



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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"I BELONG TO THE PRINCESS LOUISE, WHOSE DOG ARE YOU?"

The citizens of Ottawa were much surprised on the arrival of the Princess Louise in their city to see her day after day, whether it were bright or overcast, fine underfoot, or slippery or slushy, taking long walks out into the country and enjoying the bracing air and attractive scenery of the Canadian capital. She was always plainly, neatly and warmly clad, in this, as well as in her walking, setting a good example to American ladies. In her

royal mistress; the other cowers at the inquisitive advances of his newly-found friend, uncertain what is to follow, yet is perfectly willing to be friends if friendship is to guide the order of things.

Poor fellow, his burdens have taken away some of his spirit. But in his lowly sphere who dare say that he is not useful? He evidently carries his load to some purpose, and he has those who pet him and fondle him as his prouder neighbor is fondled, and while the dog of the Princess is useful as her companion

position he now occupies; no one then would care for him. His kind, intelligent face shows he is a different kind of dog from that. If the mongrel were disagreeable also, there would be little chance of him belonging to any body, unless for the purpose of frightening strangers away from the house. It is their kindly disposition and usefulness that makes them valued, and if our young readers desire to be much thought of, respected and loved they must endeavor to be useful to all around them, and so act that it may be said

his skin and gave it its first taste for blood. Then its ferocious nature awoke. Fury gleamed from its eyes, and crouching, it made ready to spring upon its master. Fortunately, the gentleman had a loaded pistol on his table, and saved his life by shooting his former pet.

Human nature is fallen and the propensity to sin is lurking in every human soul. It may appear at times to be dead or dormant, or not to exist, but in the moment of temptation, unless the grace of God interposes, it will spring into life, and woe be to the soul in



"I BELONG TO THE PRINCESS LOUISE, WHOSE DOG ARE YOU?"

wanderings she was accompanied by one faithful companion at least, her beautiful collie dog. The latter has been immortalized by the pencil of the artist of the *Graphic*, a high class English illustrated paper, and with him a much more humble neighbor, who seems to have strayed away from his master, dragging behind him the load to which he was attached. These two faithfully represent classes in the human race. The one has never known any burden but the one imposed by love of his

and protector, the dog of the peasant is as useful in his more humble way. It is hard to say which is the better loved; it is hard to say which would be the more missed; perhaps the loss of the mongrel would cause the shedding of more tears than the loss of the high-bred collie.

There may be a lesson in this for all readers of the *Messenger*, of whatever condition. Were the collie bad tempered, cross and unattractive, he would not have the honorable

when their course on earth is finished of them that the world was better because of their presence in it.

THE TIGER IN THE SOUL.

A gentleman in India once raised a tiger cub. His kindness seemed to eradicate the ferocity of its nature, and it grew up as a pet. One day its owner, being alone with it in his library, caressed it, and gave it his hand to lick. The rough tongue of the animal grazed

which the evil nature is not kept down by the almighty hand of God. A new heart and constant divine restraint is the only hope.

THE GROWTH of Christianity is marked by the preserved sanctity of the home. As religion found its first shelter and support in the heart of the family life, so it will only accomplish its great object in the world, as it conserves human welfare, in purifying life in the home.—*Western Christian Advocate*.



Temperance Department.

WOMAN DRUNKARDS.

In a lecture before the British National Temperance League, Dr. Norman Kerr, a well-known writer and practitioner, said: "In the practice of my profession I have had under my care large numbers of dipsomaniacs in every rank and condition of life. Intemperance seems to me to have slightly decreased amongst men, but this decrease has been more than equalized by a decided increase of drunkenness amongst women.

"Not many weeks since I was called to attend to a man of seventy, who had nearly bled to death from a wound of the temporal artery, caused by a blow from a boot hurled at him by his wife, a woman of sixty-five, in a fit of drunken frenzy. He survived the injury, but a few days thereafter she strangled herself in the police cell. The same day I was sent for to a lady of advanced years, the mother of a large family, for an illness brought on by secret intoxication.

"A little later a summons from a terrified family brought me to an elegant and accomplished lady of independent fortune, lying on her face on the floor of her room, not dead, as the terror-stricken children thought, but drunk! Then came the earnest request to hasten to the death-bed of another lady, whom I found surrounded by her disconsolate family, bidding them all adieu forever, who was not dying, but drunk, and is alive to this day. But why go through the sickening catalogue of a single day's professional experience of female intemperance?"

"Let me ask you to come with me on another occasion to the bedside of a missionary who was laid aside by a severe illness; and amongst the comforters there, behold a lady of position, who has been at once a Christian worker and a drunkard many years. In every public-house are to be seen women, old and young, treating each other to liquor, where ten years ago scarce a woman could be seen: and in how few families in the land are there not lamentation and mourning and woe for some loved female member of the domestic circle slain through drink!"

The clergy of Newark, N. J., have taken hold of the "law and order" question, and with the co-operation of the good citizens, an association is at work. The last report, made at a public meeting, stated the object to be "the promotion of law and order and the suppression of vice and immorality by the enforcement of the laws against the Sunday and other illegal traffic in intoxicating drinks." The report says that there are "1,020 licensed saloons in Newark, that the saloons are justly chargeable with eighty per cent. of the crime committed in the city and of the police and court expenses; that these amounted last year to \$180,000; that the money spent in saloons and the loss of wages amounted to about \$5,000,000 annually; and that no figures could present the extent of the social and moral evil entailed on the community by the rum traffic. Nearly every saloon was kept open on Sunday in bold defiance of the law. One hundred saloons were now in full blast without any license. The Sabbath was rapidly being turned into a day of lawlessness and dissipation. Fifteenball pool-playing was a snare and a trap for young men." Addresses were then made by Rev. Dr. McIlvaine and others. The cry of all was that the situation demanded that Christian ministers should lead the Christian public in an earnest crusade against the common evil; should organize and concentrate their power and force on the side of law and order and the observance of a Christian Sabbath. Some of the speakers spoke strongly in favor of bringing the matter boldly into politics, and making temperance and antagonism to the liquor traffic the central issues.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THAT WORD.

A TRUE STORY.

HE is by no means a saint now. Perhaps he never will be. He is only a common man, with the ugliest face ever wrought out by dissipation, with the most uncouth manners, the most illiterate speech, and a heart not yet baptized in the "living waters." Ah no! poor John isn't one bit of a saint. Still, this man is far other than the man he was but lately. And what was that? A drunkard of twenty-eight years' standing, a laughing scoffing inhabitant of ditches, a confirmed, hopeless, cast-away sot. For a long time his young wife endured her debauched, worthless companion, then she left him, and the twelve succeeding

years were but exaggerated echoes of the sixteen gone before. Poor John was harmless in his inebriation: many of the neighbors allowed his presence, some even enjoyed his ridiculous hilarious talk.

John was sitting one cold afternoon on the roadside path—his best parlor. He was not enjoying company, or music, or books, or even the accessible beauties of nature. He was simply sick, and cold, and wretched. By-and-by John sees, from under his torn slouched hat, a team approaching. They are a fine pair of horses, slim, graceful, high-stepping creatures, adorned with rich harness, and drawing an elegant barouche. In the carriage sit two men quite at their ease. And what has this to do with the beggared drunkard behind in the dust? Much! "I am a fool," he exclaimed, rising and staring after the gay vehicle. "There are two men, wealthy and happy, while I lie on the ground, thus. And these men sell me my liquor!" A resolve arose in the poor man's breast, and as he proceeded toward, he thought he would never drink another drop. Alas for our weak endeavors! The sight of the lighted saloons was too much for cold, lonely John. He entered—just to get warm and talk a bit—he entered, and he fell! Realizing his fault, he rushed from the room, never stopping until he dropped, weary and heartsore, upon the nearest doorsteps of the street. Here he sat, moody and despairing, with his head in his hands—lost!

"Brother!" What a sweet word! And how kind a voice that spoke it! "Brother, come in and be made comfortable." There was a gentle hand laid on his shoulder now. What wonder that sad John looked up astonished! "It has been years since any one called me brother," he said, and half-gladly, half-reluctantly yielded to the stranger, who was leading him into a crowded hall. It was only a temperance meeting—only that. John tried to listen to the strong words spoken, tried to regain his scattered wits: but that word, "Brother!" seemed the burden of every speech, and the voice of his unknown helper, the music of every song.

It was that word, too, which somehow led him up to the platform when the meeting was over, which placed the pen in his hand, which forced him to sign the pledge. It was that which awakened the long-dormant manhood in him, which touched his sense of honor, which made him firm in the resolution to keep that night's second vow. It is the same word, this and his written promise, which holds him true and sober to this day.

Did it pay, the use of that Christian word, "Brother!"—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

TEMPERANCE LITERATURE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM M. THAYER.

That a liberal distribution of temperance literature is indispensable in the temperance reform every advocate of temperance will concede. Too much importance cannot be attached to this branch of the work. A temperance book in a Sabbath-school library is a lecturer to the young, going from family to family, its mission lasting until it is worn out. It is the cheapest lecturer that can be employed. Costing one dollar, perhaps, in the outset, it enters upon its mission without additional expense, as it neither eats nor sleeps. There is no expense for lodging or rations. Nobody is asked to entertain it over Sunday with bed or board, so that little trouble is occasioned by its itinerancy. Twenty such volumes in one library, visiting many of the families, each one in its turn, create a large amount of interest in the temperance cause; and the flame of interest once kindled, the books add fuel to the fire of enthusiasm from week to week.

Now let the Women's Union put twenty-five temperance volumes into a Sabbath-school library; and if there are three or four Sabbath-schools in town, put the same number into each library; and they have done a greater work in making and educating public sentiment than would be done by the establishment of a reading-room. This is a practical work about which there cannot be much division of opinion. Add to this in the same community a monthly distribution of well-selected temperance tracts, both for children and adults, and they have adopted an agency of unquestionable utility and power at comparatively small expense. We do not believe that temperance women can do a better and nobler service than this in any town. The effect of it is lasting.

There can be no objection to this plan now on the ground that suitable temperance books cannot be found. That objection was pertinent a few years ago. But the National Temperance Publication Society has issued nearly one hundred temperance books of the highest order, together with several hundred tracts. We have read these books and tracts as they have appeared, and we have no hesitation in saying that a purer and higher class of works were never issued upon any subject whatever in this country. With Peter Carter as chair-

man of the Publication Committee, the imprint of whose publishing house has been the best recommendation of books for years, together with associates of kindred type, the highest class of books is assured.—*National Temperance Advocate (New York).*

SUCCESS OF PROHIBITION IN MADAGASCAR.

