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DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION.

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SEMI MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

JOHN BUNYAN.

Many there were who stopped for a moment at the Bedford prison door and bought laces from the imprisoned preacher, who was allowed to stand under the arch secured by a chain around his ankle and sell his wares to support his family, amongst whom was a little girl who had been blind from her birth; but was there one amongst them all, or in the world one, who, for a moment, imagined that the memory of this man would live for centuries, or that perhaps some absent-minded remark was occasioned by a passing glimpse of that vision which was to be a comfort to all Christendom, to the heathen and infidel, as well as the Christian, pointing out the way to the life beyond, its pleasures and comforts, its difficulties and dangers? The daughter only receives sympathy; and the "stubborn tinker" who continually answers those who offer to release him from prison if he promise not to preach the Gospel of Christ, with the words, "If you let me go to-day I will preach again to-morrow," is doubtless scoffed at by many, mocked by others, while perhaps some, most deeply interested, point out to him his family who are suffering cruelly from the need of that provision the head of the family should provide. But it was this misery that indeed occasioned the relaxation of his imprisonment, and he was allowed first to preach to the Baptist congregation of which he had been pastor, and afterwards, in 1672, after twelve years confinement was released through the interposition of Dr. Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln. He immediately returned to his chosen work. With him from the prison he brought his "Pilgrim's Progress" in manuscript, and on showing it to his friends received but little encouragement to publish it, and many criticisms. But he decided to give it to the world, and in 1678 the first part was published, describing the "Pilgrim's Progress from this world to that which is to come." At first it reached but few, by whom it was well received and before the year closed a second edition was called for and issued. During his life as many as fifteen editions, it is thought, were issued, and now it is said to have been translated into more languages than any other book except the Bible. The second edition of this wonderful book was published in 1684, two years previous to which he published "The Holy War." During the latter part of his life he was also wed to preach without molestation. He died in London of fever, in 1688, his death having been hastened by exposure to the rain when returning from one of his many benevolent errands.

WHAT A PICTURE DID.

BY MRS. S. K. LEAVITT.

The heading of the *Reform*, an illustrated tract paper presented by Mr. E. Remington, of Illion, N. Y., to the Women's National Temperance Union, and published monthly by them, is composed of three pictures. The first represents a drunkard staggering home to his family. In his hand he holds a bottle; his wife, with her babe in her arms and her little boy clinging to her dress, is shrinking from him. Terror and fear are depicted upon the countenances of the three.

The second picture represents the same man,

standing at a table, a woman holding out a pen to him with one hand, and with the other a paper, upon which are seen the words, "Temperance Pledge."

In the third picture we see the same man, well clothed, walking erectly, with a cane in his hand, and leading a little boy up a flight of steps to a nice house, in the door of which stands the wife, with a beaming smile upon her face, and hardly able to hold, the babe,

vispers. Mine leetle poy, he says: 'Dat is pap mit de pottle! dat leetle poy what hides hind his mudder's dress is me, ven I'm skeered at pappy, and de paby is Helwig, cause dat is shoost de way he hides hind mudder's ear when pappy's drunk.' Den dey say, 'Mudder, vot dat voman do mit de table?' I says, 'De temperance voman vants de man to sign de pledge, and say he drinks no more beer nor viskey; den his wife and childen be no more

will look shoost like dis paby vot tries to jump out of his mudder's arms, he so glad to see his pappy?' Mine old man he gets so mad and he says, 'I eats no dinner, I hates de temperance, I hates de temperance,' and mine childen dey cry, dey be so scared. Mine old man, he slams de door, and he goes off. He comes home to supper, and he says de first ting, 'I hates de temperance, I hates de temperance,' and he no speaks to de childen, and dey be so skeered.

"After supper mine old man he makes de childen go to ped. And he puts his feet on tode stove, and he smokes, and he scolds, and heseo mad he no goes to de saloon, like he always to a all his life mit me.

"Ven it vas ped time mine old man he lay down his pipe, and he says, 'old voman, I's no been good to you; I gets drunk no more; I goes no more to saloons, mine heart is sick mit vot mine childen say. I loves mine wife, I loves mine childen ven I gets no drunk.' Den I puts mine apron to mine eyes, and I cries, and mine old man he cries. Den we stand py de childen's ped, and mine old man he kiss me, and he kiss de childen and he says, 'Mine heart is so sick all de day mit vot de childen says to me.'

"I tells you I loves dat little paper, mine heart is so glad dat you gives it to me.

"I folds it up shoost so nice, and I puts it mit a hankerchief around it, and I keeps it in my under drawer in mine bureau mit mine childen's tings what died."

[The author says: "This is a true story, not overdrawn. I distributed the papers left from our National Convention. This is one result. The man to-day is a sober man, is getting furniture and comfort for his family." The gentleman mentioned above received this fact from Mrs. Leavitt on Saturday heread it and was overheard to say, with moistened eyes: "That is the kind of dividend I want, that is worth a thousand dollars." Would God that more of our men of wealth would seek such investments and be satisfied with such increase.—Ed.]—N. Y. Witness.

A DELUSION.—A young man who thinks that he can lead a reckless and profligate life until he becomes a middle-aged man, and then repent and make a good and steady citizen, is deluded by the devil. He thinks that people are all fools, destitute of memory. He concludes that when he repents everybody will forget that he was once a dissipated wretch. This is not the case; people remember your bad deeds and forget your good ones. Besides, it is no easy thing to break up in middle age bad habits which have been formed in youth. When a horse contracts the habit of balking he generally retains it through life. He will often perform well enough until the wheel gets into a deep hole, and then he stops and looks back. Just so it is with boys who contract bad habits. They will sometimes leave off their bad tricks and do well enough until they get into a tight place, and then they return to the old habit. Of those boys who contract the bad habit of drunkenness, not one in every hundred dies a sober man. The only way to break up a bad habit is never to contract it. The only way to prevent drunkenness is never to drink.

—The St. Louis Presbyterian says that of the 158,000 children of school age in that city only 15,000 are in Protestant Sunday-schools.



JOHN BUNYAN AND HIS BLIND DAUGHTER SELLING LACES AT BEDFORD PRISON DOOR.

who is overjoyed at seeing the father.

A bundle of these papers was sent to one of the ladies of Cincinnati, who distributed them in the market, at the hospital and at the jail.

Two months afterward she was stopped on the street by a German woman, who told her the following story: "You shoost stop von minute vile I tells you vot is in mine heart. You comes von day to mine stall in de market, you gives mine old man a paper, and you gives me a paper.

"Ven I goes to mine home, mine children dey cries for dere dinner. I says, 'You shoost keep still, and I vill give you von paper vot a voman gives me in de market.' So dey spreads de paper out upon de floor, and dey kioks up dere heels, and dey looks hard at de pictures. Vile I gets mine dinner, dey vispers and dey

feared of him.'

"Dey look hard at de picture, den dey vispers and dey say: 'Mudder, vill pappy look nice like de udder picture, would he sign the pledge?'

"And I says, 'Yes, childen, your fadder would look shoost like dat if he go no more to saloons.'

"Mine old man, den he comes in to his dinner. He loves his childen ven he be sober. Mine childen dey see he no drunk, so dey runs to him mit de paper, and dey say: 'pappy, dat is you mit de pottle, and dat voman is mudder, and de paby what hides hind his mudder's ear is Helwig. Pappy, won't you go to de temperance voman's mit de table, and sign de pledge, and den you vill look shoost like dat nice man mit de cane, and Helwig he



Temperance Department.

DE PROFUNDIS.

You think I love it— If this nerveless hand
Could gain immortal strength, this very hour
I'd sweep the hellish potion from the land,
And crush its blighting, maddening, night-
mare power.

Yes, now, with all my latest dying breath,
I'll curse the thing that drags men down to
death.

I love it I loathe it! Yet I drink and drink,
And hate my bondage with a loathly hate.
And hate myself as through the town I slink.
The pledge? No! Too late! too late!
No pledge! I've tried it twice—a waste of
breath.
Too late! There's no release for me but death.

It's bad enough to drink but not to drink
But such a train of ghastly horrors wake
As in one hour would leave me dead, I think.
Ah, keep away, ye fiends for pity's sake!
The very thought of them affects my brain.
My end will be when they shall come again.

Love rum I'd love to hold my head up high
And breathe God's air a free and fearless
man;
And look with undimmed eyes on earth and
sky.

With steady nerve to do and head to plan.
I'd love to grapple trials as they come,
In manly fashion brave and strong. Love
rum!

If only I could come into some land
Where no drink is, God knows how willingly
I'd fight those dreadful torments of the damned
That clutch the soul of him who would be
free.

But marshal up those grizzly shapes of woe,
To fall again, as twice before— No, no!

Ah, if I might have known how it would be,
In those old college days so wild and gay,
When first I drank in youthful revelry!
How easy then to put the up away!
A mother's hope and joy I was till then
Now see me trembling— ha! Those eyes again!

Black, fiery eyes, to tell, where ye belong!
I'll drink ye down, what blood? Drink
blood?

Help, help! they come, a hideous, devilish
through
Back, get back! They'll toss me in the
blood!

Long, crooked hands are lawing in my hair!
Is this the end? Ha, ha! Too late for prayer.

Selected

TRY AGAIN.

"Oh try again father try again!" What
a sad, pleading voice uttered those words!
What a pale little face was turned towards
Peter Parsons, as he sat resting his head on
the table!

"It's no use trying to give it up; I have
tried, and I can't do it, was the father's dog-
ged, despairing reply. "I know drink will be
my ruin, but though it were poison, I must have
it. Mr Barker, my employer, gave me warn-
ing yesterday. He said he couldn't stand my
habits longer. he was sorry to give me up,
but he could have none but steady men to serve
him. That's the third place I've lost in the
same way. I know the road I'm treading; I
know what lies at the end of it: I'm going to
ruin with my eyes wide open but I can't
help it—I must have drink!" And Peter Par-
sons let his head sink on his arm, and looked
the picture of an utterly wretched man.

No wonder that he shrank from looking
around him at what had once been a comfort-
able home! Where was the clock that had
ticked so cheerily, given as a wedding present to
his wife? Where was the neat mahogany press,
which he had bought with the savings of months
of toil, and in which he had taken such pride?
Where was the valued old Family Bible, which
his father and grandfather had used before
him? All at the pawn-broker's, pledged for
the sake of drink!

