Northern Messenger

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A Lad and a Heathen Priest.

'. . . And now, "Wisdom Seeker," see that your school lessons are well prepared, and obey the teacher; and you, "Virtue Seeker," look after the sheep till I return and help your brother; and if I hear any complaints of either of you—well, just wait till I come back!'

'All right, father; you set your heart at rest, and the Lord give you protection on the way.'

The father of the two lads with the awkward-looking names (which are only two syllables each in Chinese and not at all awkward, but quite commonplace) has hired and borrowed about twenty donkeys in addition to his own, and each donkey is laden with panniers full of the far-famed Kuangning pears, and the long string sets forth from the mountain passes of home to go far north, carrying their way-perfuming burden far north and east to such destitute places as Moukden, Kirin, Kuanchengtzu, and even the now famous Harbin, where they are a welcome treat, though I fear an Irish boy would scarcely think them worth climbing for unless he was told not to.

The father was convoyed a short distance by his two sons, and then, with respectful salutations and the wish that the Lord would give peace, the lads returned. The words at parting indicate that they are Christians.

'Virtue Seeker' is about fourteen. He turns out at once with his charge of sheep, and wanders far with them in the early winter days in search of grass, dry as it is and scanty and sometimes difficult to find. But experience teaches, and he knows where the choice spots are; he has already selected a nicely-sheltered valley where on the slope facing south is a temple and some trees; the uncultivated foothills around give a lot of good grazing. He directed the sheep to this place, and seats himself under a tree while they browse around.

VIRTUE-SEEKER STUDYING HIS CATECHISM.

Then from somewhere out of his clothes he produced a little booklet and read slowly, repeating each sentence over and over until it was 'ripe.'

For the preacher expects him to have a certain amount prepared for next Sabbath, and he will have 'no face' if he canot repeat his answer in turn.

The little book is a catechism, shorter and easier than the Shorter Catechism with which you are all so familiar. This also gives the elementary facts and doctrines of Christianity in the form of question and answer, and is a most valuable introduction.

The old priest of the temple has already seen the lad several times about, and has observed the use he has made of his time, and wonders what the lad is conning so constantly, and why. For the priest knows he has never 'learned to read.' So he walks toward him to satisfy his curiosity.

'What book is that?'

'Oh, it is the Catechism of the true religion.'

'The true religion! and what may that be?' This very natural question happens to be the first in the Catechism. So the lad replies—

'Why, it is God's way.'

'God! who is God?' And the boy answers this (the second question). 'God—why, it was He who created heaven, earth, and all things.'

'I suppose that is who your father goes to worship in the Jesus religion place? I went in one day myself but saw no image of Him.'

Now the boy had simply to continue quoting his little catechism, for all these ap-

THE PRIEST SOON CAME FORTH.

parently little but really momentous questions are dealt with in it, so he was ready to say—

'No; there is no image, because God is not worshipped by images, He has no image, and there cannot be, for He is a spirit, and there is no place he is not.'

It struck a far-off cord in the priest's own heart, an old question that had occurred to him; but he asked—'True, but still, how are you to worship whom you do not have n image of?'

'We worship God in our hearts anywhere.'

'But how do you distinguish them?'

'There is only one.'

'Only one?'

'Yes; one true.'

'No; that is not right. There are very many.'

'No; there is one only, just as there can only be one emperor in China and one sun in the heavens. Those you have in the temple are simply clay figures of dead men; not only can they not hear, but the dead men cannot, for they are only men, and can only be in one place.'

(He did not get this from the Catechism, but it is a common saying among Christians.)

'But when these men died the emperor made them into True Spirits.'

'The emperor is but a man, although emperor, and we all have a spirit that lives for ever.'

'Where did this spirit come from?'

'From God; He made all, and gave each person a body and a soul.'

'How did He make the soul?'

'In His own image.'

'But He has no image, you said!'

The boy had no reply, and he did not go back to that place until after the next Sabbath.

On Monday morning he was there chanting a new tune which he had learnt. It was a tune you all know very well, but you would not have recognized it, and though not very sure even of his wrong tune he sang it very loudly and effectually, for the priest soon came forth.

'So you are at that book again?'

'Yes.'

'Have you found out what God is like?'

'Yes.'

'What, then—like man?'

'No, but man was once like Him when he was first created, but he has become unlike Him.'

'Has his face changed or what?'

'Everything has changed, but specially his heart, his conscience, and his conduct, and he has lost his knowledge of God, for at one time he was like God in heart and mind.'

'How did he become different?'

(The priest, you see, was interested, and saw further than the boy.)

'Why, he sinned.'

Then there was much conversation about sin and the first sin as a result.

The boy returned the next time, having borrowed for the priest a copy of Genesis.

The priest suggested it was a foreign book,

'No: it is a Chinese book.'

'But foreigners wrote it.'

'I don't know who wrote it,' said the boy, 'but I'll ask—'

'You follow the foreigner, don't you?'

'No, I don't; but you do.'

(The lad was on well-discussed ground here.)

'How is that?'

'Why, don't you worship Buddha, and Buddha was an Indian prince; and I, as well as the foreigner, worship the God of heaven and earth.'

'Where did you learn all this?'

'Partly out of this Catechism and partly from the preacher.'

'What does he preach about all the time? Does he tell you how to do meritorious deeds?'

'No; we cannot do deeds of merit; we can not even do our duty, and we all have sin.'

'You—how can you have sin? You never killed anybody; but maybe you have killed shih tzu.'

(My dear young friends, you must just guess what the priest thought his sin was. It was, e.g., killing the little things which a Frenchman did not know the English name for, but said—'When you put your finger on them they are not there.' It was 'these and their kindred the lad was guilty of killing.')

'Yes, I have killed shih tzu,' said the lad, 'but sin is worse than that; it is not doing what we ought, or doing what we ought not.'

'Well, if you cannot do works of merit how are you to get rid of sin, that's what I want to know?'

And the lad, like Philip, preached the Gospel of Jesus Christ to him. Not once, but often and frequently, he was the mere carrier of question and answer, which he did not understand until one day the preacher and the priest met and quietly and often discussed the all-absorbing topic.

And—the result—else why should I repeat all this, which is being gone through in Manchuria daily, almost word for word. The result was, the priest ceased to be a priest, and became a believer.

Both he and the lad are still inquirers—still finding out more in a simple way, for the Chinese are practical rather than philosophical.

It is no light thing for a priest to give up his accumulated merit, which some of them at least are very anxious to have and sincerely believe in. I have not yet baptized the priest of this story, but a short time ago I did baptize one. As he and I were sitting together in the rooms, some one said to me, 'He has not broken his fast.' I was having some tea and Chinese cakes. As he was sharing the tea I passed a cake to him with my hand. 'I have not broken my fast, I cannot eat it.'

'But you are not trusting to merit now, but to Christ.'

'That is so;' and a quiveringly stern look came over his face—he was afraid, and yet decided to follow the Lord. The little cake was broken in half, and taking off his cap he bowed in silent prayer; his hand trembling with emotion he raised it to his lips, and forty-two years of merit were gone.

'I ate the other half, it was a dedicatory communion.'

Shortly after we had our baptismal service.

That forty-two years vegetarian fast was not simply from beef, mutton, fowl and such things. It included also eggs, milk and all animal products, not only so, but all strongly flavored vegetables such as onions, leeks, and garlic, beloved of the ordinary Chinese, are avoided, and indeed everything which would make food tasty is rigorously excluded as a matter of conscience. I have even known some to take a vow against using salt.

And now that the story of my lad friend is told I want to say he is just a 'boy,' and not very big and not extra good boy; mischief and fun peep out from the twinkle of his eye, and he is as fond of a laugh as anyone. Last time I went to the church where he belongs I was in a difficulty; the church had been removed and I did not know the way. Here it is the custom to dismount if you wish to ask direction—or indeed speak to anyone—and I was tired. I heard the clatter of a galloping donkey behind me, which soon came up close, and the rider bounded off and salaamed, and practically said—

'Hallo, pastor, we did not expect you; where did you come from I'll take you to the new church! All this in a rush, then he bounded on board again and he and his little steed were off at a gallop, turning round gracefully to beckon me on, saying, as plain as hands and smiling face could say, 'Do come on.'