In the *Sunday at Home* there is an interesting article, apparently intended to be the first of a series, on "Social and Religious Progress in Madagascar," under the signature "James Sibree, jun." We have pleasure in extracting therefrom the following important testimony to the success which has followed the prohibition of spirituous liquor in the central province of the island:—

The native authorities also merit the commendation of every right-minded person for their persistent endeavors to keep temptations to drinking out of the way of the people. In almost every part of Madagascar, except Imerina, drunkenness is a fearful source of degradation to the people, threatening the very existence of some of the coast tribes; but owing to the very stringent laws against the manufacture or importation of ardent spirits into the central province, a drunken man is there very rarely seen in public, so that Imerina is one of the most temperate countries in the world. Most devoutly is it to be wished that the Government could enforce similar laws on the eastern coast, where, to their shame be it said, English and French traders yearly pour into the country thousands of gallons of rum, to the ruin of the weak and ignorant coast population. To these poor people, as yet unfortified against temptation by Christian teaching, civilization without religion means rum, and rifles, and the vices of Europeans, which often sweep them away before they have a chance of learning what true civilization means.

We earnestly commend the above testimony to all those who tell us they are as much alive to the evils of drunkenness as we are, and would hail any really "practical measure" for dealing with it, but who consider that prohibitory legislation would only make things worse. Let them point out a case in which prohibitory legislation has made things worse after being fairly tried. On the contrary, it has uniformly been attended with the best results, and this instance from Madagascar adds one more to the unanswerable arguments for its adoption in Great Britain.

But again, the prohibitory law is, unhappily, not universal in Madagascar, but is as yet confined to the central province. Had the Malagase Government followed the advice with which we are so abundantly favored by some of our friends, they would have waited until the entire island was ripe for the measure, and in the meantime the curse of drunkenness would have been rife in the central province where now the blessing of sobriety prevails.

It may, however, be objected, "You cannot say it is the Permissive Bill that is in force in Madagascar." No. The good has been effected by means of legislation of more imperious character—more "extreme" than that which Sir Wilfrid Lawson advocates; and if such legislation has been found practicable and has worked beneficially in Madagascar, with the people willing or nilling, why should not the people of England be empowered, under proper regulations, to secure for themselves an immunity from the pest of the same traffic?

We may add to Mr. Sibree's account of the ruin effected by the traffic in rum on the east coast of Madagascar, that a copy of the *Record*, a Church of England newspaper now lying before us, has the following timely remark in a leading article on the disaster which has befallen our troops in South Africa:—"Our treatment of the Kafirs has been in many respects very discreditable, and in nothing so much as in the connivance of the Colonial Government at the attempts to corrupt and demoralize them by alcoholic poison." Such is the liquor traffic—an unmitigated curse wherever it is allowed to exist. And yet our British people hug the destroyer to their bosom.—*Alliance News.*

TOBACCO AT THE CAPITOL.

Mrs. Mary Clemmer in her weekly letter from Washington to the *New York Independent* says: "Gazing upon the average American who crowds the corridors of the Capitol on the last day of the session, it is impossible to believe him the fraction of a civilized nation. Year after year the fact is patent that during the last week of the session the entire Capitol is given up to dirt and demoralization. Nothing in their way could be more exquisite than the staircases of tinted marble leading to the galleries of both Senate and House. Yet had they been tottering stairways, leading to dens of dissipation, instead of to the highest legislative chambers of the nation, they could not be more defiled than they are to-day. From base to summit they reek with tobacco. It drips from their edges and is piled in "quids"

in their corners, while the spittoons that line the way would disgrace a pot-house. This not perpetually thus. The corridors, always thronged, are mobbed but on "special occasions." Repeated yearly, the close of every session rivals an "Inauguration" in the multitudinous that it brings together in this Penitential of the Nation's life. If they were but a little cleaner, one possibly might grow poetic, if not patriotic, at the sight. But with tobacco reeking under your feet; tobacco spurting diagonally on your pretty clothes; tobacco making the air blue with smoke and foul with smell, over acres of marble that should be stainless as your conscience, altogether it is quite sufficient to make you doubt the civilization of the people who claim to be the "mightiest" on the earth. To see the sight the Capitol presents to-day, one can only wonder that the fierce war that in periodic spasms attempts to blot out "intemperance" does not include tobacco intemperance. Why forget the tobacco inebriate? His nicotine beard and brain, his palsied nerves, his poisoned blood cry out for your pity, while his presence makes itself sure of your disgust. If liquor slays its tens of thousands, tobacco blurs, blunts, and destroys scarcely less of the most sensitive and finely-organized creatures of the human race. To behold this vice blossoming in mighty, yet loathsome aggregate, come to the Capitol of the United States the day Congress closes.

THOUGHTFUL physicians have frequently given testimony against beer-drinking, as tending to produce and aggravate serious disease, especially of the kidneys. Another striking illustration of the effects of beer-drinking is furnished by Bayard Taylor, United States Minister to Germany. It will be remembered that in the columns of the *New York Tribune* and otherwise he has taken occasion to advocate beer-drinking, and that he has been conspicuous himself as a beer-drinker at German beer-festivals and on other occasions. Since taking up his official residence in Germany his health has become impaired, and it is announced that he has lately undergone a critical surgical operation for dropsy, "and it is found that his kidneys and liver are seriously affected." Though naturally strong, and with exceptional powers of endurance, even he has been unable to withstand the inevitably injurious effects of the beverage which he has so warmly commended and so freely used. To those who may have been influenced by his precept and example hitherto his case should prove a timely admonition to desist from beer-drinking, and thus to avoid its deleterious and dangerous consequences.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

IT is a common opinion that the habit of intemperance when once formed generates a sort of physical necessity for stimulants, so that even after sobriety has been attained a relapse is to be expected. The observation of the persons in charge of two Homes for intemperate men, one in Philadelphia, the other in this city, has led them to the conviction that this is not the case. The appetite is not absolutely uncontrollable. When men once recovered fall back into the degrading vice, it is a voluntary concession to old thought or taste or companionship. The plea of necessity is merely an attempt of self-justification. The disease is not in any bodily organ or function, but in the will. The honest, humble endeavor to resist temptation in the strength promised and given from above, is sure to be successful.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

AN Ohio man, who had been seen two successive days pacing up and down in front of his saloon, as if in deep thought, was asked by a friend if the crusaders had been after him. His reply was, "No; but I have received a postal, signed by three ladies. The husband of the first is one of my customers, and is rapidly becoming a drunkard. A son of the second, one of my customers, is just starting in the drunkard's course. The husband of the third was one of my customers, and died a drunkard. It cuts close, and I can't stand it."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

HAS a Christian pastor the moral right so to steep his person and his clothes in the rank odors of tobacco that his presence in the sick-room or in the homes of his parishioners is offensive and unwholesome? Unfortunately this is not a question of casuistry. There are many pastors whose garments are so saturated with the fumes of the cigar or, what is worse, the pipe, as to make their presence disagreeable. Do not the teachings of the Bible, to say nothing of the dictates of propriety, require that those that minister at the altar be clean and pure?—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

The *London Telegraph* says: "It is not poverty, it is beer, that has robbed the children of knowledge, of liberty, morality, health, and long life. It is not poverty that fills our hospitals and jails; it is gin. By the time that a child can use its hands, and earn eighteen-pence a week, it is offered up on the altar of the great god Gin."



Agricultural Department.

HOW TO PREPARE A GARDEN.

Many people commence the preparation of their gardens too early in the season, before the soil has become sufficiently dry and friable. If digging is done when the earth is wet and cloggy, the operation causes the soil to become like unbaked bricks, which afterward gives a large amount of additional labor to sufficiently pulverize it and render it suitable for seed-sowing and for setting out young plants. It should not, therefore, be commenced until the sun and drying winds have evaporated all excess of water. Spading with a spade is now seldom done by first-class gardeners, the flat-tined spading fork being used in preference, as the soil can be more thoroughly and better pulverized with it than with a spade. It is also a far better implement for spading among fruit trees, shrubs, and hardy plants in the flower garden, as it does not cut and destroy the surface roots.

Preparing the soil for the kitchen-garden is the first work to be done, as many vegetable seeds do not vegetate freely if sown when the ground is too warm. The first operation is the spreading of the manure, horse manure being the best for general purposes. If hog, sheep, or chicken manure is to be used, it should be first prepared by mixing it with plenty of good dry soil, and breaking down and pulverizing all lumps. This will enable it to be more evenly and easily spread, for if left in a lumpy state one plant is liable to have too much manure, whilst another may not have any, or at any rate less than its share. Horse or stable-yard manure should have all the long straw, corn stalks, or other rubbish well shaken out of it. It is not necessary for ordinary garden purposes that the manure should be rotted. It may be applied quite fresh, only less of it being used than when rotted, as it is much stronger. Manure should always be very evenly spread, and in small quantities at a time, as when exposed to the action of the sun and the high, drying winds of March and April, a large proportion of its strength is evaporated, and so wasted. The spading fork, when used in digging unoccupied soil, should always be inserted nearly perpendicularly to the depth of eight or nine inches, the slices not being more than five or six inches wide; if much wider, the soil can not be sufficiently pulverized, and if the fork is not inserted to a sufficient depth, the roots of the young plants will not penetrate deep enough to enable them to withstand any drought.

The operation of trenching, or digging the soil two or more spades deep, is generally wrongly performed, as the bottom soil is brought to the surface and the top soil buried below. In such cases the soil brought to the surface is almost always poor and of a hungry nature, totally unfitted for young plant life. The proper way of doing it is to open a trench two or more feet wide and a spade deep, throwing the top soil to one side, then spread some manure in the bottom of the trench, and spade it into the bottom soil; on this throw the top soil of the next trench, incorporating with it some manure, and so on, trench after trench, until the plot is finished, filling up the last trench with the top soil taken from the first trench.

In spading among fruit trees or shrubs, the fork should be much more inclined in the hand, and only thin layers of soil turned over, for if thrust deeper the roots near the surface will be broken and destroyed, to the great injury of the tree. Trees and shrubs require very little manure at any one time, only needing as much as will prevent the exhaustion of the soil by their bearing fruit, and this does not require to be deeply dug in. Flower beds should not be spaded until all the plants have made their appearance above ground, for if done too soon they are liable to be injured by the fork or spade. They do not need much manure, as a general rule.

