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DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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#### GEORGE KENNAN.

A well-known literary man who met Mr. Kennan on his return from Siberia declared, "I have been talking with a man who has seen hell!" It is not strange, says a writer in the *Century Magazine*, from whose article this sketch is condensed, that the world is curious about one whose experiences can be thus graphically described. We wish further knowledge of the personality of him who has traversed the awful circles and himself tasted the fire. Indeed, he who tells us such tales may justly be asked for an account of himself.

It may well enough be that not only to the readers of this magazine, but to all the world as well, Mr. Kennan's history is centred around the expedition of 1885 to study the exile system. His career up to that time was but a preparation for that high service. Keen, quick, discriminating, yet especially just and accurate, strong in body and with a stout purpose, of an unconquerable will and an indomitable courage, and with an eager interest in all strange places and peoples, Nature had made him for her service. Nursed on difficulties, and trained by necessity, he yet had never parted company with industry and perseverance, while readiness of resource was both his inheritance and his habit.

Born in Norwalk, Ohio, on the 16th of February, 1845, canny Scotch and impetuous Irish blood mingle with the sturdy English currents in the veins of George Kennan; but for four generations the Kennans have been Americans. His father, John Kennan, a young lawyer from Western New York, had found home and wife in what was then a small town of Ohio. His mother was Mary Ann Morse, daughter of a Connecticut clergyman, and it is not without interest to learn that she was of the same family as the great inventor of telegraphy, S. F. B. Morse.

The coveted "education" was no light matter to this seeker after knowledge, as appears by the price he willingly paid for the hope. At the somewhat tender age of twelve George Kennan began life as a telegraphist at Norwalk, which prevented any further regular school-going, but which, with equal pace, led the way to a very different career. For the next five years, not only there but at Wheeling, Columbus, and Cincinnati,—for thoroughness and skill brought rapid promotion,—he never ceased both study and recitation, whether it was 3 or 4 o'clock of the night when he laid

down his work. It was at Cincinnati, in the latter part of 1863, that he finally gave up the hard-fought battle; and from that time on there was no more school for Kennan, and of the plan of a collegiate course only the unconquerable desire remained. It was now in the midst of the civil war, and filled with the patriotic fervor of the time, he left no stone unturned to procure an appointment as telegraph operator in the field, and, failing in this, besieged the authorities for other difficult service.

It was perhaps as much because wearied with importunities as on account of old family friendship, that General Anson Stager, then superintendent of the Western

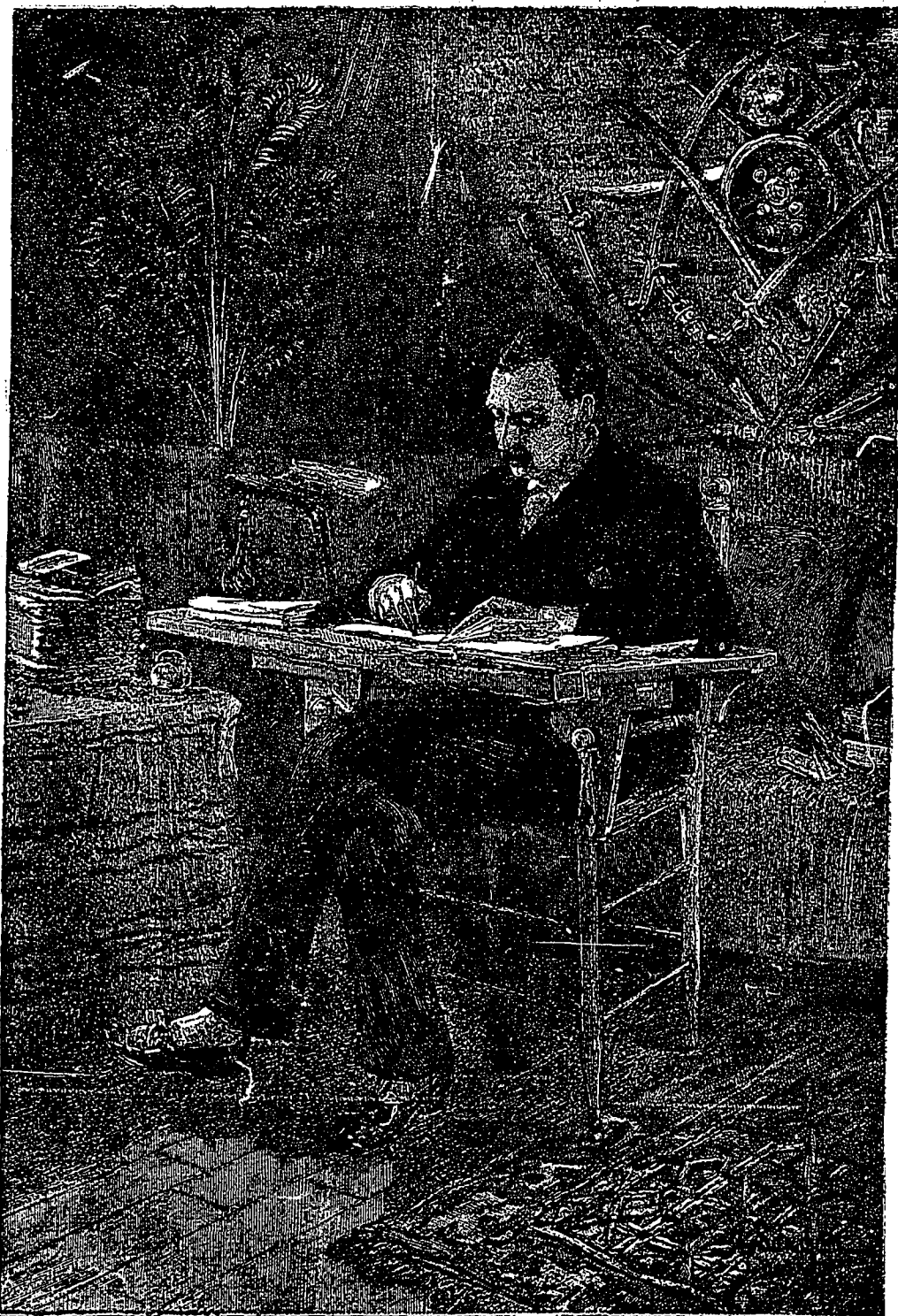
Union Telegraph Company, at last acceded to his request for a place in the Russian-American telegraph expedition. The failure of the first Atlantic cable made it seem for a time as if no such medium of intercontinental communication could be accomplished. In this emergency the Western Union Telegraph Company saw a possibility of a land route through British Columbia and Alaska on the one side, and over the vast barren spaces of Siberia on the other, with the short and quite possible cable across Behring's Straits to connect the two. Work was actually begun upon the line, but the success of the second Atlantic cable put an end to the overland experiment midway in its career. While