And if it pained the wretched drunkard to
look at bare walls and a fireless grate, yet more
it pained him to see the effects of his sin in his
sweet little father— her clothes patched and
threadbare her face pale and careworn, her
eyes, that but for him would have been bright
with the sunshine of childhood, tearful and sad.
"I have tried," Peter muttered to himself,
without raising his drooping head. "The
totaler spoke to me, and urged me. They
made it as clear as day that half the misery in
the city is caused by drink. that with every

penny which I throw down at the bar of the
public I am paying my fare to the workhouse,
or buying the nails for my coffin! They got
me to take the pledge, and I thought that the
danger was over. I had given my word, and I
would keep it. And for weeks all went on
straight enough. money came in, comfort came
back, and my poor wife looked happy again.
But then I fell into sore temptation, and it
seemed as if I had no more strength than a
babe in the claws of a lion. I awoke one
morning, one wretched morning, to find my
pledge broken, my character disgraced, and
the habit of hard drinking fifty times stronger
on me than ever."

"And I tried again," thus the miserable
man continued muttering to himself, scarcely
conscious of the presence of the poor little girl
at his side. "Twas when my Sarah lay
dying, and I couldn't bear to drink away the
comfort she needed so much. Two days I ab-
stained, but on the third— memory was like
a barbed arrow in the heart of the wretched
widower. his words were choked in his throat,
and instead of finishing his sentence, he uttered
a heavy groan.

For several minutes Esther did not venture
to speak. tears were fast flowing down her
pale cheeks. She, like her unhappy parent,
was tempted to give way to despair, but
though her prayers had as yet seemed unan-
swered, Faith whispered to her, "Try again!"

"Child!" said Peter, suddenly raising his
head, and fixing his eyes on his daughter,
"when a man has once got into the habit of
drinking, there's nothing can keep him from
it. It's like a fever—like madness! Interest
can't do it, resolves can't do it, even care for
a family can't do it; for no one ever loved a
wife or a child better than I did!"

"Can't God's grace do it?" faltered Esther,
almost afraid to speak out the words.

"Don't talk to me of such matters!" cried
Peter, starting from his seat and pacing up
and down the room like one restless from pain.
"I used to think about God once, but I dare
not think of Him now; it's like going to judg-
ment before the time, to think of the anger of
God!"

"But may we not think of the love of God?"
murmured Esther, with trembling earnestness
in her tone. "Oh, father! dear, dear father!
let me say one verse—only one little verse
that the teacher gave me yesterday to learn.
'I can do all things through Christ which
strengtheneth me.'"

"Go to your school, child: go to your
school!" cried Peter, with anger and half
in sorrow. "Such words may do well enough
for such as you. I'm too old to be learning
things now!" and seeing that his little girl
paused, he motioned impatiently for her to
leave him.

Esther dared speak no more to her father.
As she slipped on her rusty black bonnet and
shabby cloak, preparing to go to school, her
whole heart was full of prayer. "O God, for
the sake of Thy blessed Son, help my poor
father! Save my poor father!" And before
she quitted the house, with a trembling hand
she placed her little Testament on the table.

Esther had often done so before, in the hope
that her father might read it, as he once used
to read the great Bible. Esther had always
found her Testament lying exactly where she
had put it, unopened and untouched, but in a
spirit of faith and hope she determined to
"try again."

This time Peter Parsons took up the book;
he could scarcely have said why he did so.
Perhaps it was because he found any kind of
employment more tolerable than thinking;
perhaps he was scarcely conscious of what he
was doing as he carelessly turned over the
leaves.

His glance fell on a verse which seemed to
him almost like a message sent to him direct
from God: "There hath no temptation taken
you but such as is common to man: but God
is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempt-
ed above that ye are able; but will with the
temptation also make a way to escape, that ye
may be able to bear it." (1 Cor. x. 13.)

"I'll hold by this promise!" exclaimed
Parsons, grasping the little book as he spoke.
"I've tried to go right, but I've failed, I've
wished to give up sin, but the habit has been
too strong for me. Now I'll cast myself on the
mercy and strength of my Lord, and hoping
for the help of His grace, I'll try again—I'll
try yet again!"

As Parsons' pale little girl walked along the
gloomy streets, another little girl, in a comfort-
able home, was pleading the cause of poor
Peter. Mr. Barker, his late employer, sat in a
large red-leather arm-chair, with his feet on
the fender, before a blazing fire, with Clara,
his youngest daughter, seated on his knee.

"Oh, papa, I wish you would try him again,
only once!" said the gentle little lady, hold-
ing her father's hand fast imprisoned between
both of hers.

"And why should I try him again?" said
Mr. Barker, amused at the earnest tone of the
little pleader.

"Oh, because of his poor little girl—the best
girl in the school, mamma says. She looks so

pale, and thin, and sad, and I've heard that,
when her mother was dying, Esther watched
and nursed her so fondly. It is not her fault
that her father drinks. It is enough to break
her heart."

"We will look after her," said Mr. Barker.
"The man may ruin himself, but he shall not
ruin his child. I should think that she is al-
most old enough to go out to service. Perhaps
mamma may be able to find her a nice easy
place."

"But she would not be happy, papa. How
could she be happy in any place, when she
knew that her own father was going down—
down—down to ruin? Oh, try him again,
papa—just give him one other chance! If he
knows that it is his very last, perhaps he may
turn and repent."

Clara pleaded, urged, and entreated, and at
last won her parent's consent to overlook for
this once the offence of Parsons. Mr. Barker
was a kind-hearted master, and he was him-
self unwilling by severity to drive an unhappi-
man to despair. Though shaking his head
doubtfully, and expressing his belief that no
good would result from the trial, he agreed to
send word to Parsons to call at his office on the
following morning.

When the long bright summer days had re-
turned, again the old clock ticked cheerily in
its place behind the door, and once more upon
the table lay the old Family Bible. Peter
Parsons sat with his child, as he had done on
the morning on which my story opened; but
how changed was their appearance from what
it then had been! Parsons no longer hung
down his head, as if he were ashamed to look
his fellowmen in the face. His eye was clear
and steady, his dress decent and clean; and
instead of bitter tears, there were roses on
Esther's cheek!

"Oh, father, are we not happy?" she ex-
claimed, as the bright glow of the setting sun
bathed the room in light.

"If I am happy here," said Parsons, look-
ing with earnest thought into the golden
clouds above, "or if I have a hope of being
happy in the better world, I think, my Esther,
that under God I owe it all to you. I was
going fast on the down-hill road; I was giv-
ing up all effort to stop, when your prayers,
and your words, and your tears, and the bless-
ed Book which you put in my way, made me
see that there was hope even for me. They led
me to 'try again' to get back to the safe path—
to be a good father to you, my child, and a
faithful servant to my God."—Royal School
Series.

I MADE HIM WHAT HE WAS.

A few weeks ago a saloon-keeper in Dover,
Delaware, who patronized his own bar very
liberally, stepped into a back room, where men
were at work about a pump in a well. The
covering had been removed, and he ap-
proached to look down, but, being very drunk,
he pitched in head-foremost. He had become
so much of a bloot by the use of strong drink
that it was impossible to extricate him in time
to save his life.

There was great excitement in the town.
Men and women who had never been inside
of his saloon before were the first to rush to
the rescue, and to offer sympathy to the be-
raved family. As he was being dragged
from the well and stretched out dead upon
the saloon floor, a wholesale liquor-dealer
from Philadelphia stepped in. After the first
shock at thus finding one of his good custom-
ers dead, he turned to a prominent lady, a
crusader, and said, pointing to the wrecked
victim, "I made that man what he was. I
lent him his first dollar, and set him up with
his first stock of liquors, and he's now worth
\$10,000 or \$15,000."

Looking him full in the face, she responded:
"You made that man what he was—a
drunkard, a bloot, a stench in the nostrils of
society, and sent him headlong into eternity,
and to a drunkard's hell? What is \$15,000
weighed against a lost soul; a wasted life, a
wife a widow, and children orphans?"

He turned deadly pale, and without a word
left the house.

And so we ask, "What is all the business
and all the revenue to the millions whose
homes are despoiled whose children are beg-
gared, and whose loved ones are sent headlong
to a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell?
Put yourself in the place of that mother
whose son is pursued day and night by this
demon, till the hairs of his head become ser-
pents, and live coal burn into his flesh to the
very bone, and fighting devils, he leaps out
into eternity, and then ask, 'Are my hands
clean? Do I love my neighbor as myself?'
Am I doing all I can to stay the tide that is
bearing so many down and may yet bear me
down?"—Christian Women.

MODERATE DRINKING.—Sir Henry Thomp-
son, eminent both in medicine and general
science, says in a letter to the Dean of Canter-
bury, published in the London Times: "I have
long had the conviction that there is no great-
er cause for evil, moral and physical, in this

country, than the use of alcoholic beverages.
I do not mean by this that extreme indulgence
which produces drunkenness. The habitual
use of fermented liquors to an extent far short
of what is necessary to produce that condition,
and such as is quite common in all ranks of
society, injures the body and diminishes the
mental power to an extent which I think few
people are aware of. Such, at all events, is the
result of observation during more than twenty
years of professional life devoted to hospital
practice, and to private practice in every rank
above it. Thus I have no hesitation in attribut-
ing a very large proportion of some of the
most painful and dangerous maladies which
come under my notice, as well as those which
every medical man has to treat, to the ordi-
nary and daily use of fermented drink taken in
the quantity which is conventionally deem-
ed moderate. Whatever may be said in regard
to its evil influence on the mental and moral
faculties, as to the fact above stated I feel that
I have a right to speak with authority, and
I do so solely because it appears to me a duty,
especially at this moment, not to be silent on
a matter of such extreme importance. I know
full well how unpalatable is such a truth, and
how such a declaration brings me into painful
conflict, I had almost said with the national
sentiments and the time-honored usages of
our race. My main object is to express my
opinion as a professional man in relation to
the habitual employment of fermented liquor,
as a beverage. But if I ventured one step fur-
ther, it would be to express a belief that there
is no single habit in this country which so
much tends to deteriorate the qualities of the
race, and so much disqualifies it for endurance
in that competition which in the nature of
things must exist, and in which struggle the
prize of superiority must fall to the best and
to the strongest.

