

seal of commerce—is so called from having a broad curved line of connected spots proceeding from each shoulder and meeting on the back above the tail, and forming a figure something like an ancient harp. The old harp seals alone have this figuring, and not till their second year.

The hood seal is much larger than the harp. The male, called by the hunters "the dog-hood," is distinguished from the female by a singular hood or bag of flesh on his nose. When attacked or alarmed he inflates this hood so as to cover the face and eyes, and it is strong enough to resist seal shot. It is impossible to kill one of these creatures when his sensitive nose is thus protected, even with a sealing-gun, so long as his head or his tail is toward you; and the only way is by shooting him on the side of the head, and a little behind it, so as to strike him in the neck or the base of the skull.

Seals are very intelligent, and may be domesticated, as in the example on page 4.

At a time when all other northern countries are idle and locked in icy fetters, here is an industry that can be plied by the fishermen of Newfoundland, and by which in a couple of months a million (and at times a million and a half) of dollars are won. It is over early in May, so that it does not interfere with the summer cod-fishery nor with the cultivation of the soil. This, of course, greatly enhances its value.

The seal-fishery, writes the Rev. Mr. Percival, furnishes us with not a few illustrations of that firm adhesion to Christian principle which it is impossible for even the worldly to gaze upon without rapt admiration. Many of these stalwart and grim-looking "swilers" have in our churches sat at the blessed feet of the "Master," and learnt lessons from Him. These Christian principles are often severely tested. For instance, I knew of a case when a Christian captain was out at the ice after seals. On a bright and beautiful Sabbath morning he struck one of these El Dorados; hundreds of thousands of seals surrounded his ship. Other crews about him were busily engaged in taking them, and his men were impatient also to begin the work of death. Before the close of the day he might have loaded his ship with some \$60,000 worth of seals, but he was firm to his Christian principles, and not one seal was taken by him or any of his crew on the Sabbath-day. During the following night a strong breeze sprang up, and when Monday morning dawned there was not a seal to be seen anywhere. That same captain returned to port with eighty seals, and yet, the brave man said, "I would do the same thing again next year, sir!" Such illustrations of moral heroism the ice-fields oft present, and every case of them is a sermon of greater eloquence and power than ever came from the lips of John the golden-mouthed.

The New Hampshire Legislature, which two years ago passed an Act providing for instruction in the schools on the effects of alcohol and narcotics, has at its present session, now just closing, passed a law prohibiting the sale of cigarettes or tobacco in any form to persons under sixteen years of age, imposing a fine of \$20 for each violation.

The Dead Fireman.

In the grey of dawn, with rattle and roar,
Arise the curve the express train tore,
Thro' the gloom of the gale its headlight
burned,

Till the evening shade of the station turned
To a mass of timber, looming black,
As it broke the line of the glistening track.
Only a moment of doubt and fear
"Cling for your life," cried the engineer
To the fireman true, as he sprang to take
The lever which governed the safety brake,
One grasp for safety, a grip for life:
One longing thought of his home and wife,
Then with crash and stagger the engine sped
From the cumbered track to the bank ahead,
Furrowed its course through the frozen
ground
And plunged from the brink with a fatal
bound.

Under the wreck that the engine made
The shattered form of a hero laid.
'Twas Fireman Blake; a higher power
Saved the engineer in that fatal hour.
While the shadow of death above them
threw,
Darkened and fell on his friend alone,
Only a word from his white lips fell,
As they raised him up; 'twas not to tell
Of his own distress; no wish to state,
Only to know of his comrade's fate,
"Phillips is saved," and a faint again
Shielded the mind from the body's pain,
To rouse once more ere the death damp came
And call for the wife that bore his name.
Then the shadow passed—with the dawning
day
The fireman's soul had the "right of way."

The age of heroes is never past,
Who cling to their duty until the last,
Their blackened hands hold the safety brake
While they gave their lives for others' sake.
With no thought of self their last of life
Is an anxious care for friend and wife.
Oh, wife who wailest above the dead!
Oh, weeping mother with bended head!
Oh, engineer to that comrade true:
Who took the plunge of death with you!
In the loved and dead before you laid,
Was the stuff of which heroes' souls are
made.

No leader leaving a titled name,
On statued marble that tells his fame,
Met a nobler death with his victor host
Than Fireman Blake, who stayed at his post.

The Trail of the Serpent.

"CAN a mother forget, etc.?" Yes!
The infernal drink can rob a mother of
even the most deeply-rooted instincts
of her nature, until she exhibits a
heartlessness and cruelty such as are
never found among the savage brutes
that live by carnage and prey. In
another column will be found a fearful
tale of the sufferings brought by a
drunken woman upon a helpless babe.
Think of the blue-eyed baby-boy, only
fifteen months old, with fractured limbs,
crushed face, and body covered with
torturing sores, even marked with the
evidences of cruel blows, lying un-
tended, almost too weak to moan, while
those who should feed and cherish him
spend time and money on DRINK.
Turn from the heart-breaking picture
and read how from the brewery, owned
largely by Toronto's late mayor, comes
the liquor to be distributed among the
men on our public works, and then
turn to our police court records and
read how our magistrate investigates
twenty-six cases of drunkenness in an
single day. See our rich men growing
richer and prouder and fatter, and our
poor men and poor women and poor
children growing sicker and sadder and
weaker, while those who ought to lend
them a helping hand are luxuriating in
the affluence that has been purchased
by the tears and sorrows and blood and
lives of guiltless but drink-cursed wives
and little ones.

