North Sea,—Great Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany and Denmark—have entered into an agreement whereby the sale of such liquors to Turkish fishermen is prohibited.—*The Statesman*.

A very curious temperance society exists in the Siberian village of Ashlyka. Every year in September the members meet in the church and make a solemn promise to abstain from wine and spirits for a whole year. They also sign an agreement that any person breaking the pledge shall pay a fine of 25 rubles to the church and submit to be spat upon by his more continent fellows. The most peculiar feature of the whole business, however, is that the members on the one day of the year when the pledge expires allow themselves wine and brandy during the few hours which intervene before the pledge for the ensuing year is made.—*Selected*.

"I have made a thousand dollars during the last three months," said a saloon-keeper boastfully to a crowd of his townsmen.

"You have more than that," quietly remarked a listener.

"What is that?"

"You have made wretched homes—women and children poor and sick and weary of life. You have made their mother a broken-hearted woman. O yes, you have made much—more than I can reckon up—but you'll get the full account some day; you'll get it some day."