

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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#### NOTICE.

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#### THE NEWSBOYS AT HOME.

It was a piercing cold night. The icy north wind searched out every weak spot in the clothing of the few who, called by pleasure or business, ventured on the streets. It was the kind of night on which those inside their warm rooms instinctively shiver as they think of the terrors of the streets. The windows were covered with beautiful patterns, frosted by the icy hand of the terrible north wind. The street lamps shone dim through the sparkling fog of frost which enshrouded them.

It was on this night that a gentleman walking, or rather slipping, the usual mode of progression in winter, down Beaver Hall Hill, in the city of Montreal, was buttoning his coat tighter as he reached the corner of Lagache-tiere street, where the wind seemed to have greater force than anywhere else, when he heard a feeble, timid voice:

"Won't you buy a paper, sir? It's very cold, won't you buy them all sir? I can't go home unless I sell them."

The gentleman stopped at once, and found that the voice came from a shivering little girl, clothed so as to afford but little protection from the weather. He stooped down to her, and noticing her blue, pinched face and chattering teeth, made enquiries, from which he learned that she was compelled to sell papers for those who cruelly used her, with whom she lived. He took her into a shop near by, where she was thoroughly warmed and plenty given her to eat, her papers purchased, and she was sent to the place called her home, happy for once.

But this was not a newsboy, some of the MESSENGER's readers may say. That may be very true in one sense, but the newsboys are not all boys; there are old and middle-aged men amongst those who are called newsboys. The daily papers often occupy a prominent place on apple and candy stands, during the summer months, and these are usually kept by women, and, alas! only too often little girls, clad so as to be afforded very little protection from the biting winds of this wintry city, stand speaking timidly to the passers-by, "Please, sir, do buy a paper." But these are the exceptions. Generally it is boys who sell the newspapers on the streets.

These boys are generally sharp-witted and ready for any amount of mischief. They need to be the former for their lot is by no means an easy one. If they were as a rule frugal, they would, on the whole, be comparatively well off, for they make from twenty cents to a dollar and a half a day. But frugality is the exception amongst them. Money with them, as with other young people, seems to burn a hole in their pockets, and it is spent almost as

fast as it is earned—not on useful things either, but on candies, apples and other eatables. The result is that most of them are always hard up in the midst of plenty.

Others are differently situated. Their money goes to their relatives, who sometimes are not of the best character. These spend it for them, and they are little or no better than slaves, like the little girl first referred to. In winter they live in filthy hovels; in summer find their resting-places in barrels or in nooks and corners of all kinds. This mode of living is not advantageous to moral improvement; and it is little wonder that they frequently find themselves in the policemen's clutches, and usually spend some years of their lives in the reformatories for the young. There is another

vice, but found that his disease got no better, but his profits were greatly decreased. He subsequently engaged an associate to hold his papers for him, while he did the selling and collected the money. He has many friends who assist him in his business, and at the present time has some two thousand dollars in the bank.

The publishers of the WITNESS every year collect their newsboys together and give them a supper and entertainment of some kind. This all parties concerned enjoy greatly, and the boys are not slow in expressing their thanks.

They are not, as a rule, as good-looking as the interesting boy of whom a picture is given, being generally ill clothed and sometimes of a

work, generally, is to thrash about one-half dozen of the scholars, and my method is variegated.

Give the name of the author of the Declaration of Independence and the name of the body that issued it. Ans.—John Hancock.

What are the four prominent methods of teaching beginners to read? Ans.—To endeavor to make your own feelings and sentiments the same as the author.

Give the course of the Mississippi river. Ans.—It flows from its source to its mouth.

Decline ox. Ans.—Pos., ox; com., better ox; super., best ox.

What is cancellation? Ans.—A short operation of performing examples.

Give your plan of a daily recitation in reading. Ans.—Form class in row, standing with book in left hand.

What is climate, and on what does it depend? Ans.—Is pure or impure air, and depends upon the condition of water, upon the ground, upon vegetation and upon the culture of the ground.

Another answer to the same is follows: The climate is cold in the north and east, generally temperate and healthful in the middle and west, and warm in the south; it depends on social, political and commercial importance.

What is a sentence? Ans.—A line of words from one period to another.

What words should be emphasized in a sentence? Ans.—The most emphatic words.

Describe the heart. Ans.—The heart is a conical shape and situated between the right and left ventricle.

Name ten of the largest countries in Europe. Ans.—Italy, England, Russia, Prussia, Germany, Portugal, etc.

What form of government has Russia? Ans.—A desperate form of government.

#### HOW THE LITTLE BOYS MADE CHALK.

First I must tell you that these little boys who made the chalk all go to the same school. They are between eight and ten years of age, and there are only nine of them.

One day their teacher read to them something about chalk—how that it is formed from lime and a gas; then she told them that every time we breathe the same kind of gas that helps to form chalk comes out of our lungs and is carried away into the air with our breath. Now, if we breathe into lime-water, what happens? The lime is changed. The gas in our breath turns the lime into chalk. And now we come to the way by which the children made themselves sure of this.

Miss May got some lumps of lime, such as you have seen men use to make mortar, and put them into a large bottle of water. The lumps crumbled and fell into powder, and mixed with the water. This formed the lime-water. After it had stood a while most of the lime went to the bottom of the bottle, leaving the water looking very clear; but some little bits of the lime stayed with the water, though they were so small they could not be seen.



"OUR" CIVIL SERVICE.

class. These are honest children of honest parents who, of necessity, are compelled to earn a little money by selling papers. Their lot is a hard one, but they are generally not long in making a change in the mode of living. There is yet one class more: those who are enterprising and frugal and enter into the business to make money.

An interesting instance of the latter class lately came to notice. It was of a boy named Fitzpatrick. He was well-known in Montreal because of his being subject to epileptic fits. He was a good Roman Catholic, and having occasion to go to his priest was told that he could never get over his disease unless he gave up selling the WITNESS. He followed this ad-

forbidding appearance. But underneath their ragged vests often beat sturdy, honest, faithful hearts, and sometimes from their ranks there rise men whose careers are of honor and usefulness.

#### WHO CAN BEAT THIS?

NATIVE GENIUS is not monopolized by Canadian candidates for certificates. The following answers were given at a late examination in one of the counties of Iowa:

With what country did we carry on the war of the Revolution? Ans.—Africa.

What is the first work to be performed on taking charge of a school, and what is your method of performing it? Ans.—My first



## Temperance Department.

### ONLY A LITTLE ALE.

Dr. Barker one morning called to see James Mason, the carpenter, and requested him to attend to some alterations in his house, which James readily promised to do. On going to the door with the doctor he was surprised at his saying: "Ah! James, I am sorry to see you in such danger."

"In danger of what, sir? What do you mean?"

"This," said the doctor, pointing with his cane to a mug of ale which stood on the work-bench. "If you don't look out you'll get in trouble."

"Oh!" said James, "that is only a little ale. I always want some in the morning. But I see you don't approve of it, sir."

"No, I don't," said the doctor.

"But why? It is a harmless drink and made from good barley. It certainly is nutritious."

"Not as harmless as you suppose, James; and as for nutrition, I can prove to you that there is more nutriment in as much flour as can be laid on the point of a table-knife than there is in two gallons of the best beer. But you don't drink it on account of the barley. You like it because of the alcohol in it."

"Ah! doctor, there you mistake. You can't call me a drinking man, because I never take anything as strong as brandy, whiskey, or the like. I'm down on all such."

"I don't know how long you will be, James, as long as you make a friend of this. I know all about it, and once thought as you do. When I was a student I was foolish enough to follow the example of my chums and take a glass of beer every day at dinner. My one glass soon grew to three, and sometimes four or five, every day. I grew fleshy, and people said, 'How fat you are getting!' It was not good, solid flesh, though—it was beer-bloat. It worried my good old mother, and especially when others asked her if I did not drink. Some said they would never employ a doctor who drank any liquor whatever; and finally, to please her, I promised to leave off my beer. I thought I could easily do it, but found it pretty hard work for a while; and, looking back now, I can see I was in great danger. Of course, the more beer I drank the more alcohol I drank, and I would soon have wanted something stronger. How is it with you, James—do you drink any more now than you did six months ago?"

"Why, yes, I must confess I do."

"How about your head; does that trouble you?"

"Yes, it aches a good deal; feels heavy."

"All on account of the beer, James. My head is a good deal clearer than it was when I used the stuff, and, in fact, I feel better every way. Do I look very weak, James?"

"Far from it, sir. There's not a healthier looking man anywhere around here; but that is because you're a doctor and know how to take care of yourself."

"You may think so, James; but one very strong reason is because I have not for many years taken anything which has alcohol in it. Take my advice and do the same."

"Doctors ought to know," said James. "Guess I'll take your advice."—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

### A DEADLY CURE.

At a large and influential meeting held recently in the Strand, London, Mr. Monroe, of Hull made the following remarkable statement, which we give in his own words:

"Are not medical men, by the promiscuous ordering of intoxicating drinks for their patients, answerable for much of the drunkenness which is now the great curse of the land? With regard to the prescription of alcoholic beverages, I will relate a circumstance which occurred to me some years ago, the result of which made a deep impression upon my mind. I was not then a teetotaler—would that I had been!—but I conscientiously, though erroneously, believed in the health-restoring properties of stout. A hard-working, industrious, God-fearing man, a teetotaler of some years' standing, suffering from an abscess in his hand, which had reduced him very much, applied to me for advice. I told him the only medicine he required was rest; and to remedy the waste going on in his system, and to repair the damage done to his hand, he was to support himself with a bottle of stout daily. He replied, 'I cannot take it, for I have been some years a teetotaler.' 'Well,' I said,

'if you know better than the doctor, it is no use applying to me.' Believing, as I did then, that the drink would really be of service to him, I urged him to take the stout as a medicine, which would not interfere with his pledge. He looked anxiously in my face, evidently weighing the matter over in his mind, and sorrowfully replied:

"Doctor, I was a drunken man once; I should not like to be one again."

"He was, much against his will, prevailed upon to take the stout, and, in time, he recovered from his sickness. When he got well, I, of course, praised up the virtues of stout as a means of saving his life, for which he ought ever to be thankful, and rather lectured him on his foolishness for being such a fanatic as to refuse taking a bottle of stout daily to restore him to his former health. I lost sight of my patient for some months; but on one fine summer's day when driving through one of our public thoroughfares, I saw a poor, miserable, ragged-looking man leaning against the door of a common public house, drunk, and incapable of keeping an erect position. Even in his poverty, drunkenness and misery, I discovered it was my teetotal patient, whom I had not so long ago persuaded to break the pledge. I could not be mistaken. I had reason to know him well, for he had been a member of a Methodist church, an indefatigable Sunday-school teacher, a prayer-leader, whose earnest appeals for the salvation of others I had often listened to with pleasure and edification. I immediately went to the man and was astonished to find the change which drink, in so short a time, had worked in his appearance. With manifest surprise, and looking earnestly at the poor wretch, I said, 'S———! is that you?' With a staggering reel, and clipping his words, he answered, 'Yes, it's me. Look at me again. Don't you know me?' 'Yes, I know you,' I said, 'and am grieved to see you in this drunken condition. I thought you were a teetotaler.'