But my pony would not respond, it had done 25 miles already and was hungry and tired, and so my friend had to wait and pilot us round the many corners, and there was a sly smile which said, 'Funny horse and funny rider—hum! Can't keep up with a donkey.' But though my friend is neither specially bright nor specially good, in this one instance he 'did what he could;' as far as he had learnt he taught. He was willing to point the way to a soul in darkness, and God used him.—'Daybreak.'

If you tell a story, aim to tell it well. Don't attempt to supply all the little details and so make it tedious.

Mr. Gladstone and the Outcast

The Rev. W. Hardy Harwood, speaking on 'The Religious Life of Mr. Gladstone,' related a touching incident. The story was told by one who was a strong, even a bitter, opponent of Mr. Gladstone. Happening to be in the neighborhood of Downing-street one day, this gentleman had seen Mr. Gladstone speak to a woman who evidently belonged to the saddest class to be found in our streets, and then walk with her to his house, which they entered together. Presently the woman came out alone, and the gentleman asked her if she knew who it was that had spoken to her. 'Yes,' she said. 'Mr. Gladstone.' Further questions elicited that, immediately on entering the house, Mr. Gladstone had sent for Mrs. Gladstone, that they had given her tea, and had talked to her most kindly about her way of life, and offered to help her to recover her position. And then the Prime Minister of England, his wife and the poor outcast woman had knelt together in praying. 'I will never again,' said the narrator of the incident, 'speak a word against that man.'—'Christian World.'

Our Labrador Work.

A TYPICAL PATIENT.

On my return to Blanc Sablon after a week at Bonne Esperance a lively scene presented itself. Not for sixteen years had there been such a school of fish. I had scarcely landed from the 'Strathcona' when a man appeared saying he had brought his sick boy from an island to see me, that the boy was unable to come any farther, that he was down on the rocks; I found a lad of fourteen with a temperature of 104, pulse 136, with a two weeks' history suggestive of typhoid, which it proved to be. I wanted to keep him at Blanc Sablon, but he would go back to his sister on the island, and a good little nurse she proved to be! What a time I had to feed that boy! There were many demands upon the food supply I had taken down. There were no eggs, no milk, no farina, no nothing to be gotten there, although I did finally find a hen whose daily egg the boy received, the beef juice was low, the malted milk gave out, but the nurses down the straits came to my relief. Once when I was wind bound for several days the boy ate some fish and things looked dubious for a while, but I left him feverless when I went north, and only the other day I had a letter from him, he had returned to his home in Newfoundland and 'almost scared his mother by looking so well.'—From a letter by one of volunteer doctors for the past summer.

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The hearty interest in the new launch for Harrington has not only been noticeable in the increased amount subscribed this past week, but also in the tone of the letters that conveyed these gifts, and this it is which gives the real assurance of success in this new effort.

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund. John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether is is for launch, komatic, or cots.

Jesus Heals a Man Born Blind.

John ix., 1-12. Memory verses 10, 11. Read John ix.

Golden Text.

I am the light of the world. John ix., 5.

Home Readings.

Monday, March 9.—John viii., 12-30.
Tuesday, March 10.—John viii., 31-45.
Wednesday, March 11.—John viii., 46-59.
Thursday, March 12.—John ix., 1-23.
Friday, March 13.—John ix., 24-41.
Saturday, March 14.—Luke ix., 35-43.
Sunday, March 15.—Mark viii., 22-38.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Shut your eyes all of you, and try to think what it would be like if you could never open them again. But there is something even worse than that, something you can hardly imagine, and that is never having been able to see anything. You know how, when you go into a dark room to get anything, you put out your hands in front of you and walk carefully because you are afraid of falling. Can you think what it would be like to be always in the dark? In our lesson to-day we learn about a poor man who was like that because when he came a little baby into the world he was quite, quite blind. Shut your eyes again. Now put your hand over them. Did you notice how much darker it was with your hand over your eyes? That was because you could feel the light on your eyes even with your lids down until you shut it out with your hand. Your eyes are strong and good you see, but this poor man could not even feel the light on his eyes; it was always quite dark to him. He was so poor too, that he had to sit and beg by the roadside. One day when he was sitting like that Jesus passed along the road. Now let us stop and think what our golden text says. (Have them repeat it.) It was Jesus who said those words, and in our lesson we learn how he brought light to this poor man who had lived always in darkness.

In conclusion, show what is the real meaning of Christ's being the light of the world, how he gives the sunshine of love and happiness in the place of the shadow of sin and misery.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The two chapters intervening between this and last Sunday's lesson should be read over. There is little of incident. John merely stops to record some sayings of Christ induced by various criticisms. Several months, however, actually lie between the two lessons, a period indicated by the first verse of the seventh chapter, and it is now toward the close of the third year of Christ's public ministry. He is back in Jerusalem and did not again return to Galilee. The hostility of the ruling spirits and of the crowd when under their sway, has been manifested by the attempt to stone him recorded in John viii., 59. From now on there was open and determined hostility; the decree mentioned in verse 22 had been passed, and the Pharisees were on the watch for any action that could be construed as warranting arrest. Christ, however, would sacrifice no part of his mission for this cause, and although it was the Sabbath day (verse 14), artificially reverenced by the Pharasaical law, the call of humanity was unhesitatingly answered. The question of the relation of sin to suffering in this world is introduced by the disciples. Christ's answer did not indicate that the parents were unusually sinless people, but that we are not to construe all suffering as punishment direct from God. Nature is impartial and any sin against its laws is bound to entail the threatened consequences, but there is much of suffering in this world not treaceable to the sufferer's fault or even to that of the parents, and this is God's opportunity to overrule nature in mercy. To suffering we owe some of the most beautiful traits of human character. Sympathy, pity, gentleness, and unselfishness would all be unnecessary if there were no suffering. These are surely 'works of God made manifest' through suffering. The man who stands out so prominently in the lesson and so fearlessly before the carping councillors is a splendid study in himself. The faith, so weak that it required some outward aid to strengthen it, culminated, with that patient help, in the declaration of verse 38.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verse 4. Let us accustom ourselves in early life to the idea that we must go away, and let us play our part bravely, without having our good nature spoiled or our enthusiasm for work diminished. Then, if the moment comes to stop, it does not prove that what we have done in this world is in vain, not that we should lightly value these days that will end. What we have begun here will have its successor and its to-morrow. If a man resigns himself to death, he is not permitted to resign himself to nothingness. Death is a stage of progress, it is not the end. God's will for us is infinite. Nothing that comes from God can vanish into nothingness.—Charles Wagner, On Life's Threshold.

Man has only one day of life—to-day: he did live yesterday, he may live to-morrow, but he has only to-day.—Wm. George Jordan.

The first thing to consider in life is the end of it, its highest and ultimate design.—W. L. Watkinson.

Our solace in suffering is that the Man of Sorrows is sure to walk that way.—'Sunday School Times.'

As there are blind beggars in the East who would on no account have their sight restored and be forced to earn their own living through toil, so there are those in our land who are content to be spiritually blind rather than be troubled by the sense of duty to others which would come with their spiritual sight.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

Canon Tristram states that 'blindness is common in Palestine to a degree which we in Western lands can scarcely realize. There is probably no country in the world, except Egypt, where this affliction is so prevalent. At Gaza, for instance, it is said that one-third of the population have lost one or both eyes; and, from my own observation in that city, I should unhesitatingly say that the statement is not exaggerated.'

Verse 3. 'God,' says Davidson, 'confers on some the high prerogative of suffering, to demonstrate to a scoffing world or an incredulous accuser of the brethren what righteousness really means.' The martyrs, prophets, apostles, Christ himself, are examples. Many more in private life.

Verse 4. 'The last sentence ever formed by the lips of Cecil Rhodes was this: "So much to do, so little done; good-by." Do the lengthening shadows of the long, long night never affect you? . . . "After that—the dark." "We shall never pass this way again." There are thoughts like these with which I can scourge my soul almost to frenzy. It is a frightful thing to make no deeper mark on the world than some of us are making.'—'Sunday School Times.'

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Isa. xxix., 18; xxxv., 5; xlii., 6, 7; II. Chron. xxxiii., 12, 13; Rom. v., 3, 4; II. Cor. i., 3, 4; xvii., 18; Rev. vii., 13-15; John viii., 12; Gal. vi., 10; Psa. cxix., 18.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, March 15.—Topic—The wise use of money. I. Tim. vi., 17-19.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, March 9.—What Moses Gave up. Heb. xi., 24-27.

