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NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXIII. No. 16. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, AUGUST 10, 1888. 30 CTS. per An. Post-Paid.

FALCONS AND FALCONRY.

For many centuries falconry was the national sport of England, rivalling even the great pastime of fox-hunting.

Strict laws were made from time to time regarding it and only certain classes of men were allowed to keep certain kinds of birds. To royalty alone was permitted the use of the jer-falcon; an earl might use a peregrine, and a yeoman hunt with the gos-hawk, but the little sparrow-hawk was considered quite good enough, for a priest, while the "knave" or servant dare be seen with nothing but the useless kestrel. About the middle of the seventh century, however, the sport began to decline, and since then, though rallying occasionally, advancing civilization has proved too strong for it. The enclosure of waste land and general agricultural improvements gave it its first blow, next and strongest was the introduction of fire arms into the sporting *field, and to-day,* though successfully practised in odd places, is as a national sport extinct. Almost all kinds of small game were hunted with one or other of the many varieties of the falcons, from larks, partridges and rabbits in England to bustards, storks, pea-fowl, spoonbills, kites, vultures and even gazelles throughout Asia and Africa. The hawks most in use in England at the present time are the three great northern falcons, the Greenland, Iceland, and Norway falcons, the peregrine, hobby, merlin, goshawk, and of these the favorites are the peregrine and goshawk. Hawks are divided into two great classes: First, falcons proper, or long winged hawks, with pointed wings in which the second feather is the longest and the irides are a dark brown; and, second, hawks whose *wings are rounded,* with the *fourth* feather the longest, and the irides of yellow, orange or deep orange. The females of all the varieties are larger and more powerful than the males.


HOBBY.


MERLIN.

Now for a few individuals.


PEREGRINE FALCON.


GOSHAWK.


MARSH HARRIER.

The Peregrine is considered the typical falcon and is the bird *most commonly* trained for hawking. It is about the size of the raven, and for its size, the most powerful and courageous bird of prey that flies. Its color is blackish-blue above and white with more or less cream color beneath. It is the most familiar of all the hawk tribes, there being hardly a country from the Arctic circle to Tasmania and the Argentine Republic where it is not at home. It will adapt itself to any circumstances, building its eyry either on the sea cliffs, craggy inland mountains, the dry parts of an American marsh, trees in the forests of Java, or waterless ravines of Australia. Game keepers have long looked upon it as their worst foe, but without reason, as it attacks none but the weak and diseased birds.


HONEY BUZZARD.


KITE.

The Hobby is the representative of another group of falcons and is recognized by its bold upstanding position and long wings. The English hobby is a bird of great power of flight and is largely used in the capture of insects, which form its chief food. It visits Europe during the summer, when it is needlessly and wantonly destroyed by game-keepers who falsly accuse it of destroying much of their game.

The Merlin is one of a small but very beautiful falcon group and is extremely bold, not hesitating to attack birds of twice its size and even occasionally human beings. Yet it is easily trained and when trained is very affectionate. The female has a sober plumage but the male is much gayer with the proverbial "pinions of glossy blue," and the deep ruddy hue of its lower parts. It is used chiefly for flying at larks. Its nest is usually found low among the heather. The marsh harrier is very often confounded with the buzzard, but the latter build in trees, while the harrier lives in the open country, preferring marshy, fenny districts where they find plenty of snakes and frogs, which form the greater part of their food. They are known almost all over the world and may be distinguished from the buzzards by their longer wings and legs. The males and females are very different in color and general appearance and for a long time they were believed to belong to different species altogether.

Buzzard is the name of still another large group of diurnal birds of prey closely resembling eagles. The bill of the buzzard, however, is decurved from the base and its head is short and round, while the bill of the eagle is straight near its base and the head is more elongated. The buzzard is also smaller than the eagle, as a rule, though not always; its plumage is more mottled, and it is slower and heavier in flight. For this latter cause it was looked upon with great scorn in the old days of falconry and gave rise to the expression "As stupid as a buzzard." It, too, has unjustly fallen under the ban of game-keepers, for its food is chiefly composed of small mammals, young birds, amphibians, and insects, particularly beetles. It is found all over the world except in Australia, and the honey-buzzard, the specimen given in our cut, is a summer visitor to Europe from the south.

The word hawk is used to distinguish all diurnal birds of prey which are neither vultures, or eagles, nor yet buzzards, falcons, harriers or kites. They include about one hundred species, and are distinguished by short wings, long legs, and a bill which begins to decurve directly at the soft skin which covers its base. It preys upon hares, rabbits, pheasants, partridges, and wild fowl. The goshawk in appearance is very much like the peregrine falcon and while very rare now in England was once very common. It lived altogether in the woods and as these have gradually disappeared it has become scarce also. It is very destructive to pigeons and poultry. It is found in North America, Australia, and China.

The kite, hardly to be counted as a falcon, may be considered by itself. It was once the most familiar bird of prey in Great Britain but is now the rarest. Three or four hundred years ago they hung thick over the London parks and in the streets did good service as scavengers, but now the only reminders of them left in any thickly settled place are the paper toys, their namesakes, sported by the average small boy on a windy summer day. The kite is kept, however, in some places in England but where is not generally known. The bird is usually over two feet in length and measures across its outstretched wings five feet from tip to tip. In flying its great tail acts as a rudder to steer its course. Its general color is a pale reddish-brown with head greyish white. It builds its nest in the crotch of a large tree of sticks and much miscellaneous stuff, among which rags are occasionally found. Its eggs number three or four and are of a dull white hue spotted and blotched with brown or sometimes with black.

The eggs of the different falcons are shown on another page, No. 5. is the egg of the Peregrine; 6. The Hobby; 7. Merlin; 8. Kestrel; 9. Goshawk; 10. Sparrow Hawk; 11. Kite; 12. Buzzard; 13. Rough-legged Buzzard; 14. Honey Buzzard; 15. Hen Harrier

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HOW A TOAD UNDRESSES.

A gentleman sends to an agricultural paper an amusing description of "How a toad takes off his coat and pants." He says he has seen one do it and a friend has seen another do it in the same way:–

"About the middle of July I found a toad on a hill of melons, and not wanting him to leave I hoed around him; he appeared sluggish and not inclined to move. Presently I observed him pressing his elbows against his sides and rubbing downward. He appeared so singular that I watched to see what he was up to. After a few smart rubs the skin began to burst open straight along the back. Now, said I, old fellow, you have done it; but he appeared unconcerned and kept on rubbing until he had worked all his skin into folds on his sides and hips; then grasping one hind leg with both his hands he hauled off one leg of his pants the same as anybody would, then stripped the other hind leg in the same way. He then took his cast-off cuticle forward between his fore legs into his mouth and swallowed it; then, by raising and lowering his head, swallowing as his head came down, he stripped off the skin underneath until it came to his fore legs, and then grasping one of these with the opposite hand, by considerable pulling stripped off the skin; changing hands he stripped the other, and by a slight motion of the head, and all the while swallowing, he drew it from the neck and swallowed the whole. The operation seemed an agreeable one, and occupied but a short time."

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THE MISSIONARY MEETING.

BY REV. E. K. ALDEN, D. D.,
Home Secretary of the A. B. C. F. M.

A prayer-meeting, if it is genuine, earnest, intercessory prayer, always, to use a common phrase, "means business." This is *emphatically* true of a consecration-meeting. It also appropriately belongs to a well conducted inquiry-meeting as well as to a praise and promise-meeting. Since all these elements unite, as we have already seen, in the missionary-meeting, it would be a serious omission not to call special attention to the practical business toward which they all lead the way. That business is the devising and putting into efficient prosecution the wisest and best methods for sending forth and sustaining the personal messengers, and for awakening and deepening missionary interest.

Such questions as the following immediately suggest themselves; How shall we increase our own intelligent interest in missions? How shall we enlarge, systematically and generously, our personal offerings for this work? How shall we secure a hearty gift from every person in our congregation, young and old? What shall be done to lead our best-educated and most promising young men and young women to consider seriously the question of becoming themselves personal messengers to China, or Japan, or India, or to some other important missionary field? May we not support one or two missionary representatives from our own church, or from our own Society of Christian Endeavor? How shall we add continually to the interest and power of our missionary meetings?

Such inquiries as these will lead to judicious division of labor among the young people. One or two, for example, will report, in a racy style, on appropriate occasions, from the department of missionary biography, giving in their own way the story of John Williams, Bishop Patteson, John Geddil, Titus Coan, and others, in the Islands of the Pacific. Another will visit the site of the old house in Templeton, Mass., where William Goodell was born, and will briefly review his remarkable life and its results. Another, perhaps, will write a letter to Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, and secure from him a personal letter in return, as to some of his own recollections of work in Turkey. Others will look carefully and systematically over the finance department, and will become ingenious in methods of adding to the monthly missionary contributions. Others will see to the selection and circulation of missionary literature. Others will use the gift of speech in conversation, and will know how to employ the social element in the interest of missions. In some way it will be manifest that the yearning desire for the salvation of a perishing world is on the brain and on the heart continuously.

An occasional report of what is positively attempted and, to a good degree, effected, by such a company of consecrated missionary laborers and inquirers as this, will not only be intensely interesting and somewhat surprising as a report, but will stimulate to new and more earnest endeavors and plans for the future. This will be "a business-meeting" in its best sense, the results of which will extend around the world, and will, by-and-by, be heard from in the great gathering from every language and people around the throne in heaven.—*Golden Rule.*

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THE DAY OF SMALL THING

"Here is the way Professor L—— made me practise my scales by the hour," said a lady whose fine playing had charmed us into expressions of great praise, and her fingers lingered on each note of the piano until one would imagine it must be the very epitome of everything tiresome, tedious and monotonous to spend hours going from one end of the notes to the other in such slow, precise measure. Ah! but the way her fingers chased each other, never tripping, never missing a note nor an instant in time as she skilfully executed the difficult music her practice had made perfect. We remember once reading of a drummer boy who thought it was going to be grand sport, learning to drum. He fancied over and over again the delight it would be to have a nice new drum, smart sticks, and a master under whose teaching he confidently believed he could in a short time learn to drum with great expertness. What was his disquiet on starting out for his first lesson, to be taken by the old drum-major into a yard, handed two ordinary sticks and brought up to an old stump on which he would be expected to beat correctly to different measures before he would be allowed to use a drum at all. But it was that or nothing, and he soon learned the importance of being able to simply strike the stump with both sticks at exactly the same instant; the rolling and the beating came slowly on in due time. People whose opportunities for doing good often seem so limited as to cause discouragement, should constantly keep in mind the fact that no good deed, however small, should be regarded as worthless. We never know how far a little kindness may be felt, or what may be the result of even a kindly word. It is as necessary to train ourselves in the slow practice of kindly deeds and Christian acts if we ever wish to attain to ripe Christian lives, as it is to submit to the practice and drill which make perfect in the mere accomplishments of life. If young people entering the church could be influenced to begin doing little things for the Master, the gradual practice would soon become the habit of the life, and somehow, or in some way, opportunities for benefiting others would always be found and improved.—*Christian at Work.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON IX.—AUGUST 26.