"With a peculiar grin upon his countenance, he answered, 'I was before I took your medicine!' 'I am sorry to see you disgracing yourself by such conduct. I am ashamed of you.' Rousing himself as drunken people will at times, to extraordinary effort he chaffingly replied, 'Didn't you send me here for my medicine?' and with a delirious kind of chuckle, he hiccoughed out words I can never forget: 'Doctor, your medicine has cured my body, but it damned my soul!'

"You may rest assured I did not sleep much that night. The drunken aspect of that man haunted me, and I found myself weeping over the injury I had done him. I rose up early the next morning and went to his cottage, with its little garden in front, on the outskirts of the town, where I had often seen him with his wife, and happy children playing about, but I found, to my sorrow, that he had removed some time ago. At last, with some difficulty, I found him located in a couple of rooms in a low neighborhood, not far distant from the public house he had patronized the day before. Here, in such a home as none but the drunkard could inhabit, I found him laid upon a bed of straw, feverish and prostrate from the previous day's debauch, roundly abusing his wife because she could not get him some more drink—she standing aloof with tears in her eyes, broken down with care and grief, her children dirty and clothed in rags, all friendless, and steeped in poverty. What a wreck was there! Turned out of the church in which he was an ornament, his religion sacrificed, his usefulness marred, his hopes of eternity blasted, now a poor dejected slave to his passion of drink, without mercy and without hope.

"I talked to him kindly, reasoned with him, succored him till he was well, and never lost sight of him, or let him have any peace, until he had signed the pledge again. It took him some time to recover his place in the church, but I have had the happiness of seeing him restored. He is now, more than ever, a devoted worker in the church; and the cause of temperance is pleaded on all occasions.

### HE DRINKS.

The above proposition is true of every man;—nay, of every living creature, it is the fact that he or she drinks.

This being so, the statement "he drinks" or "she drinks" is, in the nature of it, a mere truism. Applicable to every one, it cannot have, so far as the literal meaning is concerned, a special application to any one.

And yet we all know, and know too well, that this is a common phrase, a phrase used with a special application—a phrase employed in a restricted and specific but well understood sense, conveying a meaning that is sadly and painfully definite.

When it is said of persons that they drink, it is meant, first, that they drink a beverage of a particular class, and, secondly, that they drink that beverage to a degree that is more or less discreditable and injurious to them-

selves. This is its minimum of meaning. It suggests more than this,—a general sense of misgiving as to the future career, embracing the darkest and most extreme possibilities.

This is the sense in which the phrase is employed, not merely by any one particular section of the community, as, say, the temperance reformers. It is the universal sense of the phrase. There is scarcely even a distiller, or brewer, or publican who would be found engaging a man to fill a position of trust, however competent he might be in other respects, if his recommendations were accompanied by the whisper "but he drinks."

Now why is it that an expression so indefinite conveys a meaning so specific? Why is the predicate sufficient without the mention of the object? It is because the object is universally understood. But why is the object universally understood? This question admits of one answer and one answer only, namely, that there is no other beverage that stands in the least risk of being confounded with intoxicating liquor in the injurious and ruinous consequences attending its use. But we are told that it is not the use of the article that does harm: it is the abuse. And all things are liable to abuse. Be it so, we reply; nevertheless you yourself take this particular article out of the common category. How so? Whenever you make use of the expression "he drinks," or whenever you hear it used and understand it as you do in its current sense, you recognize thereby intoxicating drink's liability to abuse, and its specially dangerous and injurious character in the community. Our common vernacular is thus seen to bear the impress of the exceptionally mischievous character of intoxicating drink. To those who deny, or ignore, or question this character by confounding it with the ordinary articles of diet and beverage, ringing changes on the terms "use and abuse," we simply reply that their speech betrays them. If any of the other articles of beverage were subject to liabilities of a nature to be compared with those which attend the use of alcoholics, it would have been impossible for the phrase, "he drinks," to have attained the sense which by universal consent has been assigned to it.

These liquors, then, being indisputably proved to be exceptionally dangerous and injurious to society, it follows as a matter of course that the traffic therein requires to be dealt with in an exceptional manner. Our common experience has led to the adoption of a phraseology which is a standing witness against the sale of strong drink being placed on the same footing as that of the ordinary articles of consumption.

The daily and ubiquitous employment of the phrase, "he drinks," with its peculiar and deep significance, pointing out an article which needs not be specified, this is a standing evidence of the universal, albeit in some cases latent, consciousness of its deleterious character. It also presents an unanswerable argument for the suppression of its common sale. As beheld in this light, how glaring is the iniquity of forcing the traffic in strong drink upon a locality alive to its evils and wishing to be free from them!

These considerations are fast "coming to the front" in the minds of prudent and reflecting men. Light from all sides is converging upon the subject. The notion that has hitherto possessed the minds of so many amiable and well-meaning men, and has hampered and crippled the temperance reformation, viz., that intoxicating drink so confessedly potent for evil, is nevertheless in itself a beneficial and to some persons a necessary article of beverage—this notion is being gradually exploded, and the conviction is spreading and deepening, that while the evil results of the drink beggar all description and defy exaggeration, the alleged good is the most unfortunate sham that ever beguiled the simplicity of mankind, and that, therefore, the traffickers in the drink are not only the agents of evil, but of evil only and evil continually.—*Alliance News.*

### CAUSE OF THE HIGH DEATH-RATE.

A discussion at the recent Social Science Congress, in London, on a paper read by Dr. Norman Kerr, brought out the following points:

Dr. HARDWICKE, coroner for Central Middlesex, in a long and impressive speech, narrated the astonishment which he felt at one time when he traced the history of those dying in the district over which he was officer of health. He found hardly any deaths attributed to alcohol, and he knew this must be quite inaccurate. He found the causes of death returned as disease of brain, heart, or liver, sunstroke, &c. When he ascertained the truth, he found that alcohol was the cause of more deaths than all other causes put together, that was at certain ages. Between twenty-five and fifty, he found something like thirty to fifty per cent. had been really killed by alcohol. Dr. Kerr, though he was the first to

place this matter on a scientific basis, had been wonderfully cautious and exact, and he was convinced that that gentleman's estimate of 120,000 dying annually from their own intemperance or the intemperance of others, was under rather than over the truth. Dr. Kerr's conclusions were staggering, but from his own experience, both as the medical officer of health of a large borough, and as coroner holding 1,500 inquests a year, he was convinced that the estimate would ultimately be found to be an under-estimate. If such fatality, which really was after all preventable, were to occur among sheep and pigs the country and the farmers would be all up in arms, but no one seemed to care for the slaughter of human beings by alcohol. Health officers, too, ought to call the attention of their vestries to the great death-rate through alcohol.

Dr. FARR—Do you, Dr. Hardwicke, from your extensive experience, say that Dr. Kerr's estimate is not exaggerated?

Dr. HARDWICKE—I do most decidedly. Dr. Kerr has a very large practice, and has had such an opportunity as few medical men have of ascertaining the truth. I am certain 120,000 will, when we are able to thrash out the whole matter, be found to be under the truth.

Dr. FARR—Well, perhaps 30,000 or 40,000 may die from drinking, but the certificates of death do not say so. Turning to Dr. Kerr, Do you consider you are doing your duty when you do not say on the certificate that a person has died from drinking if you believe he or she did?

Mr. COLLINGS—It's the want of moral courage.

Dr. KERR—That is the last remark that can with justice be applied to a teetotal doctor practising in the West-end of London. If there was any courage in the question, it would be an act not of moral, but of immoral courage to proclaim to the world that a patient had died of secret drinking. At present any person could register a death, and everybody could see either the certificate or a copy of it, so that every undertaker's half-drunken man knew all about the causes of death. The Registrar-General did not ask whether impure air or bad diet had brought on the disease that killed the patient, and it was monstrous to suppose that he or any other honorable medical man would harrow the feelings of the relatives by announcing to the neighbors that a loved wife or daughter had died a secret drunkard. Let the present unsatisfactory system of registration be superseded by the medical attendant being compelled to forward a certificate of death direct to the registrar or other Government official, the certificate to be seen by no one but the Government, and then, but not till then, would medical practitioners be in a position to tell the whole truth concerning alcohol.

Mr. EDWIN CHADWICK—Teetotalers are very unwise. The primary causes of drinking are bad water and impure air. Let the temperance reformers agitate for these truly primary causes of drunkenness. The Permissive Bill is impracticable.

Dr. KERR—It is the most practicable and practical measure before Parliament. During ten years of almost constant residence in Maine I saw the remarkable improvement in health and morals under prohibition.

A voice from the platform: But there has been a reaction.

Dr. KERR—The only reaction, if that is what you call it, has been to fine brewers and distillers £20, with a month's imprisonment, for the first offence, if convicted of making a single glass of beer or spirits.

The Rev. S. D. STUBBS, vicar of James', Pentonville, said that in the course of a long experience among the working classes in London he had never known a teetotaler live long in an unhealthy and small room. He very soon gave the landlord notice, and moved to a higher priced and healthier dwelling, if the landlord failed to do his duty. Temperance reformers were quite as alive to the virtues of good water and pure air as any moderate or immoderate drinker.

Mr. E. H. TUKE, barrister, could quite understand how family medical attendants, from no sense of fear, but simply from a desire to spare the feelings of the living, were at present placed in a false position, but he had no doubt some way could be found to remove the difficulty.

Mr. CHADWICK—Many of us think that deaths ought not to be certified by the attendant on the deceased, but by an officer of health, and thus Dr. Kerr's object might be attained, and the evils of the present loose mode of registration somewhat remedied.

Dr. HARDWICKE again spoke on the vast importance of this enquiry, and trusted Dr. Farr would aid them in securing an improved and more accurate system of registration.

Dr. FARR—We are very much obliged to Dr. Kerr for his valuable paper.—*League Journal, Nov. 16.*



## Agricultural Department.

## TREATMENT OF LAND.

The question of a right treatment of land is one which should receive more attention from farmers than it does. For upon this depends, in a large measure, success in raising good crops. No land that is ill-treated ever yet produced well, no more than ill-treated stock will thrive, increase and be profitable. As the object in treating land well is keeping up its producing capacity, I would mention, first, as a means to this end, plowing it in the right stage. Land to be kept lively, should never, in any case, be plowed wet. If plowed in this condition it will become cloddy and divested of much of its life-giving properties. Especially will this be the case if dry weather follows. The right stage at which to plow land is when it is sufficiently dry to crumble up nicely when turned over.