It is a very common practice for men who are employed to work in gardens, especially when spading among groups of shrubs, to work the beds much higher in the centre than at the sides. This is wrong, as it throws all the rain-fall from the centre to the edges, and the central shrubs do not get their proper supply of moisture. In all cases the surface should be kept quite level. It is a sure sign that the so-called gardener is an ignoramus, and does not understand his business. The operation of spading is considered by most people as a very simple one which any laborer can perform, but it is really a test whether the man employed to do it is a practical gardener or only a common laborer. In the very many cases where a regular gardener can not

be kept, the work has to be done by a common laborer, but in such cases his work should be supervised by an intelligent employer, for the success of the garden for the season may largely depend upon its being properly done at the first. If the soil is not well pulverized, seeds sown in it do not vegetate freely, or they grow irregularly, and young plants set out in it do not take root freely, and, in the case of long-rooted vegetables, produce deformed, tough and stringy roots.—*Harper's Bazar.*

ARTIFICIAL MANURE.

The exhaustive experiments which have lately taken place on the experimental farm at Aboyne, under the professional charge of Mr. Jamieson, the eminent chemist of the Aberdeen University, furnish another proof that the emphatic opinions expressed in recent publications as to the superiority of dissolved phosphates, comprising dissolved guano phosphates, over raw phosphates are grossly exaggerated. The results obtained with the raw phosphates were hardly inferior to those of the dissolved, and the difference was certainly not such as to justify the increased price for the dissolved article, as compared with the cost of the genuine raw material. It must, moreover, be remarked that a manufactured manure, as for instance the so-called dissolved Peruvian guano, must necessarily contain a large proportion of sulphuric acid, frequently to the extent of from 25 to 30 per cent. which thus reduces to the same extent the proportion of guano or valuable fertilising material contained in such artificial manure. In other words, a ton of so-called dissolved Peruvian guano will not contain more than 15 cwt. Peruvian guano (supposing no other guano to be used), it being currently stated that with three tons of raw Peruvian guano four tons of dissolved guano can be produced. As the price per ton of dissolved guano, stated to contain 8 per cent. of ammonia and 22 per cent. phosphate, is \$12 10s, this price is paid in reality for 15 cwt. only of guano, the remaining 5 cwt. in the ton being constituted of other ingredients or chemicals required for the purpose of manufacture. Thus the real price per ton comes out at \$16 13s 4d, whilst raw Peruvian Government guano, containing the same, or even a fractionally higher percentage of ammonia, and also 22 per cent. phosphates, may be at present purchased at a trifle more than half that price, say at \$9 15s 6d, buyers obtaining an absolute guarantee as to the genuineness of the guano, and moreover having at their command every means of ascertaining that they receive the guano as imported from the Peruvian deposit. Considering the above-mentioned experiments in Scotland, we need not deal any longer with the obsolete argument that the dissolved phosphates are so much more valuable than the genuine raw material they are made from, and must confine ourselves to stating in favor of the dissolved article, that its dry and powdery composition is certainly a valuable quality. We leave it to farmers to judge whether they are prepared to pay for this solitary advantage alone \$6 17s 10d per ton more than they would pay for the genuine raw article. Another point worth mentioning in connection with the Aboyne experiments is Mr. Jamieson's statement that nitrogen alone had no effect, but when added to superphosphates it gave an increase per Scotch acre of from one to four tons on a crop of turnips, although it was afterwards found that the increase was almost entirely due to water. These results, which no doubt further experiments will more forcibly bring into light, cannot fail to caution farmers against the now too indiscriminate use of nitrate of soda, the proper application of which ought not to go beyond top-dressing for certain crops when the plant is fairly developed.—*Land and Water.*

EGGS IN WINTER.

It is a good deal easier to have fresh eggs for winter use than it is to do without them. But don't expect your hens to lay when you compel them to roost in the tree-tops, on the fence, or in an open shed during the entire winter. It will take every particle of food that the fowls can get to maintain animal heat enough to keep from freezing to death. Go to work and fix up your hen-house so that it will be comfortable. Don't imagine that any old rickety building, where the wind and rain can get through almost anywhere, will do for your fowls—that is if you expect them to pay for cost of keeping. Don't you know that your fowls will consume one-fourth less food if provided with comfortable quarters?

The next thing in order is proper food and regular feeding hours. One-half of our farmers feed their hens all the corn they will eat through the winter, and then growl because they eat so much and do not "shell out" the eggs in return. You must feed your hens early in the morning; not in the middle of the forenoon. Hens are early risers, and don't like standing around on one foot, waiting for their breakfast, any better than you would. The

morning meal is the most important one of the day. The hens are cold and hungry; and for that reason give them some kind of warm cooked food. Fowls will eat almost anything, if it is served up right. Boiled potatoes, turnips, carrots, anything in the vegetable line, mixed with cornmeal, oatmeal, or bran and shorts, seasoned with pepper and salt, and fed warm will make any well-regulated hen cackle with satisfaction. Feed a few handfuls of wheat screenings at noon, and at night give a liberal feed of whole grain of some kind.

Fowls must have some kind of green food during the winter months. Apples, carrots, potatoes, turnips, cabbages, and onions chopped fine and feed raw two or three times a week will be greedily devoured by hens who desire to fulfill their mission in life. As long as the mercury keeps away from the freezing point, it is a good plan to tie up a head of cabbage where the fowls can reach it, and let them help themselves.

If you have plenty of milk, sweet or sour or buttermilk, give your fowls all they will drink. It will supply the place of the insect food that they get in summer. If you cannot give milk you must give plenty of pure water, and also manage to give an occasional feed of meat. When but few fowls are kept, the scraps from the table will be sufficient; but when large numbers are kept, get some refuse meat from the butcher, cook it, and do not feed too much or too often. A small allowance twice a week will do. "A good deal of trouble for a few eggs." Yes, it is some trouble; but I never expect to get anything in this world without trouble of some kind; and then most of us are willing to take a little pains when there is money in it.—*Colorado Farmer.*

INFLUENZA AMONG FOWLS.

Chloride of potassium, it appears from the experience of a correspondent of the *Fancier's Journal*, is as efficacious for fowls with sore throats as for people. It is certainly a simple and harmless remedy, if remedy it be, and worthy of a trial in poultry yards threatened with roup. The correspondent in question experimented with a valuable cock that had taken cold, and called attention to this fact by an ominous sneeze and rattle in the throat. His feathers ruffled up, he refused his food, his comb and wattles lost their healthy red. He was put in solitary confinement, doomed to drink water dosed with cayenne pepper (in proportions of half a teaspoonful to a pint of water), and had poured down his throat three times per diem a solution of chloride of potassium, with sugar in water, as much as would dissolve two teaspoonfuls each time. By this treatment, keeping him confined in a warm place, this cock was cured in about three days. The owner believes that a severe case of roup was prevented, which would have cost him a high-priced bird.

A SHEEP FARM IN GEORGIA.—A writer in the *Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution* says that in 1871 he bought 400 acres of reputed poor land in Glynn County, Ga., and put upon it 100 sheep in 1873, by natural increase, he had 376 ewes, and had sent to market 73 wethers. His sheep were penned nightly and every two nights manured a half-acre well. Since that time he had brought into a high state of cultivation 100 acres of land that seven years ago was considered worthless. Since 1871 he has bought 200 sheep, and now owns 1,800 head. He keeps a shepherd, who is paid to attend to his business, and keeps an accurate book account of every dollar and dime spent on account of the sheep, and finds, by casting up a balance sheet, that it costs him exactly 57 cents a head per annum to keep his flock. They average him about three and a half pounds of wool each. Last year he clipped in May, and again in September, and the clip amounted to five and a half pounds per head. Last year he sold in Savannah and Macon 8,000 pounds of wool, at an average of 30 cents per pound, including a few pounds of merino wool, which makes the gross receipts \$2,970. The annual expense of the flock was \$1,026. So there was an absolute net profit in the wool of \$1,664. Last year he sold in the above cities 92 wethers as mutton for \$342, making a total of \$2,289. Besides this, he has fertilized the poor wire-grass land, so that last year he cultivated 84 acres, and from 41 acres in corn he made an average of 31 bushels; 10 in sugar cane that made 56 barrels of syrup; 15 in oats, that averaged 42 bushels to the acre, and on the remainder an abundance of all kinds of truck-farming, receiving for his sales of vegetables in New York a net profit of \$284.

A flock of hens will pay for themselves before they are one year old, if they are rightly cared for. You can then sell them, if you choose, for a good price and raise another lot, but it is not advisable to do so, as the second year is the most profitable, but do not keep them after they are two years old, for after that age they do not pay so well.

DOMESTIC.

WAFFLES.—One quart of milk, half a cup melted butter, yolks of three eggs well beaten, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder; beat in flour enough to make a thin batter, and add the well-beaten whites of the three eggs the last thing.

GRAHAM GEMS.—One quart milk and two cups even full of Graham flour. Beat together so as to be smooth and free of lumps; turn in well-buttered gem pans, and bake in a well-heated oven. Made in this way they are very light, tender and sweet, needing no soda; if made any stiffer they will not be light.

BRIDGET'S CORN BREAD.—Two eggs well beaten, one large tablespoonful of white sugar, one pint of sweet milk, a pinch of salt. When these are mixed, add slowly while stirring, one small quart of fine, white corn-meal. Sift in with the last of it two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Grease a square tin pan and pour the mixture in, and bake in a steady oven.

THE *Herald of Health* cautions parents not to allow their children to be waked up in the morning. Let Nature wake them; she will not do it prematurely. Take care that they go to bed at an early hour—let it be earlier and earlier, until it is found that they wake up themselves in full time to dress for breakfast.

AN INDIAN PUDDING.—Stir half a teaspoonful of cornmeal into one quart of sweet milk while boiling hot. Let it cool. After you have stirred it perfectly smooth, add four well-beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of either currants or raisins, apples or other good dried fruit, if you have not fresh, and a little sugar; lastly, add one pint and a half of sweet milk. Bake slowly.

STEWED PRUNES.—Wash the fruit, and for every pound allow half a pound of raw sugar and one pint of water. Boil the sugar and water together for ten minutes, then put in the fruit, and let it boil gently for two hours, or until perfectly tender, so that it breaks if touched with the finger. Drain the syrup from the prunes, and boil it until it becomes thick; then put the prunes back into it, and let them stand until the next day.

BOSTON BAKED BEANS.—An Eastern lady sends the following recipe:—"We pick, wash and put to soak any kind of beans we have on hand, early on Saturday morning. When the baking of the forenoon is getting nearly finishing we bring the beans to a boil, in a good deal of water, allowing them to boil gently, until, by lifting some of the beans upon a skimmer and blowing upon them, the skin cracks. Then skim them into a 'bean pot' made for baking beans in, put in a small tablespoonful of molasses and a pinch of salt, and, to a pint dipperful of beans before soaking, a piece of salt pork about four inches square. Then fill up with cold water, cover up and bake in a hot oven until evening. Let them remain over night and be brought to a proper degree of hotness next morning for breakfast. Care should be taken that the water does not boil out while baking. By this method the beans will come from the oven to the table soft, rich, delicious—in that wonderful state some writer speaks of as being just where 'each bean maintains its own individuality, but upon the very point of being united to its neighbor.'"