Tuesday, March 10.—What the disciples gave up. Matt xix., 27, 28.

Wednesday, March 11.—Not willing to give up all. Matt. xix., 21, 22.

Thursday, March 12.—The reward of self-sacrifice. Mark x., 29, 30.

Friday, March 13.—What Matthew left. Luke v., 27, 28.

Saturday, March 14.—Matthew's feast. Luke v., 29-32.

Sunday, March 15.—Topic—What Matthew gave up for Christ. Matt. ix., 9.

Religious Notes.

It is said that a noticeable reaction has followed the great revival in Wales. The National Free Church Council sent a special commissioner to South Wales, where he visited no less than thirty-seven centres, finding that there has been enormous loss in the membership of the churches, and that many of the presumed converts have fallen into evil habits. This is particularly true among the young coal-miners, whose lives are rough and surrounded by very few helpful influences. The conclusion of the commissioner is that there is need of a great change in religious methods if the results of the revival are to be conserved. The reaction is compelling the churches to reconsider their methods of organization, and many are looking toward institutional methods as a means of retaining the youth within the ranks of the churches. All this confirms the misgivings of those who feared that the revival was too emotional to be substantial.

Our own observation, after months in Wales, will scarcely confirm the above statements which are substantially from the 'Christian World' of London. No doubt there has been a reaction and that is inevitable after months and more than a year of high spiritual tension. But Prof. Keri Evans, of Camarthen, who is very familiar with the conditions, said to the writer that while the form of manifestations has changed, the work of the Spirit is no less unmistakable. At the same time he says that the new converts have much need of guidance. It is time some Paul and Silas went through Wales, visiting converts to see how they do and confirming the churches.—'Missionary Review of the World.'

Mirza Ibraheem was a Moslem in the region of Khoi. He was led to Christ by a helper there, and when it was known he was a Christian all his property was confiscated and his wife and children were taken from him. He finally had to flee for his life to Urumia, where the American Mission made him a small allowance in return for some writing done. Then it was found he was giving away half of his earnings to the poor and preaching as best he could to Moslems in the city.

Finally he felt it his duty to preach openly, although as he himself said, he knew it meant death. But said he: 'Someone must die, let it be me.' Preaching in the villages, he was soon arrested and brought before the governor. Asked if he had 'turned a Christian,' he said, 'Yes,' and was then tortured—beaten until nearly dead, and thrown into prison. Visited there, he was found covered with bruises and wounds, but preaching to the prisoners. He was finally summoned to Tatrig, when large sums of money and a high position were offered him if he would recant. These he indignantly refused, and suffered on. Finally, one day some rough prisoners attacked him and strangled him to death. He died confessing Christ, and when dead word was sent to the missionaries to 'take the dog and bury him.' They look forward to the day when they can erect a monument over the grave of this noble martyr.—'Missionary Review of the World.'

Temperance

A Temperance Hymn.

Lord, help us in our Temperance work,
For without Thee we are bound to fail;
But if Thy blessing be vouchsafed
We feel we can and must prevail.

Help us to think right thoughts, and be
In mind and heart to Temperance true,
Resolving ever for the best—
The best to be, the best to do.

Help us to act in all our ways
According to Thy holy will,
And labor ever so we may
Thy holy purposes fulfil.

Help us to speak of Temperance truth
With soberness and purpose clear,
So that our earnest words may move
The hearts and minds of all who hear.

And as we all together strive,
With strong desire and holy aim,
Fill every heart with sacred fire,
And set us all with love aflame.

Then shall we labor with success,
Its happiness we all shall know,
As we go forth from day to day
With zeal strong drink to overthrow.
—Beresford Adams, in 'Alliance News.'

Little Mary's Escape.

(Concluded.)

Frequently poor little Mary was left alone for long hours together, without so much as a piece of dry bread to eat. Many a time had Mrs. Digby, whilst hurrying to her work paused at the gate to draw from her pocket food of some kind—often depriving herself by so doing—wherewith to feed the lonely little mortal.

A month passed away. It was now late autumn, and the early closing in of evening made little Mary's desolate home more desolate still. The tiny old cottage in which she lived stood alone at a little distance from the high road, a sloping hill rising behind it. On the other side of the hill, at some ten minutes' distance, two similar cottages were erected, on the very outskirts of the hamlet, the one tenanted by Mrs. Digby, the other empty. There were no neighbors' children to play with, and evening after evening, when darkness stole over the landscape, she would quit the garden, and seeking the shelter of her miserable room, would cry herself to sleep.

One Saturday evening Mr. Jackson was returning from a visit to a dying woman. It was very dark, but as he groped his way down the hill, he suddenly became aware of a lurid light not far distant. Ere many minutes elapsed, he could distinctly see Mrs. Collins' cottage illumined by a light so brilliant from within, that he at once recognized it to be fire. Another moment and a vivid flame burst into the air, lighting up the pathway beneath his feet and throwing out the thatched roof in strong relief against the dark sky above. With the speed of lightning he rushed on to the flaming building.

'It will burn like tinder!' he ejaculated. 'God grant the little girl may not be there.'

A thick volume of smoke almost stifled him, as he pushed open the half-closed door. There she was, indeed, seated upon the floor, a look half dazed, half horror-stricken, in the childish countenance, but as yet unscathed.

'Don't be afraid, little one,' Mr. Jackson found words to say, as he rushed forward and lifted her in his arms.

She was quite happy now.

Making his way into the open air, he wrapped her in a ragged blanket and seated her on an old bench, telling her not to move till he came back to her. Then, once more re-entering the burning room, he succeeded, despite smoke and heat, in drawing forth, one by one, the miserable remnants of furniture still left to Mrs. Collins.

Every attempt to extinguish the fire by his solitary efforts proved unavailing. A moment more and the roof was in a glowing blaze, hidden from the dwellers of the hamlet by the intervening hill. Taking the little girl in his arms, the clergyman quickly sought out Mrs. Digby's cottage.

The wind was high, and soon nothing remained of little Mary's home but a crumbling wreck, and darkness once more settled upon it.

That day Mrs. Collins had had a good day's work, and impelled by an impulse of affection for her child, but rare of late, instead of spending her earnings at the public house, she had laid them out in provisions.

'The little un and I will spend a happy Sunday,' she told herself.

The darkness, as well as her heavy basket, impeded her progress, and it was late when she at last groped her way along the bit of wall and through the hatch. On she went a little further. Where was the light? the door? Was she mad? she asked herself. Her child! Where was her child? Stricken with terror she realized all. The smell—the heat! Her dwelling had been burnt down; her child burnt to death!

'Mary! Little un!' she screamed aloud; but no answer from the darkness round her. 'God help me!' she cried.

For the first time in her great agony she appealed to Him who helps those that call upon Him.

Then with a rapidity almost superhuman, she climbed the slope and descended towards her neighbor's cottage. There all apparently was peace, a bright light shining through the little window. Mr. Jackson, persuaded that the poor woman would first find her way thither, had thought it best to wait for her return, and, as the agonized mother, in her excitement, pushed open the door, she caught sight of him, begrimed and pale from his late exertions, resting on a chair, and, nestling near him on a little stool, safe and unharmed, her own lost child.

To throw herself upon the ground and clasp the little one to her heart was the work of an instant.

No need to ask who had rescued the child from a terrible death. The sudden revulsion of feeling in the joy of finding Mary safe and sound, deprived her of speech for a few moments. Then turning to the clergyman: 'You saved her!' she said, her whole face beaming with gratitude.

'Through God's mercy,' was the gentle reply.

'A brand plucked from the burning.' Was it the impressive scene of the previous evening that made the eloquent minister choose those words for his text that Sunday morning? It may have been that he considered them applicable to the eager listener, sitting with her child, not far from the pulpit, drinking in with her whole heart precious truths to which she had never before listened in a House of God.

Mary Collins has become as industrious as she was formerly idle. She now lives in the cottage contiguous to that of Mrs. Digby, and the two women have become fast friends. No child in the parish is more beloved or better cared for than gentle little Mary, who has never been left alone since that memorable evening.—'Good Words.'

Re-fashioning the Environment.

(By the Rev. J. H. Jowett, M.A.)