Again, land should not only not be plowed when wet, but should not be disturbed in any way, either by wagging over it or allowing stock to run upon it when in this condition. Far better had the farmer lay idle from his plowing for a few days, and in the case of his stock, provide himself with sufficient roughness in the fall so as to be prepared to remove them from the fields when wet weather prevails.

Next, as an essential means of keeping up the producing capacity of the land, is that of interchange of crops and manuring. No land, however rich and productive it may be, will remain so, that is successively run in the same crop. To rightly keep up land, crops should be frequently changed, while all the worn-out portions should receive as much fertilizing material as is possible to place upon them. How much might this latter means be enlarged and applied if farmers would only take the time to do so. But the argument of most farmers is, it is impossible to make a general use of manures as the area requiring it far exceeds the supply on hand. True, the supply is often less than what is really needed, but use what is, and observe this rule in its application: Go as far as possible with each year's supply to give a good coating. Next year begin where you left off the previous year, and apply in the same way. Keep up this plan and you will be surprised to see in three or four years how much land you will have manured, while you will be doubly compensated in the large yield of the land thus treated.

There are other methods of keeping up land that might be very profitably applied. But none of these methods would we be willing to substitute for manuring, but would rather couple them with it. If this was more generally practised by farmers, what a different aspect would the farming interest present in the way of good crops!

Many farmers complain that their land is becoming unproductive and refuses to yield even a comfortable living. Why this complaint? Is it not because they have neglected to properly care for it? Nature is not so rich in itself but what a constant drain upon it, without some source of renewal, will divest it of its life-giving properties. Just so has it been with many farmers. They have been robbing their land and otherwise imposing upon it, until it refuses to do the work which nature has allotted it.

There are many reasons why farmers should give more attention to the treatment of their land. One is that much of our Western lands are, from a long period of cultivation, becoming old and worn, and require to be renewed, while in all the first settled sections of the West population has become very dense, which has brought farming lands into smaller tracts. Another reason is, we have reached a period of great financial embarrassment in our country's history in consequence of which farm products of all kinds have become very low, even so low that little more than a comfortable living can be made by the greatest industry. These things and many others should lead farmers to place their lands in that stage of production in which the greatest possible yields can be obtained. This will create larger incomes from the farming interest and assist largely in correcting the evils which the present hard times have brought about.

No farmer that treats his farm well and is truly diligent and painstaking in all things ever need complain. A comfortable living he can generally make, and in prosperous times accumulate. His farm once paid for, even though it be small, properly managed and kept up, is a mine in itself from which he can always dig the precious metal. But that this happy condition may always characterize the farmer, every source of care and renewal possible must be bestowed upon his land. This is

a matter of the very first importance. The few rewards of good yields and fair profits that are made without this attention are invariably made from land in its fresh or original state, and never in any case from land that has been long cultivated.—*J. W. M., in Prairie Farmer.*

## STOCK FEEDING BY SMALL FARMERS.

About all farmers in this country annually fatten at least a few pigs. But very many farmers who have but 40, or 80, or 100 acres feel they cannot successfully compete in cattle feeding with the large farmer; and unquestionably the farmer who has a lot of 50 or 100 steers has some marked advantages in caring for and feeding them over the man with one, or two, or half a dozen. The work can often be done to much better advantage and much less time in proportion to number, with the large lot. When ready for market the owner of the half-dozen car-loads of steers can choose his market and receive reasonable shipping rates, while the man with but a few is dependent on his local markets or neighboring dealers, or if he attempt to ship at all, he must pay a higher rate.

But, as in most cases, this question has two sides. The advantages are not all in favor of the more extensive dealer. Very often the stock of the small farmer will receive better care and give a better return than those in large lots. Oftentimes, too, a large part of what they eat would be wasted were it not for them. The pasture may often carry the extra steer or two, and yet give grass enough for the cows, and so of the stock field or the hog stock. What is of even more importance, as affecting the profit, is, that while the labor of feeding the small number may really be greater in proportion than in the case of a large number, it really is often done at less cost, because the work is just so much done in addition to what would otherwise be accomplished. A farmer will add the feeding of a half-dozen steers to his usual "chores," and do the work without fatigue or loss of time needed for other labor. The large stock feeder must "make a business" of his work; either for himself or for a hired laborer. This has its good results, but it also causes a direct outlay. Another very important consideration is found in the fact that the average farmer can give much better attention in the way of shelter and protection, and also in variety of food, to his half-dozen steers—thereby securing a larger percentage of gain to food consumed—than is often practicable for the great feeder who numbers his cattle by the hundreds.

These points, at first flash, may not seem of importance; but they are well worth thinking about by those who have but small places. Observation will convince us that, in a good many cases, the reason for superior success by one such farmer over that reached by his neighbor, is, that he is not content to stop with his ordinary "regular" work, but adds to this a number of little things, from each of which he makes some profit.

Nor is it always that the home market is not a good one. At the worst, it is easily reached and can be watched so as to receive the benefit of a rise in prices.

The prices of half a dozen good steers will make a handsome addition to the yearly receipts of a small farmer, and in the large majority of cases we believe it will be a considerably larger sum than would have been obtained from that part of their food which would have been sold had the steers not been kept.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

## ARTIFICIAL FATTENING.

The fattening of fowls for market has for a long time occupied the attention of poultry men in this country, but while nearly every known natural process for making the birds take on flesh has been put in practice, little or no regard has ever, I believe, been paid to the use of artificial means for the purpose of bringing about easier and more rapid results. In France and some other countries on the continent of Europe, the fattening of poultry has for years been a study, until it has been reduced almost to a science. Nature is assisted in her work whenever it is practicable, and many curious and ingenious instruments for feeding the birds have been invented. Probably one of the most simple as well as the most effectual of these machines, is now in successful operation in the poultry establishment of a gentleman near Paris. It is constructed in the form of a small rubber pipe about four feet in length, one end of which is attached to a little pump, while the other is placed in a vessel holding the food which is in a liquid form. The fowls are put in a large coop or cage, which is separated into compartments holding only one bird each, room enough being allowed for a very little exercise. It is ascertained by experiment just how much food each fowl can comfortably digest, and the amount is marked on the coop under each division. The food, consisting of a mixture of

Indian meal, barley meal, milk and water, is put into the machine, which is rolled up in front of the nest by means of a light truck, and the operator, opening the bird's mouth, inserts the tube and gently pumps the fluid into the crop, a small faucet being turned when a sufficient quantity has been introduced. A skillful operator will feed about 60 fowls an hour, and perform the work neatly and without cruelty. After having been fed in this manner for a few times, the birds become very tractable, and rather seem to enjoy the operation. The time required to fatten poultry treated as above, is from fifteen to twenty days, according to age and previous condition.—*Exchange.*

## RECLAIMING FARMS.

In building up an unprofitable farm, the first aim should be to stop the process of running down; to make it pay first, expenses, and then a slight, yet increasing profit, and to this end both thought and labor must be directed. No matter how cheaply the family has been living, if it is possible to reduce the expenses, do so. Cut off everything except plain food, coarse, warm clothes, a single newspaper. Raise your own vegetables, and save on the meat bill. Pay cash as you go. Everything has to be paid for in the end, and the whole credit system is a delusion and a snare. Enlist the energies and whole nature of each and every member of the family in the one great effort to save the farm, the home. Be proud of your utmost economy; even study the economies of other men. Keep a strict and honest account with everything about the farm, so that you know exactly how you stand. This is the most important of all. Every successful farmer keeps strict accounts. The value of account books on a farm is not so much (as many suppose) to merely show what is received and what is spent, but to show exactly which field or which crop paid best, and where losses were incurred, or too small profits received. The direct bearing of such knowledge on the successful conduct of a farm may be easily understood.

On every farm, but especially on one which is doing poorly, there must be a scrupulous saving of all manurial substances. Barn-yard manure, decayed animal or vegetable matter, refuse of every description, bones gathered up in waste places, leaf-mould hauled from the deep ravines, all these must be utilized, and their effects will soon be evident.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

## RUPTURING CELLS BY FREEZING.

Dr. de Vries is led to believe that in the freezing of plants ice is formed in the interstices or intercellular spaces, and not in the cells themselves, and that the bursting of the cell walls is impossible. It is not the freezing, he claims, that kills, but the thawing out, a thing long known. The difficulty is to so thaw plants as to preserve their integrity. If rupture has not taken place, the plant may remain alive upon being properly thawed out in the dark, and in a close atmosphere. That trees do survive that have been frozen to the heart, and so solidly as to cause their trunks to burst with a loud report, is also well known. The fact is that a certain amount of freezing will kill any tree, and the death point varies with the species, and so does their ability to withstand the freezing of their juices. If frozen to a sufficient degree, the cells burst, and in this case it is hardly probable that the plant will survive, however carefully the thawing may be done. That it may be done in many cases—every nurseryman knows, and hence directions are given in such cases.

Thawing by burying in moist earth is one of the most practical means known, and in the case of tender plants partially frozen, thawing in a dark, close place with copious watering, or better, immersion in water at about 45 degrees, just as the plants begin to show signs of thawing.—*Ex.*

A FARMER, writing to a leading American agricultural paper, asked the question which will also prove interesting to Canadian farmers:—"What is the relative value of corn meal (for steers fed in stable) to corn in the ear (fed out of doors), or, in other words, what per cent. is corn on the cob worth (to fatten cattle fed as above stated) to corn meal; and will hogs do as well after cattle fed meal as corn?" The following reply was given him: We cannot find concise statements showing clearly the absolute gain or loss. At the Industrial University, some three years ago, the steers fed out of doors on whole corn, as against those fed on meal, made the best gain. Hogs will not do as well after cattle fed on corn meal as when the cattle are fed on whole corn. The hogs pick up the whole corn dropped undigested, or only partially so.

HOW TO KILL CANADA THISTLES.—If the land is free from stumps, grubs or rocks, a thorough summer fallow will do it, followed by a hoed crop kept perfectly clean. When the land is full of stumps or rocks, it is difficult to totally eradicate them, since the roots

find a lodgement beneath. If the tops be not allowed to appear above ground during one season, the thistles will be killed.

## DOMESTIC.

## SOUP, AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

The value of soup as food cannot be over-estimated. In times of severity and distress, when the question has arisen of how to feed the largest number of persons upon the least quantity of food, the aliment chosen has always been soup. There are two reasons for this; first, by the addition of water to the ingredients used we secure the aid of this important agent in distributing nutrition equally throughout the blood, to await final absorption; and second, we gain that sense of repletion to the satisfaction of hunger—the fact being acknowledged that the sensation we call hunger is often allayed by the presence of even innutritious substance in the stomach.