CHEAP LIVING.—W. S. T. has written a well-timed letter on cheap and nutritious food, in the *Bradford Observer*. His intention was to assist in alleviating in some degree the prevailing distress, and thus to be of use to many of his suffering townspeople. Having shown the fallacy of the generally received opinion that butchers' meat is the most nutritive form of food by exhibiting the comparative values of potatoes, bread, peas, lentils, wheatmeal, oatmeal, rice, butchers' meat, &c., from Baron Liebig's figures, and shown that there are other forms of food more highly nutritive than butchers' meat, he goes on to consider the relative cost of the articles, thus: To supply 100lb. of flesh, from peas, at 2s. per stone, costs 43s. 1½d.; beans, at 4s. per stone, 80s. 8d.; wheat, at 2s. per stone, 59s. 6½d.; oatmeal, at 3s. per stone, 156s. 3d.; butchers' meat, at 14s. 8d. per stone, 426s. 4½d. He concludes:—"There is abundant proof that vegetable diet is not only the cheapest and most nutritive, but also the healthiest; that nations living on it alone are harder, stronger, and heavier than those which eat meat, and that however much custom, prejudice, ignorance, and perverted appetites may lead us to deny this, stern necessity will oblige us to admit it, and to act upon it. Here is a recipe for a soup fit to set before a king, which may be useful to those giving relief at this season: Four ounces of peas, four ounces of rice, half-a-pound of bread, three onions, a quarter of an ounce of salt. Steep the peas in water twelve hours, the rice one hour, set them on the fire with four quarts of water, and a small piece of soda, the salt, bread, and onions; and boil an hour. Season with pepper and salt.—*Dietetic Reformer.*"

SAVED AT SEA.—A LIGHTHOUSE STORY.

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

CHAP. VI.—(Continued.)

"This is a strong house, my lad," he said, when the others had gone.

"Yes sir," I said, "it ought to be strong; the wind is fearful here sometimes."

"What sort of a foundation has it?" said the old man, tapping the floor with his stick.

"Oh, it's all rock, sir," I answered, "solid rock; our house and the lighthouse tower are all built into the rock; they would never stand if they weren't."

"And are you on the rock, my lad?" said Mr. Davis, looking at me through his spectacles.

"I beg your pardon, sir," I said, for I thought I had not heard him rightly.

"Are you on the rock?" he repeated.

"On the rock, sir? oh yes," I said, thinking he could not have understood what I said before. "All these buildings are built into the rock, or the wind and sea would carry them away."

"But you," said the old gentleman again, "are you on the rock?"

"I don't quite understand you, sir," I said.

"Never mind," he said; "I'll ask your grandfather when he comes down." So I sat still, wondering what he could mean, and almost thinking he must have gone out of his mind.

As soon as my grandfather returned, he put the same question to him, and my grandfather answered it as I had done, by assuring him how firmly and strongly the lighthouse and its surroundings were built into the solid rock.

"And you yourself?" said Mr. Davis. "How long have you been on the rock?"

"I, sir?" said my grandfather, "I suppose you mean how long have I lived here; forty years, sir—forty years come the twelfth of next month, I've lived on this rock."

"And how much longer do you expect to live here?" said the old gentleman.

"Oh, I don't know, sir," said my grandfather. "As long as I live, I suppose. Alick, here, will take my place by-and-by; he's a fine, strong boy is Alick, sir."

"And where will you live when you leave the island?" asked Mr. Davis.

"Oh, I never mean to leave it," said my grandfather; "not till I die, sir."

"And then; where will you live then?"

"Oh, I don't know, sir," said my grandfather. "In heaven, I suppose. But, dear me, I'm not going there just yet," he said, as if he did not like the turn the conversation was taking.

"Would you mind answering me one more question?" said old Mr. Davis. "Would you kindly tell me why you think you'll go to heaven? You won't mind my asking you, will you?"

"Oh, dear no," said my grandfather, "not at all, sir. Well, sir, you see I've never done anybody any harm, and God is very merciful, and so, I've no doubt, it will be all right at last."

"Why, my dear friend," said the old gentleman, "I thought you said you were on the rock. You're not on the rock at all, you're on the sand!" He was going to add more, when one of Captain Sayer's men ran up to say the steamer was ready to start, and would they kindly come at once, as it was late already. So the two gentlemen jumped

still, put by amongst my greatest treasures. There was not much written on it, only two lines of a hymn:

"On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

I walked slowly up to the house thinking. My grandfather was out with Jem Millar, so I did not show him the paper then, but I read the lines many times over as I was playing with little Timpey, and I wondered very much what they meant.

In the evening, my grandfather and Jem Millar generally sat together over the fire in the little watchroom upstairs, and I used to take little Timpey up there, until it was time to go to bed. She liked climbing up the stone steps in the lighthouse tower. She used to call out "Up! up! up!" as she went along, until she reached the top step, and then she would run into the watchroom with a merry laugh.

As we went in, this evening, my grandfather and Jem were

"And pray what may that be?"

"He meant we can't get to heaven except we come to Christ; we can't get no other way. That's just what them lines there says, Sandy."

"On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

"Do you mean to tell me," said my grandfather, "that I shan't get to heaven if I do my best?"

"No, it won't do, Sandy; there's only one way to heaven; I know that well enough."

"Dear me, Jem!" said my grandfather, "I never heard you talk like that before."

"No," said Jem, "I've forgot all about it since I came to the island. I had a good mother years ago; I ought to have done better than I have done."

He said no more, but was very silent all the evening. Grandfather read his newspaper aloud, and talked on all manner of subjects, but Jem Millar's thoughts seemed far away.

(To be Continued.)



THE GREAT BORE NEAR CALCUTTA.

THE GREAT BORE NEAR CALCUTTA.

In the Hoogly, or Calcutta River, "the bore," says Rennell, "commences at Hoogly Point, the place where the river first contracts itself, and is perceptible above Hoogly town; and so quick is its motion that it hardly employs four hours in travelling from one to the other, though the distance is nearly seventy miles.

"At Calcutta it sometimes occasions an instantaneous rise of six feet, and both here, and at every other part of its track, the boats on its approach immediately quit the shore, and make for safety to the middle of the river."

"In the channels between the islands at the mouth of the Megra, the height of the bore is said to exceed twelve feet, and is so terrific in its appearance, and dangerous in its consequences, that no boat will venture to pass at spring-tide."

There is in New Brunswick a bore resembling the one at Calcutta. The Petitcodiac, which empties into the Bay of Funday, has a long, funnel-shaped mouth. As the high tide of the Bay comes rolling in, the waters are gradually compressed as they enter and advance up the funnel until at Moncton, where the river takes a short turn, it assumes the shape of a solid perpendicular wall, two, three, four, five or more feet in height, surmounted by a thin line of foam. It advances rapidly with a terrible roar, sweeping everything before it.

up, and prepared hastily to go down to the beach.

But as old Mr. Davis took leave of my grandfather, he said earnestly:

"My friend, you are building on the sand; you are indeed, and it won't stand the storm, no, it won't stand the storm!" He had no time to say more, the sailor hastened him away.

I followed them down to the pier, and stood there watching the steamer preparing to start.

There was a little delay after the gentlemen went on board, and I saw Mr. Davis sit down on a seat on deck, take out his pocket-book, and write something on one of the leaves. Then he tore the leaf out, and gave it to one of the sailors to hand it to me as I stood on the pier, and in another moment the steamer had started.

CHAP. VII.—A THICK FOG.

That little piece of paper which was given me that day, I have it

talking together of the visit of the two gentlemen. "I can't think what the old man meant about the rock," my grandfather was saying. "I couldn't make head or tail of it, Jem; could you, my lad?"

"Look there, grandfather," I said, as I handed him the little piece of paper, and told him how I had got it.

"Well, to be sure!" said my grandfather. "So he gave you this, did he?" and he read aloud:

"On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

"Well now, Jem, what does he mean? He kept on saying to me, 'You're on the sand, my friend; you're on the sand, and it won't stand the storm.' What do you make of it, Jem; did you hear him, my lad?"

"Yes," said Jem, thoughtfully, "and it has set me thinking, Sandy; I know what he meant well enough."

JACK THE CONQUEROR; Or, Difficulties Overcome.

BY MRS. C. E. BOWEN.

(From *Children's Friend*.)

CHAP. XII—(Continued.)

Still, in spite of all these troubles, Jack kept up a courageous heart. He could study his lessons whilst he wove his baskets. He continued to practise his writing at odd moments, and was constantly commended for his industry by Mr. Hartley, who was greatly pleased with his new scholar, in whom he saw the germs of no ordinary powers of application. He only regretted that he should lose him after a time when he went to day labor.

He was not lost sight of by the family at the Hall. More than once Miss Sutton and her father called at the school-house and made enquiries about him of Mr. Hartley, who always spoke of the boy in the highest terms. Miss Sutton bought his baskets, having no idea that the money would be instantly appropriated by his aunt, and not in any way expended on Jack.

At length the winter drew to its close, and symptoms of spring were approaching. Jack was beginning to wonder whether his aunt intended to forbid his going to school any more at the end of the six months, when she was suddenly summoned hence by an attack of paralysis.

She died unregretted by all except Jack, who had a kindly feeling for her, notwithstanding the neglect and unkindness she had too often shown him. But her house had been a home for him: now he had none; and it was with a feeling of desolation he had never experienced before, that he turned away from her grave, wondering what was to be his destination in future.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Keep up a good heart, dearie," said Jenny.

"God knows all about it, and He will find you a home, even if it should be no better a one than mine."

Jack was sitting with her the day after the funeral. There was a strong affection between them.

"I must try and get work in the quarries at once, Jenny; there are some boys not much bigger than I am, who are put to wheel stones."

"Well, dear, if nothing else turns up, you must."

"And good-bye to school for always."

A tap at the door was followed by Mary Naylor running in hastily.

"The Squire is at our house, and wants to see you, Jack. I knew you were here, so I ran over. Come quick!"

Mr. Sutton and his daughter were in Mrs. Naylor's cottage.

"We have come to see after you, Jack," said the Squire. "We must settle what is to be done with you. What would you like yourself?"

"I must go to the quarries, sir."

"You wish to?"

"I shall not like it," replied Jack; "but that makes no difference. I'll go and do my best."

"I have another plan for you, which I think will be a better one. I know you like your lessons; and it is a pity they should cease. I propose to board you here with Mrs. Naylor, who is willing to receive you for three years. I will pay for your board, and you shall continue to go on paying for your schooling. It will depend on yourself what becomes of you at the end of the three years. If Mr. Hartley's expectations come true, you will be quite a scholar by that time."