Preaching to a congregation of some two thousand people assembled in his own chapel Mr. Jowett delivered a strikingly original discourse based upon the text: 'The earth helped the woman; and the earth opened her mouth and swallowed up the flood which the dragon cast out of his mouth' (Rev. xii., 16). It was a powerful and eloquent plea put forward in behalf of the provision of the best of nature's environments, so that on the earth mankind should have a more friendly ally wherewith to fight against the flood of an ungodly passion, and against the temptations of the dragon which beset him on every side. How frequently had the earth, representing the kindly ministries of nature, been handed over to reinforce the power of the dragon. Would anybody say that the slum environment and the dismal surroundings of their great cities had been favorable to virtue, to moral exuberance, and to moral victory? Such environment only swallowed up the hope and buoyancy of the people, leaving their lives stale and flat to meet the dragon's approach. The earth had been handed over to the dragon, and therefore he considered it to be their duty to re-fashion the environment—to bring round about every man something in the ministry of an active, noble, and chivalrous surrounding by which he might have a buttress between himself and the devil. And the transformation of one particular part of such environment was sought by the National Temperance League. The League was seeking to recover the middle term; to re-fashion man's environment so that it should be hostile to the dragon of self indulgence, and friendly to clean and healthy living. He did not think that total abstainers were going to effect that transformation alone; they needed the help and the suffrage of all earnest men and women—the co-operation of all Christian churches who were longing to see the betterment of their social, national life. Well now, what could they do to 'put the odds' on the side of the woman; to increase the chances of sobriety and to ensure a little more fully the dragon's defeat? Well, suppose they could all be sane for a week, and let their petty ecclesiastical controversies shrink irrespective of sect or political party, and do what they could in favor of enacting the common judgment, leaving if need be the more extreme measures to wait, what an amazing transformation that would effect. But negative ministries such as the reduction of licenses, curtailment of hours of sale, Sunday closing, protection of children, firmer control of clubs, upon which they were all agreed, would never be sufficient to make the earth round about every man favorable to his chances of sobriety and virtue. Social redemption must have its constructive as well as its destructive mission, and therefore he pleaded, in the first place, for the provision of better homes; secondly, for a more positive diffusion of requisite knowledge throughout the schools; thirdly, for the making of ample provision for social fellowship, regarding which he thought it was a cardinal mistake to assume that every man went to the public-house solely for drink; and fourthly, for the cultivation of pure tastes and noble aspirations. These, however, must be carried out by a broad, generous, and sympathetic superintendency if they were going to materially decrease the chances of the dragon, and to make it more hopeful for people to escape the nefarious thraldom of the drink—this menace to our national life—and lastly, he pleaded that his fellow temperance workers in all their social ameliorations and material reforms should keep well in view the power of Grace by which alone man could stand secure.

Cause and Effect.

The brow with clammy moisture spread,
The febrile pulse, the aching head,
The cheek's pale glow, with wrinkles hid,
The bloodless lip, the heavy lid,
The reddening eye's unsteady glance,
These are thy marks, Intemperance.

Age and Drunkenness.

According to Dr. Chas. L. Dana, drunkards almost invariably begin their career under twenty years of age. If a man lives until he is twenty-five years old without having indulged in the excessive use of liquors, he is not likely to do so later on. Very few indeed begin drinking after thirty, and, according to this investigator, not a single case of drunkenness has occurred who began the use of liquors after forty years of age. It would seem from this investigation, adds 'Health,' if we could keep the boys away from strong drink that they would grow up to be sober men.

Correspondence

Dear Sirs,—I received the premium book, 'Sea, Forest, and Prairie,' which you were so kind in sending me for the few subscribers which I sent you. I thank you very much for it. Father has read the book all through and I will lend it to my friends to read also. It may be that I may get them interested to take some of your publications. We think the 'Weekly Witness' and the 'Northern Messenger' are the best family papers that are printed. The 'Messenger' is better every year.

Yours truly,

B. C. SHAW.

[Have all our readers seen this book? It is a collection of prize Canadian stories by Canadian boys and girls. You can get one by sending in only TWO NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each. There are lots of other nice books to be had for a little pleasant work of that kind; and besides getting something yourself you are introducing other families to the paper you like so well.—Ed.]

B., N.B.

Dear Editor,—Here is the story I made up: 'The Fox and the Goose.' Once a goose was taking a stroll in a field nearly surrounded by a forest, when all of a sudden she came upon a fox, 'well,' she said, 'what do you want here,' 'Oh,' said the fox, 'I was just taking a walk. Will you come with me?' 'I should like to very much,' said the goose. 'Well, then, come along,' said the fox, so they started off. After a while they came to a swamp and the goose saw a little mound on the other side. 'What is that she said.' 'Oh,' said the fox carelessly, 'that is only a small hole, but let me carry you across this swamp.' After they got over the fox disappeared beneath the mound and soon brought out his family, who left nothing of the goose but a few feathers and a stray bone or two.

JANIE L. LIBBEY.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Stayner is not a very large town, but I think it is a very nice place to live in. We have one of the finest schools in the County of Simcoe. There are six rooms. I am in the fourth room. I have a pet cat. it will stand and beg, and often hunts around the house for me. There is a very pretty summer resort near here, at the mouth of the Nottawasaga River. The cottages are on a point of land between the Nottawasaga River and the Georgian Bay. The amusements are boating, fishing, and bathing. There is another new summer resort about six miles from town. It is called Oakview on account of many beautiful oaks. It is also on the Nottawasaga River, but not so near the bay. There are also many pretty drives near here. I think the answer to the riddle that Norma S. Arnedt sent (January 31) is electric currants (currents).

MARGARET B. (age 10).

N. R., P. Que.

Dear Editor,—We are having nice weather here just now. The school is just about an acre from my home. My mother is postmistress. I am making a collection of postcards and I have 140. I have a post-card album that Santa Claus gave me at Christmas. It holds 200.

RUTH W. BRASH (age 11).

S. C., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I received my watch some few days ago and was much pleased with it. When it first came it would not go, but my papa took it to the watchmaker and he said it was all right, only it was not wound up. Everyone I showed it to thinks it is all right. I am only a little boy and will not be eight years old until St. Patrick's Day. I was born on that day, but I am not Irish, but Scotch. I have a brother Kenneth. We both go to school. My brother is five years old. My grandfather has taken the 'Weekly Witness' ever since I can remember. The first words I ever learnt to spell were 'Montreal Weekly Witness.' The way I came to get the 'Northern Messenger' Santa Claus sent it to Kenneth and me, and I saw the advertisement about the watch which I have got. I did this all myself. I walked two miles to get all the subscriptions.

DUNCAN McQUEEN.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—There is such a fearful snowstorm to-day I can't possibly go out, so I thought I would write a letter to the 'Messenger.' Usually I have plenty to do with my school work, skating, Mission Band and Band of Mercy. I am in the fourth reader. I have quite a lot of homework to do, and find it all very interesting. I have three brothers, all of them good skaters. They have a lovely rink in our back yard, and they flood it nearly every night. When there is a snowstorm the rink is always the first thing to be shovelled off. Through sickness I have not been able to before, but am learning this winter and am coming on finely. The Mission Band, as I suppose you know, is connected with the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. We meet every two weeks. One meeting is for social enjoyment and sewing, and the other for study. I am particularly interested in the Band of Mercy and I am the president. We formed it about a year ago and still think it a good thing. The pledge is, 'I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures and will try to protect them from cruel usuage.' We are trying to raise money enough to buy a drinking fountain for horses and dogs. If any of your readers feel inclined to form a Band of Mercy, I would be very glad to tell them all I know about it. Here is a riddle: Where are the lightest men to be found?

Your interested reader,

KATHLEEN GEDDES.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A British Liner.' John Griffiths, T., Ont.
2. 'Our Old Home.' Flora G. M. Gilbert (age 8), L. R., P. Que.
3. 'Moose Head.' Harold Fitzgerald, M., Sask.
4. 'Steamboat.' Edson Martin (age 14), P. H., C.B.
5. 'King of the Barnyard.' Myra Winger (age 13), S., Ont.
6. 'Lilies.' Laura Mellow (age 11), G., Ont.
7. 'My Grandfather's Clock.' Dorothy Ferguson (age 11), Toronto.
8. 'House.' Margaret Stewart (age 6), F., Ont.
9. 'The Orinoco.' Jordie Greves (age 11), B., Ont.
10. 'Tabbie and Her Kittens.' Ruth MacDiarmid, D., Ont.
11. 'A House.' Ada Carter, W., Ont.
12. 'Engine.' Robert Jameson (age 13), K., P. Que.
13. 'Maudie.' Elsie M. Swail (age 10), R., P. Que.
14. 'Little Red Riding Hood.' Myrtle C. Wright (age 13), M., Man.