INTEMPERANCE IN THE UNITED STATES.—It
Coer.—"What do the 49,000 deaths annually
caused by alcohol cost the nation? The average
cost of burial cannot be less than \$10 per
capita, giving the sum of \$490,000. These
49,000 persons should have had, according to
a table of working years (calculated from life-
tables by Dr. Edward Jarvis, and published in
the fifth annual report of the Massachusetts
State Board of Health), 37.46 years of effective
life. From the best data obtainable we have
been led to conclude that alcohol shortens the
lives of those who use it, habitually or
excessively, twenty-eight per cent. As this
percentage pertains to the whole life, includ-
ing both the development and the effective
periods, it follows that these 49,000 persons
have each lost to the nation twenty-eight
per cent. of 37.46 years of effective life, giving
a total of 784,000 years. These figures are
much below the actual loss according to the
expectancies of intemperate persons given
above; for, according to those expectancies,
the average loss of effective life is twenty-three
years, within a small fraction. On this basis
the annual loss of the nation of effective life
from alcohol is 1,127,000 years. If each
effective year of life is valued at \$150, the
nation loses on the first calculation \$177,000-
000, and on the second \$169,050,000. Eng-
lish actuaries, from careful observation and
calculations, estimate that for every death there
are two persons constantly sick. We may
therefore calculate that for these 49,000 deaths
from alcohol there are 98,000 constantly sick
from the same cause. Thus, in a single year,
98,000 years of effective life are lost to the
State, which, valued at \$150 per year, gives
a loss of \$14,700,000. The cost of this suckers,
at the very lowest estimate, cannot be less than
\$150 per year, or a total of \$14,700,000"
From Paper read before Am Health Association

IS DRUNKENNESS CURABLE?—Over one-half
of the all confirmed drunkards who take refuge
in the Inebriate Asylum at Binghamton, are
permanently cured of their morbid appetite.
The official statistics on the subject which
have been published, cover seven years, and
a very large number of cases. This is en-
couraging news for the slaves of drunkenness.
Many of these slaves are utterly destitute of
hope, and look on themselves as doomed.
They feel that their desires are unquenchable,
that their power of resistance is wholly gone,
and that forcible restraint would destroy their
reason. But yet it appears that even though
their drunken habit has become chronic, and
has gone to its furthest limits, they have an
even chance of getting over it, and re-entering
the paths of sobriety. There is not a drunk-
ard who needs to feel himself lost, if he has
a desire to be saved.—Bourneville Observer.

—A "Woman's Crusade," against intem-
perance, is in operation in Calcutta, India. Ladies
visit the grog-shops and drinking saloons, and
sing and pray there after the manner of their
American sisters. In connection with the
work there is a "House of Rest," after the
style of a "British Workman" public house.
A correspondent of the Lucknow Witness gives
many interesting instances of the success of
the work. A Temperance League has been
formed at Bombay, on the total abstinence
basis.—Christian Guardian.



Agricultural Department.

SALT AND WATER FOR COWS.

Dairy cows, like anybody else, should have all the salt they need, and particularly do they need plenty of salt when first turned upon grass in the spring, at which time the grass has less of mineral elements in it than at any other time of the year. The cow being fresh in milk, the supply of fluid is strongly drawn upon, and this supply must be kept up or the cow will fall off in her supply of milk. Thus the salt needs to be watered, and the water needs to be salted.

But this use of salt by domestic animals is very much a matter of habit. When I was a farmer boy in the Yankee State of Vermont, over fifty years ago, though the people were constitutionally observant of the Sabbath, it was not considered to be a very flagrant violation of the Fourth Commandment for the farmer to take his salt box under his arm and proceed with reverent steps to the tune of Meer or Dundee, of a Sabbath afternoon, or before meeting time if he got up early enough, to the back pastures, and give the cattle a general salting; and as this operation was performed only once a week, it was easier to remember to do it on Sunday than any other day; and besides, the farmer being in a quiet frame of mind and very much at leisure, could take advantage of the occasion to look over the cattle and see how they were all getting on, without, of course, any great worldly reference as to what the steers would fetch in the fall, or which of the heifers would be most likely to make the best cows.

This way of salting cows might have been well enough in its day, for that was long enough before cheese factories were thought of, and before the selling of whole dairies of milk at ten or fifteen cents per gallon had stimulated the production of forty to fifty pounds per cow per day. There is an objection to the salting of cattle at long intervals and in the mass; the master animals will lick up too much, and the underlings of the herd will not get enough. A better way is to provide stationary boxes, or troughs, in which salt is kept all the while, out of the reach of washing by rains, and to which the cattle can have access at all times. In this way they will soon learn to regulate the lick to their own tastes, and be free from the bustle and jostling which accompany the salting of a herd in mass.

Speaking of water, would you think that such a rich fluid as milk is made up of eighty-five per cent. of water? This shows two things—that cows need a plentiful supply of water, and that the water should be pure. A cow which gives a large mass of milk requires more than one which gives but little, and the thirst for drink is one of the indications of a deep milker. It is true that cattle may be educated to do without much water and still live, just as some of our hygienic reformers can live on bran bread, and such thin stuff; but since air, light and water are the free gifts of the Creator, it seems a pity that every living thing should not have all they need of them. When we set out to fatten pigs or cattle, we tempt them to eat all they can; just so, if you want a large flow of milk, you may tempt the cow to drink her fill, and for a man who sells his milk to a factory, it is a good deal better that he should put the water in the milk before it comes from the cow than that he should put it in the can while on his way to the factory. The law has something to say on this latter practice, which makes it unhealthy for the transgressor, while on the former the lactometer and the cream gauge can hardly detect a fault, and, if they did, the cow is not morally or legally responsible for watering her own milk in the moral process of making it. I would not advise that the dairy-man should stuff his cows with water as he would stuff a fattening turkey for his Christmas roast, but let them have all they need, and when they need it, and if the feed is good and the cows are good, there will be the best possible yield of milk.

Of course there is a little danger that the cows which run in the pastures will not get enough of water at this season of the year, but I mention the matter more to suggest the importance of providing for a plentiful supply when the hot season comes on and the streams become dry, as they usually do where they are not fed by living springs. There are many districts of country where the grasses are well suited to dairy purposes, but where there is a lack of water which is equally good, and dairy-men are obliged to have recourse to pools which become foul in the dry season, or fail entirely. Foul water is a bad thing to go into milk, which in its best state is so largely composed of this element, and the cow has no internal apparatus for making pure milk out of

foul water. A healthy cow in full flow of milk can make way with from twenty to thirty quarts of water in the course of twenty-four hours. If the water is bad it will show itself more in the night's mess than in the morning, as cows do not drink during the night, and the milk is such a sensitive thing that foul water and taints of all sorts show themselves in a short time.

Upon dairy farms where there is not a supply of pure water from living springs, running brooks, &c., it is a matter of prime importance to provide good wells from which to pump or draw water several times a day, from which to water the cows. It would be quite a task to draw or pump water several times a day for a herd of cows; but it would be better to do that than to send bad milk to the factory, or to use it up at home, and then to send stinking cheese to the market, or be obliged to feed it to the pigs.

The late Horace Greeley, during some of the last years of his life, delivered several lectures or agricultural addresses in his chosen missionary field of the West, on windmills as cheap and available motors for farm purposes, but his hearers mostly made light of his teachings; and the railroad men, who once used many of these mills for pumping water at the stations, have substituted the surer and more controllable power of steam. Well, some dairy farmers might do even worse than to use windmills for pumping stock water from wells; but the average American dairyman would as soon heed the advice to raise his calves for dairy cows as to set up a windmill for watering his cattle, so I shall only hint at a possibility and drop the subject. But, by some means or other, I would have good water for cows, or I would not go into the dairy business.—S. D. Harris, in *Country Gentleman*.

MORE MANURE.

Joseph Harris says in "Walks and Talks," in the *American Agriculturist*:

We must make more manure. Manure is the farmer's capital. Capital is accumulated earnings. If I work for \$1,000 a year and spend \$1,000, I am no better off at the end of the year than at the beginning. But if I can by laboring a little harder, earn \$1,200 a year, and by practising a little economy, live on \$800, I can lay up \$400. This \$400 is capital, and begins to earn money for itself. Capital is accumulated earnings. It is what is left of our profits or earnings after deducting the expenses of living. Manure is accumulated plant food. It is what is left after raising and disposing of a crop. If your land as now worked, is capable of paying you twenty bushels of corn and a ton of stalks per acre, and you sell the whole, your land is no richer in available plant food. You are making no manure. You spend all your wages. But if by extra cultivation, by setting free more plant food from the soil, you can make your land pay you forty bushels of corn and two tons of stalks, instead of selling it you feed it out to your cows, or sheep and pigs, and are careful to save all the manure, then your two tons of stalks and forty bushels of corn, less about ten per cent., removed by the animals, becomes capital, and begins to earn money for itself.

It is worth while making a great effort to get a little capital in the form of manure, and not always be dependent on the yearly wages which the soil alone can pay us. How this can be done, depends on circumstances. I think it will sometimes pay to gather leaves for bedding. I am sure it will pay to scrape up the barnyards and not let the droppings of our animals lie exposed over a large surface for the rains to leach out all the soluble matter. On my farm I gather all the potato tops, and use them for bedding the store hogs. If not required for this purpose, I should put them in a heap and mix them with manure.

POTATOES—LEVEL CULTURE.

From a recent article in the *Utica Herald*, on potato culture, we glean the following:

"There are many objections to the present method of culture, though it can not be denied that it has yielded abundant harvest. The best known method of ridge or hill culture is as follows: Select a strong, loamy soil, which has been in cultivation at least one year; fertilize thoroughly, if in the hill; mingle the manure with the soil; mark in rows 3 feet apart; drop the seed in drills 18 inches apart; hoe twice, the second time forming a continuous ridge. This method will yield, in favorable years, at least 250 bushels per acre. This—and planting in hills three feet apart each way—are the methods practiced by nine-tenths of our farmers. But there seem to be objections to them. All rain and moisture must necessarily soak quickly through the ridge, furnishing but temporary nourishment. The heat of the drouth soon dries it out of the ridge, and renders its soil lifeless. We have observed that the ridges yield more potatoes when they are shaded somewhat by weeds, and while a weedy potato patch betokens a slovenly farmer, there are many reasons for belief that weeds

protect the potato ridge in seasons of drouth. The potatoes are also liable to exude from the hill and to be exposed to the sun, an exposure which ruins them.