It seemed to Jack as if one of the great stones from the quarry had just been lifted off his heart, or as though he had been groping his way through a mist, not knowing whither he was going, or whether he should ever find the path he was seeking; but that now suddenly the sun had

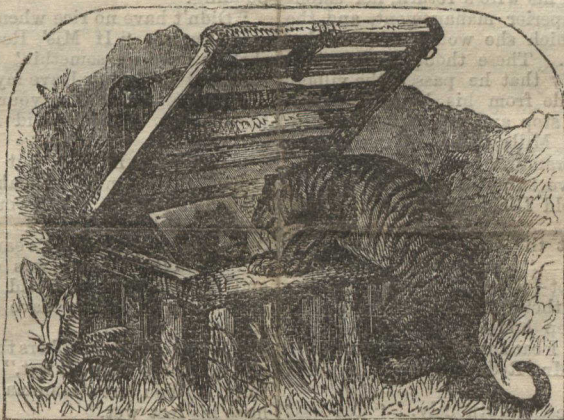
follow our young hero through his National school career during the three years following his aunt's death, it must suffice to say that his progress exceeded Mr. Hartley's most sanguine expectations, and made the Squire more than ever his friend.

He never failed in paying his own way as far as going to school was concerned, always doing so by means of his industry in one way or another.

Mr. Sutton had intended to place him in some office at the age of fourteen; but when that time arrived, it appeared both to him and to Mr. Hartley as if the boy possessed abilities which might possibly enable him to take a high stand some day as a scholar. It was not only because he had considerable natural talent that they were led to this conclusion, but because he had from so early an age acquired the power and habit of overcoming difficulties as they arose in his path.

"He has both determination and perseverance," said Mr. Hartley, "to an extent I never met with before."

Mr. Sutton pondered the matter over. At length he sent for Jack,



CATCHING THE TIGER.

shone forth, the mist had vanished, and his road lay straight and clear before him. He longed to express his grateful thanks in words, but something rose up in his throat and made him feel afraid he should cry if he opened his lips. He could only bow, and look up in the kind-hearted Squire's face with a countenance which told all he wished to say.

Mr. Sutton understood him well. He would rather have had that look than the most eloquent words, and, patting Jack's head kindly, he said--

"A boy who can help himself as you have done deserves to be helped, Jack. You must be as busy as ever; for, mind, your school payment is still to be your own affair."

And so Jack went to live with Mrs. Naylor, where for a time all his difficulties seemed to have vanished, except such as Mr. Hartley gave him to conquer daily with his book or his slate.

CHAPTER XIV.

As it would be lengthening our story too much if we were to

His kind friends at the Hall took care to equip him respectably as a school-boy about to commence his new life at Stedwell Grammar School. His neighbors at Bushgrove all wished him well, and congratulated him on having such a friend in the Squire. When he went about to say good-bye the morning he left, Mr. Hartley shook hands cordially with him.

"Go on as you have hitherto done, Jack," said he. "Work steadily at Stedwell as you have here. You will find that there is much for you to accomplish in order to win the scholarship. Earnest application, and a resolve not to relax in your efforts, however great they may have to be, is indispensable. Having chosen the path of learning, go boldly forward in it; let no difficulties daunt you, no idleness ever overcome you, and then I shall be surprised if you do not come off victorious."

(To be Continued.)

CATCHING THE TIGER.

There are many ways of catching tigers. The subjoined picture shows one way: it is with a looking-glass trap. I will tell you a still more ingenious plan for catching the noble beast. It is practiced in Oude, and in some of the other provinces, where they manufacture a very sticky kind of bird-lime.

The first thing is to find out the tiger's lair. This discovered, a few hundred broad tropical leaves, covered on both sides with the bird-lime, are spread about. The hunters then retire to a safe distance to await the appearance of the tiger. By and by he comes sauntering along to where the bird-lime is strewn, and presently a big leaf sticks to his paw. When a vigorous shake will not release it of the clammy thing, he tries what a whisk at the side of his head will do, and succeeds in smearing an eye. By this time each paw is furnished with an unwelcome slipper, and perhaps his tail is festooned with several likewise. He now loses his temper, becomes furious, bites at the limed leaves, and rolls among them till both eyes are blinded, and his body covered with a network of leaves—a leafy coat-of-mail, not weapon proof. At the sound of his terrible roars the trappers rush up, and dispatch him with a shower of bullets.

Now is not the fate of the tiger very much like the consequence of a lie? For just as the first leaf sticking to the tiger was followed by another and another, till he was covered with them, and fell helplessly into the hands of his entrappers; so the first lie is followed by another and another till the poor victim falls completely into the power of Satan, the liar-in-wait for souls.—*Selected.*



The Family Circle.

ALL ARE NEEDED.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.
I thought the sparrows note from Heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder-bough.
I brought him home in his nest at even;
He sings the song; but it pleases not now;
For I did not bring home the river and sky;
He sang to my ear; they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasure home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun and the sand and the wild
uproar.

—Ez.

MILLY'S EXCURSION.

"Oh, I wish I could go, but of course I can't." So said Milly Redmond, for at least the twentieth time that morning, as she took up her brother Tom's letter and glanced over it again.

"Such a splendid chance!" she went on, as she dusted the table. "The very loveliest weather, too, and Tom and his wife want me so much, but there!—I can't go, and I ought not to think of it," and Milly wielded her duster with redoubled diligence, as if she was brushing intrusive repinings away.

But try as she would, Milly could not forget that brother Tom wanted her to go to the Centennial, and when her husband came home to dinner and read the letter, she could not look as cheerful as she wanted to appear.

"Of course I know I can't go, John"—she was beginning, when Mr. Redmond cut her short with:

"Why, not, I should like to know? What is to prevent your going? You could be ready, I'm sure, by to-morrow afternoon, and it would do you good."

"But John, who would keep house for you, and take care of the children? Why, I couldn't enjoy the Centennial if I knew that things at home were all at sixes and sevens, as they would be with no one to look after them," said Milly decidedly.

Mr. Redmond frowned, instead of looking pleased at this proof of his wife's fidelity to duty.

"Haven't I often told you, my dear, that a man is quite as capable of taking charge of the household as a woman. In fact, a man is more efficient, because his business training makes him more methodical and orderly. Just see, for instance, how irregularly you put the baby to sleep! Sometimes you have just laid him down when I come home to dinner, while at other times he gets his nap before twelve o'clock. And it is just so with yourself. Instead of going out every morning for a little walk, to freshen you up, you frequently stay in doors for days together. It's all wrong, Milly, and I would like to get your duties symmetrically arranged, so that you might have more leisure."

Milly did not interrupt her husband, for she had long ago learned to let him ride his hobby in peace, but she said with some impatience as she paused:

"Very well, John, suppose I give you a chance to try your skill. Arrange my duties symmetrically for me, and I will go to the Centennial. Only I think you had better not undertake the management of baby, so I will ask mother to keep him for a few days. You can get along with Tommie and Susie well enough, but you must be particular about making them wear their rubbers when it rains. As for old Dinah, you must see that she has plenty of kindling-wood, and remind her to feed the chickens, and be sure to wind the kitchen clock, because she always forgets it. Oh yes, and there's the beans I'm drying. You won't forget the beans, John!"

"Now, my dear wife," said John Redmond, complacently: "I don't want any more directions or reminders. If I can't manage this house and attend to the wants of the family without making mistakes or forgetting necessary things, I must be a very incapable man, that's all. You seem to forget, Milly, that I have more than a hundred people to look after at the factory, and nothing ever goes wrong or is forgotten there, I can tell you."

His wife smiled, a quiet and somewhat mischievous smile, but Mr. Redmond did not see

it. He was putting on his hat, and he paused at the door to say:

"Now get ready as fast as you choose, and I will telegraph to Tom that you will meet him at the station. And I promise you that you will find your housekeeping quite reconstructed when you get back, so don't worry."

This last sentence confirmed Mrs. Redmond's wavering resolution. "I will go, just to teach John a lesson or two," she said to herself, and began her preparations forthwith. She went first to her mother's, and the old lady willingly agreed to take charge of baby Willie, a healthy, sweet-tempered boy eighteen months old. Then she arranged everything as conveniently as she could in her home even laying out a change of clothes for her two older children, since she might be gone a week, and showing Susie, who was a bright little girl of nine, where everything was kept.

"And you must be a good, obedient child, and try to please papa, and to keep Tommy out of mischief, dear, and I will bring you something pretty from the Centennial," said Milly, when all was done.

"I will, mamma dear, but I wish you were back again," answered Susie, and the mother's heart quite failed her at the doleful expression on the child's face.

But Mr. Redmond came in directly, and quite scolded her for her vacillation. "Such nonsense!" he said; "I tell you, my dear, I quite enjoy the prospect of regulating this household, and the children will be perfectly contented as soon as you have gone. They will be looking for your return, and the days will slip away before they know it."

So the next afternoon Mr. Redmond drove his wife over to the station; Tom was there to meet her, and Milly realized with a thrill of delight that she was absolutely going to the Centennial.

Mr. Redmond drove home rapidly, with a most self-satisfied smile on his face. He was going to show Milly what housekeeping ought to be—how business tact, method and system could harmonize and regulate home affairs, and his head was full of bright visions.

He anticipated his wife's return, her astonishment at his superior management, and the humility with which she would acknowledge her own defects. These thoughts occupied him so exclusively that he passed the village store, about a mile from his house, without remembering to stop and get various needful things, although Milly had written all on a leaf of his memorandum book.

Just as he drove through the gate leading to his stable, old Dinah appeared at a side door.

"Did you get the sody and cream o' tartar?" she asked. "I'm a waitin' for 'em."

"Of course not—you didn't say anything about wanting them, Dinah, and you must learn when I keep house to know what you want in time. I cannot allow you to be so careless," said Mr. Redmond with dignified severity.

Dinah sniffed contemptuously. "Car'less! I s'pose you don't call yerself car'less when Mis' Redmond wrote down all the things on a paper for you to get. I see her a doin' it afore she went," she said coolly.

John Redmond started and put his hand in his pocket. He drew out his memorandum book, and turned to the page on which Milly had written. Yes! there they were—cream of tartar and soda—and alas! half a dozen things more. It was too provoking.

"Never mind, Dinah, I'll go back. It won't take long," he said, as he turned his horse's head towards the road, and he left the old woman grumbling at the stupidity of men-housekeepers.

Back he went to the store, read over his list carefully enough now, and made his purchases. But supper was half an hour late, as a result of his forgetfulness, and the soda biscuits were not well browned either. Mr. Redmond hated pale biscuits.