THE PILLAR OF CLOUD AND OF FIRE.—Num. 9:15-23.

COMMIT VERSES 15, 16

GOLDEN TEXT.

O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me.—Ps. 43:3.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Christ, revealed in the Word, is our pillar of cloud and of fire.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Num. 1:45-54.
T. Num. 9:1-14.
W. Num. 9:15-23.
Th. Ex. 13:17-22; 14:18-20.
F. Deut. 8:1-20.
Sa. John 1:1-17.
Su. Heb. 1:1-14.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

The Israelites were about to start on a journey to the promised land through an unknown wilderness, away from a beaten track, ignorant of what was to befall them. They needed a wise, strong, good guide. 15. *On the day:* (Ex. 40:2.) *Appearance of fire:* not fire, but like it. Fire was a good symbol of God's presence, bright, cheering, warming, purifying, life-giving, all-pervasive, consuming to evil. 19. *Tarried long:* once remained eighteen years. *Kept the charge:* obeyed the commandments. Strange guidance: this guide led the people into deserts, against enemies, into hunger and thirst, among serpents, as well as by the wells and palm groves of Elim; and it led them 40 years on a journey that a few weeks would have accomplished. Why? To fit them for the promised land to which they were going.

SUBJECT: OUR GUIDE ON THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.—Where were the children of Israel at this time? Where were they going? When were they to start? (Num. 10:11.) Through what kind of a country must they go? (Deut. 8:15.) Did they know the way? Did they know what dangers they would meet? What kind of a guide did they need under these circumstances?

To what country are we going? (Heb. 11:14-16.) In what respects is life like the journey of the Israelites through the wilderness? Do we know what dangers, difficulties, and temptations are before us? Will there be many joys and beautiful things on the way? Can we find the way ourselves? What kind of a guide do we need?

II. THE PILLAR OF CLOUD AND OF FIRE THE GUIDE,—(vs. 15-23.)—By what symbol did God guide the Israelites? When did it first appear? (Ex. 13:21, 22.) Where did it abide after the tabernacle was set up? Why there? How did it show to the Israelites when to rest, and when and where to go? How long did this guidance continue? (Deut. 8:2.) In what respects was this pillar of cloud and fire a true symbol of God?

III. STRANGE GUIDANCE.—Would the Israelites naturally expect to be led only into pleasant places with God for their guide? Into what places did he lead them sometimes? (Ex. 14:2-4, 10-12; 15-23; 16:3; 17:3, 8; Num. 13:32, 33; 21:4-6.) Did God deliver them in all these cases? Were there also pleasant places? (Ex. 15:27; 19:1-3; Num. 13:23, 27.) Why did God lead them into such places? (Deut. 8:2.) Would they have been fitted for the promised land without these experiences?

IV. NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT.—Who is our light and guide? (John 1:4, 5, 9, 17, 18.) How is he like the pillar of cloud and fire? (Heb. 1:3.) What does he say of himself? (John 14:6.) Whom has he sent to be an ever-present guide? (John 14:16, 17; 16:7, 13.) Why are we sometimes led into trials and troubles? (2 Cor. 4:17, 18; James 1:2, 3; 1 Pet. 1:7, 8.) Does God bring good out of them all? (Rom. 8:28; 1 Cor. 10:13.) If we follow him, will he guide us to heaven?

LESSON X.—SEPTEMBER. 2.

THE SPIES SENT INTO CANAAN.—Num. 13:27-33.

COMMIT VERSES 30-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let us go up at once, and possess it: for we are well able to overcome it.—Num. 13:30.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Every professing Christian brings a good or evil report of his religion to the world.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Num. 11:1-23.
T. Num. 11:24-35.
W. Num 12:1-16.
Th. Num. 13:1-3, 17-33.
F. Deut. 1:1-26.
Sa. Ps. 106:1-26.
Su. Ps. 106:27-48.

INTRODUCTION.—In our last lesson we studied the plan of divine guidance through the wilderness. After the people had been about a year at Sinai, in May, on the 20th of the second month of the second year (Num. 10:11), they left Sinai and *moved toward Canaan. Their number was* 603,550 men, besides 22,000 Levites, or, at least, 2,000,000 in all. On the way, the people murmured and were punished; Miriam and Aaron rebelled, but were quickly subdued. The people were organized politically. They reached Kadesh-Barnea probably in July or August. (v. 20.) From this place the spies were sent out.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

17. *Sent them:* 12 chiefs, one from each tribe. See previous verses. *This way southward:* rather, into the South-Country, the southern region of Palestine, but north of their encampment at Kadesh. 20. *Time of first ripe grapes:* July, August. 21. *Wilderness of sin:* the northern part of the desert of Paran, in which Kadesh was. (v. 26.) *Rehob;* near the sources of Jordan. *As men come to Hamath:* the entering-in of Hamath, now the valley of Baalbek. This was the northern frontier of Canaan. *Sons of Anak:* giants. 23. *Brook of Eshcol;* near Helson. *Between two on a staff:* because it would be crushed if carried any other way. Some clusters weigh 10 or 12 or even 18 pounds. 30. *Caleb stilled the people:* together with Joshua. The people were excited by the emphasis laid by the ten spies on the difficulties of the way. They forgot God's power and his previous marvellous works, and hence it was an *evil report.* 32. *A land that eateth up the inhabitants thereof:* either by scarcity of products, or by unhealthiness, or by feuds and strifes.

SUBJECT: REPORTS FROM THE CHRISTIAN'S PROMISED LAND.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE JOURNEY TO THE BORDERS OF THE PROMISED LAND.—How long had the Israelites been at Mount Sinai? When did they make a new start? (10:11.) Under whose guidance? Into what trouble did they come on the way? (chap 11.) What rebellion arose? (chap. 12.) To what place did they come on the borders of the promised land? (13:26. Deut. 1:19.) How long were they on the journey? (Compare Num. 10:11 with 13:20.) How many people were there? (Num. 1:46, 47.)

II. THE EXPEDITION OF THE SPIES (vs. 17-25.)—What should the people have done when they reached Kadesh? (Deut. 1:21.) Could they have entered then and there had they trusted God? What did they propose instead? (Deut. 1:22, 23.) How many were sent as spies? For what purpose? When did they go? How long were they absent? What did they bring home? Why in the way they did?

III. THE REPORT OF THE SPIES (vs. 26-33.)—What was the report as to the excellence of the country? How did they prove their report? What difficulties were in the way? What kind of people defended the country? How did they seem to some of the spies? (v. 33.) Why was the report of these called "an evil report?" What promise of God did they forget? (Ex. 12:25.) What mighty works had he already done in their defence? What two made a different report? (v. 30; 14:38.) Why was theirs a good report? What was the difference? How were the good spies rewarded? How were the bad ones punished? (14:23, 30.)

IV. NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT.—What is our promised land? What can you tell about the blessedness of religion? (John 14:27; Phil. 4:7.) Are all those who profess to be Christians bringing a report about their religion to the world? (2 Cor. 3:2, 3; Matt. 5:14.) What fruits do they bring to prove it? (Gal. 5:22, 23.) What difficulties are in the way? (Eph. 6:12; John 14:30.) Is the presence of difficulties a good reason for not becoming Christians? How may we bring an evil report? What has God done in the past to show us that he can save us?

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LESSON CALENDAR.

(Third Quarter, 1888.)

1. July 1.—God's Covenant with Israel.—Ex. 24:1-12.
2. July 8.—The Golden Calf.—Ex. 32:15-26.
3. July 15.—God's Presence Promised.—Ex. 33:12-23.
4. July 22.—Free Gifts for the Tabernacle.—Ex. 35:20-29.
5. July 29.—The Tabernacle.—Ex. 40:1-16.
6. Aug. 5.—The Burnt Offering.—Lev. 1:1-9.
7. Aug. 12.—The Day of Atonement.—Lev. 16:1-16.
8. Aug 19.—The feast of Tabernacles.—Lev. 23:33-44.
9. **Aug. 26.—The Pillar of Cloud and of Fire.—Num. 9:15-23.**
10. **Sept 2.—The Spies Sent Into Canaan.—Num. 13:17-33.**
11. Sept. 9.—The Unbelief of the People.—Num. 14:1-10.
12. Sept. 16.—The Smitten Rock.—Num. 20:1-13.
13. Sept. 23.—Death and Burial of Moses.—Deut. 34:1-12.
14. Sept. 30.—Review, Temperance, Deut. 21:18-21, and Missions.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

SOME NEGATIVES ABOUT BEDROOMS.

Teach all members of your family that they must never leave their rooms in the morning without first opening the window, even in cold weather, and removing the clothes from the bed. Let them air two or three hours.

Never turn bedclothes down at the foot of the bed to air; but always gather them with both hands through the middle of each, and lay them loosely on a chair. Never let the ends of the sheets or covers rest on the floor.

Never leave the bed unmade till bedtime, and never make it before breakfast.

Never fail to comb your hair before putting on your dress in the morning, and never comb it at any time without removing your dress.

Never go down to breakfast with your shoes unbuttoned or your dress untidy.

Never rise so late that you must hurry to get breakfast, but rise so early that there need be no haste, disorder or confusion.

Never do without a washbowl, pitcher, towels, etc., in your room, and always use them before putting on your dress.

Never allow soiled dresses to hang up with clean ones or to lie around; but place them at once in a bag, used for soiled clothes.

Never fail to empty all slops as soon as possible in the morning, rinsing and wiping all toilet articles.

Never use the same cloth for wiping both sets of toilet articles.

Never fail to change the beds once a week, removing the under sheet and putting the upper sheet right side up next the mattress with a clean upper sheet wrong side up.

Never fail to sweep the sleeping rooms once a week thoroughly, taking care to brush all cobwebs from the walls, shutting drawers and doors, and removing all articles that might be injured by the dust before sweeping.