OTHER LETTERS.

Beryl Field, M., P. Que., sends this question:—Tom went out and his dog with him; he went not before, behind, or on one side of him. Where did he go?

Laurel Shaw, L., Ont., says 'We have a telephone in our house and we have a nice time talking to our school mates.'

Willie Percival Blackwell, C., Ont., wants 'to write like the other boys and girls.' That's right Willie, only make your letter longer next time, and don't try to say just what the other letters say. See how different you can make yours to any.

Lizzie, and Alexine Manlow, L., Wash., send little letters, but they make the mistake of putting their drawings on the backs of their letters. Either letter or drawing will have to be left out in this case. Don't forget Canada, even if you are living in the States now, little friends. Your riddle, Lizzie, has been asked before.

A correspondent from Macdonald, Man., forgot to sign her name. She likes guessing the riddles, but the answer she sends has been since printed and so has the riddle enclosed.

A private letter from Bridgetown, P.E.I., has been by mistake put into an envelope addressed to us. 'Aunt Lottie' who signs it, may have this returned or forwarded by sending the postage.

Evelyn Keirstead, K.C., N.B., enquires about her drawing. Yes, we have it, and will put it in, some time soon.

Lillian H. Dexter, L., Mass., would like us to publish again a story that appeared some years ago. That, Lillian, we could hardly do, as it was at that time republished by request.

We also received letters from Myrtle Craig, W., P. Que.; Edythe Booth, W., Que.; Annie Wharrick, B., Ont., and Dorothy Ferguson, Toronto. Any riddles in these have been asked before.

HARD AT IT.

Judging by the eager comments in our boys' letters, a large number are 'hard at it' for the Fountain Pen competition. Largest aggregate sales of January, February and March 'Pictorial' is to get the prize. Country boys and city boys are in two separate classes with a similar prize for each. Book prizes will be given for the largest sale in each province, outside the two leaders. Even starting in now, there is a chance to win, and in any case you have your premiums or cash commission just the same, and your sales count for bonus stamp, etc.

If you have not yet enlisted in this 'Pictorial' army, send your name in right now and let us send you, on credit, a package to begin on with full instructions and premium list.

Remember! it is those who sell the January, February, and particularly the March issue who can do best with the April (Easter) number, and to whose orders we will give preference if the demand should outrun the supply. Now is the time to act.

Address: JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal. Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Can You Answer?

Can you put the spider's web back in its place
That once has been swept away?
Can you put the apple again on the bough
Which fell at your feet to-day?
Can you put the lily-cup back on the stem,
And cause it to live and grow?
Can you mend the butterfly's broken wing,
That you crushed with a baby blow?
Can you put the bloom again on the grape,
Or the grape again on the vine?
Can you put the dewdrops back on the flowers,
And make them sparkle and shine?
Can you put the petals back on the rose?
If you could, would it smell as sweet?
Can you put the flower again in the husk,
And show me the ripened wheat?
Can you put the kernel back in the nut?
Or the broken egg in its shell?
Can you put the honey back in the comb,
And cover with wax each cell?
Can you put the perfume back in the vase,
When once it has sped away?
Can you put the cornstalk back on the corn,
Or the down on the catkin—say?
You think that my questions are trifling, dear;
Let me ask you another one:
Can a hasty word be ever unsaid,
Or an unkind deed undone?

—'Christian Globe.'

The Piper Patch.

(By Annie Hamilton Donnell, in the 'Sabbath School Visitor.')

Rick Leavitt hoed his way down the third row. At the half-way place he unbent his broad shoulders and took a 'breathing spell.' He was big and brown and brawny; and the July gladness was in him.

'We're coming on,' he nodded to the fantastic figure in the middle of the patch. The figure nodded back. Then Rick laughed.

'You old beauty, you!' he called; 'I wish you didn't remind me so much of Rick Leavitt. Catch me using his old clothes next time!'

In a sudden whiff of breeze the figure in the middle of the corn patch shook as if with mirth. A crow lighted on one of his arms and peered inquisitively and unafraid into his face.

'Caw! Caw!' scoffed the bird, and it sounded to Rick as if he said, 'Oh, pshaw!'

That corn patch was going to send him to Merton Academy next term. It was his corn patch, little green blades, weeds, scarecrow, and all. He had plowed and planted its acre and a half himself, and by the middle of next week he would have hoed it. Wait and see!

Down the third row, up the fourth. Another breathing space at the halfway mark, again. This time Rick's eyes wandered to the Piper Patch—oh, the Piper Patch! He laughed at it as he looked, but there was scorn in his voice. Call that a corn patch! Unkempt, straggling little hills, and weeds, weeds, weeds!

'There'll not be an ear o' corn on it, most likely. If nobody hoes it, there'll not. Catch Andy Piper hoeing it!'

Catch any of the Pipers doing anything! Rick's gaze went on up-meadow to the little brown blotch of a house just in sight. When the Pipers painted their house or hoed their corn, it would be the year nineteen hundred and never!

Up the fourth row, down the fifth. It took time; the rows were long. It grew hotter and hotter with the approach of noon. Rick mopped his brown face vigorously. He rested a little longer at the mid-row station. Then it was he made his discovery in the Piper Patch.

'Well, I should say!' he exclaimed, suddenly. Of all things—where had that scarecrow over there appeared from? It hadn't been there the last time he looked.

In the corner of the untidy little patch it stood. It swayed a little, but there was no breeze now. Hold on—it was moving! It had sat down!

'I should say!' exclaimed Rick, in amazement. The scarecrow turned at the sound of his voice and nodded at him solemnly.

'Hello,' it called out.

'Mysie Piper, what on earth are you doing over there?' was his rejoinder.

'Me? I'm scarecrowin'. I had to come myself, 'count of there not bein' any other old clo'es. We wear all o' ours, at our house.'

'But I don't see what you need of a scarecrow in that patch of weeds'—he checked himself hastily. Even a Piper might have feelings.

'To keep the crows off,' answered the little scarecrow gravely. She had risen and come to the dividing fence between the two lots. 'That's what you have yours for, isn't it? Oh, my, isn't he beautiful! I'm going to stay here right along, scarecrowin'. I'm bound the crows shan't get my corn.'

'Your corn?'

'Yes, it's mine. Andy only planted it an' I paid him for that. I gave him all my sugar for a month. Andy'll do things for sugar.'

Rick's gaze drifted from the shabby little scarecrow to the shabby little patch. The connection between the two puzzled him. What could the little scarecrow do with the corn—if there should be any?

'Going to sell it?' he asked. The child's face grew eager and wistful.

'You'd better b'lieve I am!' she laughed, 'if'—the same doubt that had pervaded Rick's mind haunted hers dimly, 'if—you think there'll be some, don't you?'

'Some, I guess,' he said.

'Well, I'm goin' to sell it, that's what. I'm goin' to buy—Oh, I'm 'fraid you'll go an tell! It's a secret. If I thought you wouldn't——'

'I'll not,' Rick laughed.

'Cross your heart?'

'Cross my heart.'

'An' hope to never?'

'Hope to never.'

'Then I'm goin' to buy Grandfather Piper some meeting clothes with my corn money. Grandfather Piper's been waiting to go to meeting 'most forever. He's given it up now, but I haven't. He says he's going to wait and go to the Lord's meeting, in the Land o' Promise, but I say'—the little scarecrow laughed softly, as if to herself—'I say grandfather's going to meeting here! I'm going to buy him some store clothes to go in. I've always thought I'd love to go along with him, but I guess there will not be corn enough. It's a kind of mussy looking patch, isn't it? I guess Andy thought there wouldn't be sugar enough to amount to much—oh, my, there's a crow! Oh, he's digging it up!' And away scurried the little figure to its 'scarecrowin'.

Rick Leavitt went back to his hoeing. Queer, new thoughts kept time to the regular strokes of his hoe—new Piper thoughts.

Suddenly, Rick stopped hoeing. He had not been able to see that last hill very well.

'She's been waiting, too, but ther'll not be corn enough—I guess she's right!' he laughed unsteadily. There wouldn't be any unless the patch was hoed over. There wasn't any doubt about that.