it was still a plan however, the restless and gloomy youth in Cincinnati, sitting one day at his place in the office, thinking hopelessly of his appeal to General Stager, suddenly jumped into life at the receipt of a laconic message sent over the wires by that gentleman's own hand, "Can you start for Alaska in two weeks?" and with the confident courage alike of his age and his temperament replied, "Yes, in two hours!" The expedition left for eastern Asia on July 3, 1865.

The two years spent in the wilds of eastern Siberia, with its camps on the boundless steppes, its life in the smoky huts of the wandering Koraks, its arctic winters, its multiplied hardships, and its manifold interests and excitements, proved a very preparatory school for another and vastly more important Siberian journey. Not the least of its advantages was the knowledge of the language then first acquired in those months of often solitary life among the wild tribes of Siberia. Among this man's many qualifications for his work is an unusual linguistic ability.

Not only is a language very easy to him, but almost without his own knowledge he possesses himself of a certain inner sense of its use, and a facility at its idiom. He has been called among the first—if not, indeed, the best—of Russian scholars in America. However this may be, a strong sense of the genius of the language is his to that degree that those fortunate friends who have been introduced by him to some of the leading Russian novelists are sometimes heard to express the wish that he would give over more important work and take to translating. It goes without saying that his acquaintance with Korak and Caucasian, Georgian and Kamtchatkan, wild Cossack and well-to-do citizen, nihilist and soldier, has given him a range of speech seldom possessed in a foreign tongue by any one man, and obviously of inestimable value in the difficult work before him. Certainly no other Russian traveller can equal him in this indispensable adjunct to investigation.

Mr. Kennan's brilliant story of these strange months of work and travel for the telegraph company is too well known to require any retelling of its experiences, but it is only between the lines that we get knowledge of the physical endurance, the unbounded resource, the nerve, the skill that made the result possible, the high spirits and buoyant temperament that filled with gaiety the most tedious days, and upheld the little party



GEORGE KENNAN.

W. M. ROZET 2318 19

ALBERT GALLON QUE







AN IDEAL.

She was not fair, but in her face  
 There was a purity of soul  
 That gave each feature perfect grace  
 Lit up and beautified the whole.

Her hand was not the "lily-flower"  
 Or "drifted snow" that poets sing;  
 But, in its touch, so firm and kind,  
 There was a strength most comforting.

And little children clung to it,  
 And all the poor she clothed and fed  
 Knew what a cool and soothing touch  
 It laid upon the aching head!

Her laugh was low, and seldom heard;  
 Her smile, soon woke, was passing sweet;  
 Her sympathies went quickly forth  
 Another's joy or woe to meet.

Her creed?—Ah me! she was not one  
 Who thought her own the only way,  
 And thanked her God, like him of old  
 Who "went up" in his pride to pray.

But, pressing on her upward road,  
 She strove to win all hearts for heaven.  
 And counted no man wholly lost  
 Who lived, so yet might be forgiven.

She knew Heaven's Gate was opened wide,  
 She knew how great the joy within;  
 And, in her perfect charity,  
 She would have had all enter in!

—B. Bell, in Good Words.

MISSIONARY JAM.

BY MARY H. GROSVENOR.

Maggie's mother was sick, and the doctor had ordered perfect quiet, with freedom from worries.

So Maggie had taken the helm when it dropped from the tired hand, and really for such a young pilot she was keeping the household ship remarkably clear of shoals; even her father had observed it, and, quiet man though he was, had spoken such words of commendation as filled her heart with gladness.

To-day she had some very important work of her own on hand, and for that reason the family affairs must be finished off speedily, so she smiled a greeting from the door steps to the rising sun.

The absorbing work was the manufacture of strawberry jam, and any young housekeeper knows what an undertaking that is. Moreover, the strawberries were her own, grown in her particular patch, and she had made an expedition into town especially to arrange for the sale of this precious cargo of jam.

It was her first undertaking of the sort, and Maggie was quite nervous about it; but mother was not to be worried, so she must manage alone. Very formidable looked that heap of scarlet berries, notwithstanding the rather heavy toll the boys had exacted in payment for the picking.

But Maggie's wise mother had early taught her that work is not done by fretting, so she went bravely at it, and was soon deep in the mysteries of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit and all the other directions of a modern cook-book. What made this work particularly thrilling was the fact of the money being intended for her missionary box, and failure meant the loss of a great pleasure. So she scorched her face and burned her fingers willingly, turning her back upon the open doors and windows through which came little puffs of air to tantalize her with pictures of cool, shady retreats, with a pleasant book for company.

The boys had taken their sister with them to the pond, so she was spared the numerous questions and inquisitive fingers of the four-year-old Cora.

Their voices floated in with the other summer sounds and seemed unusually peaceful, as things were apt to be rather uncertain where Cora was concerned.

Mother was sleeping quietly with a smile on the tired, white face which the playful, loving words of her daughter had called up, so Maggie's mind could be concentrated upon the work in hand, and she bent over the kettle with breathless interest, finding the truth of the old proverb about a watched pot, for this seemed as if it never would boil.

Just at the moment when a few little bubbles were rising to the surface, a loud scream came from the pond followed by the ominous pause which was, with Cora, but the precursor of a still louder outbreak.

Maggie never grew accustomed to Cora's screams, always imagining that this time

at least something dreadful had happened, so down went the spoon and off she started, racing down the little slope, slipping on the smooth turf and arriving breathless at the bottom.