Don't fail to look into your servant's sleeping room occasionally. Unless you do this frequently, you may find the bed unmade from week to week, and the air stifling. No wonder girls sometimes half do their work, sleeping in such an atmosphere as that.—*Housekeeper.*

TEACHING CHILDREN OBSERVATION.

'Child, will you never learn to use your eyes?" was the exclamation wrested from the patient lips of my much tried mother, years ago, that first stirred any thought that I lacked in the faculty of observation.

The time, a busy baking morning; the occasion, a box of soda wanted from the cupboard, and I, a child of six years or eight years, standing by mother's cooking table, did not know where to look for either soda or salt, when requested to bring them, and yet scores and scores of times I had seen her take down those same articles from the kitchen cupboard and afterward return them to their shelves.

"Now notice, Helen, how I do this!" very many times my good mother would say, when, with unobserving eyes, I would crowd close to her elbow to watch the doing of some simple or difficult task in the housekeeping, and gradually, under my judicious mother's patient painstaking and training, I learned to use my eyes indoors, but never as well as out.

I find these same traits—lack of observation concerning many matters indoors, and wide-awake interest to everything in garden and woods and fields—my two little daughters have inherited, and I am trying to follow in mother's footsteps, teaching them to train their eyes to observe many points in careful housekeeping, even before they are old enough to attempt the accomplishment of such tasks themselves, believing that in so doing they will be spared many perplexing experiences and mortifying failures in after years.

"Mamma is going to wash the grained paint in the dining-room. Shall she put milk or soap in the water?" I asked my little seven-year-old daughter, one morning this week, waiting before her, with cleaning pail and sponge.

"Milk, mamma—skimmed milk, out of a pan, you did before," was the prompt answer from the little maiden, looking up from her dominoes.

"Which side shall mamma cut for the right side?" I recently asked this same little girl, laying on the table a half web of canton-flannel white goods, and unrolling patterns.

She left her play to smooth the soft, kitteny folds, and then, looking very wise, said, patting the downy texture, "Auntie's nighties are sewed up this side in."

So the little one had noticed, and needed no second lesson in the placing of canton-flannel goods to cut, yet a twenty-year-old girl, who once sewed for me, basted wrong side out undergarments cut from like goods.

"Oh, mamma! Please let me sugar the berries to-night!" three-year-old Gracie pleaded, as she saw me poise the berry dish, filled with red-ripe raspberries, over the sugar bucket.

"Carefully, then, little girl. Just one-third of a ladleful." And the tin scoop that, with the generous hand of ignorance she had spillingly heaped with sugar, was emptied till but a third full, and then carefully sifted over the berries.

Such little, pleasant ways of helping teach the children both observation and judgment, two traits that we need to cultivate and train all through life, especially on its eastern slope.

Well do I remember the keen mortification I suffered at one dinner table when three times as old as Gracie. Mother had a tableful of guests, and I, officious as a little girl could well be on such an occasion, and very willing to be thought helpful, insisted on peeling and slicing the cool green cucumbers some one had brought in from the garden.

"Very well," Mother said, giving into my care the pretty, scalloped pickle nappy. "Pour a cupful of vinegar over the cucumbers when you have sliced them, and dust on a little salt and pepper."

But the seasoning I forgot till after mother's guests were seated, and then, eager to exhibit my housewifery knowledge and be called my mother's right-hand little woman, pertly reached across the table and dumped a double handful of salt over those swimming cucumbers.

Mother's horrified glance and the amused astonishment that was on every face told me I had blundered, and in scarlet-faced confusion I slunk from the table.

How could I have been at the mercy of such wild judgment in seasoning those cucumbers when I had stood at mother's elbow a score of times that summer to see her prepare them? Simply because I watched her with eyes that saw not.

"She wore garnet and white balmoral stockings, bronze kid button boots, a garnet dress trimmed with white star braid, and a cunning shirred bonnet with garnet ties; and mamma says she wishes that Edie and I had just such cunning fall suits." These, the literal words from the lips of a four-year-old little city miss, who had early learned to critically notice and make mental and verbal notes of clothes, and was entertaining my delighted little country-bred daughters with glowing descriptions of the fall suits of her fortune-favored play-mates at home.

In such a mite of a child, the trained eye of an experienced dress critic seemed ridiculous and pitiful to me, and I attempted and partially succeeded in diverting the minds of my little daughters and their guests from the clothes, by calling their attention to an English robin's nest that had fallen from a tree, showing them the strong torn straps from which it had swung from the old hackmatch in the yard, and the cunning doorway through which the red-breasts had flitted in an out.

The matter of dress, and how much little girls, who are far happier in their stout every-day ginghams than in their pretty church suits and evidently lack in both observation and interest in the subject, should be encouraged to notice harmony of colors and graceful draping and wearing of the dainty suits of their little friends, puzzles me. We do not want their young minds, or the thoughts of their maturer years filled with the frivolities of dress, yet we do want them trained to so understand neatness and gracefulness, fitness and harmony in the make up and wearing of even a plain house dress, that their neat, trim appearance will give their friends pleasure and command the respect of cultured gentlefolks, that could never be theirs if allowed to grow up untaught in all the complex mysteries of a perfect toilet.—*Clarissa Potter in Ladies' Home Journal.*

CHILDREN'S CORNERS.

There are comparatively few houses in which a large, bright, warm room can be spared for a nursery. Even where this might be done, the mother cannot employ a nurse to stay with the children, and her own cares and duties are too various to admit of her being long in any one place. Perhaps she does not keep even a maid-of-all-work. Then the children must inevitably follow the mother about, in kitchen, bed-rooms, or sitting-room, as her work demands. It is not uncommon, in so-called well-regulated families, to find children's toys scattered all over the house, while hats, coats and mittens are seldom twice in the same place.

A nursery or play-room for the children may be out of the question; but surely some corner, chest, drawer, or portion of a closet, may be found for each child, where its individual possessions should be kept when not in use. On the whole, the most satisfactory piece of furniture in our house is a home-made one—a set of shelves which his father made for our five-year-old boy. The shelves are somewhat more than a yard long, and separated by unequal distances in order to accommodate the different-sized toys. On the top shelf stand his bank, vase and several pretty but somewhat fragile toys; the next shelf is entirely devoted to books, of which he has more than most boys, while the lower ones are filled with his remaining treasures. To a simple brass rod with rings, pretty, inexpensive curtains are attached. When these are drawn, the effect is that of book-shelves—an ornament to our living-room, where they stand under the mantel in one corner. There the boy is "monarch of all he surveys," and he has no excuse for leaving his toys about the house. When his friends come to play with him, it is easy for them to take out such things as they wish and put them back again when they are through playing, thus avoiding the general chaos so common after children's visits.—*American Agriculturist.*

A SUMMER ADDITION TO HOUSES.

Farmers' wives who have small houses and many "hands" to cook for during the summer would find it a boon, if they could secure a cool, airy room outside in which to set the table and give the men a resting place when off duty. To such, we commend a tent adjoining the kitchen door, with a rough board floor, if convenient, on a level with the kitchen floor. You can buy a tent ready made, or better, make one yourself at an expense of two or three dollars. Get coarse, heavy, double-width sheeting, and make the top and one side of a straight piece of two or more widths; the side of the house can be one side of the new "addition." Two corner posts will be needed and a cross piece from one to the other. Tack the cloth to the clapboards at a good height, stretch your "roof" smoothly over the cross-piece and, with stout cords, fasten the lower edge (which should be hemmed) strongly to small stakes driven in the ground. The end pieces (right-angled triangles) may be sewed to the other or tacked on, leaving the straight side of the "door" piece free, so that it can be closed at will. This simple arrangement would be a relief to many a housewife and a delight to the children. Or, if sleeping room is needed more, make a tent for that purpose. With a floor in it, there is no such delightful and healthful place to sleep as in a tent. That is one feature of camping out which has a strong influence in restoring the vitality.—*Housekeeper.*

A WORD TO THE GIRLS.

DEAR GIRLS:—I, too, am a sworn enemy of tight lacing. I once thought I could not possibly get along without my corset, and for that very reason, I began to think I was doing myself harm; so by degrees I got along without it, and I cannot tell you how much better my health is. Instead of being, as before, a poor, weakly woman, I am getting to be a strong, healthy, hearty one.

I want to tell you, girls, of one victim of tight lacing. She is a friend of mine; and if she should see this, she would be glad and thankful if her example would help others to do better. When a young girl, she had a beautiful form, such as nature gave her. She was tall and straight, and her waist was anything but wasp-like. But she got a foolish idea that all tall girls *must have small waists*; she donned the inevitable corset, and little by little, pulled the laces tighter, and compressed her waist in its vice-like grasp until it became small enough to suit her foolish fancy.

Remember, this was done without her mother's knowledge, she being away at school and only home for short vacations: *the pallid face and wasted form being*, as the mother thought, the effects of hard studying, instead of hard lacing.

Shall I tell you the sequel? She married a pleasant, genial man, one who loved her devotedly. One babe was born to them, but lived only a few hours. Its mother had given it no vitality, and never since that wretched day has this woman dared to step upon her feet, and never will she again.

Doctors say it is the effect of tight lacing. She is a very pleasant-faced lady, but old beyond her years. How bitterly has she repented of her early sin, for sin it is. Girls, let this be a warning to you. Do not think this exaggerated, for it is only too true.—*Housekeeper.*

ROASTING MEAT.

BY FANNY FANSHAW.

Seeing directions for roasting meat in a *recent number of your valuable paper*, I felt constrained to give my *modus operandi*, since I think it better than the one given. I rub over the meat the requisite amount of salt and put it into a shallow kettle—the kind which most housewives now use for frying cakes—covering with an inverted pie-tin, and put at once into a very hot oven; *the heat will then preserve the* juices inside the meat. After baking fast for ten or fifteen minutes, lower the temperature of the oven somewhat. When partially cooked take from the oven and turn over the meat, covering close as before. In this process the meat bastes itself, since a steam is generated, and there is never any danger of burning, or of its being overdone. This, I suppose, is upon the principle of the patent bakers. Do not put a drop of water on the meat when ready for the oven. When baked, however, and removed from the kettle, water and flour can then be added which will supply the desired gravy. Try this way, and you will never again bake meat in an open pan.—*Christian at Work.*

PUZZLES.—No. 17.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Eight Letters.