"The natural location of any plant for growth is below the level of the ground, and this is especially true of the tuber. A potato hill built above the level of the ground is not the natural receptacle for the seed. Nevertheless, copious and profitable crops have thus been produced. The chief question is, can they not be increased? There have been no extended experiments in level culture. The chief objection urged against it is the difficulty of digging. The seed must be planted at the depth of at least six inches, and it is not possible to dig the crop with the ordinary 'hook' so conveniently as when it grows in hills. But there is no reason why the deep-laying tubers should not be plowed out or otherwise brought to the surface by machinery. We believe this subject deserves a portion of the attention of potato-growers. It is novel to many of them; and a corner of the field devoted to a test might yield results which would be valuable."

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.

1. Never allow your mowing lands to get bound out. When they begin to fail, plough them early in August, and sow them down to grass seed and roll, and double the amount of hay will be obtained the next year without the loss of a crop.

2. Never allow the grass to stand till ripe. Mow early when the saccharine juices are in full flow, and with the tedders make the hay by keeping it flying in the air till sufficiently cured to be got in the same day.

3. Never allow the caterpillars to disfigure or destroy your orchards. Watch these little tent makers from their beginning, and with the spiral brush tied at the end of a long pole, wind them off clean, and no more will come the present season to annoy you. If wages are an object, let not this simple branch of the farm be neglected at whatever cost. Nothing looks more hideous and slovenly by the wayside than the old family orchard thickly decorated with the remains of last year's caterpillar's nest.

4. The canker worm is the greater pest of the tree. The slug (female) is now walking up the apple trees and depositing her eggs promiscuously over the trees. They form no nest, and hence it is hard to conquer them. Heavy tarred paper, kept fresh with tar, around the body of the tree is the best remedy against their clamoring propensities, though often they bridge over the tar by making a track of dead bodies and perpetuate their work for years. The vicinity of Boston has been for many years the battle ground for the canker worm, but they are now getting largely into Essex and other counties.—N. Y. Farmer.

THE BEST FARMER.—Farming is the changing of material (manure) into grass and grain, and thence into pork, beef, wool, etc. When the land is purchased, it is this raw material (fertility) that is paid for: that alone is the value. The rest is mere sand, or clay, or rock.

The object of the farmer, then, should be to secure his material as cheap as he can, and use as much as he can, always keeping his machine, the farm, in good working order, mellow, well drained and clean. Instead of this, we are too apt to abuse the machine. The object of the farmer, then, must always be manure, fertility—how he can get this raw material the cheapest, and work it best into grain, grass, etc., and thus into other products, such as are of the most advantage to him. The best farmer is he who raises the best and largest crops on the smallest surface of land and at the least expense, and at the same time annually improve the soil; who understands his business and attends to it; whose manure heap is very large and always increasing; whose corn crib and smoke house are at home; who is surrounded by all the necessaries and comforts of life; who studies his profession, and strives to reach perfection in it; who keeps a strict account of his outgoes as well as his incomes; and who knows how he stands at the end of each season—such a farmer, in nine times out of ten, will succeed, and not only make farming a pleasant, but profitable occupation.—*Farmer's Vindicator*.

BLACK TOOTH IN SWINE.—The *American Swine Journal* says: "Black tooth, so called, in swine, is sometimes caused by mechanical injury to teeth, received by chewing the dry and hard kernels of corn. The ailment consists in a state of decay of the tooth (caries). Such decayed teeth may be removed by the same instrument as a dentist would apply to one's own tooth under similar circumstances. The symptoms of toothache in swine are similar to those exhibited by mankind, viz: loss of appetite, salivation or slobbering, hanging the head, mostly to the side which is affected, peevishness, loss of all fear of man, and hot, repulsive breath. When hogs are fed on strongly acidulated food for any length of time, their teeth may become discolored; but it is a quer-

tion whether the teeth at the same time are materially injured. So long as no decay or diminution of their substance can be noticed, and while the appetite and chewing faculties of the animal do not appear diminished, no interference will be necessary."

CALLA LILIES.—Mrs. Rollin Smith, of Swanton, Vt., writes to the *Burlington Free Press* as follows: "Since the notice in the *Free Press* recently of my possessing a continual blooming calla, I have received several letters from different parts of the State asking me for the treatment which produces such favorable results. I use a four-gallon jar, and give an eastern exposure. In the summer I keep it wet enough for the water to stand on the top, and at all times very wet. Once a year I take the plant, shake the earth from the roots, and fill the jar with earth taken from under old sod. As soon as a blossom commences to wither I cut it down, never allowing a flower to die on the plant. The result is in sixteen months I have had eighteen blossoms on the same plant, and at the present time it has two very large blossoms."

THE PECAN.—A writer in the *Prairie Farmer* recommends the planting of the pecan tree for timber on the Illinois prairies. He says for fuel it has no superior, while for purposes of manufacture, the carriage makers find it superior to white ash, having equal durability and greater strength and elasticity. It commences bearing at eight years old and produces one of the finest nuts, which for the past six years has brought in the Cincinnati market an average price of five dollars per bushel.

DOMESTIC.

SUGAR-PASTE CREAM-CAKES.—One pound of flour, quarter of a pound of sugar, and one egg well beaten. Add the sugar to the egg; then work the flour into them with a little cold water. Roll out rather thin, and line small tart-tins with it, or cut with cake-cutter, and put a strip of pastry on the outside, close to the edge; then fill in with mock cream; sprinkle powdered sugar over, and return to the oven a few minutes to brown the top.

TO MAKE THE MOCK CREAM.—Boil one pint milk; wet a table-spoonful of cornstarch or maizena in a very little cold milk; add one well beaten egg, one table-spoonful of white sugar, one-fourth of a tea-spoonful of salt. Flavor with lemon, rose-water, vanilla, or nutmeg. When the milk is just ready to boil, stir in these ingredients. Let it boil up two minutes, stirring all the time. Let it get quite cold before filling the puffs.

CHOCOLATE CUSTARD.—One division of a cake of chocolate dissolved or melted in a little water. To this put one pint of new milk and the yolks of three eggs. Put the chocolate into the milk and boil a few minutes. Sweeten with a quarter of a pound of sugar, and then pour it boiling hot to the eggs, which have been previously beaten till light. Return all to the kettle, and stir rapidly until it thickens, or is upon the point of boiling, when it must instantly be poured off and set aside to grow cold.

VINEGAR FOR GREEN OR YELLOW PICKLE.—One pound each of ginger, celery seed, horseradish, and mustard seed; one ounce each of mace, nutmeg, and the long red peppers used in pickling. Put these spices into a stone jar or pot, free of anything that will impart grease or unpleasant odor to the vinegar; pour over them two gallons of a strong vinegar; stir frequently, and allow them to remain a year before using. After pouring off the vinegar for pickles, add more spices, and fill again for future use. Keep well covered. This will be found a very superior pickle, and well repays the time and expense of preparation. It will keep any length of time.

HOTCH-POTCH.—Take two pounds of the bottom part of the breast of beef. Cut it into pieces about two inches square, and put them into a stewpan, with a few scraps of fat beef or veal, and five pints of water. Let these boil up, then add two large carrots, sliced, two onions, two sticks of celery, two turnips, and some pieces of cauliflower. Cover the saucepan closely, and simmer gently for three hours. Melt two ounces of butter in a saucepan. Mix a table-spoonful of flour smoothly with it. Let it brown, dilute it with a little of the broth, season with ketchup, and add it to the rest of the stew. Let the broth boil up once more, and add pepper and salt to taste. Serve in a large dish. Put the meat in the middle, the vegetables round, the gravy over all, and send to table as hot as possible. Hotch-potch may be made with beef, mutton, lamb, fowl, or pickled pork, and with vegetables varying according to the season. A mixture of two kinds of meat is very good, and some cooks mince the meat instead of serving it in outlets. In the West Indies it is very commonly used by the natives, but is made so hot with pepper, that it is known by the name of "pepper pot." Sufficient for six or seven persons.—From "*Cassell's Dictionary of Cookery*," for April.

TEMPT NOT; OR HARRY RUTHVEN'S MISTAKE.

CHAPTER I.

"Indeed, papa," said Harry Ruthven, "if I had thought you would have been so much annoyed about it, I should not have given Joe the money, but I could not bear to hear those men calling you mean and stingy. Joe Warden said that no gentleman—certainly not the old Laird—would have allowed a faithful old servant to go away without giving him something with which to treat his companions before leaving them."

"But, Harry, you surely cannot have forgotten that whatever my uncle may have tolerated here, I do not allow the use of intoxicating drinks in my house, and that I may have dismissed Joe chiefly because he has repeatedly disobeyed me in this respect."

"Yes, papa," answered Harry, still anxious to excuse himself, "but that was different you know, and you need not have cared how Joe spent the money when he was no longer your servant. At any rate, I did not like to hear them speaking so about you, so I gave Joe the guinea grand-mamma sent me last week; and indeed, papa, I did not think I was doing wrong, and they all said I was so generous," said poor, simple Harry, trying to avoid Mr. Ruthven's sad, stern eye.

"So you sacrificed grand-mamma's gift to the honor of the Ruthven family! Well, I only hope you may never live to regret your rash act of mistaken generosity, my son, or sorrow as I have sorrowed for a similar mistake. So the good folks of Denley thought I was mean, did they? I tell you, Harry, I should have no words strong enough to express my contempt for the meanness of a man in my position, and holding my views, who would give his money for any such purpose."

"I don't understand, papa, how it would be mean."

"Why, Harry, if I consider drunkenness a most loathsome thing, and would feel thoroughly ashamed to be seen in a state of intoxication myself, would it not be unspeakably mean in me to help to make others what I scorn to be myself?"

"Yes, I see, papa, but I never heard any one speak so seriously about it before. What makes you think so differently from other people?"

"I have good reason, my boy, but the story is too sad a one to

tell you—and yes, perhaps it might be a warning to you."