The accident was more laughable than serious. On the pond was a raft ingeniously manufactured by the boys, and in which they took much pride and pleasure. Upon this raft Cora had been forbidden to step, and upon this raft in spite of the entreaties of her brothers, Cora had resolutely determined to go.

The result was not uncommon in raft navigation; it had gently dipped down and landed the small sailor in the water.

The boys had pulled her out and she stood upon the bank, a pitiful sight, her blue dress dripping water, her shoes and stockings plastered with mud, while little streams trickled down her face into her mouth every time she opened it for a vigorous scream. Seeing Maggie and thinking to avert the well-deserved reproof, she ran towards her, weeping bitterly, and cast herself into her sister's arms.

black mass. All her work and time had gone into smoke.

Tears came into her eyes, it was such a disappointment, and impatient words were on her lips as Cora came smiling into the room, the picture of a good little girl, but she kept them back and went quietly out to get the water.

The gentleman had seen the little struggle and the conquest, and his eyes followed her with much interest.

Cora, too, peeped into the kettle, getting on a chair to accomplish it. "Dat's missionary jam," she condescendingly explained.

"I am afraid the missionaries won't like it very much," he answered.

"Cora likes jam," running her finger along the edge of the kettle and showing her white teeth in an engaging smile.

Just at this point the boys came trooping in, and loud exclamations of disgust followed. "It was all your fault, Cora."

"You've spoilt all sister's missionary jam. If you had not disobeyed us it never would have happened."



AN IDEAL.

"Bad boat, bad boys," she exclaimed from her refuge.

"Bad Cora, I think it is," Maggie said. "I am so afraid you have waked mother." But the small offender must be carried into the house for dry clothing, and when at last this was accomplished Maggie suddenly became aware of a pungent, penetrating smell of something burning, and remembered the jam.

"Oh, Cora, Cora, I am afraid my jam is ruined," and she hurried into the kitchen. The room was full of smoke and the kettle was on the table, while by it stood a strange gentleman with a kind face wearing a quizzical smile, his horse stamping on the path outside.

"So this is the way you make jam, is it?" he asked. "I came for a glass of water and thought your house was on fire. I took the liberty of removing your kettle, but if the jam is not done you can cook it some more."

Maggie looked into the kettle and uttered an exclamation of dismay at the solid,

"You have taken the money from sister. You are as bad as a robber."

Cora, bewildered under the reproaches heaped upon her, drew down the corners of her mouth and once more flew to Maggie for refuge.

"Did I burn your jam? Did I steal your money? Am I a robber?" she wailed. "Boys, boys," Maggie entreated, "let her alone. Don't cry, Cora, sister will forgive you, and won't you remember next time to be a very obedient little girl? Mother is sick, sir," she explained, "and the children miss her. I am afraid I make a poor mother to them. Cora fell in the pond, and while I was dressing her the jam burned."

"Why do you call it missionary jam?" the gentleman inquired with interest.

Maggie laughed. "That's the name the children gave it, because the money from the sale of the jam was for my missionary box."

"And its loss is a great disappointment?" looking at her keenly.

"Yes, it is," with a little tremble in her voice; "but never mind, perhaps something else may come in its place."

"It has a curious flavor," he said, tasting some on the end of the spoon.

"That's the burnt sugar."

"Not altogether. I am very fond of curious flavors, and shall try to find out the component parts of this. Did you know there was an old woman once who made her fortune from burning some taffy. People liked the flavor without knowing why."

"I am afraid they would not care for burnt strawberries, though."

"Do not think me too curious, but how much did you expect to realize from this jam?"

"About three dollars, if it all sold. It does not seem a very great sum, I know, but farmers' families are not very rich, sir."

"Well, I must be off. Thank you very much for the water. It seems to me you need not feel afraid of not doing your duty by these children. My child," taking her hand tenderly in his, "I see you have already learned a lesson it took me years to learn: 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city';" then the gentleman mounted his horse and rode thoughtfully away.

Late in the afternoon, as Maggie sat upon the steps watching for her father, and bravely trying to forget her disappointment, two little arms were clasped about her neck and a soft cheek was laid against hers, while Cora said lovingly—

"Good Maggie, Cora loves you. When I'm a big girl I'll buy you a whole missionary all for yourself."

Maggie laughed heartily at this promise, then ran down the path to meet her father at the gate, and slipped her arm in his as they walked back together.

"I met such an interesting gentleman on horseback, this morning, Maggie, who soon found out I was your father, and told me about your jam burning. He said many kind things about my little girl, and told me to give you this note."

In the large kitchen, the scene of the morning's catastrophe, surrounded by a curious family group, Maggie read—

"I have discovered the component parts of the flavor of your missionary jam. They are patience, zeal, love; no wonder I liked it. Permit me to make a contribution to your box who has been most remiss in the matter of helping missionaries."

The contribution was a clean, crisp bill for five dollars. So, amid triumphant shouts and congratulations, Maggie dropped the money into her box, and that night sang a thankful little song, as she scraped from the kettle the last traces of the "missionary jam."—N. Y. Observer.

WHAT TIME I AM AFRAID.

The help of helps to a child in meeting his fears of the imagination, is found in the bringing to his mind, through the imagination, a sense of the constant presence of a Divine Protector to cheer him when his fears are at their highest. A little child who wakened in the middle of the night, called to her parents, in another room, and when her father was by her bedside, she told him that she was afraid to be alone. Instead of rebuking her for this, he said, "There's a little verse in the Bible, my darling, that's meant for you at a time like this; and I want you to have that in your mind whenever you waken in this way. It is a verse out of one of David's psalms; and it is what he said to the Lord his Shepherd; 'What time I am afraid I will trust in thee.' That is the verse. Now, whenever you are afraid, you can think of that verse, and say it over as a loving prayer, and the Good Shepherd will hear you, and will keep you from all harm." And from that time on, that little child was comforted through faith when her imagination pressed her with its fears. She never forgot that verse; and it still is a help to her in her fears by day and by night.—Sunday School Times.