"What is the matter with these biscuits, Dinah?" he demanded sharply. "They are not well baked."

"Course they isn't baked, when I've kep' waitin' fur the things, and the oven got cold," answered Dinah tartly, and her master was silent.

"Dear me, children, it's time you were in bed," said their father, breaking in abruptly upon the game of jackstraws with which Susie and Tommy were amusing themselves.

"Oh, no; not yet, papa," pleaded Susie. "Mamma always gives us half an hour after the table is cleared, and we haven't had ten minutes to-night."

"I can't help that," said Mr. Redmond. "The clock points to the hour and when that arrives you must go." So the children went to bed in a very discontented and tearful frame.

"Milly would have given them another half hour because supper was late, but I mean to have strict discipline," said Mr. Redmond to himself as he took up his newspaper, and settled himself comfortably in his easy-chair. But the paper was dull, the room was so quiet without Milly's cheerful talk, and Mr. Red-

mond was so tired that he fell fast asleep. He waked with a start as the old clock in the kitchen struck eleven, and hastily closing the house, retired.

In the morning he came down at his usual hour, but was horrified to find that the kitchen fire was not yet lit, and no signs of breakfast.

"Taint my fault," grumbled Dinah, hurrying about, "Mis' Redmond always winds up the old clock, and I knows what time to git up when she's home. She sets the breakfast table over night, too, and grinds the coffee, and does lots to help me along."

Mr. Redmond recalled, with sudden enlightenment, the fact that his wife always had a great many little things to attend to just before bed-time—things which he had never noticed particularly, because they were part of her unsystematic way. "Everything should be done before night, Milly, and then we would be saved this unnecessary work and worry," he had been wont to say, and his wife had held her peace. Perhaps there were some duties which would not admit of proper adjustment.

As breakfast was late Mr. Redmond was in a hurry. He had not time to remind Dinah of the chickens, he forgot the children's rubbers, although it was raining hard, and he said not a word about the dinner, until Dinah came running after him with her apron thrown over her head, to know what he wanted.

"Oh, yes! I was just thinking of it," said he, unblushingly. "Well, Dinah, suppose you make some kind of a stew out of the cold meat, and give us one of your nice boiled flour puddings."

The old woman shook her head. "Mis' Redmond never has stews and boiled puddings on ironin' days, 'cos there ain't room on the stove," she said dryly.

"Well, then, have the meat cold, and a rice pudding," was the next order, and Mr. Redmond hastened away.

The dinner was disappointing. The cold meat didn't look appetizing, and there was no pudding.

"Didn't have no rice when I come to look," said Dinah. "If Mis' Redmond was here she'd a fixed up somethin' nice, she always does, but I couldn't leave my ironin'."

"I didn't know that your mistress did all the cooking, Dinah," said Mr. Redmond at this.

"She don't neither, but she puts in the fancy touches, and that makes a difference," replied Dinah. "Guess you'll find out what she's worth," she added in a lower tone, but it reached Mr. Redmond's ears.

That night Tommy was decidedly hoarse, and his father was afraid of an attack of croup. "What can have given him such a cold?" he wondered.

"We forgot our rubbers this morning; papa, and our shoes were all wet," said Susie, cheerfully. "You know mamma never lets Tommy have his feet wet."

Mr. Redmond groaned. After all, there were a good many things to remember in superintending a family.

"And papa," croaked Tommy, while Dinah was rubbing his throat, "papa, you forgot mamma's beans, and they're all soaked. She always took them off the bench before it rained."

"And Dinah said that she guessed you'd forgot that to-morrow was Sunday, for you hadn't sent any marketing home. You haven't got a very good memory, have you, papa?" chimed in Susie.

Three days afterward, when Mr. Redmond went to meet his wife at the depot, he was frank enough to say to her: "The fact is, Milly, that I've learned a good many things since you went away. I've learned first of all, that it isn't an easy thing to manage a household. How you do it so well, and forget so few things, I don't know. Certainly, if I had had the baby at home, I should have written for you to come back the next day."

Milly could not help looking pleased; what woman could? But she only said:

"Well, my dear husband, you see that even a man's executive ability (superior as it doubtless is) does not suffice to fill his wife's place. And I'm glad to get back, though I've had a lovely time, for I knew you couldn't get along without me."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

HAL'S TENTH.

BY HARRIETTE WOOD.

Hal Gordon was a bright lad of twelve years at the time of which we write. As the only son, the fondest parental hopes and expectations centred in him, and not without reason. Although so young in years, there were certain inherited characteristics already developed in him, making it fairly presumable that he was to be like the father so loved and revered by all, who, while a successful man of business, was yet a high-toned, whole-souled Christian gentleman.

It was a great joy to the father and mother when their youngest born, at this tender age, came out from the world, and standing up in the church, confessed Christ, and shortly after, upon receiving his quarter's allowance from his father, voluntarily remarked with a very responsible air,

"I think, father, I'll devote a tenth of my money to religious purposes, just as you do." "Just as you do!" Oh, the force of example! so subtle and silent, yet how powerful and how enduring!

"All right, Hal; that is the very least that you should do for the Master," said the father.

In a few weeks Hal was to visit his uncle in the city. Knowing well the allurements of the shops, and various places of amusement which he would probably visit with his cousins, his mother suggested that the consecrated tenth of his worldly goods be left at home. Hal, however, pleaded to take it, and she said no more, but awaited the result with extreme interest.

After a fortnight's absence Hal was welcomed home. The temptations to spend had not been irresistible, yet this noble little fellow had not neglected to bring a small token of love to each member of the household. The last to be removed from his satchel was that which he had chosen for his eldest and married sister, a pretty afghan to furnish her new baby's carriage, and very naturally just that which the young mother wanted most.

"There, mother," said the boy, with an exultant twinkle in his eye, as he held up the soft, daintily-wrought thing to her appreciating gaze; "there, mother, I bought this with that tenth which you advised me to leave at home. There was a fair one night at Clifton Place, and the profit of the things sold went towards missions; I went, and there I saw this. Aunt Ethel said it was just the thing to buy for Bertha, and I happened to think that I could just kill two birds with one stone, and make my money do double service."

The mother for the present thought best to conceal her disapprobation of his proceeding; at some future time she would talk with him on the subject. Several times he had won commendations when by some honorable but really skilful economy of his own, he had been able to add to his pecuniary possessions; but now a great pain was in her heart, as she saw how the insidious adversary of souls had deluded her boy into supposing that by a very clever stroke of management he could serve Christ and self at one and the same time.

At the beginning of the next quarter the money to be allowed him was left in her hands to make over, an occasion which she improved to show him what seemed to her clear moral sense a most questionable method of appropriating the Lord's portion.

"Hal," she asked; "are you going to put a tenth into the Lord's treasury?"

"Oh yes, mother," was the ready response; "it don't seem like any sacrifice at all. I think everybody ought to do it."

"Are you not back in making your payment last quarter?"

"Why, mother, you must have forgotten. Don't you remember I paid just the amount at the missionary fair for Bertie's afghan?"

"And realized its value in another form, that is, in the article which you purchased."

"More than realized it," said the boy, a little boastfully, putting both hands in his pockets; "more than realized it; first, in the thing itself, which was cheap enough at that price, and then in the pleasure of giving it to Bertie, in seeing it useful to her, and in seeing little Jimmie pat the bright roses and crow at the pretty colors."

"Do you then consider that you, after all, gave your tenth to the Lord?"

"Why, mother, the money went toward missions."

"So perhaps all or a portion of it did; but do not flatter yourself, Hal, that it went out of your pocket in any sense as a gift or offering to the Lord. You gave the baker ten cents for a loaf of bread this morning. Suppose that next Sabbath he lays even that identical dime upon the plate that is passed for church expenses. Are you the donor, or is he?"

"He, of course, mother."

"Perhaps," continued Mrs. Gordon, "the worsted merchant donated the material, and doubtless some fair young girl or woman gave her time and labor to construct the article which you purchased. This, once given did not return to them. The result of all this expense, time, and work, was exchanged with you for money. This money, won from you by offering an equivalent, they cheerfully gave to the blessed cause you have mentioned."

Hal said nothing, but looked the tacit conviction of the truth his mother had spoken.

"You disapprove of charitable fairs, then, do you, mother?"

"Some time we may discuss that question, Hal. It is not essential just now that we argue whether or not they are proper and Scriptural methods of meeting charitable or

religious purposes. What I want to impress upon you now is that when you set apart any portion of your substance to Him, you shall henceforth consider it holy to the Lord, and that you shall see to it that you give it, really, truly, wholly, and directly, simply because it is supremely blessed to give to Him who has done so much for you. Never descend to that secular level, that you must be hired or coaxed by some attractive reward to contribute toward any object for which Christ first gave His precious blood."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

Lucy, the Farmer's Wife.

By Charity Snow.

One morning last fall I ran into my nearest neighbor's on an errand. They were people almost in middle life, though they had not yet been wed a year.

Lucy had been my close friend for years, and as I knew her to have a very happy disposition and good health, and as Mark was "well-to-do," I looked for a very happy life for them. Judge of my surprise to find the dishes cooling in the kitchen sink, and Lucy leaning over the footboard of her bed with her face buried in her calico apron. She started up hurriedly, and dropping her apron disclosed very red eyes and cheeks and a more disturbed manner than I had ever seen before. My first impulse was to apologize and run home, but on second thought I decided to treat the matter jocosely, so said:

"Own up, now, Lucy, like a good girl. You and Mark have had your first quarrel?"

She smiled faintly, but said with some dignity, "Mark and I shall never quarrel. Because," she added more quietly, "it takes two to do that, and I shall never make the second."

"Then it must be you wanted seventy-five cents to buy a new calico wrapper, and Mark couldn't afford it, hence these tears."

She gave a little laugh at this, saying, "I've wrappers enough now to last me a reasonable lifetime, so you'll have to guess again. But come out and sit down while I finish my dishes, and I'll tell you 'certain true, black and blue,' as the children say. You know," she went on talking very fast as she wielded the dish cloth and the wiper, "that we, as well as everybody, have a great yield of apples this year, and Mark was saying this morning that as the best were only twenty-five cents a bushel, and many were not salable at all, we must dry a lot this fall. I stood aghast at the thought of spending my beautiful fall days quartering and stringing apples."

"Mark," said I, "father always says when apples are very cheap it is more profitable to give them to the hogs and cows than for mother and me to spend our time and strength over them, except what we want for our own use." I stopped short, for I saw Mark wasn't pleased that I should place him in unfavorable contrast with father.

"It would be a sheer waste to give them to the cattle when we could sell them dried for five cents a pound," he hastened to say. "Save when you're young to spend when you're old, Lucy."