Rick glanced over at the Piper Patch—hello, what had become of the little scare——

'She's laid down on her job,' the boy muttered, and the seriousness in his voice atoned for the slang. The little Piper scarecrow was asleep!

The sun, directly overhead now, shone down unmercifully into the little upturned face.

'She'll have the sunstroke,' Rick thought uneasily. Then without further delay he strode across to the dividing fence, leaping the corn rows in his path. He leaped the fence, too, and strode on to the little sleeping scarecrow. He took off his wide-rimmed straw hat and tilted it gently over the child's face.

Then Rick looked round him. He could not remember to have been in the Piper Patch before, and close, it looked even worse than from a softening distance. But the little scarecrow was here, and the sight of her, asleep under the big straw hat, softened the boy's disgust. The little scarecrow was not to blame.

An instant more, Rick stood looking at the revel of weeds that shut him in. Then he righted his hoe and attacked them.

'I'm all over here—might as well,' he muttered, as if in self-defense. And bareheaded in the noon sunshine he hoed all round the little Piper scarecrow, till she lay asleep in a small oasis in the desert of weeds.

Rick had allowed himself a week to finish up his acre and a half, but it took longer than that on account of his secret trips to the Piper Patch. He took advantage of the absence of the little scarecrow for those. Gradually, the shabby little patch took on trimness and order. The day Rick hoed the last hill in it, Andy Piper came strolling down the fields. He stood and watched Rick for a while, without being perceived. A long, low whistle was what announced his presence. Rick wheeled about.

'Well,' he said grimly, 'how do you like the looks of it? Is it hoed to suit you?'

Andy Piper's good-natured, indolent face flushed crimson.

'See here,' Rick said suddenly, 'this is first rate corn land. Why don't you enlarge your patch, Andy—I mean the little scarecrow's—I mean Mysie's patch?' He tripped badly, and in spite of themselves both boys laughed. The ice was broken. Andy surveyed the adjacent uncultivated land dubiously.

'It would be an awful lot o' work,' he muttered.

'Work!' Rick Leavitt laughed derisively. 'Supposing it is a lot! Work doesn't hurt anybody. I tell you it's good for a chap! Look at me, will you? See that muscle! Now show me yours.' He bared his arm proudly, but Andy drew back, refusing to expose his.

'I—I haven't any muscle,' he muttered shamefacedly.

'Well, you go ahead and plow up some more o' this land and plant it to corn and see if you don't get some!' Rick laughed. 'Honest, I mean it, Andy. There's time enough—some of the crop will be a little later, that's all. Carry out your rows as long as mine, and widen your piece out over there on the other side. All that land is lying there wasted now. Say, you go ahead, Andy, and I'll help.'

'Honest?'

'Honest.'

'I haven't any plow.'

'I have.'

'Nor harrer.'

'I have. You do the handwork and I'll do the machine. Look here, I want to tell you something, Andy,' and moved by some impulse Rick told the little scarecrow's story. Andy listened.

'Poor gran-daddy!' Rick heard him mutter, and then, 'Poor little kid!'

'I'll do it!' Andy cried aloud. 'See if I don't make this old patch get the little girl some, too!'

The plan succeeded. For days the boys worked side by side—Andy as hard as Rick.

It was a good corn year. Nature aided the two boys. In due time the crops were cut and hauled to the mill. The Piper crop was almost as large as the Leavitt crop.

The last Sunday before Rick was to go to Merton to the academy, he arrived at church a little early. In his abstraction he had not noticed that the people were straggling in and settling into their places in the pews. When he looked up, he gave a little start, for Grandfather Piper and the little scarecrow—no, no, not that now! Grandfather Piper and little, trim, whole Mysie were going up the aisle. The old, old figure stooped painfully along, but the young one trudged beside it, grave and straight.

That was not all. Behind the old man and the child walked Andy—Andy! Rick's eyes widened in wonder. He scarcely knew the boy.

'It's the "Piper Patch,"' Rick thought.

What It Means.

'As I have loved you,' means love that is sweet and gentle to all men, who have many rudenesses and meannesses, who are selfish and faulty, who have sharp corners and vexing ways.—Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D.

Sarah Louisa's Boy.

The screens had been up around the next cot all day since The Boy was brought in, but they were down now, and Sarah Louisa, turning restlessly upon her pillow, met a pair of bright, dark eyes fixed upon her. There seemed to be a voice attached to the eyes, and it was saying in friendly tones:

'Ain't it jolly here? I've never been to a hospital before, have you?'

'No,' answered Sarah Louisa, looking her amazement at this view of affairs; 'I haven't and don't want to again. I've been here as long as ever I want to be.'

'Why, I think it's fine. There's winders; I ain't never had winders in the room—not real ones, only teenty—an' oh my! don't this bed feel good an' soft! All the beds I ever seen is hummocky, an' there ain't no white things on 'em neither.'

Her listener drew a long breath. Oh, dear! she had always had windows and white things, at least.

'I got all smashed up this morning,' went on the voice, cheerfully. 'I was comin' out of the alley an' there was a carriage with a little girl in it 'bout as big as me, but my! wasn't she a queen! a reg'lar picture. Couln't take my eyes off'n her, an' while I was lookin' another team got right on top of me. I don't remember nothin' more till I woke up here.'

'Where did it hurt you?' asked Sarah Louisa, forgetting the pain in her hip.

'I dunno, I guess it's all of me. Can't seem to move nothin' only my hands. I don't care much, though. I been movin' pretty lively ever since I was born; I guess I can afford to take a rest, I'm glad you're here; it'll be comp'ny.'

For the first time since her arrival, Sarah Louisa felt a faint gladness herself. She secretly resolved to be as entertaining as possible, and began casting about in her mind for ways to accomplish it.

'Maybe Susie'll come to-morrow,' she reflected, 'and bring some flowers. If she does, he can have 'em. I don't suppose he ever had flowers, either.'

'Did you ever go to the country, Boy?'

'Nope. I was goin' onct—Fresh Air, you know, but Billy didn't have no ticket, so I gave him mine. Billy's only seven, I'm eight, you know. Did you ever?'

'I live there, Susie and me. She's my sister that takes care of me. Mother's gone to heaven.'

'I ain't got none, nor any sister, neither; there ain't nobody but just me, only Billy. Billy's my chum, lives in the next alley. He's got a grandmother—he lets me give her things sometimes like she was mine; Billy's awful good. He said the country was grand that time he went.'

'Oh, it is! The sky's as blue! and there's trees and grass and chickens, and—oh, everything! I wish you could see 'em.'

The little country girl felt a curious enthusiasm over these things at this minute, quite different from the feeling when she had been among them. They grew suddenly dear by contrast.

'I wish I could,' The Boy said, wistfully. 'P'raps there'll be another chance sometime, when you'd be awfully happy, livin' there for always. I guess I would be. But then, I'm pretty happy anyway. There's some sky here. If you go out into the middle of the street you can see it.'

Sarah Louisa had plenty of food for thought the rest of the afternoon. It had never occurred to her to be particularly thankful for her country home or for the loving care bestowed upon her by a devoted older sister. The perpetual pain in her hip seemed to overshadow all that. Now, as she lay thinking of this other one who had nobody, and who was thankful for a glimpse of the sky between roofs, it dawned upon her that there might be worse things than pains.

The friendship thus began progressed rapidly. Sarah Louisa came to regard The Boy with a peculiar sense of possession. Her twelve years of life had been mostly spent in thinking of her small suffering self, and she had never loved any one with a real unselfish love before. Now, when Susie brought her flowers and fruit from their tiny farm, she lavished them all upon The Boy, watching his delight with eager eyes. If the sweet-faced nurses found time to read to their charges, it was always his favorite story that she chose. When the doctors were forced to hurt his poor, bruised little body, she cried in her pillow; and one day, when it seemed he must slip away from them altogether, she nearly broke her heart with grieving.

After that came brighter days, when The Boy found that he could move not only his hands but his arms, and predicted with unfailing optimism: 'I'm a-limberin' up. It'll strike my feet next.'

In three days, also, came Billy, to stand, red with shamefaced joy, fingering a ragged cap and delivering in astonishing English such news of the streets as he deemed calculated to please his chum.

Sarah Louisa could sit in a wheeled chair now for a little while at a time. She was chiefly glad because she could get closer to The Boy's cot, and looking with him at pictures in the ward scrap-books, made up wonderful tales which made his eyes wide with interest.

