

## Wild Animals in Possession of a Ship.

The annexed incident, of such recent occurrence, proves what would be the hapless consequences, but for the restraining power of the Most High, as exercised upon the brute creation. Hence, how merciful was the announcement, after the flood, to Noah and his sons, "And the fear of you and the dread of you shall be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into your hands are they delivered" (Gen. ix. 2).

The overdue British barque *Margaret* (Captain Sargent), from the West Coast of Africa, arrived at Boston after a remarkable voyage. Captain Sargent said that, between the gales and the nature of his cargo, he had an experience he does not wish again to meet. Besides a regular cargo, there were twelve snakes, one hundred cockatoos and parrots, an orangoutang, some monkeys, two crocodiles, and a gorilla, which he was bringing from Africa for a museum. Rats caused the death of all but four of the cockatoos and parrots, by eating up all the corn that had been provided for them. During a gale the snakes and crocodiles broke out of their boxes in the hold, and invaded the fore-castle, so that for five days the men could not venture into their quarters, but had to live in the cabins. These reptiles, along with the rats, kept up a continual warfare, until the surviving crocodile killed the last snake, and completed the chain of vengeance by being killed during a fierce storm by some of the cargo falling on it. During the scrimmage among the reptiles the monkeys took to the rigging, and stuck there, despite all efforts to dislodge them. Finally, they were all washed away except four, which were captured. The worst passenger was a five-foot gorilla, which was imprisoned in a stout wooden box. The top of this the animal forced off, but though held by a chain, he had considerable play, and, getting possession of an iron bar, he swept the decks. He wound up by partially scalping the negro cook one day, and only letting go after he had been nearly killed with an axe. All the men were more or less hurt by the beast, and he led them a life of terror.

## That Tired Feeling

Is often the forerunner of serious illness, which may be broken up if a good tonic like Hood's Sarsaparilla is taken in season. This medicine invigorates the kidneys and liver to remove the waste from the system, purifies the blood and builds up the strength.

Constipation is caused by loss of the peristaltic action of the bowels. Hood's Pills restore this action and invigorate the liver.

## Silence.

The Chinese have a proverb we shall do well to remember, "A word rashly spoken cannot be brought back by a chariot and four horses." The Hindoos have a similar one, "Of thine unspoken word thou art master, thy spoken word is master of thee," and many a heartache is caused in this world of ours by the passionate utterances of the hasty and the unkind word. Let us remember the adage trite and true—

"Speech is silvern, silence is golden," and, if we cannot speak gently, let us try not to speak at all.

Perhaps some of you have heard or read of the wife who, in misery from quarrelling with her husband, went at last to consult a so-called magician or astrologer, but whom we may with safety call "a wise man." After hearing her story and asking questions, from her answers to which he rightly concluded she was the one who made the quarrel, he gave her a bottle of magical power, telling her whenever a dispute arose, at once to take two tablespoonfuls of the mixture and keep it in her mouth until she had slowly counted five hundred, and then to swallow it.

Soon after the woman came with grateful thanks for the wonderful recipe given her, and to ask for another bottle. A third bottle followed which completed the cure, and the worthy pair were "happy ever afterwards." The bottle of magic mixture

contained only strong alum and water, but the keeping the lips closed and the counting five hundred enabled the temper to cool down, and the effervescing of the ruffled spirit to become calm—to the relief, no doubt, of the unfortunate man she had in early life promised to "love, honour, and obey."

## The Star's Lesson.

## A FABLE.

"How beautiful my waters are; they shine like pure gold!" murmured the lake, as it lay gleaming and sparkling in the bright sunshine; "men stand to gaze upon my beauty, and try to make a picture of my charms. But I toss my gold-tipped wavelets, and baffle all their best attempts."

"What a brilliant creature I am!" cried a little cloud as it floated along in the sky overhead, "the inhabitants of the earth look up at me admiringly, and call me a golden cloud."

"How much I am admired!" whispered the corn, as it bowed gracefully to greet the evening breeze; "no one passes me without a glance, and poets are never weary of singing in praise of the golden grain."

And now the sun had set, sinking slowly down behind the old church tower. And at first he was scarcely missed, so brilliant was the glory he left behind; but gradually the rosy tints melted from the sky, and the little golden cloud paled, and faded, and darkened, until it was nothing but a very ordinary cloud. Twilight crept on, and the waters of the lake looked black and gloomy; and soon the gold faded from the cornfield, too, and it grew paler and paler as the darkness deepened.

Then the evening star arose, large and radiant, and shed its pure light upon the earth.