"Oh! is it a story, papa, and about yourself? Do please tell me it."

"Well, I think I will, Harry, but let us wait until the evening, so that the others may hear it too. You know the 'Children's Hour' is the orthodox time for story-telling."

CHAPTER II.

Joe Warden, the Ruthven coachman, was quitting the service of his kind master, the Laird of Ruthven, at what we call in

the worse of it. Among my uncle's servants his head gardener was my greatest favorite, and as the liking was mutual we spent as much time as possible together. He was ten years my senior, and when I, a delicate city boy, arrived at Ruthven to enjoy and benefit by the fresh country air for a week or two in midsummer, I used to consider it a magnificent treat to be allowed out for an afternoon with young Henderson. He it was who taught me all sorts of healthy sports in which country boys delight; led me to the spot in Ruthven Den



Scotland the Whitsunday term, so it was not very late in the evening when the children assembled, "tween the gloamin' an' the mirk," to hear papa's promised story. There had been a refreshing shower of rain during the afternoon, and every object in nature seemed purer and sweeter from its gentle influence. The early rosebuds at the windows, which had hitherto kept their delicate petals safely inclosed within their green protections, now allowed them to show their coy beauty to the eye of Eve. So, while song-birds warbled their evening hymn joyously in the "clear shining after rain," Mr. Ruthven began:—"In my younger days, children, there used to be far more drinking to excess in the middle and upper classes than there is now. I remember well, when I used to spend my holidays here, in my uncle's time, how he and his guests used to pride themselves on the quantity of wine they could drink without being visibly

where the wild strawberries ripen best to this day; and showed me how to use the fishing-rod as cunningly as you, son Harry. But as I grew older the more childish of these sports were gradually relinquished, and manlier ones took their place; yet still, as in former years, it was David Henderson who taught me to hunt, skate, curl, &c., &c. This humble friend of mine lived in the pretty lodge at the west gate, which is standing empty just now. His young wife acted as portress, whilst he was busy in my uncle's old-fashioned gardens."

"O, papa, how nice it would be if your David Henderson were there still! Why did he ever go away?" cried the children, who were just as fond of rural pastimes as their father had been in his younger days.

"He might have been there still," answered Mr. Ruthven, sighing, "had it not been for an imprudent act of mine,—but to continue my story—

"One Christmas my uncle had a great many guests in Ruthven Hall, and a few young people had been invited for my sake. It had been a green Christmas, to our great disappointment, and though we tried our best to amuse ourselves with long walks and indoor games, still the time passed slowly, and many were our longings for two or three days of hard frost. At last, one morning, just as we were giving up hope, Henderson came up to the hall to say that the ice was bearing. A skating party was quickly formed, and off we set, followed by many warnings, sage advice, and good wishes from my uncle and his companions, who promised to come down in the afternoon to see the fun. We were, of course, all excitement, and the skating was splendid until noon, when Henderson, who was still near us, said he thought it would be prudent to keep away from the southern extremity of the lake. At first we did so, but somehow, after a time, one or two of us found ourselves on the forbidden ground. Suddenly, I fancied I felt the ice giving way under my feet, and remembering David's warning tried to hasten off the spot as quickly as possible, but it was already too late; there was a loud crash, and I sank helpless, down, down, until I felt the rush of the ice-cold water over my head. I cannot tell you, dear children, how long I remained in this sorry plight before help came; but my uncle, who had just come up, told me afterwards that David Henderson saw my danger before I sank, and with as much haste as the precarious state of the ice would admit of, approached the dangerous spot, and was enabled, though not without risking his own safety, to snatch me from what, but for his promptness, might have proved a watery grave. It all seemed like a dreadful dream when I returned to consciousness, and found myself lying on a couch, in front of a blazing fire in the housekeeper's room. She, kind woman, would have made an invalid of me for the rest of the day, but I rebelled and insisted on joining my friends at the dinner-table."

CHAPTER III.

"In the evening my uncle sent for Henderson, in order, as he said, that he might personally thank the preserver of his heir. Willingly," said Mr. Ruthven, after a short pause, "would I blot out from my memory what followed. When Henderson en-

tored, my uncle, in his bluff, hearty way, rose, and shaking his hand warmly said, 'Come, David, my friends and I wish to drink the health of a man to whom I and my nephew, at least, must ever be deeply indebted.' Uncle Ruthven suited the action to the word, and then filling the massive old goblet beside him (an heirloom in our family), handed it to Henderson, thinking that he would doubtless be glad of the opportunity of returning the toast. Imagine, then, his surprise when David replaced the goblet on the table untouched, saying, modestly but firmly, that he had not tasted spirits since his marriage, and would rather be excused from doing so now.

"What nonsense!" cried my uncle, who seemed very much displeased at his gardener's refusal; 'here, Henry, my boy,' turning to me 'see if you cannot persuade your constant companion and rural hero to drink a single glass to the health of one whose life he has so lately saved. If his attachment to you is real, and not *politic*, he cannot but grant you this favor.' Now I had my own reasons for wishing to preserve peace between my uncle and David, and besides, I was foolish and vain enough to wish to show my uncle's guests what an attached follower I had in David Henderson; so, in spite of the pleading look in his honest brown eyes, I held up the fatal goblet to him, saying, 'One glass on such an occasion surely cannot hurt you, David; do not let such a trifle come between us to cool our friendship or I shall really think that, after all, you do not care much for the life you so gallantly risked your own to save to-day.' 'Will you answer for the consequences?' was David's only reply, as he took the goblet into his trembling hands. 'To be sure, David; I'll settle matters with the little wife down at the lodge.'

"Such a solemn question, and so lightly answered!"

Henderson returned the old goblet to the table with a new light in his eyes. 'Just another, to show that there's no ill feeling between us, master,' he said, with a strange, nervous laugh. 'Ah! I thought your scruples would soon give way,' said my uncle, filling a smaller glass for him. How often this was repeated I cannot tell, for at last I could no longer bear to see David's flushed face and excited eye; so, stung with remorse, I left the room and went to order a basket of good things to be sent

down to his wife and little ones at the lodge. How my guilty heart leaped when in passing the door of the housekeeper's little parlor I saw Mrs. Henderson sitting there by the fire. I would gladly have escaped, but she saw me before I turned away, and coming forward, asked me if I knew where her husband was."

"In the dining-room with my uncle," I said falteringly. I suppose she must have seen the grief in my face, for she grew suddenly white and leaned against the wall for support.



'Oh, Mr. Henry,' she cried, 'you don't mean to say that they have been tempting him to taste spirits. Tell me anything but that. He is so excitable, that the smallest quantity is quite enough to make him lose his self-command. I never saw David so bad as he was on our wedding-day, and he promised me then that he would never be the same again. He has kept that promise faithfully for five years; surely, Mr. Henry, the laird has not persuaded him to break it now?' The wife's anxious question, accompanied by the mute entreaty of her eye, pierced my very heart. Never till that moment did I realize what it was to have such a sin brought home to one. Turning my guilty face away I cried out in an agony of self-reproach, 'He has indeed broken his promise, Mrs. Henderson, but it was not the laird who tempted him; it was I, his friend.' I fled upstairs to my room before the poor woman could speak again; but I think the memory of her

white, woe-stricken face will never, never leave me. I have no idea how that miserable day ended, for I fell ill. Never a strong lad, the accident of the morning, with the after-excitement of the day, proved too much for me, and I succumbed to a low fever, which confined me to my quiet room for a fortnight. During the first week, I believe, Henderson was scarcely ever seen sober. The old craving, once yielded to, seemed to be irresistible. So my inconsistent uncle dismissed him summarily, as I heard afterwards. Since then,

in spite of many enquiries, I have heard nothing of my boyhood's friend, whose character and life, in a thoughtless moment, I fear I ruined. I shall always consider myself to have been David Henderson's worst enemy. And now, Harry, do you wonder that I was so pained and hurt by your conduct this morning?"

"Oh, papa," said the boy with tears in his eyes, "I never thought such a little thing could do so much harm. I shall never forget about poor David Henderson. How splendid it would be," continued Harry turning, as youth will, to the hopeful side of things, "if we could find him out yet and bring him back to Ruthven, to begin his life over again!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"GOD SEES YOU."

Many children have read the sweet tales of the Danish writer, Hans Christian Andersen. A pleasing story of his childhood is told in a sketch of his life:—

Little Hans was one day, with his mother and some other poor neighbors, gleaning in the field of a man who was said to be very harsh and cruel. They saw him coming, and all started to run away. But Hans' clumsy wooden shoes came off; the stubble, or short stumps of the grain-stalks which had been left by the reapers, hurt his tender feet, so that he could not keep up with the others, and he found he must be caught. The rough owner of the field was very near, and could now almost reach him with his heavy whip; when Hans, whose hopeless case now suddenly filled him with new courage, stopped, and turned, and looking into the man's face said: "How dare you strike me when God sees you?"

The anger of his pursuer was subdued at once. Instead of striking the boy, he gently stroked his cheeks, asked his name, and gave him some money. The truth, of which little Hans reminded him when about to do a mean and cruel act, seemed to make him ashamed of it at once, and to cause him to speak and act kindly.

How many wicked words and acts children as well as grown people might be kept from saying and doing, if they could at the right time be reminded, as that man was, of the presence of God! When you rise in the morning; through all the hours of the day; when you go to bed at night; in the darkness when you are fast asleep; when you are faithful in duty; when you are careless; when you are kind and loving, and when you are unkind and selfish and sinful—always, everywhere, *God sees you*. When you are tempted to speak harshly to your little brothers or sisters, or undutifully to your parents; when you are tempted to lie, cheat, or steal, to speak a profane or naughty word—ask yourself, "How dare I do this wicked thing, when God can see me?"—*Mother's Magazine*.

—A poor woman had a supply of coal laid at her door by a charitable neighbor. A very little girl came out with a small fire shovel, and began to take up a shovelful at a time, and carry it to a sort of bin in the cellar. We said to the child:—

"Do you expect to get all that coal in with that little shovel?" (Child, quite confused with the question), "Yes, sir, if I work long enough."

—Seek not to be rich, but happy. The one lies in bags, the other in content, which wealth can never give.



The Family Circle.

SLANDER

Among the loathsome vices of the age, The most revolting to the saint and sage Is that of slandering an honest name, And robbing Virtue of her spotless fame...