Good soup is literally the juice of any ingredient from which it is made, the extract of the meat, grains, or vegetables composing it. The most economical soups, eaten with bread, will satisfy the hunger of the hardest worker. The absolute nutritive value of soup depends, of course, upon its ingredients; and these can easily be chosen in reference to the maintenance of health. For instance, the pot-liquor in which meat has been boiled needs only the addition of a few dumplings or cereals, and seasoning, to form a perfect nutriment. That produced from skin and bones can be made equally palatable and nutritious by boiling with it a few vegetables and sweet herbs, and some rice, barley, or oatmeal. Even the gelatinous residue produced by long-continued boiling, without the presence of any foreign matter, is a useful emollient application to the inflamed mucous surfaces in some diseases, while it affords at the same time the degree of distention necessary to prevent flatulency.

The time required to make the most palatable and nutritious soup is short. Lean meat should be chopped fine, placed in cold water, in the proportion of a pint to each pound, slowly heated, and thoroughly skimmed. Five minutes boiling will extract from the meat every particle of its nutriment and flavor. The liquor can then be strained off, seasoned, and eaten with bread, biscuit and vegetables. Peas or beans boiled and added to the soup make it the most perfect food for sustaining health and strength. It is the pure juice of the meat and contains all its savory and life-giving principles.

If the family is large, it will be well to keep a clean saucepan or pot on the back of the stove to receive all the clean scraps of meat, bones, and remains of poultry and game, which are found in every kitchen; but vegetables should not be put into it, as they are apt to sour. The proper proportions of soup are one pound of meat and bone, to one and a half quarts of cold water; the meat and bones to be well chopped and broken up, and put over the fire in cold water, being brought slowly to a boil, and carefully skimmed as often as any scum rises; and being maintained at a steady boiling point from two to six hours, as time permits; one hour before the stock is done, add to it one carrot and one turnip pared, one onion stuck with three cloves, and a bouquet of sweet herbs.

When soup is boiled six hours allow two quarts of water to every pound of meat, and see that the pot boils slowly and regularly, and is well skimmed. To keep soup from one meal to another, or over night, pour it into an earthen pot, or bowl, because it will turn by being allowed to remain in the metal pot.—*Juliet Corson.*

ORDER.—Order is the key to comfort in the home, and not only that, but it has everything to do with the happiness of the family. If things can never be found in their right places when wanted—if house linen, street garments, children's playthings and the old magazines, are jumbled promiscuously into one closet—if the napkins and tablecloths repose among the china, and the knives and forks have no settled abiding place—depend upon it that fretfulness and ill-temper will be provoked continually. One of the first and easiest lessons for a child is orderliness, and if rightly taught it soon becomes a confirmed habit as well as a source of pleasure. But if we would make our children orderly we must see that they have a place in which to put everything, or all our teaching will be thrown away. Then having allotted a proper niche to all their childish belongings, require that they return each one to its place when not in use, and you will save yourself many weary steps, besides laying the foundation of methodical habits, which, once formed, will never be forgotten. Of course, there is a decided difference in children—one is naturally careless and requires constant admonition, while another develops orderliness in the very beginning—but still, much may be done by precept (well weighted with example) and the charm and comfort of an orderly home is the most potent of all lessons.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

## SAVED AT SEA.—A LIGHTHOUSE STORY.

By the Author of "Christie's Old Organ," "Little Dot," etc.

### CHAP. III.—(Continued.)

For some time we battled with the waves, unwilling to relinquish all hope of saving some of them. But we found at last that it was of no use, and we were obliged to return.

All had perished, except the child lying at my feet. I stooped down to it, and could hear that it was crying, but it was so tightly tied up in a blanket, that I could not see it nor release it.

We had to strain every nerve to reach the lighthouse. It was not so hard returning as going, for the wind was in our favor, but the sea was still strong, and we were often in great danger. I kept my eye fixed on the lighthouse lamps, and steered the boat as straight as I could. Oh! how thankful we were to see those friendly lights growing nearer! And at last the pier came in sight, and Mrs. Millar still standing there watching us.

"Have you got none of them?" she said, as we came up the steps.

"Nothing but a child," said my grandfather, sadly. "One small child, that's all. Well, we did our best, Jem, my lad."

Jem was following my grandfather, with the oars over his shoulder. I came last, with that little bundle in my arms.

The child had stopped crying now, and seemed to be asleep, it was so still. Mrs. Millar wanted to take it from me, and to undo the blanket but my grandfather said, "Bide your time, Mary; bring the child into the house, my lass, it's bitter cold out here."

So we all went up through the field, and through our garden and the court. The blanket was tightly fastened round the child, except at the top, where room had been left for it to breathe, and I could just see a little nose and two closed eyes, as I peeped in at the opening.

The bundle was a good weight, and before I reached the house, I was glad of Mrs. Millar's help to carry it. We came into our little kitchen, and Mrs. Millar took the child on her knee, and unfastened the blanket.

"Bless her," she said, as her tears fell fast, "it's a little girl!" "Ay," said my grandfather, "so it is; it's a bonnie wee lassie!"

### CHAP. IV.—LITTLE TIMPEY.

I do not think I ever have seen a prettier face than that child's. She had light brown hair, and round rosy cheeks, and the bluest of blue eyes.

She awoke as we were looking at her, and seeing herself amongst strangers, she cried bitterly.

"Poor little thing!" said Mrs. Millar. "She wants her mother." "Mam—ma Mam—ma!" cried

the little girl, as she caught the word.

Mrs. Millar fairly broke down at this, and sobbed and cried as much as the child.

"Come, my lass," said her husband, "cheer up! Thee'll make her worse, if thee takes on so."

But Mrs. Millar could do nothing but cry. "Just think if it was our Polly," was all that she could say. "Oh, Jem, just think if it was our Polly that was calling for me!"

My grandfather took the child from her, and put her on my knee. "Now, Mary," he said "get us a bit of fire and something to eat, there's a good woman! The child's cold and hungred, and we're much about the same ourselves."

Mrs. Millar bustled about the house, and soon lighted a blazing fire; then she ran in next door to see if her children, whom she had left with a little servant girl, were all right, and she brought back with her some cold meat for our breakfast.

I sat down on a stool before the fire, with the child on my knee. She seemed to be about two years old, a strong, healthy little thing. She had stopped crying now, and did not seem to be afraid of me, but whenever any one of the others came near she hid her face in my shoulder.

Mrs. Millar brought her a basin of bread and milk, and she let me feed her.

She seemed very weary and sleepy, as if she could hardly keep her eyes open. "Poor wee lassie!" said my grandfather; "I expect they pulled her out of her bed to bring her on deck. Won't you put her to bed, Mrs. Millar?"

"Yes," she said, "I'll put her in our Polly's bed; she'll sleep there quite nice, she will."

But the child clung to me, and cried so loudly when Mrs. Millar tried to take her that my grandfather said:

"I wouldn't take her away, poor motherless lamb; she takes kindly to Alick; let her bide here." So we made up a little bed for her on the sofa, and Mrs. Millar brought one of little Polly's night-gowns, and undressed and washed her, and put her to bed.

The child was still very shy of all of them but me. She seemed to have taken to me from the first, and when she was put into her little bed, she held out her tiny hand to me and said:

"Handie, Timpey's handie."

"What does she say? bless her!" said Mrs. Millar, for it was almost the first time that the child had spoken.

"She wants me to hold her little hand," I said, "Timpey's little hand. Timpey must be her name!"

"I never heard of such a name," said Mrs. Millar. "Timpey, did you say?"

"What do they call you, darling?" she said to the child.

But the little blue eyes were closing wearily, and very soon the child was asleep. I still held that tiny hand in mine as I sat beside her, I was afraid of waking her by putting it down.

"I wonder who she is!" said Mrs. Millar in a whisper, as she folded up her little clothes. "She has beautiful things on to be sure! She has been well taken care of, anyhow! Stop, here's something written on the little petticoat; can you make it out, Alick?"

I laid down the little hand very carefully, and took the tiny petticoat to the window.

"Yes," I said, "this will be her name. Here's *Villiers* written on it."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Millar. "Yes, that will be her name! Dear me, dear me, to think of her poor father and mother at the bottom of that dreadful sea! Just think if it was our Polly!" And then Mrs. Millar cried so much again, that she was obliged to go home and finish her cry, with her little Polly clasped tightly in her arms.

My grandfather was very worn out with all he had done during the night, and went upstairs to bed. I sat watching the little sleeping child. I felt as if I could not leave her.

She slept very quietly and peacefully. Poor little pet, how little she knows what has happened, I thought, and my tears came fast, and fell on the little fat hand which was lying on the pillow. But after a few minutes I leaned my head against the sofa and fell fast asleep. I had no sleep the night before, and was quite worn out.

I was awakened, some hours after, by some one pulling my hair, and a little voice calling in my ear, "Up! up, boy! up! up!"

I looked up, and saw a little roguish face looking at me; the merriest, brightest little face you can imagine.

"Up, up, boy, please!" she said again, in a coaxing voice.

So I lifted up my head, and she climbed out of her little bed on the sofa on to my knee.

"Put shoes on, boy," she said, holding out her little bare toes.

I put on her shoes and stockings, and then Mrs. Millar came in and dressed her.

It was a lovely afternoon; the storm had ceased whilst we had been asleep, and the sun was shining brightly. I got the dinner ready, and the child watched me, and ran backwards and forwards, up and down the kitchen. She seemed quite at home now, and very happy.

My grandfather was still asleep, so I did not wake him. Mrs. Millar brought in some broth she had made for the child, and we dined together. I wanted to feed her as I did the night before, but she said:

"Timpey have poon, please!"

and took the spoon from me, and fed herself so prettily, I could not help watching her.

"God bless her, poor little thing!" said Mrs. Millar.

"God bless ou," said the child; the words were evidently familiar to her.

"She must have heard her mother say so," said Mrs. Millar, in a choking voice.

When we had finished dinner, the child slipped down from her stool, and ran to the sofa. Here she found my grandfather's hat, which she put on her head, and my scarf, which she hung round her neck. Then she marched to the door and said, "Tatta, tatta; Timpey go tatta."

"Take her out a bit, Alick," said Mrs. Millar. "Stop a minute, though, I'll fetch her Polly's hood." So, to her great delight, we dressed her in Polly's hood, and put a warm shawl round her, and I took her out.

Oh! how she ran, and jumped, and played in the garden. I never saw such a merry little thing. Now she was picking up stones, now she was gathering daisies ("days-days" she called them), now she was running down the path and calling to me to catch her. She was never still a single instant!

But every now and then, as I was playing with her, I looked across the sea to Ainslie Crag. The sea had not gone down much, though the wind had ceased, and I saw the waves still dashing wildly upon the rocks.