A hundred nobles sought *my whole to win*,
When lo! at last her absent lord walked in!
Rejoiced to find that she could faithful prove,
Waiting a score of years for her first love.

My 1, 2, 3, an instrument you'll find,
A faithful servant for a ready mind;
My 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, rash lovers do,
When hindered in the path they would pursue.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead a bondman, and leave to bathe.
2. Behead a chest, and leave a proposal.
3. Behead to swathe, and leave to vacillate.
4. Behead to be wrong, and leave a young girl.
5. Behead dry, and leave to free.
6. Behead poor, and leave ardent.
7. Behead a clump, and leave brightness.
8. Behead a dale, and leave a narrow passage.
9. Behead to droop, and leave distress.
10. Behead to have cut grass, and leave a debt.
11. Behead a sea-thief, and leave anger.
12. Behead immatureness, and leave incivility.
13. Behead declining, and leave diseased.
14. Behead a seaport, and leave a trellis covered with vines.

TWO SQUARE WORDS.

1. To lash. 2. An animal. 3. A mineral. 4. Pointed instruments.

1. A thin skin. 2. A thought. 3. A small escape. 4. To create.

ANAGRAMS.

Ocellated Blenny.
Bonito.
Barbel.
Bellows-fish.
Pilot-fish.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES—NUMBER 15.

CHARADE.—Co-nun-drum.

INSERTED WORDS.—1, F-law-s; 2. l-ear-n; 3. *c-low-n*; 4. *f-row-n*; 5. c-ram-p; 6. t-ram-p; 7. c-rat-e; 8. b-lad-e.

CHARADE.—Ant-arc-tic.

REVERSAL.—Untied—United.

WORD BUILDING.—O-or-ore-sore-sores-sorest.

The Family Circle.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

LILLIE E. BARR.

Some day,
When others braid your thick brown hair,
And drape your form in silk and lace,
When others call you "dear" and "fair,'
And hold your hands and kiss your face—
You'll not forget that far above
All other is a mother's love.

Some day,
'Mong strangers in far distant lands,
In your new home beyond the sea,
When at your lips are baby hands,
And children playing at your knee—
Oh, then, as at your side they grow,
How I have loved you, you will know.

Some day,
When you must feel love's heavy loss,
You will remember other years,
When I, too, bent beneath the cross,
And mix my memory with your tears,
In such dark hours be not afraid;
Within their shadow I have prayed.

Some day,
Your daughter's voice, or smile, or eyes,
My face will suddenly recall;
Then you will pause in sweet surprise,
And your soul unto mine will call
In that dear unforgotten prayer,
Which we at evening used to share,

Some day,
A flower, a song, a word, may be
A link between us strong and sweet;
Ah, then, dear child, remember me!
And let your heart to "mother" beat.
My love is with you everywhere—
You cannot get beyond my prayer.

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THE GABLED HOUSE AT NORTHBURY.

BY A. STUART FLETCHER.

CHAPTER I.

Northbury High Street lay in the full glare of the July sun; blinds hid the shop windows, but offered no hospitable shelter to the passers-by. In a narrow strip of shade, a dog lay with legs outstretched and tongue protruding, and blinked lazily at the solitary occupant of the pavement—a girl, whose heavy black garments seemed to emphasize the heat, and throw into relief all the glare of the white pavements. She passed wearily along, and, reaching the market-place, glanced upwards at the projecting clock.

"An hour too soon," she said to herself; "I must find shelter somewhere, and wait till three."

At right angles to the High Street ran a row of old-fashioned gabled houses, whose projecting fronts threw a refreshing line of shade across the pathway; and, on the opposite side of the way, an ivy-covered wall, over-topped with tall trees, added another touch of comfort and coolness to the picture. With a sigh of relief, Madeline Hardy turned into the shade, and stopped in front of the first house, whose broad, low windows, shaded with a narrow blind of fluted white muslin, exhibited on a glass shelf a few bottles of jelly and raspberry vinegar, and a dish of tempting-looking cakes.

"It looks like a shop," she said, gazing over the low curtain; "and oh, how deliciously cool it seems."

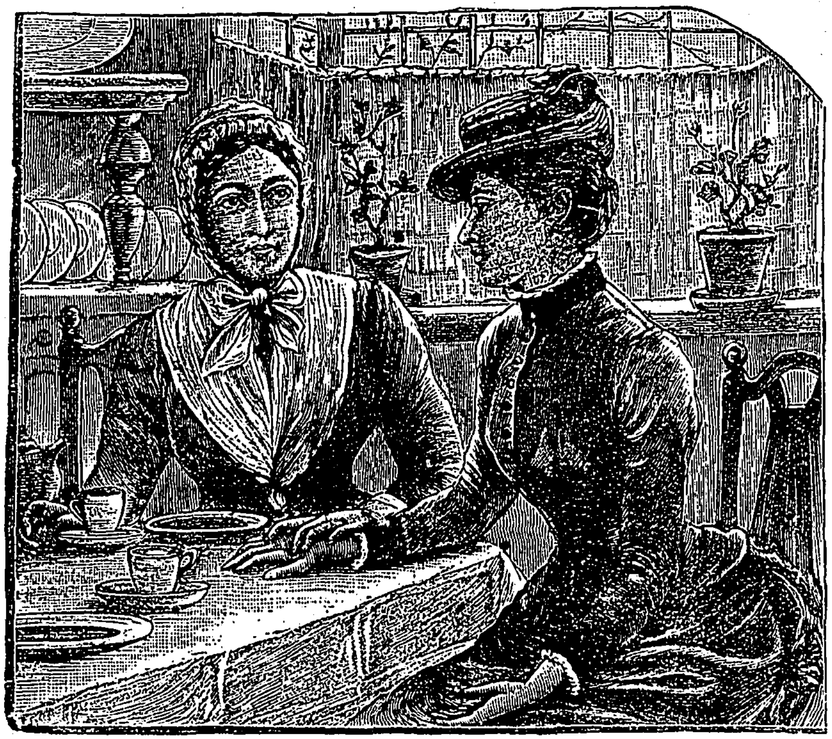
Then she turned the door-handle, and entered a large, low room containing a snowy covered table, holding cakes of all descriptions, and some small tables and chairs. By a large table sat a middle-aged woman, with a placid face and smooth brown hair, covered with a cap of delicate muslin. A soft grey stuff dress, and a little white handkerchief folded across her chest, completed her costume. She looked up as the door opened, and, laying down her knitting, rose and drew forward a chair, saying, as Madeline sank into it, "Thee looks tired and hot, but thee will soon get cool in here."

"Oh, it is delicious," said Madeline; then, with a smile, "Are the cakes to sell?"

The Quakeress smiled too.

"Thee art a stranger in Nortnoury, or thee would know Rachel Fleming's cakes. Try these; we call them Northbury maids, and my daughter Ruth considers them the best of her making."

To Madeline, Rachel Fleming, as she moved quietly about, seemed the embodiment of peace and rest, and the cake and glass of water she set before her, the sweetest food the girl had ever tasted. As she sat and ate, the stillness and the peaceful presence suggested contrasting thoughts of her own narrow London home, and her own mother, always anxious, harassed, and fretful. If Madeline had but known, the contrast was made the greater by the fact that a few years ago, both Rachel Fleming and Mrs. Hardy were left widows in straitened circumstances; but while Rachel had left the house she could no longer afford to keep, and had boldly turned her accomplishment of dainty cooking to account, to procure a respectable livelihood for herself and daughter, Mrs. Hardy had spent her life in striving to keep up the appearance of her former living, on a third of the means. They could not "go down in the world" by taking a smaller house, so boarders were taken in, and home comfort sacrificed. Her daughters had never expected to have to earn their living, so they stayed at home and tried, by rigid economy and scheming, to "keep up appearances."



" 'Thy hands are capable hands,' said Rachel, taking up one,"

But even with all the managing, both ends could not be made to meet, and Madeline had at last won from her mother a reluctant consent to seek a situation as governess. Very hopeful did Madeline feel as she answered the first advertisement; almost hopeless was she to-day, as she came to Northbury in answer to the twelfth. For she had discovered that governesses were very plentiful; and while her fellow-candidates were prepared to undertake the teaching of English, French, German, Latin, music and painting, and other things besides, she was obliged in honesty to own that her own acquirements consisted of a little music, a little French, and an imperfect knowledge of English.

Rachel Fleming saw that her visitor had fallen into a reverie, and, as she knitted, she watched the varying lights and shadows, as they succeeded each other on the girl's face, and thought: "She is about the age of my Ruth. She has truthful eyes and a sensitive mouth, and a smile as sweet as Ruth's own; but there is a look of anxiety one should not see on so young a face. Does she know the secret of bearing life's troubles, I wonder?"

Madeline recalled herself presently with a start.

"I am afraid I must go. I am beautifully cool and rested, but I have an appointment at three." Then something in Rachel's gentle face drew forth the unwonted burst of confidence: "I have come from London to see Mrs. Deane, at Moor House, about a situation as governess."

"Thee looks young to be governess to those boys of Mrs. Deane's," said Rachel, dubiously.

"I am afraid I do not stand very much chance," said Madeline; "but Mrs. Deane selected mine and two others out of many applications so perhaps I may get the post."

"And does thee go back to London to-night?" asked Rachel.

"Yes, when I have seen Mrs. Deane."

"Then come in on thy way back, and I will have a cup of tea for thee, and I shall know if thee art likely to come and live here."

"Thank you," said Madeline, to whom the frankly given invitation sounded very pleasant, "I should like to come;" and with a "farewell" from Rachel, she left the house.

Rachel Fleming s tea-table was laid in a room behind that which was used as a shop. It, too, was large and low, and on one side was a long window with a cushioned window-seat. A paper, with long trailing sprays of pale rose-buds on a grey ground, covered the walls, and pale roses clustered and hung around the open window. A dark oak cabinet, full of old china, filled one corner, and more of the same delicate old china was spread out on the table on a cloth, which was of Rachel's grandmother's weaving, while in the centre stood a big bowl of roses, flanked by some of the daintiest of Rachel's culinary productions.

Madeline drew a long breath of enjoyment, as she sat down in the chintz-covered armchair which Rachel drew forward.

"Thee art welcome," said the Quakeress; "and has thee got the situation?"

In spite of all she could do, Madeline s eyes filled with tears.

"I was too young,' she said, and, she added bitterly, "too incompetent."

"Thy hands are capable hands," said Rachel taking up one, "and thy mouth," laying her finger gently upon it, "says thee has purpose. There is some work thee can do; do not call thyself incompetent, child."