"Mark," said I, under my breath, "what if we shouldn't live to be old? What if we should get worked out and fall by the way?"

"He looked at me a minute a little sharp and said, 'Lucy, are you sick or hystericky? Because I have always been particularly thankful that I had a well wife.'"

"Neither, Mark," I said, "but I am tired. You know that though I was brought up on a large farm like this, yet mother was well, and we always had help, so though I worked hard, I kept in good health, because I didn't overdo. But here it is different. All the men to cook and wash for, a large dairy to look after, and the care of your mother, who can help herself but little since she broke her hip, besides the spinning, knitting and sewing, and everything else that makes up the work on a large farm, and only these two hands to do it all."

"Well now, if you're only tired, get a girl for a day or two, and rest. I guess I can afford it rather than have my wife get sick. And Lucy," looking back as he was going out of the door, "you needn't hurry about the apples. There isn't more than thirty or forty bushels I calculated to have worked up that way, and we've got all fall before us. You and I can pare and cut evenings, and you can hang 'em up day times. I shouldn't think of asking the hired men,—they need their rest."

"I couldn't tell him that I had plans of repairing and beautifying our house a little, and had been hurrying with other work ever since we were married to get to it this fall. You know Mark lived without a wife so long, and his mother is an old lady and could only do what was absolutely needful, that the rooms look really shabby, so much so that it seems as though I could hardly be happy in them all next winter," she added a little more tenderly, "not even with Mark. But now that must all be given up, for I don't get my day's work done, ordinarily, till two or three o'clock, and

I must spend all the rest of the day and evening on apples."

She stopped long enough to catch her breath, then went on, and I didn't interrupt her, for I knew it would do her good to relieve her mind. She appeared not in the least aware of telling tales of her husband, or I should not have listened, but we were so intimate, it seemed more like talking to herself.

"The fact is, Charity, Mark, with his vitality and all the help he needs on the farm, can hardly realize the tax it is upon me to be confined so steadily to hard work. I have always thought I was well, but I can't answer for the result if I have to work on the 'clean jump' in all future time as I have since I came here. I know I took the place and took my husband 'for better or worse,' and I mean, God helping me, to be a good wife, but I cannot just see my way through," and her eyes had a far-away, troubled look, as she pressed her hand to her side, and leaned wearily against the pump.

"Lucy," said I, after pondering a little, "why don't you say just these things frankly to Mark, and tell him you must have help in your work as he does in his?"

"I suppose I am weak and unduly sensitive, but Mark appears to place so much confidence in my ability and seems so utterly oblivious to the idea that I can need help more than 'a day or two,' that I hate to disappoint him. He has waited so long, poor fellow, his wife ought now to be all he has pictured her. I fancy if we had come together earlier in life, it would have been different, we should have sort of grown up together, so to speak, and assimilated in our purposes and tastes, while now we have each positive habits and ideas which one must of necessity yield sometimes to the other. Another thing, don't you see the difference between hiring help in doors and out? I have studied that all out. It reads thus: If a man employs workmen on his farm, it enables him to enlarge his operations, sufficiently to pay his help, and gain something more or less besides; while the money paid to a hired girl is entire loss, since only the housework is done, and if the wife can compass that year after year, so much is gained," with a touch of bitterness unusual in my Lucy. "But there, it's all right, I suppose."

"Indeed it isn't," I broke forth, "it's all wrong! Why, Lucy, you are not alone. There are hundreds and thousands of women in the same place and worse off than you are, with no end of cares and hard work, who drag on from year to year with poor health and poorer spirits, till they go down to their graves, victims of overwork, while their husbands talk about the 'dealings of Providence.' If I only had the strength, I have authority enough to make the ears of the world to tingle. I would cry, 'O husbands! fathers! men! is there no remedy for this? Must this wholesale slaughter of our sex go on, and is there no hope or rest but under the sod?' But Lucy," said I, seeing her grow pale, "I fear I am making a bad matter worse by this talk. You must either confide this matter to Mark, for redress or you must bear it with what hope or courage you may."

Well, all this happened months ago, and if you expect a tragic ending of my story I shall have to disappoint you, for the end is not yet. I didn't see Lucy riding or walking much, or sitting by her pleasant south window to sew, or making little fancy articles to adorn her rooms; but I did see many strings of drying apples. Every available place for drying, in and on the house and about the buildings was in use. Lucy would run in occasionally in her morning dress with a pan of apples which she would cut and core with feverish haste and then hurry away. In the midst of it all I went away for a while, and getting home a few days ago, I went over to Mark's last evening.

Mark sat in his easy chair, by the best chance to the one lamp, reading his weekly paper to himself, the most perfect picture of hearty enjoyment one could wish to see. Lucy, with her first pair of spectacles on, was at work on a difficult piece of dark sewing.

"Taking it easy, Mark," I said.

"Yes," he answered briskly. "Take your comfort long winter evenings, I say. Never had a better year for farming than last. Got a nice little sum of money in the bank. Everything is snug and tight, and so am I," helping himself to a fine Baldwin from the fruit basket. "I wish," looking a little regretfully at his wife as she bent silently over her work, "that Lute was more of my mind, but she will strain her eyes every evening sewing. Have an apple, Lute?"

"I am sick of apples, and, Mark, this sewing ought to have been done last fall." (I knew the wherefore of both assertions.)

"Lucy, I asked, as she followed me through the kitchen when I came away, "how did you come out on the dried apples?"

She smiled on me in a sober way, and replied with no animation, "nicely, I guess. We dried all ours, and then as I was 'so smart,' Mark said, he took ten bushels to dry at the halves, but it was a damp time, and all but three strings of our

half rotted. Mark says if they sell well, I shall have a dollar or two, I worked so hard. Shan't I be rich?" with a pitiful little giggle. "Perhaps I can have the rooms painted and papered then, buy a new chamber set, or hire a girl 'a day or two.' But, Charity, I have learned a few things. My calico wrappers are fast wearing out, and I have given up any little secret hopes I used to have of being petted a bit, and taken care of when I should be married, and I have learned that the lion's share of yielding must fall to me, and now," with a faint attempt at pleasantry, "I am waiting to learn the price of dried apples! Good night, dear," and she turned from me with no shadow of a smile on her face, and went back to Mark.

And, now, husbands, I came right home and wrote this out for you, and the Lord help you to make good use of it.

"But," say you, "we don't see as your story amounts to much. Lucy didn't die, nor even get sick, only kind of low-spirited, and now they have got all those dried apples to sell!"

That's just the trouble. You don't see. Neither does Mark. But this is only the beginning of the end. How many sad endings have we seen brought about by such beginnings. A little more of this, a little more of that, laid on the tired shoulders of the mother, wife, or daughter, till she sinks beneath the load; courage gone, hope gone, health gone, sometimes all love gone, and finally life gone.

Start right, young men; and turn over a new leaf, older men.—*Household.*

I WISH HE HAD LIVED.

The other day when a burly big driver of a cart backed his vehicle up to the alley gate of an old house in Detroit to dump out half a ton of coal, some children came out of the side door, and the driver beckoned them near and said:

"Last time I was here one of the wheels crushed a bit of a dog belonging to one of you. I heard agree crying out, but I can't be stopping to look out for dogs on the street."

The children made no reply, but as they watched him unload the cart they wondered if he had little children of his own, and if he ever spoke kindly to them. He may have felt the burden of their thoughts, for suddenly he looked up and said:

"Well, I own I'm a bit sorry, and being as I knew as I was coming up, I brought along an orange to give to the child who owned the dog. Which of you is it?"

"The dog belonged to little lame Billy in that house there," answered a girl. "It was all the dog he ever had, and when you killed it he cried himself almost to death. He didn't never have any plaything but that little dog."

"And will you take him this orange?"

"I can't sir, 'cos he's dead, and they're coming to take him to the graveyard pretty soon."

The driver looked up and down, seemed to ponder the matter, and then he crossed to the other house. The little coffin and its burden was in the front room, and two or three old women were wiping away their tears and talking in low tones. The driver put his hand on the closed coffin and said:

"I didn't know it was his dog—I didn't know he was lame and sick. God forgive me if I made sorrow for him!"

The vehicle sent to convey the body to the cemetery drove up at that moment, and the burly big man continued:

"If he was alive I'd buy him anything he could ask. I can do nothing now but carry him softly out."

He gently took up the coffin in his stout arms and carried it out, his eyes moist and his lips quivering, and when he had placed it in the vehicle he looked up at the driver in a beseeching way, and whispered:

"Drive slow; drive slow! He was a poor little lame boy!"

The driver wondered, but he moved away slowly, and the coal cartman stood in the centre of the street, and anxiously watched till he was off the cobblestones. Then as he turned to his own vehicle he said:

"I didn't mean to, but I wish he had lived to forgive me!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

HOW HE KNEW IT.

A Methodist Conference committee once had before them a backwoods preacher who knew little of books or theology, but who had a practical knowledge of Christ's salvation. "Brother," began one of the wise examiners, "will you please name some of the evidences of the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ?" The brother's face wore an expression of puzzled bewilderment, and he was silent. The examiner repeated his question: "What makes you think Christ is divine?" Now there was a response from the whole man. With his eyes full of tears he started to his feet, and stretching out his arms and hands, exclaimed: "How do I know He's divine? Why, bless you, he saved my soul!"—*Zion's Herald.*

THE meanest paymaster in the universe is Satan. He never yet employed a hand that he didn't cheat. Young man, engage your services to a better Master.

THE Scriptures venerated, yet not used, are no longer like the daily shower of manna to supply daily wants, but the pot of manna stored up with reverent care in the ark, as a curiosity.—*Whately.*

Question Corner.—No. 8.

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

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

85. What king of Moab fought against two of the grandsons of Omri, king of Israel?
86. How many times is it recorded that God appeared to Solomon?
87. On what occasion did Solomon petition God to be favorable to his people in case they were ever carried captive by their enemy?
88. Which of the tribes quarrelled with Gideon because they were not summoned to join him in fighting against the Midianites?
89. What Jewish king was buried in his own garden?
90. In whose reign and for what reasons was the brazen serpent that Moses made destroyed?
91. Where were the children of Israel encamped when the spies were despatched to spy out the land of Canaan?
92. Who, when being punished by God, was allowed to choose between three punishments?
93. What man was forbidden by the king to leave Jerusalem?
94. What queen sent a message under a false signature?
95. What blind prophet received and recognized a disguised queen?
96. What prophet was sent to the Gentiles?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. "Woe unto thee!" 'twas thus the Saviour spake, And named two cities; we the first one take.
2. Here the disciples Jesus' love rehears'd, Here it was men called them Christian first.
3. A church which had not yet the faith denied, But sheltered those who to serve Satan tried.
4. Tell whilst Apollos was to Corinth brought, In what great city Paul the Apostle taught?
5. To what famed place did Paul a prisoner come, And dwell two years in his own hired house?
6. Here men were pardoned when they turned to God, And this displeased a prophet of the Lord.
7. A place where heathen superstition trod, Where was an altar to the unknown God.
8. His land who could alike in good or ill, In health or sickness, "bless his Maker" still.
9. Four hundred shekels was the price he paid, And in this cave the patriarch's wife was laid.