And I thought of what lay beneath them, of the shattered ship, and of the child's mother. Oh! if she only knew, I thought, as I listened to her merry laugh, which made me more ready to cry than her tears had done.

### CHAP. V.—THE UNCLAIMED SUN-BEAM.

My grandfather, and Jem Millar were sitting over the fire in the little watch-room in the lighthouse tower, and I sat beside them with the child on my knee. I had found an old picture-book for her, and she was turning over the leaves, and making her funny little remarks on the pictures.

"Well, surely," said Millar, "what shall we do with her?"

"Do with her?" said my grandfather, stroking her little fair head. "We'll keep her! Won't we little lassie?"

"Yes," said the child, looking up and nodding her head, as if she understood all about it.

"We ought to look up some of her relations, it seems to me," said Jem. "She's sure to hve some, somewhere."

"And how are we to find out?" asked my grandfather.

"Oh, the captain can soon make out for us what ship is missing, and we can send a line to the owners; they'll know who the passengers was."

(To be Continued.)

**JACK THE CONQUEROR ;  
Or, Difficulties Overcome.**

BY MRS. C. E. BOWEN.

(From Children's Friend.)

CHAP X.—(Continued.)

"I will give you five shillings and sixpence," said she. "You shall have good pay for this one to encourage you to go on."

Jack's eyes sparkled. Mrs. Sutton knew why; though he did not tell her what he intended to do with the money, which had so far exceeded his expectations.

His well-patched clothes were not lost on her. She desired her maid to search for a suit outgrown by her own boy, and these she gave him to take home. She also gave him an order for some more baskets, telling him he might be as long as he liked making them: for she was aware his time would be much more fully employed than hitherto, when he began to go to school.

Jack left the hall a very happy boy. He was wholly unconscious of the favorable impression he had made on his new friends, and of the value they might be to him hereafter. But he was charmed with his new suit, which would enable him to appear as well dressed as any boy in the village, and would prevent the necessity of his lying in bed again whilst some fresh repairs, meditated by Jenny, were effected on his old ones. There was now no hindrance to his going to school at once. The money Mrs. Sutton had given for the cage would pay for some time; he could not rest contented without knowing for how long. But this was a work of some difficulty to a boy who had never learnt his multiplication or pence-table. Still, even here he would not be overcome for want of trying. He collected together a heap of stones by the roadside, and then divided and subdivided them into imaginary shillings and pence. He knew that twelve pennies make one shilling, and this piece of knowledge enabled him to form an ingenious calculation by the help of his stones, which showed that he had sufficient money to pay his schooling for six months, by the end of which time he would have plenty more, probably.

Before he went home he paid a visit to old Jenny, and gave her his five shillings and sixpence to add to the fifteenpence she already had for him. The good woman had greatly rejoiced over the success of his interview with the Squire.

"Honesty is always the best policy," said she. "Had you taken them willows you would never have dared ask the lady to buy your baskets, lest you should be found out; and now you've got not only willows, but orders as well. Thank God, Jack, that He

has helped you to be an honest lad."

CHAPTER XI.

Bushgrove was but a hamlet attached to the larger village of Repton, about half a mile distant. Here there was an excellent National school, with a superior master; one who had the well-doing of the children greatly at heart, but to whom it was a constant disappointment that, as soon as the boys were beginning to feel an interest in their own advancement, they were taken from him to work in the quarries. It was seldom he could keep them beyond the age of twelve years at the furthest, and a strong, well-grown boy would be taken away sooner.

Two days after Jack's visit to the Hall, as Mr. Hartley, the school-master, was looking over some copy-books in the empty school-room, after the dismissal of the children, he heard a tap at the door, and in walked our friend Jack, dressed in his new suit, and with a smile on his face. Jenny had made a few alterations in it, so that it fitted him well, and his general appearance was that of great respectability. His aunt had not kept her promise of buying him a new hat; but Mrs. Naylor had a great harvest of apples this year, and had sold them so well last market-day, that she resolved Jack should reap some of the benefit. So she went to a shop and bought him a nice black-cloth cap. Mary had some white collars in anticipation of his going to school, and also a neat little necktie. She was beginning to feel proud of her pupil, whose progress in reading did both her and himself credit. She was very anxious that his appearance should be equal to that of the other boys.

Dressed as he was to-day, he was not only equal but superior, for Jack's habits of thought, and his natural intelligence of mind, had given an expression almost of refinement to his features.

Mr. Hartley looked at him with no small interest, as the boy explained that he wished to begin and come to school; and taking six shillings from his pocket, he laid it on the table, and said that was payment for six months in advance. This was altogether a most unusual mode of proceeding. It was customary for parents, not children, to come to him to transact this part of the business on their first entering the school; and although it was a rule that they should pay a week before-hand, longer than this was never thought of. But here was a novel state of affairs, and one that he had never to deal with before—a boy come to ask to be taken to school who stood in the light of both parent and purse-keeper to himself!

(To be Continued.)

TEN LITTLE DUCKS.



NE little black duck,  
One little gray,  
Six little white ducks  
Running out to play;  
One white lady-duck, motherly and trim,  
Eight little baby-ducks bound for a swim.



One little white duck  
Running from the water  
One very fat duck—  
Pretty little daughter;



One very grave duck swimming off alone,  
One little white duck standing on a stone.



One little white duck  
Holding up its wings,  
One little bobbing duck  
Making water-rings;  
One little black duck  
Turning round its head.



One big black duck—guess he's gone to bed.



One little white duck  
Walking by its mother,  
Look among the water-reeds,  
Maybe there's another;  
Not another any where?  
Surely you are blind,  
Push away the grass, dear,  
Ducks are hard to find.

Bright little brown eyes,  
O'er the picture linger;  
Point me all the ducks out,  
Chubby little finger;  
Make the picture musical,  
Merry little shout!  
Now, where's that other duck?  
What is he about?



I think the other duck  
Is, the nicest duck of all;  
He hasn't any feathers,  
And his mouth is sweet and small;  
He runs with a light step,  
And jumps upon my knee;  
And though he cannot swim, he is very dear to me.

One little lady-duck, motherly and trim;  
Eight little baby-ducks bound for a swim;  
One lazy black duck taking quite a nap;  
One precious duck, here on mamma's lap.

—Our Baby.



## The Family Circle.

### THE DEAD YEAR.

[This poem, by John Savage, is considered by the editor of "The Irish Poets" the finest production of the kind in the English language.]

Yet another chief is carried  
From life's battle on his spears,  
To the great Valhalla cloisters  
Of the ever-living years.

Yet another year—the mummy  
Of a warlike giant, vast,—  
Is niched within the pyramid  
Of the ever-growing past.

Years roll through the palm of ages,  
As the drooping rosary speeds  
Through the cold and passive fingers  
Of a hermit at his beads.

One year falls and ends its penance,  
One arises with its needs,  
And 'tis ever thus prays Nature,  
Only telling years for beads.

Years, like acorns from the branches  
Of the giant oak of Time,  
Fill the earth with healthy seedlings  
For a future more sublime.

### MRS. DIGBY'S BOYS.

"I'm sorry to hear that of my boys, Mr. Verry; but it's my usual luck."

"You asked me for the truth about your boys, ma'am, and I've told it to you. One can't learn; the other won't."

"They must take after their father then; for I'm neither stupid nor obstinate. Can't you make them brighter?"

"Your boys have the same chance as the others, Mrs. Digby. If a lad does not get on in my school, it's entirely his own fault."

Mr. Verry said this with an air of pride; for he was proud of his school and of himself. He had certainly turned out some clever boys, and was a man of much learning; but Mr. Verry knew more about books than men. He taught boys as we teach parrots. He set them tasks, which he expected them to learn; but he did not show them how to learn; so the stupid boys got on very badly. Then, Mr. Verry was far too important a person to know his scholars individually, or to take much trouble to ascertain the differences and degrees in their capabilities and characters.

Mrs. Digby walked back across the fields troubled in mind. She was always in trouble and complaining of her bad luck, though she was much better off than many women of her class. Her husband was earning good wages; and Mrs. Digby had lately inherited a small cottage. Shortly after her arrival she sent Reuben and James to Mr. Verry's school; but had been too busy to visit the schoolmaster until this morning; and now Mrs. Digby was so upset that she did not wait to walk home with her boys as she had intended.

"Reuben," said his mother, during dinner, "I am sorry you are stupid?"

"Am I stupid?" asked the boy, who was small for his age, smaller than his younger brother, and very sensitive.

"Mr. Verry says you are; and he ought to know."

Stupid! Was Reuben stupid? There had been some allusion to the siege of Troy in their lessons that morning; and when the other boys were playing, Reuben sat under a tree with a translation of Homer, lent him by an assistant master, trying to understand all about Agamemnon, Ajax, Hector, Achilles, and other heroes of that period.

"And you, James," said Mrs. Digby,—"a quick-witted lad like you—what's the good of your father paying for your education if you won't learn?"

"I do all I can, mother; but I don't think I'm made for book-learning. I wish you'd let me leave school, and go to sea."

"You shall go to your Uncle Robert's business some day; that is, if you learn while you have the chance."

A great deal of trouble is caused by people not understanding one another; and I think you will see by this time that neither Mr. Verry nor Mrs. Digby understood Reuben and James. The former was far from stupid; but he was delicate, and this afternoon the June sunshine and the close, crowded school-room gave him such a headache that any mental exertion was painful.

Mr. Verry was a great mathematical scholar. As he stood by a large blackboard he set the most difficult problems for the boys to

mentally work out. Reuben, who knows something about grammar, languages, and history, loses his head in a maze of so many figures; James would sooner be out of doors; but he has an active mind as well as an active body, and must be doing something; so he easily works out the sums. As soon as school is over James has forgotten all about Colenso and Euclid; but Reuben's mind is still full of the "Iliad" of Homer.

During the Midsummer examination Mr. Drew, the curate, said, "I'll give a prize for the best original poem."

"Very kind of you," Mr. Verry said, "though I doubt if any of the boys are capable of producing such an article. However, we can try."

The subject was "Home;" the prize, a copy of Milton's "Paradise Lost." One boy had some ideas which he could not put into verse; another actually discovered that Rome and home rhymed; only one poem was sent in, however, and that was signed, "Reuben Digby."

"And not at all bad for such a little fellow," said the curate, as he gave Reuben the prize.

When the spring came, Mrs. Digby took the train to Stanford, where Uncle Robert was a prosperous grocer.

"My boys have now left school for good," said Mrs. Digby, "and I hope you'll do as you promised, and take them into your business; I want my boys to get on, so we've given them the best education we could afford."

"Wait a minute," said Uncle Robert, who was as sensible as he was good-tempered. "I never promised to have the lads in my shop, though you have often asked me to do so. But as I have no children of my own, Reuben and James shall come into the business, if they are fit for it."