The tender tone in which the last word was spoken, was too much for Madeline's composure, all the disappointment and hope deferred of the past weeks had their way, and leaning forward she burst into tears.

To be Continued.)

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DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

In a ministry of more than thirty years I have had opportunity to see many sick and dying persons. In all that time I cannot recall two instances of persons who made a profession of repentance on what they thought would be their dying bed who furnished any evidence in their subsequent life that it was genuine.

Never consent to postpone your repentance to a dying hour. It is a dangerous risk to wait until you are dying, or until you think you are dying, before seeking the salvation of your soul. While I was pastor of a church many years ago I was suddenly summoned to visit a man who was thought to be dying. I went as soon as possible to the sick man's house, where I found him surrounded by his two sisters and several neighbors, who had been attracted to the place by his cries for mercy. The moment I entered his room the poor creature, trembling with alarm, fixed his eyes on me and cried out, "O Mr. P——, pray for me, do pray for me! I must die, and I am not ready to die; pray for me!" I prayed for him as best I could and directed him to the Saviour of sinners. In great agony of mind and body, again and again he continued to cry out, "Pray for me, pray for me!"

After some time the burden of sin seemed to roll away. Clapping his hands with joy, he said, "I believe God saves men; my sins are pardoned. Thank God!" We rejoiced with him, and bade him good-by and returned to our lodgings.

But this is not all—would that it were. After being raised up and blessed with health again, what did he do from the very day he was able to go out again? Did he bring forth "fruits meet for repentance?" Did he evidence that his repentance was true? No, far from it! He went on in his own ways, sought again his old haunts of sin and wicked associates. He even treated with levity the profession he had made when allusion was made to it. I invited him to attend church, but could never get him inside the door. He seemed to care nothing for God or religion from the time of his recovery. He waxed worse and worse, and at last, we have reason to believe, died a most wretched death.

"Now is the accepted time and now is the day of salvation." God says, "Now;" Jesus says, "Now;" and the Spirit says, "Now." "Now" is the watchword of the wise. Be saved to-day.—*American Messenger.*

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A NOVEL SUGGESTION.

The church of Christ is designed to reach and save all classes, and it is a serious question whether the edifices of the Protestant branches of the church are not specially and only fitted in their appointments to the needs of the more favored classes. In the construction of every church edifice, some provision should be made for the needs of mothers who are compelled to bring their small children with them or otherwise remain away. There are a few churches in the United States where an ante-room has been provided, well fitted and furnished, equipped with cradles and such other needs as would enable mothers, in the event of a child becoming restless, to retire from the main audience-room into the mothers' room. It is at least an open question whether any church is fully equipped which does not prepare for the needs of this large class, both in the cities and in the open country. These people now remain away from the church simply because they have no one with whom to leave the children, and there is no provision made for them at the church. This seeming necessity leads from temporary habit to permanent habit on the part of one or both of the parents, and causes, in multitudes of cases, that the children walk in the same paths of neglect. If all churches were arranged to meet this need, great changes would be wrought in many homes which are now Christless because the wife and mother cannot attend church while her children are small, and is consequently compelled to remain at home. The presence of the wife would in many cases secure the attendance of the husband, and the children would also early form the habit of church attendance. —*Rev. Sylvanus Stall.*

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MORALITY apart from religion is but another name for decency in sin. It is just that negative species of virtue which consists in not doing what is scandalously depraved and wicked. But there is no heart of holy principle in it, any more than there is in grosser sins.—*Horace Bushnell.*

EMIN BEY—HIS WORK IN THE SOUDAN.

Four years ago the eyes of the world were turned towards the "Uncrowned King" who was so nobly holding his own almost single handed in the far Soudan, and to-day they are watching with scarcely less interest for news of him upon whom his mantle has fallen.

Emin Bey is not a Turk as his name would lead one to suppose, but a German who years ago dropped his German name in order that he might be the freer to work among the Mohammedans who distrusted everything European. His father was a merchant of Oppeln, in Prussian Silesia, and there Edward Schnitzer was born in March 1840. His student years were passed in Neisse, and the Breslau and Berlin Universities. Having completed his medical studies in the latter University in 1864 a strong desire for travel led him to look for employment in a foreign country, and before long he was in Turkey on the staff of Hakki Pasha whom, until his death in Constantinople in 1873, he accompanied on his official journeys, and in this way became thoroughly acquainted with Armenia, Syria and Arabia. In 1875 a fit of home sickness drove him home, but he could not be content to remain and the next year he entered the Egyptian service under the name of Dr. Emin Effendi, and was ordered off to act as chief medical officer under General Gordon who was then Governor-General of the Equatorial Province of the Soudan. Gordon, quick to recognize the value of a gifted man, employed him at once on diplomatic missions and sent him on tours of inspection through the newly annexed districts, and in March 1877, when he himself was appointed Governor-General of the whole Soudan and removed his headquarters from Gondokoro to Khartoum, left Emin in his place as Governor of the Equatorial Province.

Only those who know something of General Gordon's life can realize what being in his place involved. For the first year the province, which had for so long depended for its weal upon the active brain and busy hand of one man, retrograded sadly, but as soon as the new Governor got the reins well in hand there were rapid changes for the better. Dr. Falkin, a friend of Emin Bey, says of him: "He banished the remaining slave-dealers, substituted native for Egyptian soldiers, was chief doctor, road-maker, builder, directing agriculturist, promoter of commerce, and manufacturer. He added large districts to his province not by the use of the sword, but by personal negotiations with the chiefs. He made immense collections of plants and birds and beasts from which he enriched the museums of the cities of Europe." By the year 1882, instead of the annual deficit of one hundred and sixty-three thousand dollars which met him during his first year of office, he had a surplus of forty thousand dollars and during the last five years he has single-handed held his province safe amid the wars and tumults all around it. On one side he has had the Arab emissaries of the Mahdi, triumphant over the defeat of the English and the death of Gordon; and on the other the blood-thirsty young king Mwanga of Uganda, the terrible persecution in whose territory had its crowning in the tragic death of Bishop Hannington. From February, 1883, to December, 1885, he heard not one word from Khartoum, and not until February, 1886, did he learn of the fall of the city and Gordon's death.

Never so long as Emin Bey lives will General Gordon lack a monument, for in him his spirit lives. When he learned a year ago that an expedition for his rescue, headed by Stanley, had started across the continent he wrote:—

"If a relief expedition comes to us, I will on no account leave my people. We have passed through troublous times together, and I consider it would be a shameful act on my part were I to desert them. They are, notwithstanding all their hardships, brave and good, with the exception of the Egyptians ...... All we would ask England to do is to bring about a better understanding with the Uganda, and to provide us with a safe way to the coast. That is all we want. Evacuate our territory? Certainly not."

In another part of the same letter he says: "The work that Gordon paid for with his blood, I will strive to carry on, if not with his energy and genius, still according to his intentions and in his spirit. When my lamented chief placed the government of this country in my hands, he wrote to me,—'I appoint you for civilization and progress' sake.' I have done my best to justify the trust he had in me; and that I have to some extent been successful, and have won the confidence of the natives, is proved by the fact that I and my handful of people have held our own up to the present day in the midst of hundreds of thousands of natives. I remain here the last and only representative of Gordon's staff......Shall I now give up the work because a way will soon be open to the coast? Never!"

But just what is he doing for the natives? Let him tell himself. In a letter to Dr. Falkin he writes:—"We are certainly proud of the way in which we have been able to help ourselves, whilst cut off from external supplies. I send you a sample of the beautiful pocket-handkerchiefs we have made from cotton that we planted and spun ourselves. I hope, too, you will like the shoes. Instead of sugar, we use honey; instead of coffee, the seeds of a species of hibiscus; instead of stearine, candles made of wax. Soap has been made from tallow and the ashes of various trees. With meat, a few vegetables and oil procured from the *semsem* seed have prevented us starving."

And again:—"We sow, we reap, we spin, and live day after day as usual...... We have docked our steamers, and renewed them as much as possible; besides this, we have built several boats; and I hold nearly all the stations originally entrusted to me by General Gordon. I intend and expect to keep them all."

And now a word as to the relief expedition. Stanley himself is too well known to our readers to need that much be said about him personally.

The idea impressing itself upon the English people more and more firmly as time went on that Emin Bey was unable to leave his province owing to the quarrelsome tribes surrounding him, a fund was raised in January, 1886, with which to equip an expedition of relief. Sailing from Zanzibar they rounded the Cape of Good Hope, sailed up the Congo in the steamers belonging to the Free State, secured the help of Tippoo Tib, the great Arab slave hunter who had hitherto been the terror of the Europeans in the country, and the last reliable information concerning him was that he had planted one encampment at the mouth of the Aruwimi River, a tributary which enters the Congo a little below Stanley Falls, had left there one of his lieutenants, Major Barthelot, and intended pushing up the Aruwimi to the boundary of Emin Bey's province. This he was unable to do, however, owing to the great swamp in which the river takes its rise. So, leaving the river, he took a more northerly course towards the country of the Niam-Niam and since then up to the time of writing, now more than a year ago, nothing has been heard from him directly. Later word has been received from Major Barthelot that Stanley was probably five hundred miles north in the direction of Khartoum. Should this be so, there is a strong feeling abroad that Stanley's plans have changed—that having learned that Emin Bey is quite safe, he has turned north and is marching straight for Khartoum. Should such prove to be the case the whole aspect of affairs will be changed and new developements are awaited with the keenest interest. A still later telegram expresses the belief of Burton, the explorer, that the mysterious "White Pasha" reported in the Bar-el'-Ghazel district, and supposed by some to be Stanley, is Emin Bey himself.

EMIN BEY.

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MOSES AND REBECCA.

Mr. Wilkie, a Presbyterian missionary, writes from Indore, Hindustan, to the *Presbyterian Review* telling the story of a Hindoo Christian wedding which will be interesting to the readers of the *Messenger*. Mr. Wilkie says:—

One evening on my return home I found six or eight people waiting for me, led on by my catechist, who explained that one of them—Moses by name—wished to marry our ayah, Rebecca, a Christian. When I asked the intending bridegroom if he had spoken with Rebecca on the subject, he said he neither had nor felt the necessity for doing so—that if "the sahib" was willing, why should he trouble further. Knowing well that the ordinary native custom is to throw on the missionary all the trouble and responsibility in connection with marriage, and then to blame him if all does not turn out quite satisfactorily, I clearly told him that they must assume all responsibility, and advised him to see her before going any further. To this he agreed, and waited till she returned with the children.