"Did you hear what happen'd poor Miss S—? I never d to think of her mamma's distress. And, as said, there is not a bitter strife Between young B and his light-headed wife..."

JANET MASON'S TROUBLES

(From the Sunday Magazine)

CHAPTER X — Continued

So they set off cheerfully from the office-stall, and walked away down the street, with pretty brisk steps at first. But before they had walked for a couple of minutes poor Tabby was panting again...

"I ain't hungry, but it looks good and it smells good too—No, I don't want no bread," she said, pushing back the piece that Janet offered her. "I only wants a bit o' fish. What a pity I ain't hungry! Wouldn't it be a prime dinner if I was..."

"morrow." Janet asked eagerly, with her own face white, too, with fear. "Oh, yes, I daresay I'll be better to-morrow." Tabby answered in a careless tone...



piled up planks of wood she seemed so tired that Janet said something to her presently about going to sleep. "I've been a trying that dodge already," answered Tabby, "but somehow I gets caught up. Seems as if the bellows wouldn't go right..."

lie down. There's something broke." "Something broke in the bedstead," said her mother anxiously. The child gave a curious laugh as the woman asked her this. "No, it ain't in the bedstead, it's in me," she said...

may pr'aps have bruised you a bit. Let's see. She uncovered the child's chest, and stood for a few moments looking at the dark marks upon it. Her tone had got a little subdued when she spoke again. "It ain't nothing but a bruise. You'll be right enough in a day or two. Them bruises is sore sometimes, but they ain't nothing to signify. I've had 'em worse than that many a time. Just go to to sleep now, and think no more about 'em..."

but on from this time through other weary days and nights, she lay on that uneasy bed of hers, never saying one complaining word, never exacting anything from the people round her, never expecting that anything should be done for her. "I know the 'o's something broke," she always said, but she never said it as if she thought that any effort should be made to find out what was broken. The thing was done, and, being done, it never occurred to Tabby's simple, untaught, unreasoning mind that she could do anything else than bear it, just as any other hurt, helpless wild animal might. "They don't have doctors for the likes o' me," she said to Janet once. "Bless you, it wouldn't pay 'em. And the doctors—why, I've heard they kills more'n they cures," said Tabby, shrewdly, thinking perhaps that on the whole she was well quit of them.

(To be Continued.)

"STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS"

Whither pilgrims are you going
Going each with staff in hand?

What is the answer? The question supposes the persons addressed to be so evidently pilgrims, that the difference between them and those around attracts notice. Is it so, dear friends, as it applies to us? Does the world see such a difference in our habits, likings, &c., that it is obliged to ask, "Where are you going?" Oh! it is a blessed testimony when lookers-on see a Christian so taken up with the things of another world that they are led to enquire the reason. I am afraid many are so like the world in their ways that they are not known to be pilgrims at all, they just seem satisfied with the same home, the same conversation, the same pleasures. But when the question is asked, if you can say it from the bottom of your heart, and your life bears out what you say, and people know it to be all true, it is such a blessed thing to be able to answer:

We are going on a journey
Going at our King's command
We are going to His palace
Going to the better land

Remember, if you are a pilgrim, you will be a stranger. The Apostle puts together "strangers and pilgrims," and they cannot be separated, because every one whose name is enrolled in the heavenly city is a foreigner upon earth. People say, "why don't you do this or that?" and our answer is, "I am a stranger, it is not worth while for me to do as the people of the land." Besides, if we are in a foreign land, the language will be strange to us, and however we may be inclined to settle down, the sounds we hear will always remind us that we are not at home. If we were to go to France or Germany, we might learn to speak the language, but we would know very well it was not our own.

Now God's pilgrims feel like this when they go into the world. There is such a difference in the conversation that they cannot feel at home, for though they understand the words, they cannot understand the things, and they say, "How I wish I could get among my own people!" just as an Englishman would long to get back to England.

I want you to understand that if you are pilgrims, you will be as foreigners here. You will have many blessings by the way that the inhabitants of the land do not get, and they will have many things that you are not able to seek after. They will get some kind of amusements they think very gay and merry; and money, perhaps, in a way you could not; and in earthly gains they may seem to prosper more than you, but you will have, as they cannot, a peace, a calmness, a satisfying joy, that will enable you to take any present loss very easily, and to give up things that you would otherwise like to have, just because you feel there will be plenty of time for the enjoyment of them when you get home, and that it is not worth troubling about them by the way.

"I'm a stranger."—Dear friends, do not try to cast off that thought. Some of God's own people, very, very anxious to be useful to souls, for it is one of the first wishes of a converted heart to be a blessing to this poor world, mistake the way. You will never do them any good if they see you sitting down as though this were your seat, and grasping with the same eagerness as they do its pleasures and its gains. I have seen Christians lose the power of doing good, or of witnessing for God, because they were not bearing the stamp of "strangers and pilgrims." People turn around and say, "These people care as much for money as they ever did," or, "They are just as selfish and unwilling to lend a hand to a neighbor. Look," they say, "how they run after pleasure; how they spend their time in this or that, though they talk about the joy they have. Why, they are not a bit more satisfied than we are!"

I say again, dear friends, if you want to be of any use in winning the souls of others, confess yourselves "strangers and pilgrims," and while ready to do a kind act for anyone, show that you care nothing for the straws the world

is running after. It is a great thing to let the world see we have got a satisfying portion. This seems to settle so many doubtful things. You say, perhaps, Why may I not go to this amusement to this show? &c., &c. I think of many things which we cannot exactly call sin. We have to say, "They are what the world runs after, and we have something better." If really a stranger and pilgrim, you must not look for pleasure and society where you will hear your Master's name blasphemed, and see many things that are grievous to Him. Every day you should feel this more and more, and depend upon it, acting in your character of "stranger and pilgrim," the world will not want you. People will soon find out that you do not like their trifling conversation, and cannot join in their sinful jokes—and the sooner they find this out the better, for you will then be in your true character, and only in this character will you be able to help them.—*Woman's World*.

COMING TO CHRIST

At one time my sister had trouble with her little boy, and the father said, "Why, Sammy, you must go now and ask your mother's forgiveness." The little fellow said he wouldn't. The father says, "You must. If you don't go and ask your mother's forgiveness I shall have to undress you and put you to bed." He was a bright, nervous little fellow, never still a moment, and the father thought—he will do it, he will have such a dread of being undressed and put to bed. But the little fellow wouldn't, so they undressed him and put him to bed. The father went to his business, and when he came home at noon he said to his wife, "Has Sammy asked your forgiveness?" "No," she said, "he hasn't." So the father went to him and said, "Why, Sammy, why don't you ask your mother's forgiveness?" The little fellow shook his head. "Won't do it." "But, Sammy, you have got to." "Couldn't." The father went down to his office and stayed all the afternoon, and when he came home he asked his wife, "Has Sammy asked your forgiveness?" "No, I took something up to him and tried to have him eat, but he wouldn't." So the father went up to see him, and said, "Now, Sammy, just ask your mother's forgiveness and you may be dressed and come down to supper with us." "Couldn't do it." The father coaxed, but the little fellow "couldn't do it." That was all they could get out of him. You know very well he could, but he didn't want to. The hardest thing a man has to do is to become a Christian, and it is the easiest. That may seem a contradiction, but it isn't. The hard point is because he don't want to. The hardest thing for a man to do is to give up his will. That night they retired, and they thought, surely early in the morning he will be up ready to ask his mother's forgiveness. The father went to him,—that was Friday morning,—to see if he was ready to ask his mother's forgiveness, but he "couldn't." The father and mother felt so bad about it, they could not eat; they thought it was to darken their whole life. Perhaps that boy thought his father and mother didn't love him. Just what many sinners think because God won't let them have their own way. The father went to his business, and when he came home he said to his wife, "Has Sammy asked your forgiveness?" "No." So he went to the little fellow and said, "Now, Sammy, are you not going to ask your mother's forgiveness?" "Can't," and that was all they could get out of him. The father could not eat any dinner, it was like death in the house. It seemed as if the boy was going to conquer his father and mother. Instead of his will being broken, it looked very much like as if he was going to break theirs. Late Friday afternoon, "Mother, mother, forgive," says Sammy,—"me." And the little fellow said "me," and he sprang to his feet, and said "I have said it, I have said it. Now dress me, and take me down to see father. He will be so glad to know I have said it." And she took him down, and when the little fellow came he said, "I've said it, I've said it." Oh, my friends, it is so easy to say, "I will arise and go to my God." It is the most reasonable thing you can do. Isn't it an unreasonable one to hold out? Come right to God just this very hour. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." And now, this night believe and thou shalt be saved.—*D. L. Moody*.

SET TIME FOR DEVOTION.

When Daniel was watched by his adversaries, it was discovered that he was in the habit three times a day of praying to God. Now, of course, I do not mean to affirm that the rule which he had laid down for himself is a law for every one, so far, at least, as the number of times is concerned. Some may require more in order to keep up their spiritual strength, and for others, fewer may suffice, but it is essential to the preservation of heightened religious health, that we should all have some stated seasons consecrated to devotion

The importance of such a rule is all the greater in the present day, because, as regards this subject, we are passing through a period of reaction, which is not without its dangers.

Our fathers were very exact in their attention to the duties of the closet, but they somewhat lost sight of the importance of religion in common life. They drew very definitely the line between the sacred and the secular, so-called, but they seem to have, to some extent, overlooked the fact that there is a worship of God as real, and as acceptable, in the performance of ordinary business, and in the discharge of daily domestic duties, out of view to Him as there is in the devotions of the closet, or the fellowship of the Lord's Supper. They went, perhaps, to one extreme, but we are now in danger of running into its opposite.

Our popular religious authors are continually telling us that we may serve God anywhere, that there is worship in working for Him, and that we ought to make our entire lives so many hymns of praise or offerings of prayer. Now there is truth in all this—truth too, most wholesome and important,—yet we must not allow it to overlay this other truth, that we can continuously maintain that high spirituality of daily life only by observing stated seasons of communion with God. The apostolic precept "Pray without ceasing," must not be so expounded as to explain away the injunction of the Master, "Enter into thy closet and shut thy door." The duty of serving God at all times, and on all days, must not be so enforced as to rule out of every day the "still hour" of the closet, or to shut out of every week the special and peculiar blessing of the Sabbath. Yet it is undeniable that this is the tendency of much that is said and written on this subject at present. It is affirmed that it is not so important to go regularly into the closet, as it is to have the whole life prayerful, and that it is not of so much consequence to give an exalted character to the Sabbath as it is to make every day a Sabbath.