"It's a clean respectable business. I'm sure they'll do all they can to get on."

"Let them come and stay a few days with me, and then I can see what they're made of."

So Reuben and James went to Stanford, and a most pleasant time they had there. Uncle Robert was fond of young people, and was just like a great boy after business hours. The three played at cricket, fished, rowed, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Uncle Robert noticed two things. Reuben read everything he came across; and James was never happy unless moving about in the open air.

Uncle Robert accompanied the boys home, and said to Mrs. Digby:—

"Neither would do much good in a grocer's shop. One's too studious; the other couldn't stand so many hours indoors. They want a lad at the office of the *Stanford News*, and I'll try and get Reuben the place. As for James, the best thing we can do is to make him a bricklayer and builder."

"Nothing better than that!" said Mrs. Digby.

A bricklayer is often earning his two pounds a week when a clerk or shopman is unable to get employment. People should do the work they are most fit for."

Let us see if Uncle Robert knew what he was talking about.

Five years have passed. Some poems in the *Stanford News* have attracted attention, and a London publisher has offered to print them in a volume. The poet is a young man who works in the office of the newspaper, and who has already written several tales and articles for the *Stanford News*. His name is Reuben Digby.

Mrs. Digby is surprised.

"To think of Reuben turning out so clever," she says, "who was so stupid at school. And there's my James, whom I was so afraid would turn out an idle, reckless young man,—sharp as he is,—actually putting money in the bank, and expects soon to be made a foreman."

Five more years: and now what do we see? Reuben Digby is the editor of the *Stanford News*; he also writes for several London magazines and newspapers.

And a young man takes his wife to a neat little house, built by himself out of his savings; and a board in front of that house tells the world that it belongs to "J. Digby, Builder and Contractor."

Square pegs never do in round holes. All young people—idiots excepted—are adapted for certain lines of business more than others; and parents and guardians should think what boys can do best before starting them in life. Many a good workman has been lost through some fond yet foolish mother wishing to see her son in a genteel business.—*British Workwoman*.

### QUEER FOLKS.

BY M. E. COMSTOCK.

Robert's wife never complained. We all wondered at it sometimes, for Robert did not seem to prosper in worldly things. They still lived in the little old brown house. Nobody visited them, for Robert's wife never had

time to go anywhere. She never seemed to care about what was going on in her neighborhood. If she heard of a sick person that hadn't many friends she always found time to go and see them. But she was a very busy woman.

Robert and his wife had lived in the little brown house ten years; their children never played with other children; Mrs. Robert kept no servant; Robert had an office on a good street; he was always well-dressed and, though quiet, usually had a pleasant word for everyone; he did his work at such ridiculously low prices that his profits were only steady instead of being large; he said he charged all it was worth; if he was satisfied he didn't know but other people might be.

Robert's wife had a call one day. A new minister had come to their part of the town. He had heard that the occupants of the brown house were very "queer folks." He was told that perhaps he wouldn't be made welcome there.

The minister did not talk about religion the first time he went to Robert's, but when he came home he told his wife that he wished there were more "queer folks" in the world. He heard no slander or gossip at Robert's, though his hostess was very sociable. He saw the best new publications on the table, and although Mrs. Robert admitted she couldn't go to church very often, because she had to stay at home with the baby and to do the necessary housework, he yet found her very familiar with the church movements of the day and with the latest books worth calling "literature," and he wished his wife to go and see her and draw her into society and church-work. Such a woman was too valuable to be spared.

Mrs. Robert rose very early in the morning, for she did all her own work except the little that aunt Miranda, who lived with her, did, and that wasn't much, for Mrs. Robert wouldn't let her.

"You took care of us when we were children, and now you must let us take care of you," she said. So when Aunt Miranda, who was sixty years old, got out the wash-tubs and went to washing, Robert's wife made her sit down. Miss Miranda Gilson had been in the habit of having her own way all her life and she showed proper resentment by going up-stairs and putting on her silk dress and lace collar and coming down and taking a book and reading till dinner time, when Mrs. Robert put her tubs away and said: "Now, Aunt Miranda, if you will be so kind as to set the dinner table for me, I will be very much obliged to you, for really I am very tired."

This was the way the housework was done in Robert's family.

The lately arrived minister sent a delegation of ladies to call on Mrs. Robert. They came into the broken little porch, pulled the well-worn bell wire, and the rustle of their silks and velvets seemed quite to fill the little parlor. Mrs. Robert entered in her calico, and did not seem at all extinguished. The ladies wanted her to go to church, which she said, receiving the tracts they brought her, she would be happy to do if they would allow her to take the baby, or if they would pay her for embroideries she could do evenings, so that she could pay pew-rent, which she thought was very high in their church, and she admitted an involuntary repugnance to sitting in the seats reserved for the poor.

It was the ladies' turn to be discomfited. They blushed a little and laughed at what they termed her pleasantry.

The more intelligent of the two, who wore a camel's hair shawl, to cover the confusion of the moment took up a foreign magazine from the centre-table and said, "Our Alice wanted to subscribe to this, but we thought it too expensive."

"It is worth the price," said Robert's wife. "I do my own house-work in order to save a servant's wages, waste, and board, and appropriate for periodicals."

The ladies felt nonplussed where they had meant to be patronizing and soon took leave, saying: "I hope we shall see you at church."

"Thank you," said Robert's wife, "When Cousin Katie comes I can leave the baby in her care, occasionally, but I presume I shall slip into a little mission-chapel, near by, where the seats are free and my old bonnet will not be so sharp a contrast as to provoke notice. The last time I went to church I heard it remarked upon as I came out, and I don't wonder; it is shabby, but the money I had laid aside for a new one was all I had to give when the cry for help came from the home missionaries."

And the ladies bowed themselves away remarking when they gained the street: "What a very singular person!" This was a remark very frequently made of Robert's wife. They did not know how to place her. Her surroundings were very commonplace; comparatively mean. Mrs. Robert's manner was simple as a child's. "Yet," said Mrs. Velveten, "I never felt so non-plussed in my life."

A second-hand piano was for sale cheap. The owner was selling out. Robert asked refusal of it a short time. He came from the post office and showed a letter and check to his wife. "Ethel can have the piano," he

said. The little girl had a gift for music. Robert brought it to her; he brought out his violin and accompanied and taught her in leisure hours. Summer evenings the sidewalk would be crowded, listening to the music.

Real estate was low, in consequence of a panic in business circles. A lovely, wide, old rambling house, in fine repair, spacious grounds, was for sale for a mere song. Robert bought it and paid for it down. He said the beauty of the place was an educating influence for his children which he could not spare, even if he had to pay for it his "little all." Neighbors wondered and did not know that quiet literary and scientific labors, in which his wife shared, were beginning, now, to bring in an unexpected income. Robert went on in the same business, charging the same low prices. The girls aided their mother in the housework, and the eldest began soon to give music-lessons, her playing having attracted much attention at a charitable concert and brought her solicitations to take pupils.

Mrs. Robert received a great many calls now. Carriages were constantly coming to the door. Her husband had become a leader in literary and musical circles, and Mrs. Robert's quiet deeds of kindness among the needy have been discovered; she was sought for her executive-ness as an officer in various benevolent societies, though she frequently said: "I prefer to go as a private friend to those in trouble, rather than as a delegate of an institution. It helps more."

A wealthy family came to town and took an elegant residence in the next block. Mrs. Social came for Robert's wife to call on them. Mrs. Robert had not time.

"I will defer my call then until you are at leisure," said the lady. "Shall I come next week?"

"I think not," said Mrs. Robert. "In fact I am never at leisure, and, to be frank, I have no intention of calling on them."

"May I ask your reasons?"

"I have implied them. They are people I should never have time for unless they were in trouble."

Mrs. Social flushed. "Indeed they went in the first society in Melbourne. They live elegantly and are very polished in manner and have everything that heart can wish, and could aid us very much in benevolent work."

"I am ready to meet them there and cooperate to the fullest extent."

"Not socially?"

"No."

"I believe them to have committed some crime of which you alone know," said the lady pointedly.

Robert's wife was shocked. "Dear friend," she said, "we must select in this world. Life is short. The issues are great. We cannot afford to drift or act indiscriminately. I would not disparage a fellow-creature, but we must have general principles to act upon. If sincere in my calling I imply desire for acquaintance; this I have not. They may be very superior in many things, but these people are not genuine; they spend before they earn; they outlive their income. I know this from those who have lost by them. They are idle; they are consumers rather than producers; they minister to the general good of society in no legitimate way. It is bad economy of interest and neighborliness to cultivate them."

"Are you not severe? Are not their lavish expenditures a general good to society?"

"Not balancing the evil of waste and extravagance, as some of the fundamental principles of political economy will show."

"You might impart your ideas and do them good."

"I am no reformer. Not good soil wherein to propagate my ideas! No; I've too much to do to take care of the beams in my own eye to try to remove 'motes' in general."

That reminds me of the doctor's sermon last Sunday. By the way, who were those people with you at church. You always have some stranger in your pew; are always picking up 'queer fish,' Ed. says."

"Oh, that was Aunt Patty Rhodes and her daughter. They live away out on the turnpike road and never get a chance to church; I had the use of Mrs. Edsell's carriage, yesterday, and I sent out for them. I must own," said Mrs. Robert, with a smile, "I do enjoy making the Master's own feel at home in His house, and I find many who seem to feel no liberty to even seek a sitting there, because they possess neither silver nor gold."

Robert's affairs, as you judge, were improving. They only increased their industries and kept up all the old simplicity of living. There was always a little surplus to take advantage of opportunities.

William Seely, a troubled, perplexed "good fellow" who was fast worrying himself into a dyspepsia, was a privileged acquaintance who frequently dropped in for an evening to listen to music and forget his money embarrassments.

"I don't see how you do it! he said on one occasion, looking around the pleasant home, paid for and full of happy faces. "I don't

see how you are so much better off than other folks!"

"Well, we gain by a loss in one direction," said Robert, in continuation of the conversation on "ways and means" begun half an hour since. "We leave 'worry' out in the cold. We don't take him into partnership with us!"

"I wish I could," said poor Will. "What kind of bolts do you use to keep him out?"

"Living strictly within our means, come what may, if it makes us singular and misunderstood. This is one bolt and it shoves a little harder sometimes, but then it stays put. Earning justly by steady work, each and all of us, is another bolt with a splendid fastening."

"Nonsense! there's some necromancy about it. You're as full of play as colts, every one of you."

"The bow couldn't relax if it had not been bent pretty severely," laughed Robert's wife, who knew all about it.

Will Seely looked perplexedly into the glowing grate.

"The fact is you're all talented. Heaven has gifted you. That's where the laugh comes in. You eke out with your pen-labors and Ethel with her music and John with his drawings. I wish I was gifted!"