Truly the "trail of the serpent" is
in our midst, and in Toronto, and all
over our land "the strings hang loose."
God grant that the recent victory that
our city has won over selfishness and
rum may be the inauguration of an era

of decay, that will ultimate in death,
for the awful disgrace and crime that
has long been our country's greatest
curse.—*Canada Citizen.*

Mother's Work.

At evening four
Little forms in white;
Prayers: I said,
And the last good-night,
Tucking them safe
In each downy bed,
Silently asking
O'er each head,
That the dear Father
In heaven will keep
Safe all my darlings,
Awake or asleep.

Then I think the old adage true ever will
prove,

"It is easy to labor for those that we love."

Ah me! dear me! I often say,
As I hang the tumble clothes away;
And the tear drops start
While my hardened heart
Aches for the mother across the way.

Where, oh where are
Her nestlings flown?
All, all are gone,
Save one alone!
Folded their garments
With tenderest care,
Unpressed the pillow
And vacant the chair,
No ribbons to tie,
No face to wash,
No hair all awry;
No merry voices
To hush into rest;
God save them,
He took them,
And He knoweth best;

But ah! the heart anguish! the tears that
fall!

This mother's work is the hardest of all!

Temperance Notes.

THE citizens of Toronto were asked
to say at the polls whether liquor should
rule the city, and they answered with
a most emphatic "no." The liquor
dealers made common cause with the
worst elements of the city, and the
people rose in their might and buried
the combination under a majority of
nearly two thousand. Mr. Macdonnell
and Mr. Milligan could scarcely get a
hearing at a meeting called to discuss
the license question. The traffic would
be satisfied with nothing less than the
crushing of Mr. Howland. He was
not crushed to any great extent. The
abuse heaped upon ministers and others
over all this Province by two or three
paid agents of the traffic did more to
carry the Scott Act in many counties
than almost any agency we know of.
The conduct of some of the liquor men
in this city did quite as much to elect
Mr. Howland as his committees. All
we need to ripen public opinion for
prohibition is to give a certain class of
liquor dealers a chance to display
themselves.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

THE Church of to-day, much more
the Church of the future, must take
to its heart the duty of combining
and massing its forces against that
gigantic atrocity of Christian civiliza-
tion that mothers nine-tenths of the
woes and sorrows that blight and curse
our modern age, the traffic in intoxicants
which hides its deformity under forms
of law. Are we reduced to the shame
of admitting that a civilization that
has grown up around our altars is
impotent to cure the evil? How can
we go to the heathen with this cancer
of worse than heathen infamy festering
in our own bosom? Our Church from
the first has borne testimony against it,
but we must renew our protest with
louder and more solemn emphasis until
our land is rescued. If ever the pulpit
had the right, the duty to flame with
unsparing rebuke, it is here. If ever

was a cause which deserves to
unite philanthropy and patriotism with
piety in restless endeavor, it is this.—
Bishop Foster, of M. E. Church, 1884.

EVERY day's experience tends more
and more to confirm me in the opinion
that the temperance cause lies at the
foundation of all social and political
reform.—*Richard Cobden.*

EVERY benevolent institution utters
the same complaint. A monster ob-
stacle is in our way. Strong drink—
by whatever name the demon is styled,
in whatever way it presents itself—
this prevents our success. Remove
this one obstacle, and our cause will be
onward, and our labours will be blessed.
—*John Bright.*

WHO hath woe? who hath sorrow?
who hath contentions? who hath bab-
bling? who hath wounds without cause
who hath redness of eyes?

They that tarry long at the wine:
they that go to seek mixed wine.

Look not thou upon the wine when
it is red, when it giveth his colour in
the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

At the last it biteth like a serpent,
and stingeth like an adder.—*Bible.*

WHAT makes these slums (of London)
so horrible? I answer with certainty,
and with the confidence of one who
knows—drink!... I tell the nation
with conviction founded on experience
that there will be no remedy until you
save these outcasts from the temptation
of drink. Leave the drink and you
might build them palaces in vain.
Leave the drink, and before the year is
over your palaces would be reeking
with dirt and squalor, with infamy and
crime.—*Canon Farrar.*

Whiskey Changed the Picture.

THE other day we noticed him as he
came across the bridge, with his wagon
full of cotton, and chickens, and eggs.
He found a ready market for his pro-
duce, and we thought how happy his
little ones would be when he returned
home in the evening with toys, and
dresses, and shoes, and food for the
morrow, and some clear money in his
purse. We thought we could see his
wife standing in the doorway to give
him a cordial greeting on his return,
so desirous were we that he should
make one contented and happy. We
could almost see his cheerful face as he
returned to his family after a day's
absence. So we thought and returned
to our work. . . . But eventide
came, and he passed by our window
again. He had nothing that we
thought he would have had. The
bed of his wagon was bare. No
little shoes, nor toys, nor dresses, nor
food for the morrow, nor money in
his purse, we dare say. The poor
man was drunk. He had changed,
or whiskey had changed him. This
changed our thoughts of his home.
We could see the children shrinking
from his approach, and the wife so
careworn and sorrowful. She could
not meet him with the pleasant smile
with which she had hoped to greet
him. He was breaking his wife's
heart and preparing to make paupers
of his children.—*Alabama Baptist.*

It is all very well to have noble
theories about God, but where is the
good of them except we actually trust
in Him as a real, present, living, loving
Being, who counts us of more value
than many sparrows, and will not let
one of them fall on the ground without
Him.—*The Vicar's Daughter.*