But a business man like Daniel, bringing his common sense to bear upon this matter, brushes away all these specious and fine-spun utterances, as easily as one sweeps from his path the gossamer of the morning. He sees at once that such a course, instead of bringing the whole day up to the level of the closet, or the entire week up to the level of the Sabbath, will inevitably sink them both into the depths of earthiness and sin.

He knows that periodicity is, in some inextinguishable way, the law of his being, and that if he set that at defiance, disaster must ensue. The tear and wear of the day must be repaired by the sleep of the night, and the exhaustion of labor necessitates the regular observance of set times for the taking of food. Now it is quite similar in spiritual matters.

The maintenance of vigorous religious life demands the stated enjoyment of the privileges of the closet.

We should ruin our physical constitutions if we were to give up our regular meals, and think to preserve our health by carrying in our pockets a supply of food, from which we should keep helping ourselves continuously throughout the day. So we shall destroy our piety, if, ignoring the closet, we seek to substitute for it the mere extempore ejaculations of prayer, which are pressed out of us by the emergencies of business as they arise.—*W. M. Taylor, D. D.*

"I'LL PAY YOU FOR THAT."

A hen trod on a duck's foot. She did not mean to do it, and it did not hurt her much. But the duck said:

"I'll pay you for that!"

So the duck flew at the hen, but as she did so her wing struck an old goose who stood close by.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the goose, and she flew at the duck; but as she did so her foot tore the fur of a cat who was just then in the yard.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the cat, and she flew at the goose; but as she did so her tail brushed the eye of a sheep who was near.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the sheep, and he ran at the cat; but as he did so his foot hit the foot of a dog who lay in the sun.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried he, and he ran at the sheep, but as he did so his leg struck an old cow who stood by the gate.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried she as she ran at the dog; but as she did so her horn grazed the skin of a horse who stood by a tree.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried he and he ran at the cow.

What a run there was! The horse flew at the cow; and the cow at the dog; and the dog at the sheep; and the sheep at the cat; and the cat at the goose; and the goose at the duck; and the duck at the hen. What a noise they made to be sure!

"Hi, hi! What is all this?" cried the man who had the care of them. "I cannot have this noise. You may stay here," he said to the hen. But he drove the duck to the pond, and the goose to the field, and the cat to the

barn, and the sheep to her fold, and the dog to his house, and the cow to her yard, and the horse to his stall.

"I'll pay you for that!" said the man.—*Norfolk*.

"IF THY RIGHT HAND OFFEND
THINE LEFT"

Cut it off! Why? It is a good hand. It might even prove to be a very useful hand. Why not keep it, restrain it, regulate it, use it in moderation?"

Because "it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire."

That is Christ's doctrine about anything that tempts to sin. It may be as harmless as a hand, as useful as a hand, cut it off if it is a perpetual temptation. It may be as harmless as an eye, as useful as an eye, pluck it out rather than let it lure you to hell.

This glass of wine—what harm in it? Is it not one of God's good gifts? Is it not a "fruit of the vine"? Is it not that which "cheereth God and man"? Shall I cut it off? Ay! cut it off, though it were as bright as the eye and as useful as the hand, if it tempts thee to evil.

But it does not tempt me; I am strong. The withes that bind other men have no power over me. I can sleep in Delilah's lap and wake and laugh defiance at the Philistines. It only tempts my brother, my child, my friend; or the poor, weak-willed creature that cites my moderation as an excuse for his self-indulgence.

It were better for one that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones.

Till the wine-cup neither tempts you nor your weaker brother to sin, it is surely Christian to cut it off. Is it not?—*Christian Weekly*

SELECTIONS.

— Friends will not believe you love them if you constantly remind them of their little faults. Parents, above all others, have the privilege with their children; but they, too, should use it so as "not to provoke them to wrath."

— A moment's work on clay tells more than an hour's labor on brick. So, work on hearts should be done before they harden. During the first six or eight years of child-life mothers have chief sway, and this is the time to make the deepest and most enduring impressions on the youthful mind.

PRIDE.—Dr. Franklin says, Pride is as cruel as a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece. It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

THE SMYRNA WHIP.—Very many years ago when I was serving in one of H. M. ships at Smyrna, I remember my gratification at seeing the gentle method there adopted by the residents for urging on their donkeys—much employed by them in going between their country residences and their various offices and "establishments" in that important mercantile town. Nor stick, nor whip, nor goad, nor spur was ever thought of, but simply a small light iron rod about fifteen inches long, having an "eye" or loop at one end, and three or four small rings of the same metal attached thereto. These, shaken close to the animal's ear, made him again shake his aurial appendages and go ahead forthwith. Let any of your readers try the experiment with a bunch of keys at the end of a small stick, and they will feel inclined, with me, to urge the general adoption of the "Smyrna whip" throughout the length and breadth of the land.—I am, sir, yours, &c.—*ASHLEY LA TORCHIE (Commander R. N.)—Animal World*.

A FAMILY JOURNAL.—In a certain farmhouse twenty years ago a great blank book was kept, and labelled Home Journal. Every night some one made an entry in it. Father set down the sale of the calves, or mother the cut of the baby's eyetooth; or, perhaps, Jenny wrote a full account of the sleighing party last night, or Bob the proceedings of the Phi Beta club, or Tom scrawled "Tried my new gun. Bully. Shot into the fence and Johnson's old cat." On toward the middle of the book there was an entry of Jenny's marriage, and one of the younger girls had added a description of the bridesmaids' dresses, and long afterward there was written, "This day father died," in Bob's trembling hand. There was a blank of many months after that. But nothing could have served better to bind that family of headstrong boys and girls together than the keeping of this book. They come back to the old homestead now, men and women with grizzled hair, to see their mother who is still living, and turn over its pages reverently with many a hearty laugh, or the tears coming into their eyes. It is their childhood come back again in visible shape.—*Scribner's Monthly*.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From the Hebrew Question Book.)

THE WISE CHOICE IN THE LIFE OF SOLOMON.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.—The first quarter closed with a lesson upon Abenlom's death, which occurred B. C. 1014. Over this death David mourned severely, but finally he arose and returned in triumph to Jerusalem. His remaining enemies were then subdued after which Satan induced him to number the people for which act God sent fearful pestilence. Through penitence and in obedience this was finally stayed, whereupon David purchased ground, erected an altar, and offered sacrifices, which God accepted by sending fire from heaven to consume them. By this token David knew this was the chosen spot for God's permanent worship. 1 Chron. 22:1-2 Chron. 3:1. This led him to resume his efforts for a temple to God, and in preparation for this David's charge to Solomon was given some eight years after Abenlom's death.

LESSON I

JULY 21. DAVID'S CHARGE TO SOLOMON. (About B. C. 1015.) READ 1 Chron. 28:1-10.

TOPIC—A Country of God's blessing.

GOLDEN TEXT—From the mouth of the father, and from the womb of the mother, and with a willing mind. 1 Chron. 28:9.

HOME READINGS.—M.—1 Chron. 28:1-10. 7-12 Sam. 7:1-13. W.—1 Chron. 21:18-30. 2A.—1 Chron. 22:1-16. F.—1 Chron. 29:1-9. Sa.—1 Chron. 29:10-28. S.—Psa. 91:1-16.

OUTLINE: Ministry to God appointed.—1. As to what men shall do, v. 1-6. 2. As to how men shall do, v. 7-10.

QUESTIONS, etc.—Recite the TITLE. What special point of this charge is stated in the GOLDEN TEXT? The general lesson is stated in the TOPIC. recite it. Recite the OUTLINE. What was our last lesson from the Old Testament? Read the INTRODUCTORY NOTE, and tell what had occurred between the time of that lesson and of this. How many years intervened?

1. Ministry appointed as to what men shall do, v. 1-6; Ps. 75:7. Dan. 2:21. Ministry is the act of ministering or serving. What proposed ministry to God is named in v. 2? How long before had he proposed this? 2 Sam. 7:1-3. Read his desire expressed in Psa. 132:3-5. Who checked this purpose of David's? 2 Sam. 7:4-7. 1 Kings 5:3. Why checked? To what ministry not proposed by David did God call him? v. 4. What lines of ministry to God were chosen for Solomon? v. 5, 6. Read 1 Cor. 12:8-11, and explain how it illustrates our TOPIC.

Read 1 Cor. 1:27, 28, and tell how it illustrates God's independence of men. What ministry has God assigned you?

2. Ministry appointed as to how men shall do, v. 7-10; Ps. 24:3-4. Isa. 1:16, 17. How did God require that Solomon should act? v. 7. How does David ask the people to act? v. 8. How does David charge Solomon to act? v. 9, 10. How does God require you to act?

What light does this lesson shed? 1. Upon the way to choose a business? 2. Upon what religious work to do? 3. Upon whom to consult at all times? DOCTRINE: God a sovereign. Ps. 103:19-145:1. 1 Tim. 6:14, 15.

LESSON II.

JULY 21. SOLOMON'S CHOICE. (About B. C. 1015.) READ 2 Chron. 1:1-7.

TOPIC—Making choice of divine wisdom.

GOLDEN TEXT—If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God that giveth to all men liberally.—James 1:5.

HOME READINGS.—M.—2 Chron. 1:1-17. T.—Prov. 1:1-19. W.—Prov. 3:1-18. Th.—Matt. 7:7-14. F.—Mark 10:35-45. Sa.—Luke 18:35-43. S.—Pa. 72:1-20.

OUTLINE: 1. The royal offering, v. 1-6. 2. The great opportunity, v. 7. 3. The wise choice, v. 8-10. 4. The Divine blessing, v. 11-17.

QUESTIONS, etc.—Recite the TITLE and OUTLINE. The general lesson is stated in the TOPIC. recite it. What special encouragement have we in the GOLDEN TEXT? In what year did the events of our lesson happen? What is the CONNECTION LINK with the preceding lesson?