"What is it to be gifted?"

"You tell."

"Gifts are ready to flow in if we put obstructions out of the way. Artificial living, costing too much time and thought, as well as money and anxiety, makes our ear dull to music, makes the tired brain unequal to clear perception; demoralizes the whole man. My wife and I don't claim to be 'smart,' but we do hold ourselves like children obedient to the great laws of nature, which we do not think it safe to disregard. We work for what we have. We spend less than we have. We gather up the gold-dust of time and we can't afford to jump every fence we come to just because the rest of the sheep do."

Seely laughed. "I feel like selling out and retiring with my family into the loft above my store. The spell won't last though. I know myself. If I should have something the first year, I should be so encouraged I should overspend double the amount. I wish I could stiffen up into moral courage though; upon my word I do! If my wife would join with me," he added meditatively, "but we might as well go to an asylum as to begin at our time of life on a new base. I wish I could!" said the troubled man.

"Each to his taste," softly uttered Madame Robert, in very pure French.

And pushing his way homeward, Will Seely pulled his soft hat over his eyes and said to himself: "I declare the gilding and the gay colors always look 'loud' to me when I go home after one of my evenings at Robert's, and the girls' voices sound harsh and uncultivated. Maybe honest work in some way would refine my folks. Still, we live as handsomely as any in the block: the young folks have always had all they want. We can't all be alike. Robert's family is an exception. They were 'queer folks!'"

A CHIP THAT COULD TALK.

The following anecdote, related by John Williams, the martyr missionary to the South Sea Islands, will be new to many of our young readers. He was engaged one day hewing timber for a chapel, surrounded by many wandering natives. It was when thus employed that the incident occurred of which he thus tells in his "Missionary Enterprise:"

"As I had come to the work one morning without my square, I took up a chip, and with a piece of charcoal wrote upon it a request that Mrs. Williams would send me that article. I called a chief, and said to him—

"Friend, take this; go to our house, and give it to Mrs. Williams."

"He was a singular-looking man, remarkably quick in his movements, and had been a great warrior; but in one of his battles he had lost an eye. Giving me an inexpressible look with the other, he said,—

"Take that!—she will call me a fool and scold me, if I carry a chip to her."

"No," I replied, "she will not; take it and go immediately; I am in haste."

"He took it from me, and asked, 'What must I say?' I replied, 'You have nothing to say; the chip will say all I wish. With a look of astonishment and contempt he held up the piece of wood, and said,—

"How can this speak? has it a mouth? I desired him to take it immediately, and not spend so much time in talking about it."

"On arriving at the house he gave the chip to Mrs. Williams, who read it, threw it away, and went to the tool-chest, whither the chief, resolving to see the end of this mysterious business, followed her closely. On receiving the square from her, he said, 'Stay, daughter; how do you know that this is what Mr. Williams wants?'"

"Why," she replied, "did you not bring me a chip just now?"

"Yes," said the astonished warrior; "but I did not hear it say anything."

"If you did not, I did," was the reply: "for it told me what he wanted. And all you have to do is to return with it as quickly as possible."

"With this the chief leaped out of the house, and catching up the mysterious piece of wood, he ran through the settlement with the chip in one hand and the square in the other, holding them up as high as his arms would reach, and shouting as he went, 'See the wisdom of these English people! They can make chips talk! they can make chips talk!'"

"On giving me the square, he wished to know how it was possible thus to converse with persons at a distance. I gave him all the explanation I could, but it was to him such a mystery that he actually tied a string to the chip, hung it round his neck, and wore it for some time. For several days after, we frequently saw him surrounded by a crowd, who were listening with intense interest while he told them of the wonders which this chip had performed."

Raratonga is now a Christian land. It has its churches and Christian schools, and is governed, wisely and well, by "Isaia," a native chief. He never forgets, in his laws and plans for the good of his people, that "righteousness exalteth a nation."—*Selected.*

THE OFFICIOUS MAN.

Some years ago I was accustomed to ride to my place of business, quite early in the morning. The stages did not run as frequently as they do in these days, and many of the passengers met morning after morning until they became quite familiar with each other.

There was one young woman who appeared to excite the interest of all. She walked with the aid of a crutch and entered the stage, so regularly, at the corner of a particular street, that I think the driver would have halted if for any reason she had failed to be waiting for him. On very rainy mornings I had seen her hurrying from a shabby house near by, but usually she stood at the corner. The passengers had no knowledge of this plain, modest-looking young woman, further than to know that morning after morning, rain or shine, she sought some place of business, at this early hour. Their interest arose from the fact that one so afflicted should, like the strong men by her side, be obliged to earn her bread by her daily labor.

There was one pleasant-faced, jolly-looking man, who rode regularly at this early hour whom I had named to myself, the officious man. He was always moving us up to make room for one that had no seat, or lifting a woman's basket to the end of the coach, lest people should run over it. He hopped about so continually, that he might sometimes have had less exercise if he had walked all the distance.

Weeks and months passed, the bright spring and the warm summer were succeeded by the autumn, and the mornings were now cold and dark. The men began to button their heavy coats around them, and remark that winter was at hand. The young girl came as usual, frequently the regular stroke of the crutch would be heard before she could be seen through the heavy mists of the early morning. She wore over her shoulders the same little cloak of very thin waterproof cloth, that she had worn through the summer. I do not know that she shivered—I had not noticed; it had not appeared to concern me. The officious man (I am ashamed, now, that I gave him such a name) did think it concerned him, and looking after her one morning as he held the door for her to get out, remarked, "That poor child is not half clad. If I had not so many girls of my own to clothe she should have a warm coat. Gentlemen, will you help me to warm her?" Several expressed their willingness, a few dollars were collected, which he promised to invest in a coat, and send or take it to her that very evening.

The next morning was bitterly cold, we were all very glad of warm garments. When we reached the corner and heard the stroke of the crutch, all eyes were turned to the door. The young girl entered with the comfortable coat of heavy cloth buttoned closely around her. She did not raise her eyes, so was not aware of the look of satisfaction that passed from face to face. She probably never knew that she was indebted for the acceptable gift to the plain, hard-working man whose fatherly heart had warmed to her because of her infirmity, and whose kind interest in his neighbors had led others to call him, "The officious man."—*Standard.*

"SAY IT."

The Duke of Wellington often remarked that those gentlemen who had been trained in the business correspondence of the East India Company made the best diplomatic writers in the English service. They wrote clearly and precisely what needed to be said, and nothing more.

Dr. Nicholas Murray, famous twenty years ago for his pithy and effective style, used to

tell with great glee how he acquired it. When he was a student in Williams College, he thought he could write well, and took a composition to Dr. Griffin, the President, expecting commendation for its eloquence.

President Griffin glanced through the first sentence, and said, "Murray, what do you mean by this sentence?"

He answered modestly, "I mean so and so, sir."

"Then say so, Murray;" and across line after line went the broad pen, erasing what Murray thought the most eloquent passages. Passing to other sentences, "Murray, what do you mean by this?" again asked the merciless critic.

With a trembling voice the answer came, "Doctor, I mean so and so."

"Please just to say so," was the quick reply.

When the reading was ended, the beautiful manuscript was spoiled, and the erased portions nearly equalled what was left unmarked. Dr. Murray always maintained that those simple words, "Say so," made him a writer.—*Youth's Companion.*

OLD THOUGHTS ON AN OLD THEME.

The first condition of a good prayer-meeting is to have something to say, and then say it. The underlying cause of poor prayer-meetings is that the pastor has nothing in his head, and the people have nothing in their hearts. You cannot bring chaff to the Lord and pass it off on Him as wheat. If the people are empty, more reason why the pastor must come full. If they have nothing to say to each other, he must have something to say to them. If they come cold he must come warm. You cannot make a tropical meeting by gathering together a hundred iceberg Christians. He must himself be a gulf stream to melt them.

The next thing is to get rid of formality. Pews and benches are murderers of prayer-meetings. Meet in a parlor if you can. How often do you see a dull prayer-meeting break up, and then, after the meeting is all over, the people gather again about the stove in one corner and spend half an hour over a subject of real live interest, and the best part of the prayer-meeting is after the prayer-meeting is dismissed! The story is told, we believe it is authentic, of an eccentric but successful pastor who opened his prayer-meeting as usual with a hymn, a Scripture reading and a prayer, and then called on the brethren for remarks. No one stirred. Would any brother lead in prayer? No one did. "Well, then," said the pastor, "if no one wants to speak and no one wants to pray we had better go home; receive the benediction;" and he dismissed them. They gathered around the stove and discussed their prayer-meetings, and made a new beginning that night. The method might fail in other hands, but the principle was sound. Anything to break the dreadful formality of a prayer-meeting that is as stiff as a brook in January because it is as cold.

One other thing: you can never make a good prayer-meeting by dragooning or coaxing people to come out to a Barmecide feast. The hungry man may take the joke for a single night, but he will not keep it up for a year. Give them something to come for and they will come. The only way to make a good prayer-meeting is to make the prayer-meeting good.—*Christian Union.*

ATTENTION TO TRIFLES.—It is attention to trifles which constitutes the real difference between good and bad housekeeping. It is not the amount of money spent, nor the beauty of the furniture, nor the table, on which comfort depends. A very plain style of living may be very delightful if the home element predominates. The lady of the house who gives as much attention every day to her table as would insure its being neat and attractive will do much toward making her family contented. A soiled table-cloth, cracked plates, and old cups and saucers will take the good taste away from the best viands, unless people are very hungry. Children behave better if they are always brought to the table looking nice. They should never be permitted to seat themselves at a meal unless their faces and hands are clean, their hair brushed, and the disorder from play removed from their appearance. Let mothers remember that these little things are stepping-stones to the formation of habits, and habits build character.—*Housekeeper.*

PREACHING THE WORD.—In Wales the effect of the preaching of the Word in the elevating of morals has been such that many of the country jails have been abolished, as no longer required, and in one instance, at Bala, it has been proposed to purchase the building for a theological college. Nor is this transformation so singular as at first sight it would seem. There is not one infidel book in the Welsh language, nor has Romanism ever made any headway, while, on the contrary, the Bible is everywhere read and prized and studied throughout the principality.

Question Corner.—No. 6.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

61. Where do we read that certain postmen were mocked and jeered at when they delivered the news?
62. What king offered to covenant with the men of a city, provided he might thrust out their right eyes?
63. What two young men fell victims to a curse which had been pronounced five centuries previous?
64. Who, in Bible times, preached from a pulpit?
65. Name two Hebrew leaders whose strength did not abate with age?
66. Who, though not a king, was said to have acted in a kingly manner?
67. What king was slain by conspirators and was brought on horses to his grave?
68. Name a king who was an extensive farmer and loved husbandry?
69. What king applied the very same words to a prophet as that prophet had previously applied to another prophet?
70. Of whom was it said that baldness was produced artificially as indicative of mourning?
71. Whatsoever hath a blemish, said Moses, that shall ye not offer. What exception was there to this rule?
72. Where is the following assertion found: "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city?"