God never leaves his creatures in absolute need. God may deprive a face of beauty, a character of amiability, a mind of brilliancy, but he will never take away a heart of love. With the faculty of loving, he adds the power of prayer and the promise always to listen to and answer it.—From "Gold Dust."



BROTHER MAX.

## BROTHER MAX.

Oh happy days of long ago, when Max and I  
went through the snow,  
To carry father's breakfast down to the old  
tower beyond the town,  
Where he had watched the livelong night, tend-  
ing the leaping beacon light,  
Which shot across the wastes of foam, and  
brought the fishers safely home!

And Max would never go alone; Fanchon must  
make his arm her throne:  
And he would bid me come along, or father's  
breakfast would go wrong  
And yet how little was my share, for Max would  
every burden bear:  
He held the loaf so crisp and hot, and took the  
gleaming copper pot!

I thought not (then of why or how (these are the  
questions for me now!)  
I put my hand in his and went; and Max and I  
were both content;  
And though the earth in snow was clad, the  
whole wide earth felt warm and glad,  
For Max was full of strength and glee, and I had  
Max and Max had me!

And father would be looking out, to greet us with  
a welcome shout,  
And he'd take Fanchon on his knee, and had a  
ready kiss for me:  
And then he'd hold Max by the hand, in talk we  
could not understand,  
But what it was I think I guess—and all Max  
meant in his soft "Yes."

Our house now knows another name. A stranger  
keeps the lighthouse flame.  
In wind and rain upon the quay, Max said good-  
bye to Fan and me;  
"We'd follow to some sunnier clime."—Ay, so we  
shall—in God's good time!  
For death put out a sudden hand, and drew Max  
to God's sunniest land.

And now that I am old and lone, the meaning of  
it all is shown:  
The earthly vine is gathered up, that heavenly  
wine may fill my cup,

And in those childish days I see God's plan of  
what all life should be—  
A brother's hand its help to lend, our Father  
waiting at the end!  
—Isabella Fyvie Mayo, in *Sunday at Home*.

## A GAME OF THE SENSES.

When you go to your room at night, can  
you walk directly to the match-box and put  
your hand on it?

When you turn out your light and leave  
your room, do you have to fumble for the  
door, or can you go straight across the  
room and take hold of the knob?

Can you at night walk among the trees  
without running into them, or keep the  
garden path as directly as you would were  
it daylight.

If you wish to estimate the size of any-  
thing, do you know enough of feet and  
inches to make a fair guess by simply look-  
ing at it?

If you are a boy can you calculate by  
yards; if a girl, by feet?

Can you guess the height of a hat by  
sight? The size of anything that is decep-  
tive because it looks larger or smaller than  
it really is?

Can you calculate the weight of a book,  
a box of matches, a bat, a ball, a glass of  
water, a letter, by holding it in your hand?

If you hear street cars where there is a  
double track, can you tell by the sound  
which way they are coming?

If you are near a river can you locate a  
steamboat by sound?

Can you use your knowledge of music in  
analyzing the progressions of a steam  
whistle? Can you tell on which tone it  
stops?

With your eyes shut can you tell what  
kind of a flower is put to your nose? Do  
you know the difference between the odor  
of a leaf from a rose-bush and one from a  
maple-tree?

Can you tell from the bark of the trees

the points of the  
compass?

Can you by listen-  
ing tell what kind of  
vehicle is coming,  
and how many horses  
are attached to it?  
Do you know the  
difference in sound  
made by four hoofs  
and by eight?

Can you match  
colors without sam-  
ples; carry colors  
and shades in your  
memory?

By the touch only  
can you tell which  
material is cotton,  
which is woollen?  
Can you from a bunch  
of different colored  
zephyrs pick out a  
black strand, keep-  
ing your eyes shut?

Can you by the  
taste only tell what  
kind of meat you are  
eating? Can you  
decide what flavor  
has been used in a  
glass of soda water?

Does a rose-petal  
taste like that of a  
violet? Do hard  
water and soft water  
taste alike?

In short: do you  
use your senses? Do  
you train your obser-  
vation, and then re-  
member what you  
observed?

The new methods  
of education are tak-  
ing care of eyes and  
hands used together,  
but what classes are  
there for your nose,  
your ears, your  
touch, your sense of  
weight? Where do  
you go to school to  
learn to see in the  
dark, to smell fire, to  
hear flies sneeze?  
Do you not perceive  
that this education  
you must give your-  
self? You can train

your senses every  
moment you are awake. At this moment  
what do you see, hear, smell? Are you  
sure you really see, hear and smell what  
you think you do? Suppose you make a  
game of "The Senses," and see how many  
come nearer the Booby prize than the first  
one?

If you bring one of your favorite Indian  
heroes out of a book—materialize him you  
know—and have him join you in the Don-  
key game, don't you believe he would get  
the tail somewhere near the right place?  
He would not be fit for an Indian hero if  
he could not walk straight with his eyes  
shut.

And as I like to give my text at the end  
instead of the beginning, here it is:

"That you are not yourself, but only a  
fraction of what your Heavenly Father  
meant you to be, unless you have full use  
of the senses which he gave you."—*Louise  
Stockton, in August Wide Awake*.

## HE HAD A BIBLE.

A newspaper correspondent relates, in  
*The Christian Union*, an incident which  
occurred in the Boston Art Museum some  
time ago. He noticed a group of men,  
evidently foreigners, crowding closely  
about one of the engravings. Their clothes  
were whole, but old, patched, and sun-  
scorched. Their broken English indicated  
plainly they came from beyond the sea.  
But one of them had removed his hat.  
Yet they were well behaved, quiet and in-  
offensive in conduct. The picture attract-  
ing their attention was of Abraham, stand-  
ing with hand uplifted over his handsome  
young son, bound and laid on the wood of  
the altar. The calm, quiet firmness of the  
old man seemed to impress them. The  
submissive expression of the young man  
was commented upon. One after another  
they questioned what it meant. There  
were a number of illustrations of Scripture  
near them, but this was the centre of at-

traction. As their eagerness emphasized  
their words, their tones attracted other  
ears, evidently as inquisitive as mine.  
Suddenly a younger one exclaimed:

"Ax Hans! ax Hans! He know all  
thing!"