"Ah, if you could only see me in the daylight!" said the lake, who thought the star looked very fixedly at her; "I glitter splendidly then."

"And I shine like pure gold," cried the little cloud, not to be outdone.

"I, too, am beautiful in the daylight," said the corn.

"How is it that you shine so brightly when all else is dark and gloomy?" asked the lake of the star.

"Because I always look on the sun, who is my King," said the planet. "I have no brightness of my own; I only reflect my master's rays. And it is the same with you, and all the bright things of earth. You shine below; we shine in the heavens above. The *glitter* may be ours, but the gold is our King's; and when we no longer look on him, our beauty dies away."

Silence now fell on the sleeping earth, but presently the organ pealed out in the village church, and a strain of sweet music bore upwards from the weary sons of toil their evening prayer—

"Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near:  
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!"

## "I am so Discouraged."

"I am so discouraged." So spoke a lady the other day to her rector. And she added: "I cannot see what attracts you to this parish."

'Tis true, there were many discouragements—there always are; but they seemed in this instance to rise mountain high. The rector fell to meditating, and he expressed the thought a few days later, couched in these words:

"There is one word I have made it the study of my life to understand. It is a little word; but it is a grand word. It thrills men. It gives them strength. It steadies their purpose. It has an attractive power. It keeps me where I am. That word is 'duty.'"

And it is a wonderful word. And the more one thinks upon its power, the more one understands of its ability to bring success out of its seeming failure—to bring courage out of what would otherwise dishearten—to keep the soul near to its God. Could Christian people generally realize the meaning of this little four-lettered word, the hindrances to the Christian life and to Christian work would fast disappear. And to-day those men and women who are carrying on their shoulders the great work

of the Church and refuse to falter or hesitate, are those who at every turn are actuated by the thought: "It is my duty."

Grasp, then, Christian reader, the idea this word conveys, and become faithful to every trust, steady in your Christian purpose, courageous in your efforts to build up the Kingdom of your Lord.

## Hints to Housekeepers.

In taking down the stove, if any soot should fall upon the carpet or rug, cover quickly with dry salt before sweeping, and not a mark will be left.

When doing housework, if your hands become chapped or red, mix cornmeal and vinegar into a stiff paste and apply to the hands two or three times a day, after washing them in hot water, then let them dry without wiping, and rub with glycerine. At night use cold cream, and wear gloves.

False Economy is practised by many people, who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

JELLY PIES.—One cupful of blackberry jelly, one cupful of eggs, one cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of morning's milk. Beat all and bake as a custard pie.

BUTTERMILK PIES.—One pint of buttermilk, four eggs, one cupful of sugar, one fourth cupful or a little more butter, two spoonfuls of flour, well beaten, season with lemon. Add the buttermilk last.

THE BYE-ELECTIONS have passed by, and we can now consider the best protection against disease. There is unrestricted reciprocity of sentiment between all people in Canada in pronouncing Burdock Blood Bitters the very best blood purifier, dyspepsia and headache remedy, and general tonic renovating medicine before the public.

At some hospitals, almost the only gargle used for the throat is hot salt water.

Grained woods should be washed with cold tea, and then, after being wiped dry, rubbed with linseed oil.

BUTTERMILK STEW.—Boil one pint of buttermilk, sweeten, and stir in a tablespoonful of butter; flavor with extract of ginger.

MULLED BUTTERMILK.—Put a pint of buttermilk on to boil; add a well-beaten egg; let boil up once.

When putting away silver that is not to be used for a considerable time, place it in an air-tight case, with a good-sized piece of camphor.

ARROWROOT CUSTARD.—Take one tablespoonful of arrowroot, mix smooth in a little cold milk, and stir into a pint of boiling milk with half a tea-cupful of sugar and two beaten eggs. Let boil and flavor with cinnamon. Set in a cool place until very cold.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.—A Good Suggestion.—By constipation is meant irregular action of the bowels, often called costiveness, and commonly caused by dyspepsia, neglect, excess in eating or drinking, etc. It is a serious complaint and not to be neglected under any circumstances, as it leads to impure blood, head-ache, debility, fevers, etc. A uniformly successful remedy is Burdock Blood Bitters, which, if faithfully tried, never fails to effect a prompt and lasting cure even in the worst cases. The following extract from a letter from Mr. Jas. M. Carson, Banff, N. W. T., will speak for itself:—"I have been troubled with constipation and general debility and was induced to use your B. B. B. through seeing your advertisement. I now take great pleasure in recommending it to all my friends, as it completely cured me."