She, of course, through a third party, had already heard of the intention of Moses, and of the proposed interview with me; and yet, on her return to the house, passed by the waiting ones in the most indifferent way as if she had no interest in either them or their doings. I followed her into the house and in a jocular way asked what this meant, when she in an astonished way asked "What?"

"Are you not thinking of getting married?"

She—"I will do whatever the sahib says."

"Have you seen or spoken to Moses yet?"

She—"Why should I? If the sahib is willing I will marry him, but if not willing, I will not do so."

I then tried to show her how foolish such a course was, as she, not the sahib, would have to live with him afterwards, and told her I would do nothing further till they were both quite satisfied with each other. She agreed then to see him, but I am quite sure I not in the slightest degree influenced them in the matter; but rather made them yet further wonder at our strange ideas as to marriage. Did he not want a wife? was she not willing to take him, and had he not asked me who was her ma-bap (mother and father)? What more then was necesary? After we were satisfied that Moses had not a wife somewhere else, and that otherwise he was satisfactory, the day was fixed (January 1st), the bride retaining the same utterly indifferent air—even going on with her work till within a very short time of her marriage.

At last they stood before me. Moses was asked to repeat some words after me, but refused, saying, "I will give her her bread and water. Is that not enough?" and in this, too, only conforming to the current idea whilst expressing the fear they so naturally have of binding themselves to do what may have a deeper meaning. The ceremony ended without any further hitch, without the bride, however, being saluted in the usual way, or at all affected, and soon after Rebecca slipped home and went on as usual with her work, though I should say she went away later on to the big dinner that had been prepared in honor of the occasion.

Sometimes the missionary is not only asked to agree to the marriage, but also asked to secure a bride or bridegroom, as may be needed—though this office I have invariably declined. You need hardly wonder if sometimes an obligation so lightly undertaken is as lightly regarded and broken, and that hence missionaries have sometimes sad hearts. It is useless to expect that ideas that have been received in their earliest years and that are still so fully believed in by the great mass around them, should not continue to exercise a very decided influence even in the Christian Church. Oh that those who talk so loudly in praise of Hinduism could see it as it is—not as it seems to be, stripped of all that is vile and impure! I have often asked the Hindus which one of their sacred books would they put into their child's hands, as its only guide to morality and good living, and have invariably been told there was not one. Beautiful thoughts are to be found in them, it is true, but unfortunately the few nuggets of precious truths are powerless to stem the torrent of vileness that for ages has swept over Hindustan.

◆

EVERY DOLLAR BELONGS TO GOD.

This is a truth little realized by multitudes of Christians. Yet it is so. If we have been purchased by the precious blood of Christ, all we are and all we have belongs to him. Dr. William Kincaid tells the following striking incident:—

"A friend of mine was receiving some money at the hands of a bank officer the other day, when he noticed depending from one of the bills a little scarlet thread. He tried to pull it out, but found that it was woven into the very texture of the note, and could not be withdrawn. 'Ah!' said the banker, 'you will find that all the government bills are made so now. It is an expedient to prevent counterfeiting.' Just so Christ has woven the scarlet thread of his blood into every dollar that the Christian owns. It cannot be withdrawn; it marks it as his. My brother, my sister, when you take out a government note to expend it for some needless luxury, notice the scarlet thread therein, and reflect that it belongs to Christ. How can we trifle with the price of blood?"

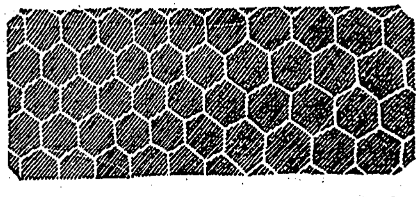
◆

It is a Sign of Infancy when only a few beings interest us.—*Channing.*

SOMETHING ABOUT THE HONEY-BEE.

"What a beautiful piece of honey! I wonder if it is artificial or genuine comb-honey made by the bees."

Such remarks as this may often be heard from those who have read the statement which has been going the rounds of the papers that comb-honey is made by machinery entirely independent of the labor of the bees. The story was first started by Professor Wiley who says he meant it as a scientific pleasantry; but error travels faster than truth, and may not be overtaken by it for years.

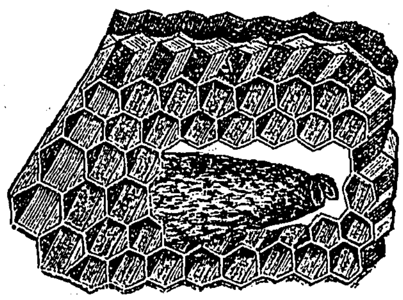


The truth is that no such thing has ever been accomplished, and I doubt if it has ever been attempted. Mr. A. I. Root made an offer of one thousand dollars for a single pound of honey so made, and although the offer has been standing, if I am not mistaken, for several years, no one has yet called for the money.

When you examine the wonderful workmanship in a piece of honey-comb and observe its great regularity, it seems that there must be some master-builder among the many thousands, whose province it is to direct the acts of the others that the work may go on as one harmonious whole. But if you watch the bees at work you will see nothing of the kind. True, there is a bee called the queen, but the bees do their work without any control on her part. Each bee seems to be working according to its own sweet will, one putting on a bit of wax, another giving it a push here, another there, and the only wonder is, that where so little order or system appears, such wondrously regular workmanship is done.

The bees that do the work are called workers, and are undeveloped females. It is interesting to watch a young worker gnaw its way out of its cell, and become a member of the commonwealth. No mother, nurse nor tutor is on hand to instruct it as to what its duties are to be, and yet that mysterious something, that we call instinct, which is born with the bee, seems to tell it exactly what to do, so that the same perfection of workmanship is found in the hive now as thousands of years ago.

The first sixteen days of the young worker's life are spent indoors doing housework and tending baby, and during the rest of its life it is a field worker, bringing in nectar and pollen from the flowers, also water and propolis.



Besides the workers are the drones or males, and one single queen. The name queen is misleading. The queen is not a ruler, she is simple an egg-layer, and is said sometimes to lay her own weight of eggs in twenty-four hours, that is, about three thousand eggs. She does this, however, only when all conditions are most favorable, surrounded by a populous colony, with a copious harvest, for at such times she is bountifully fed by the workers, who can be seen every few minutes offering food to her.

Under ordinary circumstances a queen is doing pretty good work to lay one or two thousand eggs a day, or rather in a day and night, for work in the hive goes on day and night. The workers rather than the queen seem to control the rate at which eggs are laid, for at some seasons of the year, particularly in autumn and winter, the queen is left to forage for herself, and few or no eggs are laid.

The cells in honey-comb are six-sided and of two sizes, one size, worker, measuring five to the inch, and the other, drone, four. If an egg is laid in a small cell it produces a worker, if in a large cell a drone.

At certain times a third kind of a cell is built, a queen-cell. When a colony becomes very populous, and contemplates swarming, a number of queen-cells are built, looking not unlike so many peanuts, each queen-cell taking as much wax in its construction as would make a great many drone or worker cells. A queen cell is not six-sided but round, and the young queen, while in it, has several times as much room as the other young bees.

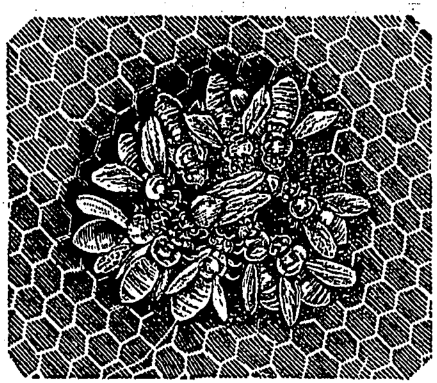
About ten days before the young queens are old enough to emerge from their cells, the swarm issues. The old queen goes off with the swarm, and when the first young queen hatches, a second swarm is likely to issue, to be sometimes followed in two or three days by a third, and not rarely by a fourth and even a fifth.

The young queens seem to have a mortal antipathy to each other, and as soon as one such queen hatches, her first business is to proceed, if allowed, to destroy her unhatched royal sisters. This she does by digging a hole in the side of a queen-cell, and stinging the inmate in its cradle. If further swarming is contemplated by the workers, they defend the unhatched queens from the attack of the one at liberty, which goes off with the swarm. Previous to go-

When no further swarming is intended, all the young queens who are sufficiently matured are allowed to emerge from their cells, and when two of these meet, a deadly combat ensues, continuing till all queens but one are killed, and those remaining unhatched are despatched in their cradles.

These queen-cells, of which I have been speaking, are usually found on the edges of the comb, and sometimes even on the wood that surrounds the comb. If a hole happens to be in any part of the comb the bees are likely to make use of the space for a queen-cell. If the queen is at any time lost, when no previous preparation has been made for rearing a young queen, a different course is pursued.

The bees select a young larva in a worker-cell, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have produced a worker, enlarge its cell greatly, destroying, if necessary, the adjacent cells for that purpose, feed it lavishly so that the little grub is literally swimming in a sea of food, and in due time it emerges a perfect queen.



If it should happen that nothing but drone eggs are in the hive, the poor bees will try their best to rear a queen from one of these, but it never grows into anything but a drone, and, I think, always dies in the cell.

The young worker has its rations very accurately dealt out, just enough, and not a particle is left over; but there is no stint in feeding the young queen, and when she hatches out of her cell there is usually enough food (or royal jelly, as it is called) left to make one think another queen might have been raised on it.

The time required for hatching out the perfect bee from the laying of the egg is, for the drone, twenty-four days; for the worker, twenty-one; and for the queen sixteen. Curiously enough, the one that matures the soonest lives the longest, for the queen attains the age of two, three and sometimes five years.

The life of the worker seems to depend on the amount of work it does, in the honey harvest living only about six weeks; but those which are hatched late in the summer live over till the next spring. It is hard to tell just how long the drone would live if let alone, for when forage in the fields becomes scarce he is mercilessly driven from the hive to perish.

The drone is the male and is a lazy scamp, for he not only does nothing toward laying up stores in the hive, but does not even visit the flowers for his own food. He helps himself to the stores gathered by the workers, then flies about for exercise, and comes back with a good appetite for more.

There seems to be a popular impression that a queen is surrounded by a body-guard or a number of courtiers always accompanying her, and ready to attend to her every want, while some have the notion that the queen-cell is a kind of throne where the queen holds court and may be found at all times.