After an especially happy afternoon spent in this way, she lay resting in a half doze. Night had spread her wings softly over the ward, lulling to sleep those who might sleep, and quieting even those who must suffer. At intervals the night nurse made her rounds, soothing one, giving medicine to another, always noiseless and tender. Sarah Louisa wondered drowsily if angels were like that, ministering angels, you know, that the Bible tells about. She watched her white cap fade

into the dim distances beyond the ward door. The hall light gleamed hazily like the evening star over Bennett's Hill when there was a fog.

The next Sarah Louisa knew she was wide awake, sitting straight up in bed. The haze had deepened in the room, she could hardly see the door, and a queer, strangled feeling was in her throat. Confused sounds came up from below. Outside, the bells of fire engines mingled with cries and shouts. Steps came bounding up the stairs, and doctors and nurses began to drag patients from the cots nearest the door.

Sarah Louisa sat fairly paralyzed with terror. Not for herself—she did not think of herself at all—but for The Boy. Would they ever get to him? His bed was nearest the wall at the extreme end from the entrance.

The rescuers had reached the lower hall with all the patients but these two, when the stairs fell with a sickening crash. The children did not understand what had happened, but they knew that no one came after that. Only tongues of flame curled around the doorway and licked greedily across the floor. All at once the girl's brain cleared when she realized that she alone, weak and crippled, must come between The Boy and swift destruction.

Making an effort, she put her feet to the floor and stood upon them, her lame hip rebelling at every move. A few painful steps brought her to the wheeled chair standing near the wall. She threw herself into it and wheeled to The Boy's side.

'Put your arms around my neck,' she directed, bending over him.

'You can't never do it, Sarah; you can't!' cried the poor child, shrinking back.

'Yes, I can, too. I must. Put 'em up, quick! !' and this time he obeyed.

Exerting all her slender strength, she drew this helpless little figure—pitifully light, but to her so heavy—into her lap.

'Hold on tight,' she told him, encouragingly; 'I'll get you out somehow.'

Choked and blinded by the dense smoke, she turned the wheels with trembling hands, and finally succeeded in reaching a window. Thank heaven it was open! Struggling up toward the welcome air to breathe she screamed loudly for help. Even through the din without her shrill childish voice was heard. Looking up, the crowd became frantic at the sight revealed by the fire's glare—white faces of children doomed to a horrible death. Already the walls of the building trembled, while crackling flames hissed and seethed behind them.

'Come on, Jim,' called one fireman to another, 'put up the ladder there, quick. We've got to save 'em or die tryin'. Who'll go up with me?'

'I will!' came ready response. Up—up they crept, the spliced ladder swaying beneath them. It seemed to Sarah Louisa, quivering with agony under the strain of her precious burden, that they would never reach the window. At last, a helmeted head rose above the sill and a pair of strong arms was held out to her.

'Him first,' she gasped, thrusting The Boy into them.

The crowd held its breath for an instant till it saw him passed along to the man just below and his brave little companion drawn out also, then as the descent to safety began, burst into mad cheering.

Sarah Louisa wears a silver medal presented to her for courageous action in danger, but she is not half so proud of it as she is of a certain small boy who accompanies her halting walks around the farm, and who, though not too strong himself, is her faithful bodyguard and Susie's right-hand man.

As for The Boy, he often says: 'Billy's right that time. There ain't no place like the country. It's worth bein' smashed up for, to get to live in it an' to belong to her.'—Marian M. Thornton, in the 'Advance.'

Remember.

Kindness adds sweetness to everything. It is kindness which makes life's capabilities blossom and paints them with their cheering hues and endows them with their invigorating presence.—Frederick W. Faber.

Down Among the Froggies.

(By the Author of 'Diving for Pearls,' in 'Little Folks.')

'Hallo, froggies! where've you been
Since last summer's grass was green?'
And many a mouth prolongs the notes,
Puffing out the yellow throats,—
'Kruk, kruk! we've been asleep
Beneath the water—pe-weep, peep!'

Little folks, have you ever seen a baby-frog? If you have, I do not think you would know that the funny-looking thing with a tail would some day become a frog. No fish, or insect, or animal, goes through so many changes as a frog. First of all you may see in ditch, or brook, little dirty-looking lumps

of something rather like jelly, with dark specks upon them. These are the eggs. Soon the egg puts out a sort of small sucker, and clings on to some river weed. Then, presently, it begins to look like a funy sort of fish, with a tail and gills, and is called a tadpole. The next change that takes place is that the two fore-legs begin to grow, and then the two hind ones. There is a funny sight—a fish with legs! Where is the tail? It has disappeared; for, remember, the tadpole is fast turning into a frog, and frogs have no tails. The last change that takes place is the most wonderful of all. While the tadpole has been turning into a frog, he has been living under the water; and, although he has lost his tail, the gills still remain, because, without them, he could not breathe under the water. Now he is a bright-eyed frog, and will want to hop about on dry land too, sometimes; so the last change takes place, and lungs begin to grow. Behold him now, 'a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.' How he does puff and pant, and keep on

shutting up his mouth, as if he did not at all approve of being a frog What does he do that for? He is only breathing, and he cannot help making all that fuss about it; because, although he has lungs, he has no ribs to help him to take in air easily, and let it out again, as we have. He does not want to talk, and nobody wants to hear him croak any oftener than he does; so it does not matter to him that he is obliged to keep on shutting up his mouth so tight. If he did not, he would soon die of suffocation. He can take in air, besides, through his skin; and not only air, but water. You have only to startle froggy out of a snug resting-place to find this out. He is so offended that he immediately throws out the water he has in his skin, in hopes of wetting the rude person who has disturbed him, though it is not enough to do that. Some people used to think this water was poisonous, but it is nothing of the sort. Very likely this rude habit of the frog made the country people think that it sometimes rains frogs, as they do when the new frogs hop about in such quantities in warm damp weather. This, of course, is impossible; for how could frogs get up in the sky? and how unpleasant it would be! what a plump they would make on our umbrellas or hats!

Another curious thing about the frog is, that although he has about eighty teeth in his gaping mouth, he cannot bite, and indeed, never uses his teeth at all. When he wants to dine he puts out his tongue, which is just like a trap, and keeps quite still. The unsuspecting flies and ants come on to it, are held firmly, and then pop goes this clever tongue back into the frog's mouth, with the delicious morsel.

Everybody knows that a frog can leap; but how far do you think? About fifty times his own length at one jump. It is as if a man six feet high could leap three hundred feet into the air; or little folks three feet high, were to leap over the house.

Some people are still so ignorant as to think that frogs and toads can live shut up in a tree or rock without food and air, because some toads have been found in trees and hollow rocks. But this is impossible. We have seen that frogs are very particular about getting enough air and food. When they have been found in these places, there must have been really some hole through which the egg floated in the first instance, and through which water and insects came afterwards to feed poor froggy. Experiments have been made to see if frogs and toads could live without air and food, and of course, it was found that they died.

These experiments seem cruel, but they were not done out of cruelty, but for a good purpose, which little folks will understand when they are older. And here I must ask my boy readers not to ill-treat the poor helpless frogs they sometimes find—for it is not only cruel but foolish, as they help the gardener by destroying the hungry slugs that eat up our cabbages and vegetables.

Frogs are eaten in some parts of the world even in England—and thought very like tender fowls. They are also used as medicine in country places, where people are ignorant. A frog swallowed alive was once supposed to cure certain diseases. It is to be hoped they did not give one of their tremendous jumps, or it is probable they would do more harm than good.

Aunt Esther's Rules.

(Harriet Beecher Stowe.)

In the last number I told my little friends about my good Aunt Esther, and her wonderful cat Juno, and her dog Pero. In thinking what to write for this month, my mind goes far back to the days when I was a little girl, and used to spend many happy hours in Aunt Esther's parlor talking with her. Her favorite subject was always the habits and character of different animals, and their various ways and instincts, and she used to tell us so many wonderful, yet perfectly authentic, stories about all these things, that the hours passed away very quickly.

Some of her rules for the treatment and care of animals have impressed themselves so distinctly on my mind, that I shall never forget them, and I am going to repeat some of them to you.