The city's name in these initials given Was once exalted: as it seemed to heaven; But from its blest estate through sin it fell, And grace despised brought it down to hell.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 6.

61. See, 2 Chron. xxx. 10.
62. Nahash, 1 Sam. xi. 2.
63. Abiram and Segub, Josh. vi. 26; 1 Kings xvi. 34.
64. Ezra the scribe, Neh. viii. 4.
65. Moses and Caleb, Deut. xxxiv. 7; Josh. xiv. 2.
66. Araunah, 2 Sam. xxiv. 23.
67. Amaziah, 2 Kings xiv. 19.
68. Uzziah, 2 Chron. xxvi. 10.
69. Joash to Elisha, 2 Kings xiii. 14; Elisha to Elijah, 2 Kings ii. 12.
70. Moabites, Isaiah xv. 2.
71. For the free-will offering a blemished animal might be offered, Lev. xxii. 23.
72. Proverbs, xvi. 32.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 5.—Mamie Manning, 6; Wm. C. Wickham, 8; Howard McLellan, 9a.; Hattie Burnside, 2.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

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

LESSON XVII. APRIL 27.]

THE COMING SAVIOUR.—Isa. 42 : 1-10.—[About 712 B. C.]

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 1-4.

- 1 Behold my servant, whom I uphold; Mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth; I have put my spirit upon him; He shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles. 2 He shall not cry, nor lift up, Nor cause his voice to be heard in the street...

GOLDEN TEXT.

This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.—Matt. 3 : 17.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Christ is the model of all true service.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Isaiah having foretold the captivity of Judah in Babylon, had announced their deliverance, which was to come through Cyrus.

NOTES.—The Book of I-sa'iah contains chiefly prophecies with some history. It was probably written and arranged by Isaiah himself.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE SAVIOUR'S CHARACTER. (II.) THE SAVIOUR'S MISSION.

I. THE SAVIOUR'S CHARACTER. (1.) BEHOLD, the prophet represents God as speaking; MY SERVANT, see Matt. 3 : 17; ELECT, or chosen, 1 Pet. 1 : 20; DELIGHTETH, Luke 3 : 22; JUDGMENT, satisfy justice or law; GENTILES, all nations except the Jews.

II. THE SAVIOUR'S MISSION. (5.) STRETCHED THEM out, poetical, describing the creation of the heavens, as if they were set up as a tent; COMETH OUT OF IT, as herbs, trees, etc. (6.) TREE, the Messiah; RIGHTEOUSNESS, for just and holy ends; FOR A COVENANT, in fulfilment of a covenant; PEOPLE, Israel; LIGHT, Luke 2 : 32.

What do we learn in this lesson of— 1. The purpose of the coming Christ? 2. His manner of work? 3. His success in his mission? 4. The result of it, to Jews and Gentiles?

Knowledge of Christ.—John Flavel compares our progress in the knowledge of Christ to that gained by those settling in a newly discovered continent.

LESSON XVIII.

MAY 4.]

THE SUFFERING SAVIOUR.—Isa. 53 : 1-12. [About 712 B. C.]

COMMIT TO MEMORY, vs. 3-5.

- 1 Who hath believed our report? And to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? 2 For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, And as a root out of a dry ground: He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, There is no beauty that we should desire him.

HOW TO INTRODUCE THE "MESSENGER" TO FRIENDS.

Send a letter like the one below to the publishers. :-

John Dougall & Son, Montreal, Que.

Enclosed please find ten cents for which send the "Northern Messenger" to my friend.

For four months, Yours truly.

- 3 He is despised and rejected of men; A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; And he hid as it were our faces from him; He was despised, and we esteemed him not. 4 Surely he hath borne our griefs, And carried our sorrows: Yet we did esteem him stricken, Smitten of God, and afflicted. 5 But he was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: The chastisement of our peace was upon him; And with his stripes we are healed.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree.—1 Pet. 2 : 24

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Our salvation is through Christ's suffering.

NOTES.—Sheep. The sheep of the East are not placed in fenced fields, but led out to pasture, and watched by a shepherd. His voice they know, and will usually follow and keep near to him; but sometimes they stray away for grazing and are lost in the mountains.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) REJECTED OF MAN. (II.) SUFFERING FOR MAN. (III.) HIS PERFECT SACRIFICE.

I. REJECTED OF MAN. (1.) REPORT, "revelation" or doctrine, in regard to the Messiah; ARM, power. (2.) HE, the Messiah; SHALL GROW, or rather "grew;" BEFORE HIM, in God's presence, see Luke 2 : 52; DRY GROUND, barren or neglected soil. So Christ came out of barren or despised Nazareth; FORM, see Notes. Some render "No form nor comeliness, that we should wish to look on him; no beauty that," etc. (3.) GRIEF, Heb. "sickness;" WE HID, Heb. "as a hiding of faces from him," or "from us."

II. SUFFERING FOR MAN. (4.) BATH BORNE, foretold, as if already past; OUR SORROWS, literally "pains" caused by sin; SMITTEN, as if he had sinned. (5.) WOUNDED, "pierced" or tormented; STRIPES, or bruises

- 6.) ALL WE, Rom. 3 : 10; GONE ASTRAY, as sheep from an Eastern shepherd; THE INIQUITY, penalty for sin, 2 Cor. 5 : 21. (7.) LAMB, Rev. 5 : 6, 12. (8.) TAKEN FROM PRISON, or "taken away by distress and judgment;" HIS GENERATION, see Notes; OUT OFF, by violent death. (9.) MADE HIS GRAVE, see Notes. See Matt. 27 : 38, 57, 60.

III. HIS PERFECT SACRIFICE. (10.) PLEASED, God permitted, or was willing; WHEN THOU, etc., or "when his soul shall have made an offering for sin;" HIS SHEEP, the fruit of his work, saints. (11.) TRAVAIL, suffering of soul. (12.) DIVIDE THE SPOIL, Matt. 12 : 29; WITH THE GREAT, or "with a great company"; NUMBERED WITH TRANSGRESSORS, Mark 15 : 28.

What do we learn from this prophecy—

- 1. Concerning Christ's humiliation? 2. About his suffering and death? 3. About the fulness and success of his work as a Saviour?

LESSON XIX.

MAY 11.] THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.—Isa. 55 : 1-11. [About 712 B. C.]

COMMIT TO MEMORY, vs. 1, 6, 7.

- 1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, Come ye to the waters, And he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat, Yea, come, buy wine and milk Without money and without price. 2 Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? And your labour for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, And let your soul delight itself in fatness. 3 Incline your ear, and come unto me: Hear, and your soul shall live; And I will make an everlasting covenant with you, Even the sure mercies of David. 4 Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, A leader and commander to the people. 5 Behold thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, And nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee, Because of the Lord thy God, And for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee. 6 Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, Call ye upon him while he is near; And let the wicked forsake his way, And the unrighteous man his thoughts: And let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; And to our God, for he will abundantly pardon. 8 For my thoughts are not your thoughts, Neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. 9 For as the heavens are higher than the earth, So are my ways higher than your ways, And my thoughts than your thoughts. 10 For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, And returneth not thither, But watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, That it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: 11 So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: It shall not return unto me void, But it shall accomplish that which I please, And it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink.—John 7 : 37.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Salvation is free to all.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—The prophet follows his picture of Messiah's character and sufferings, by a prophecy of the fruits of the Messiah's work; the enlarging of the Church and its safety. In view of the promise of Messiah, the prophet makes a general call to repentance and faith, and describes the success of the Church.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Study this invitation of the Lord, as if it was directed to you alone. Be careful to accept now of grace so freely offered.

NOTES.—Da'-vid—beloved, a son of Jesse, and the King

of Judah and Israel after Saul; reigned 40 years, 1055-1015 B. C.; was a great warrior; author of many Psalms; appointed Solomon as his successor on the throne; the Messiah was of his house and lineage, according to promise. Thorn. There are eighteen or twenty Hebrew words in the Old Testament which are translated in our version, thorns, briars, thistles, etc., without much regard to the uniformity of rendering. The thorn here intended was clearly regarded as a useless, if not troublesome bush. Fir, in our version, probably includes three varieties: (1.) the Scotch Fir; (2.) the Larch; (3.) the common Cypress; all of which are still found in Lebanon. It was one of the most useful of trees for building, and various other purposes, and hence is contrasted with the useless thorn. Myr'-tle, formerly myrtles appear to have been more common than now near Jerusalem. They are still found in Samaria and Galilee, and are used to form booths during the Feast of Tabernacles, as they probably were in Isaiah's time.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE GRACIOUS INVITATION. (II.) THE GRACIOUS PROMISE. (III.) THE GRACIOUS FULFILLMENT.

I. THE GRACIOUS INVITATION. (1.) EVERY ONE, Jew or Gentile; WATERS, see John 4 : 10; 7 : 37; BUY, Heb. "weigh," as money was weighed in payments. (2.) SPEND, Heb. "weigh." Coined money was not very common, hence gold and silver were paid out by weight; SATISFIETH NOT, see John 6 : 35. (3.) INCLINE YOUR EAR, listen and obey; COVENANT, agreement.

II. THE GRACIOUS PROMISE. (4.) HIM, David and David's son, Christ; LEADER AND COMMANDER, see Matt. 4 : 19; 7 : 29; John 13 : 34. (5.) SHALL CALL, through Christ, this doubtless refers to the calling of the Gentiles. (6.) NEAR, ready to hear. (7.) THE WICKED, perhaps the openly sinful; UNRIGHTEOUS, the outwardly moral, but inwardly corrupt man; OUR GOD, the God of Israel; ABUNDANTLY, literally, "he will multiply to pardon."

III. THE GRACIOUS FULFILLMENT. (9.) HIGHER—YOUR THOUGHTS, God's ways and thoughts infinitely greater and purer than man's. (10.) RETURNETH NOT, that is, not without doing its appointed work. (11.) VOID, empty, useless; SENT IT, God sends his Word for a special purpose.

Which verses in this lesson teach—

- 1. The freedom of the offer of God's grace? 2. The need of immediate repentance? 3. The pardon of those who return to God now? 4. Final triumph of the Gospel?

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