So far is this from being true, the queen-cell is torn down shortly after the young queen hatches out, and before she is two weeks old she commences laying and may be found in any part of the hive.

No bee accompanies her, but if at any time she stops at any point, the workers near her form a circle about her, all facing the queen as if to do her honor. Presently the queen moves on, and the retinue is broken up to be formed again whenever she comes to a halt.—*Youth's Companion.*

MAP OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

Showing the Congo River, Emin Bey's Province, the Great Lakes, the Bahr-el-Ghazel and Khartoum.

A TRUE LEAF FROM A NURSE'S DIARY.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

"It is very late, but I must write out this strange and most pathetic story while every detail is still fresh in my mind. It was about seven o'clock last evening when I noticed a slight change in Johnny Dunn, the poor boy who left Sing Sing only three weeks ago, to be again incarcerated, this time in a hospital. Cause, hasty consumption. Whether he read something unusual in my face as I took his temperature and carefully examined him, or whether the approach of death had been perceived by the patient, I do not know, but he said with a smile.

"Yes, nurse it is coming, and, please, I want to tell you something."

"What is it, Johnny?" I asked, but I did not wait for an answer. The inexpressible longing in his eyes, and a weary, hopeless glance at the other cots, decided me to arrange to stay close to the lad till the end came, or at least as long as I could be of comfort to him. Two minutes later I had placed the screen so that we might seem at least to be alone, and with the dying lad's hand in mine, listened to the wonderful story.

"You see, nurse, it don't make so much difference now, only if what happened to me could be of use to somebody," he began. "I thought mebbe I ought not to die with it locked up in me, and that you could tell it in your Sunday-school class—I used to go to Sunday-school, nurse—and to boys, perhaps, who seem to be getting off the track."

"It isn't possible that you were innocent of the crime with which you were charged, Johnny?" I inquired as the patient stopped a moment to rest. He shook his head.

"I did enter that house and I was caught," he replied, "but so help me heaven, if I had escaped, it would have been my first and last wicked job. I had got into bad company, and mother was dead, and father did not care what became of me, and one night—well—one night it happened.

"I didn't have to force any bolts or locks, for it was a hot summer night, and I found an open window and crawled in easily enough. The cook had told one of the gang that the second story front room was the one to go for first, and just where the diamonds were kept. You see I was to go in alone, and the other fellows were to stand guard. As I crept softly up the stairs I noticed that the door opposite the landing was wide open. I listened a while, and when I didn't hear any thing, I stepped cautiously in. At the other end of the room by the open window through which the moonlight streamed in, there was a lady in a large cosy chair all bolstered up with pillows. I saw she was awake and had seen me, and something seemed to tell me that she was near to death. I never trembled so in my life, no not even when the judge sentenced me, or when I stepped into Sing Sing. I don't feel one millionth part as bad now, nurse—and I know I am going soon—as I did then," and now the poor lad gasped for breath and looked pleadingly into my eyes.

"Well," he resumed, "I turned to get out, and my feet were as heavy as lead, and then the lady beckoned to me, 'Don't go,' said she softly, 'Come here a moment.'"

"Her voice must have been just like an angel's—mebbe I'll hear an angel's voice before long, and I do hope the dear Lord will let it be hers—and you see, nurse, I couldn't do anything but obey it. 'Come close,' said she, 'you have nothing to fear.' And when I walked straight up to her. Oh, how white and beautiful she was."

"You don't belong here, do you?'

"No, ma'am," said I.

"I want to look into your eyes," said she, and then she whispered to herself, oh, so pitifully, "poor boy, poor boy."

"Then, nurse, I dropped on my knees beside the lady's chair and it did seem as if my heart would burst open. For think, that sick and weak as she was, she was not afraid of me, and I a burglar."

"Is your mother living?" says she next.

"No, ma'am," says I.

"*I thought not. And you have got into bad company*," she goes on so softly, and with a catch in her breath something like mine, nurse. "I am dying, child," says she, "dying. Who knows but I may meet your mother? If I do, can I tell her to hope for her boy?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," I sobbed. And then, nurse, the lady put her trembling little hand on my head and says she:

"Father, dear, loving, precious, Father, hear my prayer. Redeem and bless this wayward but repentant lad, for his mother's sake and for Christ's sake. Amen."

"Then, nurse, the lady fell back in her chair, and beckoned for me to go quickly. I heard a noise in the next room, and I went down the stairs and out of the house. But just as I stepped on to the balcony the private watchman nabbed me; and so I was caught on the premises and that sent me up. I found out through the papers that a beautiful, generous lady died out of that house the next day, and of course I knew who it was. Mebbe if I had had a good lawyer and told my story, it might have been different. But it don't matter now. There, nurse, that is all. Now go and see to the other poor fellows. Oh! I am so comfortable, and you believe me, don't you, and you'll tell my story where it will do good, won't you?" Six hours later Johnny breathed his last, a radiant smile upon his lips.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

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DARING ENGINEERING FEAT.

RENEWING THE NIAGARA SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

The Niagara Falls Railway Suspension Bridge carried successfully a heavy traffic for twenty-six years; it was then found that some repairs to the cable were required at the anchorage. These repairs were made, and the anchorage was substantially reinforced. At the same time it was found that the wooden suspended superstructure was in bad condition, and this was entirely removed and replaced by a structure of iron, built and adjusted in such a manner as to secure the best possible results. For some time it had been noticed that the stone towers which supported the great cables of the bridge showed evidences of disintegration at the surface, and a careful engineering examination in 1885 showed that these towers were in a really dangerous condition. The reason for this was that the saddles over which the cables pass on the top of the towers had not the freedom of motion which was required for the action of the cables, caused by differences of temperature, and by passing loads... A most interesting and successful feat was accomplished in the substitution of iron towers for these stone towers, without interrupting the traffic across the bridge. This has been accomplished very recently by building a skeleton iron tower outside of the stone tower, and transferring the cables from the stone to the iron tower by a most ingenious arrangement of hydraulic jacks. The stone towers were then removed. Thus, by the renewal of its suspended structure and the replacing of its towers, the bridge has been given a new lease of life and is in excellent condition to-day.

This Niagara Railway Suspension Bridge has been so long in successful operation that it is difficult now to appreciate the general disbelief in the possibility of its success as a railway bridge, when it was undertaken. It was projected and executed by the late John A. Roebling. Before it was finished, Robert Stephenson said to him, "If your bridge succeeds, mine [the Victoria tubular bridge at Montreal] is a magnificent blunder." The Niagara bridge did succeed.—*Scribner's Magazine for July.*

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A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

Some years ago I met a friend on Boston Common. We were both coming that night to New York—I by the Fall river boat, he by the Shore Line railway. We presently fell into an earnest conversation on religious matters. He was one of those men who professed greatly to admire the life and character of Jesus Christ and the system of ethics he taught in the Sermon on the Mount, but he utterly rejected the statement that we were saved by the blood of Christ. I was urging this truth upon him with all the earnestness I could command. Finally, he broke out with a protest against what he called my narrowness and bigotry.

"Why," said he, "it is absurd to say that unless I believe in Jesus Christ as an 'atoning Saviour' that I cannot be saved. Why, what difference does it make by what road we go to heaven, so that we all get there? I have no objection to your going by that 'bloody road' of atonement, if you want to; but you ought not to insist on my going that way if I prefer another one. You might as well insist that unless I went by the Fall river line to New York I could not go at all. There are seven or eight different lines running daily to New York. Now," said he, "you *are going* to New York by the Fall River line, and I by the Shore Line. We will both be in New York in the morning, and then what difference will it make how we got there?"

This was supposed to be a triumphant and unanswerable argument. I said to him then, as I say to all his class now, and there are not a few of them about: "Your argument is very good, so far as getting from Boston to New York is concerned. It is entirely a question of taste and convenience which one of the routes you go by: but in the case of a sinner getting to heaven, it is of no account whatever, for the reason that there is but one way.

"Listen! Jesus did not say, 'I am one way, or a way;' but he said, 'I am the way.' 'No man cometh to the Father but by me.' 'No man knoweth the Father save the Son, and he to whom the Son shall reveal him.' And the apostle says, 'Neither is there salvation in any other. For there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.' 'For there is one God and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus.'"—*Words and Weapons.*

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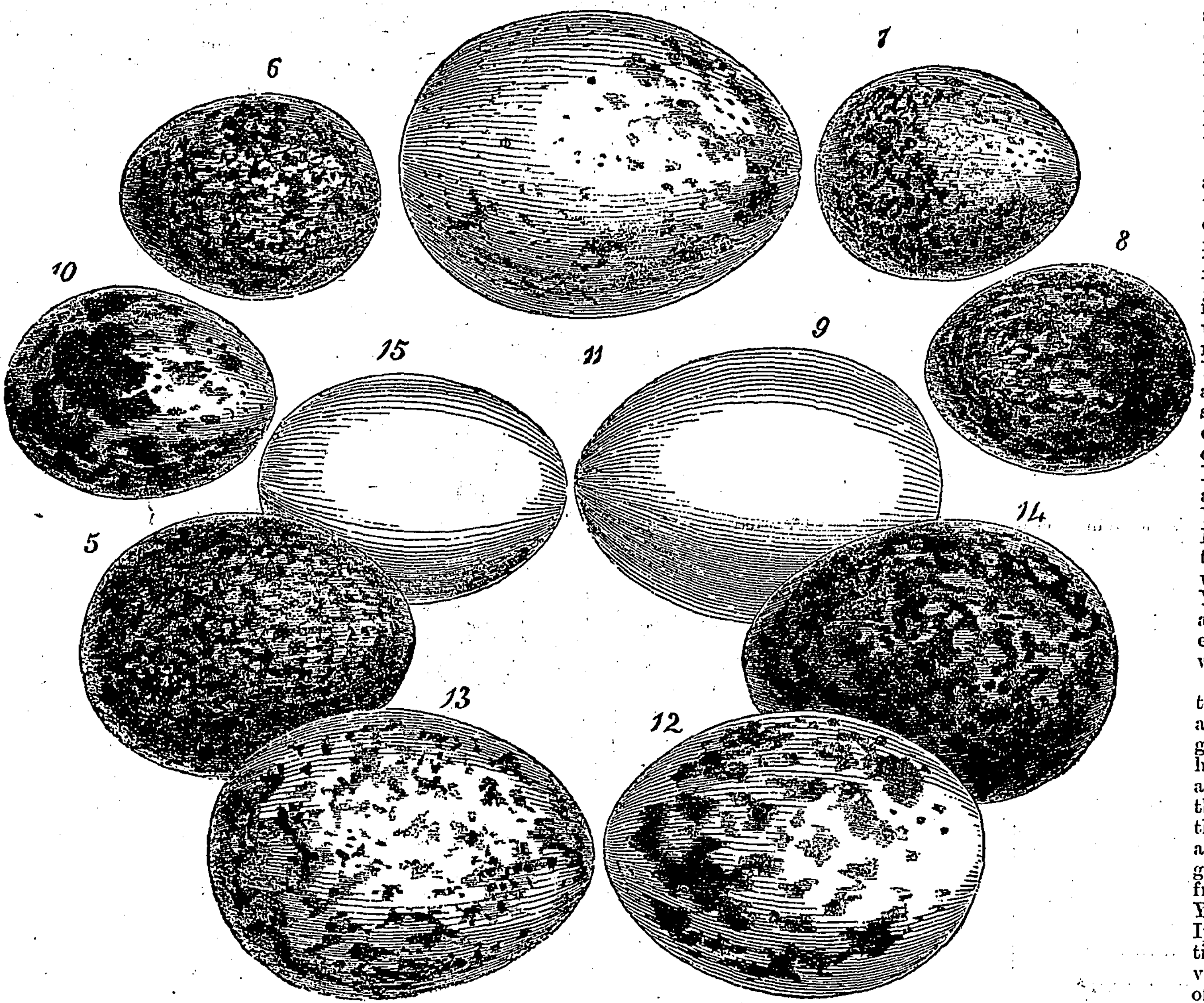
REST.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere,
'Tis the brook's *motion*,
Clear without strife,
Fleeting to ocean
After its life.
'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving,
And this is true rest. —*Goethe.*