"Vere ees he? Vere ees he?" excitedly  
questioned several.

"Veest! Veest! Yere he be," and  
Hans approached.

"Vat? Vat you say?" he inquired.

"Dat!"

They drew him before the picture, and  
looked earnestly at him.

Hans studied it intently. He grew  
sober. It was a critical moment. Would  
he lose his prestige? Must he acknowledge  
they were mistaken; some things he did  
not know? No. A smile illumined his  
honest features as he combed his short  
beard with his fingers and said:

"Eet ees een a book called Bibil. Eet  
ver goot book."

One inquired responsively:

"Yer goot eet?"

"Yas!" was the hearty rejoinder; "een  
my room. Say, yer coom nex' Sunday,  
and vec'll read eet."

"More story hav' eet?"

"Mooch more."

"Vell, vec vill."

And, with emphatic assenting nods,  
every one of that group of nine men, only  
one of whom owned a Bible, agreed to go  
to Hans' room in one week's time and read  
Bible stories.

## THE EMBROIDERED SLIPPERS.

Gentlemen are, we believe, inclined to  
jest about the slippers embroidered for  
their use by fair hands, and to pronounce  
them better fitted for ornament than for  
service. But it is well worth while to re-  
member that a pair of fancy slippers were  
the means used in obtaining an entrance  
to the zenanas of India.

Mrs. Mullen, whose residence in Calcutta  
many years had been filled with sorrow for  
the secluded women, was constantly asking  
herself, "How can I help them? How can  
I reach these women to teach them of  
Christ?"

One hot sultry afternoon as she was  
finishing a pair of embroidered slippers as a  
present for her husband on his return  
home, a young Babu (native gentleman), a  
former pupil called to see her. As her  
finished work dropped from her hands,  
struck with the gay embroidery, he picked  
it up, talked of its beauty, and her mar-  
vellous skill in execution, when under a  
sudden impulse she said, "Take it home  
and shew it to your wife," to which he  
consented.

It gave her great pleasure, and he after-  
wards exhibited it to another gentleman,  
who took it to his home, where it excited  
the admiration of the women of his house-  
hold—and he in turn passed it to another  
—until a number of zenanas had been  
stirred by the story of the slippers which  
the Christian woman had made. At  
length he returned it with thanks and glow-  
ing pictures of the admiration it had  
excited.

With a flash of inspiration she said,  
"Your wife can learn to do this work; I  
will teach her, if you will allow me." He  
hesitated—the presence of a Christian was  
an offence. How could he admit her into  
the most sacred precincts of the zenana?  
Mrs. Mullen gently entreated until his  
consent was gained; at least a trial might  
be made. She went eagerly to her ap-  
pointment and found an apt scholar. The  
news spread from house to house, till very  
shortly her hands were full of pupils, all  
fascinated with the beautiful work—and  
full of interest in it. Then she took an-  
other step, saying, "I can only teach em-  
broidery to those who will learn to read."

At first they were startled; a few refused  
to accede to this proposition, but the larger  
part accepted. The zenana, so firmly  
closed to reason and entreaty, was now  
open to the Christian teacher with her  
skins of bright worsted and her Bible.—  
*Selected*.

THE FATHER does not give to his son at  
school enough money to last him several  
years, but, as the bills for tuition and board  
and clothing and books come in, pays them.  
So God will not give you grace all at once  
for the future, but will meet all your ex-  
igencies as they come.—*Talmage*.

The Tea Kettle Song

Do you hear the song the tea-kettle sings  
 Above the fire-light glow  
 While the white steam floats like a leech  
 And the fancies tall and slow

Do you know the song the tea-kettle sings  
 O boy with the wondering eyes  
 Long ago it was read by a boy like you  
 As he watched the steam clouds rise

And he learned that song and his song  
 Over every land and sea today  
 In the crowded town and the forest wild  
 And the hill-top high and free

And the music that floats from the rush  
 And the roll of the rumbling wheel  
 Is the strain that was learned from the  
 Tea-kettle's song

And written on bars of steel

A LITTLE ANTWERP MONKEY.

I have always liked monkeys, so I was delighted to go into the great monkey-house in the Antwerp Zoo, by some persons regarded as the finest in Europe, and find it, with its marble floors and glass-fronted cages, clean and sweet smelling as the most fastidious could desire.

We stopped some time in front of the large airy room which had been set aside for bed-room and parlor for Monsieur and Madame Chimpanzee, a low partition separating the two rooms. The happy pair had just been presented with a new set of furniture, and monsieur was very much out of temper because so many people had come to see how they liked it. Madame, his wife, was very busy shaking out the rugs, dusting the chairs, putting on the table-cloth, tidying up generally, and the children clustered in front of the cage were laughing with delight, but her husband sat in an ill-tempered bunch, until at last, his feelings being too much for him, he swooped upon his wife, picked her up in his arms, carried her into the bed-room, put her into the little French bedstead, shook her well when she struggled and objected, and slapped her severely, I grieve to say, covered her up, neck and nose, with a sheet, tucking her in so that not even her tail could be seen, and then sat down with his back to the audience in a most suggestive way.

Then we passed on to the large central, many-sided cage, where hosts of little monkeys were disporting themselves.

They were sociable little people. Not content with chattering to their friends in the same enclosure, they nodded and grinned through the glasses to their neighbors on both sides.

But one small monkey, a bright-eyed little fellow, sat on his haunches, chin in hand, quite apart from the other, searching the crowd anxiously with his tiny black eyes.

While I watched him, an attendant came up and asked in fair though labored English, "If madame saw that little monkey," and when I replied in the affirmative, he continued, "If madame would

watch but a moment more, she would be able to amuse herself much.

"It is now the time," he went on, looking up at the clock, "for the friend, that he come—ah, he now approaches."

As he spoke, the monkey suddenly sprang up, curled his tail and one little black hand round a bar where the glass had been lowered, and began to wave the other small morsel of a hand in the air, throwing kisses with it, bobbing his head, and acting as if mad with joy.