1. The Royal Offering, v. 1-6; 1 Kings 3:4. 1 Chron. 29:21. Heb. 9:13-14. Explain the three things said of Solomon in v. 1. From v. 2, tell, (1) Why Solomon went to Gibeon; (2) Who went with him; and, (3) What they did there.

What offering grander than this has been made in what respects was it grander? The Great Opportunity, v. 7. Matt. 7:7, 8. Mark 11:9-10. James 1:5.

Read with v. 7, 1 Kings 3:5. What was this "great opportunity?" What opportunity equally great have you? 3. The Wise Choice, v. 8-10. Josh. 24:15. Prov. 3:5-6. Matt. 4:22.

For what would most persons ask, "to them God should say." "Ask what I shall give thee." For what would you ask? What did Solomon ask? v. 10. Why? What do Solomon's words in v. 8, 9, show us? Have you a spirit like that in him?

4. The Divine Blessing, v. 11-17. Prov. 21:21. Mat. 6:38, 25:34. Rom. 2:6, 7.

What blessings were granted Solomon? v. 12. Because of what did God do so much? v. 11. How did God fulfil this great promise? v. 13-17. To what conduct should this encourage us? 1. Why is Wisdom better than gold? 2. What one blessing should we ask of God? DOCTRINE: The freeness of man. 1 Cor. 13:11. Mat. 11:28. John 5:10.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

There is a great hue and cry in some papers about the wicked and wanton cruelty of women in wearing the prepared skins of birds on their hats. It is the same old story over again, "The woman tempted me, and I did eat." Who is it that kills the birds and dresses their skins, and who conceived the idea of using them for adorning the head-gear of woman? Not a woman I'll be bound. More likely some sagaciously wicked man, who saw a market ahead for all the birds he could trap and skin alive. Woman is not cruel—the sight of pain is repulsive and shocking to her. She wears birds and feathers on her hat, to be sure, and that she does sometimes overleap the bounds of good sense in following foolish fashions we will freely admit; but convince her that she is doing a cruel thing, and she will abandon it. She would not wantonly kill a bird and pluck its feathers for the adornment of her person, much less flay one alive to better preserve the brilliancy of the plumage. It is men and boys who do this—they create the demand by supplying the article, and when women, ignorant usually of the means used to secure them, wear the glossy trophies of their cruel cupidity, they are called heartless and cruel.

That it is wrong to thus destroy wantonly and cruelly animal life for the mere gratification of whim and folly, none will deny, but stop the practice where it begins, with those who supply the market.—M., in Western Home Journal.

A WORD TO TEACHERS—Follow up the scholars. You can never know how powerfully they are being won upon by being cared for. Let it quietly grow upon them that they are in your thoughts, and you soon get an influence over them which gives a tenfold power to your teachings. You come to be more than a routine teacher, and as you love your scholars you are loved by them. We call to mind a minister's daughter who was as faithfully looked after as though everything depended on the teacher and nothing on home instruction. The scholar was never absent a Sunday but she was followed by a letter or a friendly visit. The teacher was sorry to miss her from the class. She hoped it was not on account of illness. Should she not see her next Sunday? and so on, in a few thoughtful, loving words, which showed that she was never forgotten and never uncared for. At length the scholar fell sick of a fatal and contagious disease, in which it was imprudent for her teacher to see her. But being asked just before she died what message she would send her, "Tell her," she replied, "that she was the best teacher I ever had. She taught me most, and I loved her most." Anybody can see that a Christian teacher who can win a scholar's love like this, is almost sure to win a soul to Christ. Nor can any one tell how far in this case faithful teaching may have helped the scholar to have no fear of dying, and to meet the king of terrors with a dignity and courage and quiet trust in God which was impressive and almost sublime.—S. S. Times.

Egyptian ladies would regard it as highly indecorous to display upon the streets the attractions nature has bestowed upon them, or the magnificence of their dress. When they go about the streets of Cairo on shopping expeditions, they cover themselves with a dismal robe of black. As a general rule, whatever they are compelled to exhibit to the public gaze is of a simplicity frequently amounting to ugliness, while what they reserve for private inspection is gorgeous and ornate in the extreme.

The pleasant summer days are the best for our younger friends to obtain subscribers to the MESSENGER. It will take a few more than ten thousand subscribers for it to reach the sixty thousand asked to begin the fall and winter campaign with. The publishers of the MESSENGER anticipate for it the largest circu-

lation of any paper in America. There is ample field for it, as it is not confined to any particular sect or division in society. It contains a message for all, and it is cheap enough to be bought by every one. The publishers hope to obtain the ten thousand new subscribers asked for before the end of September, and the fact that the receipts for the months of March, April and May of this year were thirty-six per cent greater than those for the corresponding quarter of last year, show that this hope is not entirely unfounded.

NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 7 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PHYSICIANS' OPINIONS ON "DRESS AND HEALTH."

It would seem that the necessity of dress reform is so great that doctors hold only one opinion on the subject. Dr. Coderre, whose views on vaccination are so honest and so strong, is at one with the publishers on this question. Dr. Wanless represents the Homopaths who are always found in sympathy with the dictates of Hygiene.

May 18th, 1876.

I have perused with much pleasure the pages of your publication, entitled "Dress and Health." The subject is one the importance of which I am continuously advocating.

Your book is well written and very instructive to those who may have a desire to enjoy life in themselves, and to see it enjoyed by others, in having their internal soft organs right and in the right place, for these organs can only be suited to perform their functions healthfully, when they are allowed to do their duty in their normal freedom. When pressure is applied which impedes the circulation of the blood through any part of the body, the health of that part suffers, of course, and the physical sin is most inevitably punished proportionately without recommendation to mercy. Your little work is designed to do much good and should be in the hands of every one to be well studied, and its precepts practised. If so, the results to the health of the present and succeeding generations would be incalculable.

JOHN WANLESS, M.D.

(Translated from the French.)

MONTREAL, May 22, 1876

Messrs John Dougall & Co.

GENTLEMEN,—It is with pleasure I to-day reply to your letter of the 1st inst., in which you request my opinion as to the usefulness and worth of your little work "Dress and Health," which has lately issued from your press. Having read the greater part of this little work, I have no doubt that it will produce, in society, the most happy effects. Being essentially addressed to the ladies, it will not fail to make them reflect on their manner of dressing and on the disastrous effects of the fashions of the day. The abuses which are described are in great part the cause of the sickness and feebleness of young people, as well as of mothers, who see with regret premature old age.

"Dress and Health" should work great reform in the dress of ladies, especially on those who will peruse it attentively. I earnestly recommend it to be read by those who desire to preserve their health and that of their daughters, and that they put into practice the wise and salutary rules laid down by the authors for the moral and physical health of woman. I am gentlemen, yours &c.,

J. EMERT-CODERRE, M. D.

—It should be remembered that every new yearly subscriber to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY whose subscription is sent in before the July number is issued will receive the June number free, and his subscription will date from July. The enlargement of and improvements in the Magazine will date from that number.

—There are but a few hundred of our temperate tracts left, but as yet a fair stock of apples of Gold, which is, however, diminishing rapidly. Those requiring these valuable Gospel Messengers should order at once. The price is \$1 for three hundred, comprising 1,200 pages, the size of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS

For the MESSENGER are: 1 copy.....\$ 0.30 10 copies..... 2.50 25 copies..... 6.00 50 copies..... 11.50 100 copies..... 22.00 1,000 copies..... 200.00

J. DOUGALL & SON, Publishers.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

COMBINATION PRIZE COMPETITION.

I. We offer the following prizes to the persons who mail us the largest amounts for all the publications on or before AUGUST 15th, 1876:

Table with 2 columns: Prize rank and amount. For largest amount, 1st prize \$20; For second largest amount, 2nd do \$15; For third do, 3rd do \$12; For fourth do, 4th do \$10; For fifth do, 5th do \$8; For sixth do, 6th do \$7; For seventh do, 7th do \$6; For eighth do, 8th do \$5; For ninth do, 9th do \$4; For tenth do, 10th do \$3.

II. We want this year to introduce the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY everywhere, and will give an additional prize of \$15 to the person who sends us the largest amount in subscriptions to this magazine during the time above stated, whether they compete for the other prizes or not. All the subscriptions for this prize count in the other as well.

III. To the one who sends in the largest number of subscriptions to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, either for three, six or twelve months, we will give a prize of \$10. This prize is not open to the winner of No. 2. Three or six months will count as much as a whole year.

IV. To the person who sends us during this competition the largest amount in subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER we will give a prize of \$10. This is open to any competitor for the other prizes, and the amount sent will count in for the first competition.

V. To the person who sends in the second largest amount in subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER we will give a prize of \$5. This is also open to all competitors and the amount will count in the first competition.

VI. A prize of \$5 will be given to the person sending us the largest amount for subscriptions from New York and land.

VII. A prize of \$5 will be given to the person sending us the largest amount for subscriptions from Montreal.

VIII. A prize of \$5 will be given to the person sending us the largest amount for subscriptions from the City of Columbia.

The following are the prizes for the publications included in the competition and the commission, 10% to competitors:

Table with 3 columns: Publication name, Subscription price, and Commission. DAILY MESSENGER: \$3.00, 30c; THE MESSENGER: 2.00, 20c; WEEKLY MESSENGER: 1.50, 15c; NEW DOMINION MONTHLY: 1.50, 15c; NORTHERN MESSENGER: 1.50, 15c; NORTHERN MESSENGER (Club of 10): 2.50, 25c; WEEKLY MESSENGER with NEW DOMINION MONTHLY: 2.50, 25c.

It will be seen by the above table that every one who sends in a pre-arranged full commission on all subscribers under any circumstances, and may obtain a prize as well. It should not be forgotten that no subscriber is allowed a commission on his own subscription, it is only given to canvassers who obtain subscriptions. All canvassers should invariably collect the full subscription price. Let the contest be a sharp one—one worth winning. All competition lists must be marked "In competition." Without this or similar notice the amount sent cannot be received when our prize list is made up.

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OR HOW TO BE STRONG

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"We have perused with much interest a full and correct history of the celebrated Guibord Case, which has just been issued from the Montreal 'Veritas' Office. It is well got up, and as a record of this great case is worth preserving."—Quebec Mercury.

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