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

- Name the awful mystery worn  
By the priest on holy morn.
- Who delighted in the Lord  
When she proved how true his word?
- Whose whole family was blest  
When he took the ark in rest?
- By what river dreamed the seer  
Scenes of many a distant year?
- On what sea though lacking rest,  
Jesus walked, God manifest?
- Where the deadly angel stayed?  
Who a mighty man betrayed?
- Whom did Peter doom to death?  
Name the son of righteous Seth?
- Seek the town his cousin built?  
Who the blood of thousands spilt?
- Who through Peter lived once more  
With the poor she lived before?
- Name the land of Reuel's well!  
And the vale where Giant fell?
- A truth lies here that we must prove!  
Like the poor outcast—may it be in love!

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 4.

37. Eber, being 464 years old, surviving Abraham about four years, Gen. xi. 17.
38. Because a band of men who had come with the Arabians had slain all the eldest sons 2 Chron. xxii. 1.
39. To illustrate God's dealings with those of the house of Judah who had gone into captivity and with those who were left behind in Jerusalem, Jer. xxiv. 1.
40. That the daughters should marry some one in their own tribe, Num. xxxvi. 6.
41. Omri, 1 Kings xvi. 24.
42. David, Psalms i. 4.
43. Uncle, 1 Chron. ii. 16.
44. Josiah, 2 Chron. xxxiv. 1 and Jehoiachin, 2 Chron. xxxvi. 9.
45. Joel and Abiah, 1 Sam. viii. 2.
46. Uziah, 2 Chron. xxvi. 19.
47. The daughters of Shallum, the son of Haloesh, Neh. iii. 12.
48. Jonathan, his uncle, 1 Chron. xxvii. 32.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURAL ACROSTIC.

1, Hezekiah. 2, Ananias. 3, Levi. 4, Lehi. 5, Omri. 6, Word. 7, Ebed-Melech. 8, Doeg. 9, Boanerges. 10, Esther. 11, Tadmor. 12, Hiel. 13, Yoke. 14, Nathan. 15, Agabus. 16, Manna. 17, Ekron.—Hallowed be Thy name.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 4.—Jessie D. McGibbon, 11; Edith Macklin, 1. To No. 3.—Mary L. Tatts, 10; Annie Donaldson, 10ac.; Francis Hooper, 10ac.; Richd. Anderson, 11; Lizzie Maud McGibbon, 11; George Cann, 9; John Golsbro, 11; Rosetta J. Feren, 11; S. M. Lamont, 11ac.; Louise Robinson, 4; John P. Millen, 12ac.; Alice A. Hamilton, 11; Helen M. Davis, 2; Margaret Jane Coffin, 2.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1879, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON XIII.

MARCH 30.]

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Serve the Lord with gladness."—Psalm 100:2.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Lord's service is a happy service.

PLANS FOR A REVIEW.

One difficulty in the way of a successful review is removed, when a good plan adapted to teacher and scholar has been found. The past twelve lessons may be reviewed in a number of different ways, as: (1.) Building the Temple; (2.) Worshipping in the Temple; or, (1.) The Restoration of the People, Lessons 1-6; (2.) The people praising God, Lessons 7-12; or again, grouping the lessons into three divisions: (1.) The work of the Lord, Lessons 1-4; (2.) The way of the Lord, Lessons 5-8; (3.) The worship of the Lord, Lessons 9-12. Or, fourthly, there are four lessons on 'The Re-building of the Temple and City; four in respect to The Laws of God; and four in regard to The Power and Grace of God. Or, fifthly, the Review may be conducted without regard to a division by lessons, as: (1.) The Prophets; (2.) The Persons; (3.) The Places; (4.) The Nations; (5.) The Facts of the Lessons.

The Prophets.

HAGGAI, ZECHARIAH, NEHEMIAH, EZRA.

The Persons.

JESHUA, ZERUBBABEL, CYRUS, KADMIEL, DARIUS, ARTAXERXES, SANBALLAT, TOBIAH, ANAPH.

The Places.

JERUSALEM, ZIDON, TYRE, LEBANON, JOPPA, PERMIA, ZION, BACA.

The Nations.

ISRAEL, JUDAH, ARABIANS, AMMONITES, ASHDODITE, ASSYRIA.

This plan will be suitable for calling to mind a large portion of the historical lessons, and by bringing out the principal facts, the review would be quite complete.

I. THE WORK OF THE LORD.—Give the title of each of the first four lessons. The Golden Text. The Central Truth. State the facts in regard to— Rebuilding the Temple. The Dedication of it. The work of Nehemiah. The Opposition to his work. Give a practical truth to be learned from each lesson.

II. THE WAYS OF THE LORD.—Relate three things Ezra did in connection with reading the law. State five things which Nehemiah did to secure proper observance of the Sabbath. Give the chief illustrations used to contrast the righteous with the wicked in Psalm 1. State some of the principal things which the king in Zion would receive. Give eight practical lessons taught us by these facts.

III. THE WORSHIP OF THE LORD.—State eight things a penitent sinner will ask God for. Name three things which the Psalmist confesses in Psalm 51. State what he promised to do if the Lord heard him. Relate some points of contrast between a sinner alarmed and a sinner forgiven. State some of the things a forgiven person will wish to do for the Lord. Recall two illustrations of how a believer longs to be in God's house. State three classes of people that are called happy. Two things to which God is likened in Ps. 84. Give the chief facts describing the knowledge of God, as in Ps. 139. Which facts prove that he sees everything? Which show that he is everywhere? State five practical lessons taught us by these facts.

GENERAL QUESTIONS.—How many lessons relate to the rebuilding of the city and Temple? Which to the reading of the Law? Which refers to the way of the righteous? Which to the keeping of the Sabbath? Which to forgiveness? Which to worship in God's house? Which to God's power to see all things? How many lessons are from the Psalms? How many from Ezra? From Nehemiah? Which lesson is a confession of sin?

WORK WAYS WORSHIP OF THE LORD.

LESSON XIV.

APRIL 6.]

SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.—Job 33:14-30. [About 1520 (B) B.C.]

COMMIT TO MEMORY, vs. 23-26.

- 14 For God speaketh once, yea, twice, Yet man perceiveth it not. 15 In a dream, in a vision of the night, When deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; 16 Then he openeth the ears of men, And sealeth their instruction. 17 That he may withdraw man from his purpose, And hide pride from man. 18 He keepeth back his soul from the pit, And his life from perishing by the sword. 19 He is chastened also with pain upon his bed, And the multitude of his bones with strong pain: 20 So that his life abhorreth bread, And his soul dainty meat. 21 His flesh is consumed away, that it cannot be seen; And his bones that were not seen stick out. 22 Yea, his soul draweth near unto the grave, And his life to the destroyers. 23 If there be a messenger with him An interpreter, one among a thousand,

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- To shew unto man his uprightness: 24 Then he is gracious unto him, and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom. 25 His flesh shall be fresher than a child's: He shall return to the days of his youth: 26 He shall pray unto God, and he will be favorable unto him: And he shall see his face with joy: For he will tender unto man his righteousness. 27 He looketh upon men, and if any say I have sinned, and perverted that which was right, And I profited me not: 28 He will deliver his soul from going into the pit, And his life shall see the light. 29 Lo, all these things Worketh God oftentimes with man, 30 To bring back his soul from the pit, To be enlightened with the light of the living.

GOLDEN TEXT.

My son despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him.—Heb. 12:5.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God calls to repentance by discipline.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Job was afflicted of Satan, by permission of the Lord. Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar thought his affliction came because of some great sin, and urged him to repent. He denied their charges. Elihu, a young friend of Job, justifies the providence of God, and declares the purpose of affliction.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Notice that the Book of Job lifts the veil between this and the other world. It gives us a glimpse of the mercy and the providence of God in dealing with his saints and teaches the great lesson of submission to God's will.

NOTES.—The Book of Job, an historical, dramatic poem, probably the oldest in the world; written perhaps in the time of Abraham, or before the exodus from Egypt, though some place it after the age of Solomon. Job—weep, a rich and powerful man or prince of the sons of the East' in Uz, and living in the Arabian desert, between Syria and the Euphrates. He had seven sons and three daughters before his trials, and as many after them, and twice as large possessions. He lived 140 years after his affliction; the Septuagint says he was seventy years old when his trial came upon him. Eliphaz—he may God, a young friend of Job, and a Buzite, probably therefore a descendant of Nahor, and remotely related to Abraham.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—A CALL TO REPENTANCE. (I.) BY VISIONS. (II.) BY AFFLICTIONS. (III.) BY MERCIES.

- I. BY VISIONS. (14.) ONCE, YEA TWICE, often, repeatedly; PERCEIVETH IT NOT, does not heed it. (15.) DREAM . . . VISION, see Gen. 20:3; SLUMBERINGS, poetic phrase for light sleep. (16.) OPENETH, makes man hear; SEALETH INSTRUCTION, makes it sure, as a seal does a contract. (17.) PURPOSE, or evil work; HIDE PRIDE, destroy, or put it away. (18.) PIT, or "place of corruption," the grave. II. BY AFFLICTIONS. (19.) PAIN UPON HIS BED, long sickness; STRONG PAIN, severe suffering. (20.) ABHORRETH BREAD, sick men cannot eat; DAINTY MEAT, or "delicate food." (21.) CONSUMED, with pain and fever. (22.) DESTROYERS, death represented as destroying angels. III. BY MERCIES. (23.) INTERPRETER, one to explain God's ways; ONE . . . THOUSAND, a remarkable, or rare, person; HIS UPRIGHTNESS, not man's, but God's. (24.) RANSOM, or "atonement." (25.) THAN A CHILD'S, or "than in childhood;" RETURN, be restored to the purity and vigor of youth. (26.) WILL RENDER, or restore. (27.) PERVERTED, turned away. (30.) BRING BACK, keep back.

Which verses in this lesson show—

- 1. That God is gracious? 2. The purpose of affliction? 3. The conditions of deliverance and restoration? 4. That confession of sin is required?

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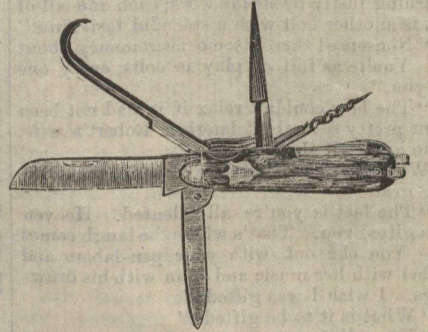
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