Through the crowd came a little curly-headed Flemish boy, cap in hand, school-books under arm, showing all his pretty white teeth as he laughed and nodded quite as happily as the monkey.

Up he came to the cage, and between the bars went out two little brown arms, drawing him close enough for his tiny furry friend to clasp him about the neck, pat his cheeks, smooth his hair, arrange his collar and necktie, and kiss him again and again.

At last when the first transport of joy was over, the boy put his books down on the floor, and submitted himself to an examination conducted with wonderful rapidity and exactness. Each pocket in turn was rifled, its contents noted, first the boy's nose, then the monkey's, wiped with a small cotton handkerchief which the monkey then carefully folded and returned to its owner's pocket.

A piece of lead-pencil next occasioned much rejoicing, and was stowed away in a capacious cheek while the search went on uninterrupted. At last a small cracker was drawn from one pocket, a nut from the other, and called forth wild demonstrations of delight and gratitude.

The books were now in turn submitted for his inspection, and the monkey examined each one, turning the leaves with marvellous rapidity and yet not seeming to miss one page, handing each one back, held upright that it might slip safely between the bars as soon as the last leaf had been turned.

The last one the boy handed in was a small blank-book, which he went through carefully, turning the leaves back and

forth till he had selected a special one, which he then tore out, so carefully that the rest of the book was uninjured. Seating himself on a crossbar, he spread the sheet out on the cover of the book, took the pencil from his mouth and began to scribble industriously, looking up now and again, for the smile and nod of approval which never failed to greet him.

At last, when the sheet was quite covered with pencil-marks, he polished the pencil on his little furry arm, restored it to its owner's pocket, handed back the book, rolled his piece of paper into a hard, round ball, patted and pressed it with both hands, slipped down from his perch and hurried off to conceal it in the hiding-place which had received his other treasures. This time he came back with a dejected air, which I understood when I saw the boy gather up his possessions,—the hour of parting was evidently drawing near.

Again the little arms clasped the beloved friend, the small wrinkled cheek was pressed against his, the skinny, little black hands caressed him with passionate, pathetic tenderness. In all but words, the little dumb creature pleaded for longer happiness, and the boy, I was delighted to see, seemed quite as loath as the monkey to say good-by. Finally, after stroking the small head and shaking the little hands again and again the boy turned away, only to be recalled by a queer cry for one more embrace.

Then the monkey seemed to accept the inevitable, and as the boy left him, scrambled rapidly to a high cross-bar where he could look over the heads of the crowd after his retreating figure, and throw kisses which the boy constantly turned and acknowledged. At last, when he could no longer be seen, the monkey squatted dejectedly on the perch, chin in hand, the back of the other in requisition to wipe real tears from his eyes.

"What a dear little monkey, and what a very pretty sight. Does this happen often?" I asked of the attendant, who had invited my attention to this scene.

"Each day, madame. If madame were to come at all times of the year at this hour, she would see always the same thing, the very same thing."

"How did the monkey learn all these little ways?"

"From his intimate, madame. Until two years he was but like all other of the monkeys. It was then this boy did begin to be friends with him, to teach him gentleness, to rebuke him of all rudeness, to treat him as if he had been another boy,—not with the persecution that many do show to the caged and helpless. Many have since that time tried to be more kind and good with these prisoned things, and the temper of all the monkeys in this cage has grown more amiable in result."

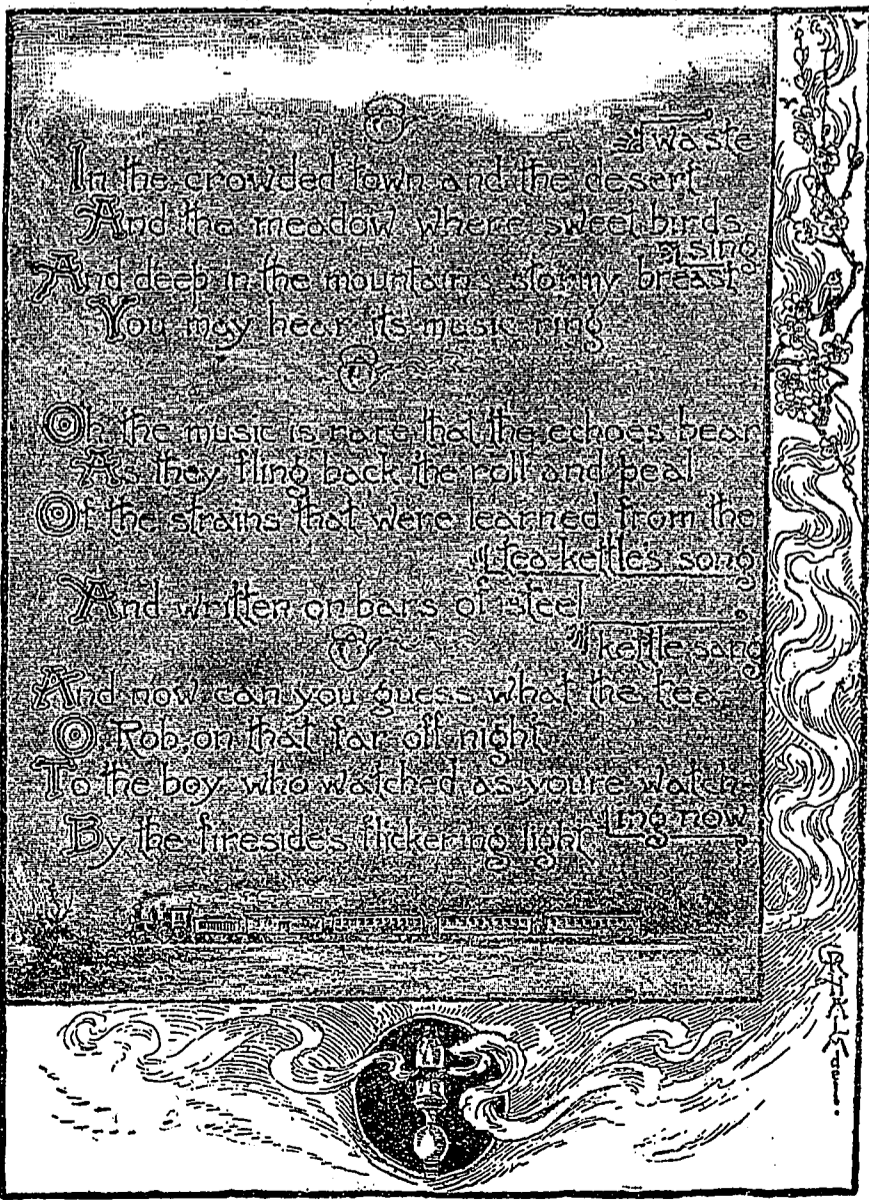
"Did you see him teach the monkeys these pretty tricks?"