FALCON'S EGGS.—(See first page).

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY.

"What's in a name?" A great deal; and this Society has chosen a very happy and significant name, which at once appeals to all hearts, since everybody wishes to be Christian, and every Christian is urged to endeavor. The Society has only been in existence about six years, but the fact that it already has a constituency of a hundred and fifty thousand is a proof that it meets a need which must have been almost universally felt. Such is, indeed, the case, and many ministers, and those who have at heart the welfare of individual churches, will be the more disposed to adopt it, because it serves to keep the young in their own particular church. The Society originated in the mind of an American minister, the Rev. F. E. Clarke, of Boston, came to England recently at the special request of the Sunday-School Union in order to explain its aim and constitution. In Mr. Clarke's church there had been a religious revival, and large numbers of young people especially had given their hearts to God. These young disciples were at once the joy and the care of the pastor, who knew that great wisdom and prudence were necessary to keep them true to the Saviour and the Church. Mr. Clarke had probably known other revivals, which had seemed great, and yet had amounted to little, because after the excitement had passed almost nothing had been done to retain those who were affected. He knew that the most important part of a revival among the young was to train them and set them to work. The young people leave our churches and schools because there is nothing for them to do, and therefore nothing to keep them. Mr. Clarke wanted his gain of new converts to be a real and lasting one, and so he and his deacons prayfully considered the matter, and the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor is the outcome of this consideration.

The constitution drawn up by Mr. Clarke and his helpers has since undergone revision, but it remains essentially the same as at first. The object of the Society is to "promote an earnest Christian life among its members, to increase their mutual acquaintance, and to make them more useful in the service of God." The members consist of three classes, Active, Associate, and Affiliated, or Honorary. The active members are young persons who believe themselves to be Christians, and sincerely desire to live the Christian life. Voting powers are vested only in the active members, and these are required to sign the following:

ACTIVE MEMBERSHIP PLEDGE.

Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I promise Him that I will try to do whatever He would like to have me do; that I will pray to Him and read the Bible every day, and that just so far as I know how, throughout my whole life, I will try to live a Christian life.

Signed........................

Date..................

Residence.....................

The associate members are worthy young persons, who are not at present willing to be considered decided Christians. They are expected to attend the prayer-meetings, but not to take part in them, and they are to have the special prayers and sympathy of the active members. The class of affiliated, or honorary members, is provided for Christians of mature years, who wish to have some connection with the Society, although they are unable to attend all the meetings. Each Society is to have a president, who shall, if possible, be the pastor of the church, a vice-president, recording secretary, corresponding secretary and treasurer, who are to be chosen from among the active members of the Society. There are also various committees—a Look-Out Committee, a Prayer Meeting Committee, a Social Committee, and an Executive Committee, each consisting of five active members. Other Committees may be—the Sunday-school Committee (to get new scholars and visit absentees,) the Calling, or Visiting Committee, the Music Committee, the Flower Committee, the Temperance Committee, the Relief Committee, and the White Cross, or Purity Committee. Perhaps the Look-Out Committee, whose duty it is to keep all the others up to the mark, is the most active of them all, but it will be seen that something to do is provided for every member, and this, we think, accounts more than any thing beside for the success of the Society.

The pledge given above is that which is adopted in some English churches—notably the Crewe Congregational Church, where there is a good Christian Endeavor Society in full working; but the original pledge is more stringent still, and proves how the weekly prayer-meeting is the real centre of the Society:—

As an active member I promise to be true to all my duties, to be present at, and to take some part, aside from singing, in every meeting, unless hindered by some reason which I can conscientiously give to my Lord and Master Jesus Christ. If obliged to be absent from the monthly consecration meeting, I will, if possible, send an excuse for absence to the Society.

The following extracts from the constitution and by-laws show the stress laid upon

THE PRAYER MEETING.

1. All the active members shall be present at every meeting, unless detained by some absolute necessity, and each active member shall take some part, however slight, in every meeting. To the above all the active members shall pledge themselves, understanding by "absolute necessity" some reason for absence which can conscientiously be given to the master Jesus Christ. The meetings shall be held one hour, and at the close, some time may be taken for introduction and social intercourse, if desired.

2. Once each month a consecration or experience meeting shall be held, at which every active member shall speak concerning his progress in the Christian life. If any one chooses, he can express his feelings by an appropriate verse of Scripture or other quotation.

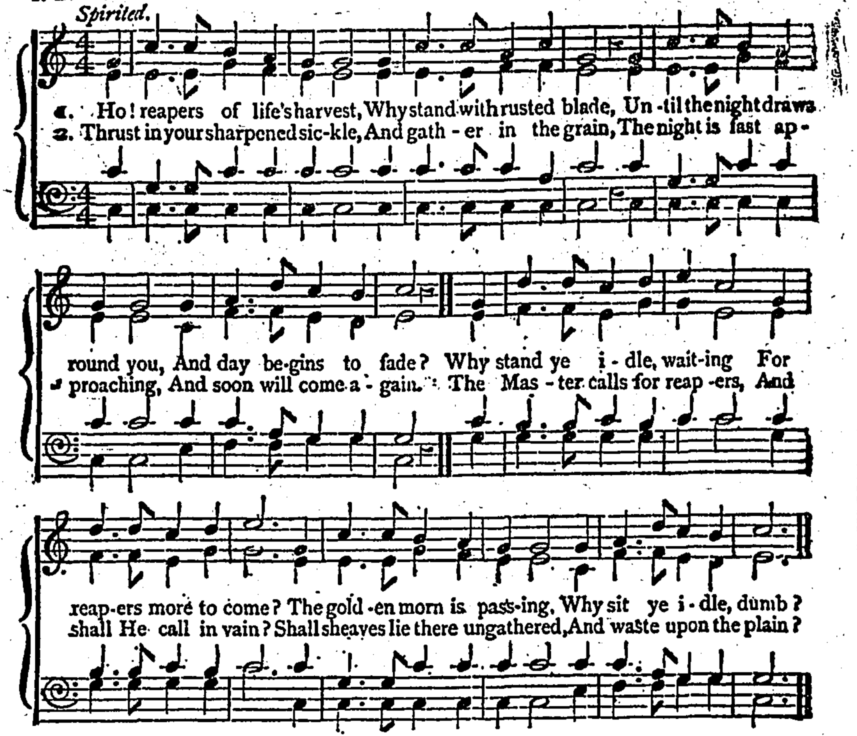
3. At each consecration or experience meeting the roll shall be called, and the responses of the active members who are present shall be considered as a renewed expression of allegiance to Christ. It is expected that, if any one is obliged to be absent from this meeting, he will send the reason for such absence by some one who attends.

4. If any active member of this Society is absent from this monthly meeting and fails to send an excuse, the Look-out Committee is expected to take the name of such a one, and, in a kind and brotherly spirit, ascertain the reason for the absence. If any active member of the Society is absent and unexcused from three consecutive monthly meetings, such a one ceases to be a member of the Society, and his name shall be stricken from the list of members."

At the Sunday-School Union Meeting, several speakers who took part in the discussion took exception to these requirements, but Mr. Clark insisted upon them as the very foundation of the Society and the true reason for its existence. It is above all things a religious society, and its one aim is to deepen and strengthen the piety of its members. It is not a society for the study of literature, or for purposes of recreation, though these may exist within it; but it is for the growth and maintenance of spiritual life alone. It is quite possible that it may take root and flourish in England, as it has done in America. We have been very much occupied with the question, "How shall we provide amusements for our young people?" and games and songs, and even theatrical representations have been the order of the day. But we are quite prepared to see a reaction from this state of things even among the young people themselves. They are more willing than some folks think to respond to those who call upon them to be heroic Christians. They know in their own souls that nothing less ought to be required of those who dare to consider themselves in the same line as the martyrs and confessors. Mr. Clarke's advice in reference to the Society of Christian Endeavor is this: "Do not lower the standard or cater to the worldly laziness of the average Christian by making the way in easy. Make sure that every one who joins fully understands his duties and obligations, and is willing, in Christ's strength, to undertake them." We shall watch with great interest the progress of the society among the young people of our own land.—*Marianne Farningham, in London Christian World.*

Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few."—MATT. ix. 37.

I. B. W. B. WOODBURY.

Come down from hill and mount
In morning's ruddy glow
Nor wait until the dial
Points to the noon below;
And come with the strong sinew,
Nor faint in heat or cold,
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold,

Mount up the heights of wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge,
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord;
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

Question Corner.—No. 16.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

47. What man offered his daughter up as a sacrifice, and why?

48. (a) The seventy sons of what king were beheaded and their heads laid in two heaps before the gate of a city? (b) Who ordered the deed done, and (c) what prophecy was thus fulfilled?

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