"No, madame, we did first perceive it when we found this monkey would no more eat on Sundays. Paul is a boy of a school near by, and goes always through the gardens at this hour. On Saturdays, after he knew that he had won the love of this little beast, he did come also, but Sundays it was not permitted, and then would the lonely one cry and cry like one little child.

"Then a kind man who heard the story was so pleased that he got for the boy a pass that he could come also on Sunday. At one time Paul fell ill, and when he came not, the monkey also fell so ill that we were forced to take him to the house of the boy that his life might be saved. He was then so weak that he could no longer swallow, but when he had looked upon the boy, his spirit came to him once more that he could both eat and drink.

"We permitted, with the leave of our chiefs, that he remained at the home of the boy till both were well again. The father of the child would give much money that his son might own the monkey, but their love one for the other makes so much of pleasure for the many people that do come here, that no money would be great enough for us to part ourselves from him."

I turned to take a farewell look at the affectionate little caricature of humanity. He sat cross-legged on the floor of the cage, his pencil-marked sheet of paper before him, studying it gravely while he smoothed out each crease and wrinkle with his tiny brown hands.—*Youth's Companion.*





## TRUST AND WAIT.

Trust—and wait God's time appointed,  
Let him lead thee all the way.  
Thou must be by God anointed;  
As he bids thee, go or stay.

Seek not, strive not, he will guide thee  
In the way which thou shouldst go.  
He doth ever walk beside thee,  
And the way will surely show.

Trust him always—trust him wholly—  
Look not to thyself at all.  
If thou seek his pleasure solely  
He will let no ill befall.

It may be thy work lies near thee,  
Close beside thee day by day.  
Some, perchance, whose lives are dreary,  
Need thy help upon the way.

It may be no noble mission  
Such as thou hast dreamed were thine;  
It may be thy sole commission  
In a narrow sphere to shine.

He will teach thee. Only follow  
Though the light at times be dim.  
Thou hast left earth's joys so hollow,  
Left them all to follow him.

Trust him, then. God knows no hurry,  
For his ways are not as ours.  
Wherefore shouldst thou fear or worry?  
He will use thy utmost powers.

Not perchance the way man chooseth,  
Nor the way that thou hast planned?  
But of all he nothing looseth  
Which is yielded to his hand.

—Fairlie Thornton in *The Christian*.

## THE GLOVE SHOP AND COUSIN AMY.

BY MARTHA C. RANKIN.

"Why, Anna Marshall, what in the world are you doing!"

"Just what you see, Maud. I'm taking my books home."

"But why are you doing it? Vacation's a long way off."

"Not for me," was Anna's laughing response.

"Oh, Anna, you're the worst girl for surprises that I ever knew. What's up now? Are you going away?"

"Yes, as far as the shop."

"Not honestly?" said Maud.

"Yes, honestly. I'm tired of school, and I want to earn some money."

"But your father! Did he say you might?" exclaimed Maud, knowing well Mr. Marshall's high ambitions for his only daughter.

"Oh, papa wants me to be a fine scholar, but I like pretty clothes better than geometry and Latin. He'll send me to any school or college I choose; but, dear me! the money would all go for school bills, and I should have to wear dowdy clothes like Harriet Latimer, and I'm not going to. I've been teasing papa for a silk dress, and he says I'm too young, so now I'm going to earn one for myself."

"I don't see what you want of a silk dress, Anna? You always have pretty clothes."

"Oh, I should love to rustle into church in silk. And then I may visit in New York this winter. My Cousin Amy is at home now."

The girls had left the school-house and were walking up the shady street of a little village, whose one industry was the making of gloves and mittens. As they separated at Maud's gate, she said, "Good-by, Anna. I can't help thinking you're awfully silly."

"Much obliged for your opinion," shouted Anna, and she walked on alone.

It was the dream of Maud's life to have a college education, but her mother was a poor widow, and, after this year, Maud would have to work in the shop. What wouldn't she give for Anna's chance!

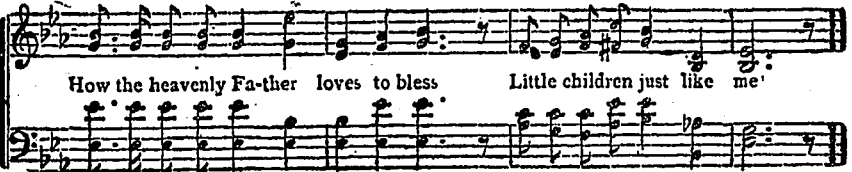
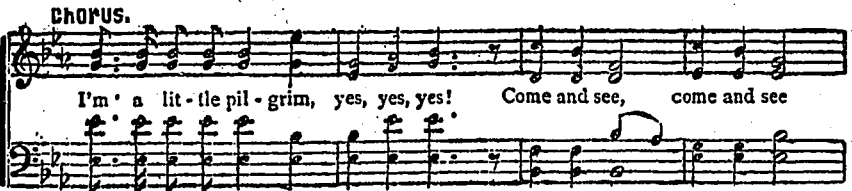
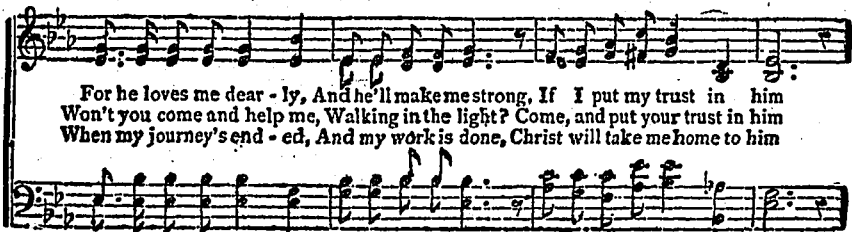
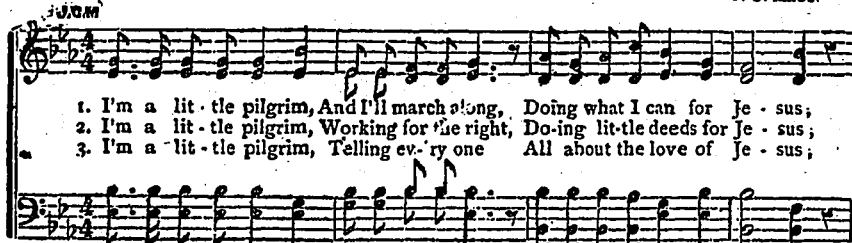
It must have been the law of contraries which gave Anna such an inordinate love of dress. It was a great trial to her parents, and, as they saw this love becoming a passion in their only daughter, they resolved to send her away to school, trusting that broader views of life would come to her with a complete change of surroundings.

When Anna declared herself wholly unwilling to go, saying that she would rather work in the shop, they wisely concluded to let her have her own way for a time, and await results. Perhaps in the school of experience she would learn some useful lessons.

It was not that the thought of having

## I'm a Little Pilgrim.

J. C. MACR.



their daughter join the army of wage-earners hurt their pride, for they considered no honest work ignoble; but to have her deliberately choose trifles, instead of high opportunities, revealed a serious weakness of character.

Working in the shop in Glovetown did not mean the social ostracism that it does in many places; and although Anna's appearance in Van Allen's glove shop caused quite a stir and a great deal of gossip, she was neither prettier nor more ladylike than many of her companions at the sewing machines.

In spite of the fact that the machines were run by steam power, Anna found the work hard enough, and as days and weeks went by, she more than once regretted her folly, and would have been glad to go back to her books; but she said nothing.

With her first earnings she bought the silk dress; but rustling into church did not give her all the enjoyment she had expected. Indeed, after working so hard, she began to think there might be some wiser way of spending money.

She was relieved when, at the end of three months, the shop was closed for the annual inventory; and, without confessing her mistake, she could bid good-by to the noisy work-room.

Just at this time a letter came from her cousin Amy, saying that she had been visiting friends in the West, and planned to spend a day or two in Glovetown on her way home. She added that she should expect Anna to return to New York with her and stay at least a month.

Anna was delighted, and at once began to plan for some new dresses.

When Amy came, she brought with her a trunk full of beautiful clothes. She was several years older than Anna, her parents were wealthy, and she had been away several weeks.

Anna thought the dresses so lovely that she wanted to have some of her friends come to see the display.

But Amy would not listen to this. Indeed, she apologized for having so many things.

"I had to have them," she said, "because I was visiting so long; and with only one trunk, of course I had to bring them all here."

Anna remembered her own vanity in always calling in "the girls" whenever she had anything new, and parading about till they had admired it to her satisfaction. She wondered how so pretty a girl as Amy could care so little about clothes, and con-

cluded it was because she had graduated at Vassar.

She thought it a shame that the girls couldn't have even a glimpse of the things. "Perhaps she'll go to church twice on Sunday, then they can see two of the prettiest," was her mental comment.

But when church-time came Sunday morning, Amy appeared in a dark cloth suit.

"Oh, Amy," exclaimed Anna, "you aren't going to wear that, are you?"

"Why not, Anna? It's what I've worn to church everywhere else."

"Oh, I wanted the girls to see some of your lovely clothes, and this will be their only chance."

"Sorry," said Amy, smiling, "but mamma always has me dress plainly for church. She says poor people are sometimes kept away just because they feel shabby by the side of silks and velvets. I know I should feel so if I were poor. And I want people to go to church. I don't want to keep them away."

For the first time in her life Anna felt ridiculously over-dressed. Amy's words kept running through her head. She could think of people even in Glovetown who stayed from church because they said they couldn't dress well enough to go; but she had never cared before.

She ceased to wonder what the girls were thinking of Amy's quiet gown, and wondered instead what Amy must think of her gaudy attire.

Whatever Amy thought, she did not even show that she noticed it, and nothing more was said on the subject.

But Anna had learned a lesson which no one else had been able to teach her, and her month's visit in Amy's beautiful home served to enforce it.

She saw that girls could have handsome clothes without caring very much about them. She found that Amy and her friends talked very little about dress, but were bright and intelligent in conversations in which she was too ignorant to join.

In short, her eyes were opened. She awoke to the possibilities of life; and the trifles which had hitherto filled her mind sank into insignificance in comparison. Her desire to earn money for fine clothes was gone. She went home; but, as soon as possible, she started out in the quest for knowledge, which marked a new era in her life.

To-day she is a strong, cultured woman, whose life is an inspiration to all about her. She seldom talks about herself; but whenever she thinks of the past, she thanks God

for sending her Cousin Amy at just the right time. "I'm afraid I should never have known my silliness and vanity," she says, "if it had not been for the glove shop and Cousin Amy."—*Christian Intelligencer*.

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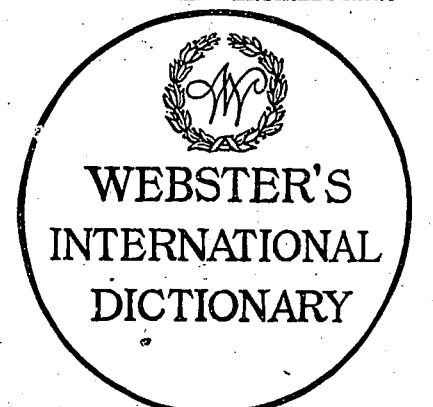
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