One was, never to frighten an animal for sport. I recollect I had a little white kitten, of which I was very fond, and one day I was amusing myself with making her walk up and down the keyboard of the piano, and laughing to see her fright at the strange noises which came up under her feet. Puss evidently thought the place was haunted, and tried to escape; it never occurred to me, however, that there was any cruelty in the operation, till Aunt Esther said to me, 'My dear, you must never frighten an animal. I have suffered enough from fear to know that there is no suffering more dreadful; and a helpless animal, that cannot speak to tell its fright,

and cannot understand an explanation of what alarms it, ought to move your pity.'

I had never thought of this before, and then I remembered how, when I was a very, very little girl, a grown-up boy in school had amused himself with me and my little brother in much the same way as that in which I had amused myself with the kitten. He hunted as under one of the schoolroom tables by threatening to cut our ears off it we came out, and took out his penknife, and opened it, and shook it at us whenever we offered to move. Very likely he had not the least idea that we really could be made to suffer with fear at so absurd a threat—any more than I had that my kitten could possibly be afraid of the piano; but our suffering was in fact as real as if the boy really had intended what he said, and was really able to execute it.

Another thing which Aunt Esther strongly impressed on my mind was, that, when there were domestic animals about a house which were not wanted in a family, it was far kinder to have them killed in some quick and certain way than to chase them out of the house, and leave them to wander homeless, to be starved, beaten, and abused. Aunt Esther was a great advocate for killing animals, and, tender-hearted as she was, she gave us many instructions in the kindest and quickest way of disposing of one whose life must be sacrificed.

Her instructions sometimes bore most remarkable fruits. I recollect one little girl, who had been trained under Aunt Esther's care, was once coming home from school across Boston Common, when she saw a party of noisy boys and dogs tormenting a poor kitten by the side of the frog pond. The little wretches would throw it into the water, and then laugh at its vain and frightened efforts to paddle out, while the dogs added to its fright by their ferocious barking. Belle was a bright-eyed, spirited little puss, and her whole soul was roused in indignation; she ashed in among the throng of boys and dogs, and rescued the poor half-drowned little animal. The boys, ashamed, sunk away, and little Belle held the poor, cold, shivering little creature, considering what to do for it. It was half dead already, and she was embarrassed by the reflection that at home there was no room for another pet, for both cat and kitten never were wanting in their family. 'Poor kit,' she said, 'you must die, but I will see that you are not tormented;' and she knelt bravely down and held the little thing under water, with the tears running down her own cheeks, till all its earthly sorrows were over, and little kit was beyond the reach of dog or boy.

This was real brave humanity. Many people call themselves tender-hearted, because they are unwilling to have a litter of kittens killed, and so they go and throw them over fences into people's back yards, and comfort themselves with the reflection that they will do well enough. What becomes of the poor little defenseless things? In nine cases out of ten they live a hunted, miserable life, crying from hunger, shivering with cold, harassed by cruel dogs, and tortured to make sport for brutal boys. How much kinder and more really humane to take upon ourselves the momentary suffering of causing the death of an animal, than to turn our back and leave it to drag out a life of torture and misery!

Aunt Esther used to protest much against another kind of torture which well-meaning persons inflict on animals, in giving them as playthings to very little children who do not know how to handle them. A mother sometimes will sit quietly sewing, while her baby boy is tormenting a helpless kitten, poking his fingers into its eyes, pulling its tail, stretching it out as on a rack, squeezing its feet, and, when the poor little tormented thing tries to run away will send the nurse to catch dear little Johnny's kitten for him.

Aunt Esther always remonstrated, too, against all the practical jokes and teasing of animals, which many people practice under the name of sport—like throwing a dog into the water for the sake of seeing him paddle out, dashing water upon the cat, or doing any of the many little tricks by which animals are made uncomfortable. 'They have but one short little life to live, they are dumb and cannot complain, and they are wholly in our 'power'—these were the motives by which she appealed to our generosity.

Aunt Esther's boys were so well trained, that they would fight valiantly for the rescue of any ill-treated animals. Little Master Bill was a bright-eyed fellow, who wasn't much taller than his father's knee, and wore a low-necked dress with white ruffles. But Bill had a brave heart in his little body, and so one day, as he was coming from school, he dashed in among a crowd of dogs which were pursuing a kitten, took it away from them, and held it as high above his head as his little arm could reach. The dogs jumped upon his white neck with their rough paws, and scratched his face, but still he stood steady till a man came up and took the kitten and frightened away the dogs. Master Bill grew up to be a man, and at the battle of Gettysburg stood a three days' fight, and resisted the charge of the Louisiana Tigers as of old he withstood the charge of the dogs. A really brave-hearted fellow is generally tender and compassionate to the weak; only cowards torment that which is not strong enough to fight them; only cowards starve helpless prisoners or turture helpless animals.

I can't help hoping that, in these stories about different pets, I have made some friends among the boys, and that they will remember what I have said, and resolve always to defend the weak, and not permit any cruelty where it is in their power to prevent it. Boys, you are strong and brave little fellows; but you oughtn't to be strong and brave for nothing, and if every boy about the street would set himself to defending helpless animals, we should see much less cruelty than we do now.—'Our Young Folks.'

Sweeping the Corners Clean.

(By J. Franklin Babb, in the 'Morning Star.')

When mother was here, in the old days,
And I helped her after school,
With sister's apron around my neck
To keep me clean and cool,
I would sweep the old, worn kitchen
Reaching under and then between,
While mother would ask, when I'd finished,
'Have you swept the corners clean?'

And now, while the shadows are deepening,
I sit in a quiet room,
Where a bookcase towers to the ceiling,
And beside it a worn, old broom.
There musing I think on the old days,
Of what I have done and been,
And I wonder if He will ask me,
'Have you swept the corners clean?'

And if not will I have to do over,
The irksome, dusty work,
That sometimes I've passed on to others,
And often have tried to shirk?
Will He say, with a love like my mother's,
'My boy has been careless to-day,
There, dear, do it over for mother,
And then you can go out and play?'

There are times that I hope He will let me
Redeem what I've done amiss,
As she used to do when she chid me
Then ended rebuke with a kiss.
But if not, and for ages on ages,
I mingle with all that demeans,
'Twill be on account of neglecting
To sweep the corners clean.

No Substitute.

'There is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, sincere earnestness' is the testimony of a great author. He stated a rule for earthly life and success. The same law extends over the spiritual sphere: 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' Do it 'as unto the Lord and not unto men.'

No Excuse for You.

Nothing on earth, not even the worst relationships of capital and labor, can ever excuse half-hearted work. Your hours are long?—so were those of the Colossian slaves. Your pay is poor?—the Colossian slave had none. Your mistress is tyrannical and mean?—but the Colossian mistress lashed her servants. Yet whatsoever ye do, ye slaves, cries Paul, do it all heartily as to the Lord. —G. H. Morrison.

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A FINE SET OF CARVERS FREE

No better gift to any housewife. Sheffield make; blade 8 inches long; strong, buckhorn handles. Free for only SIX NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

Watch this corner again next issue.

Sweetheart's Bodyguard.

(By S. E. Winfield, in 'The Child's Hour.')

Sweetheart is a little girl whom everyone would like, because she is just like her name, a sweet heart. She has a mass of soft light hair, a pair of blue eyes which would wheedle a bird from a tree, and cunning ways, lots of them. She is a bit fussy if her hair ribbon isn't tied just right, and if there is a spot on her dress, but she will outgrow that we hope.

One thing she hates, and that is small boys, for when she goes to school they bother her. They pull her hair, or her hair ribbons, or pinch her, or ask her for a kiss. Oh, how mad that makes her! She'll fly home, and fling herself into sister's lap, and cry because they are all so 'h-h-horrid.'

But Sweetheart became even with them and gained a bodyguard which kept her safely.

We all went way, way down East one summer, where Sweetheart could live out of doors and grow brown, and drink milk, oh, quarts of it, and grow fat, and play in the woods or on the beach, and go in bathing in the salt water.

After we had been there for awhile we went to call on one of the neighbors who had been kind to us, and, of course, Sweetheart went along too. After we had rocked on the piazza for awhile, the lady wanted to show us some rare old china, which had come over from England. Of course Sweetheart didn't care for old china, or china of any sort, unless it had milk or something to eat on it, or in it, so we left her, with two big molasses cookies to play with on the piazza and we went inside.

We were gone quite a long time, and when we went outside again, as she reached the door, sister gave a gasp of surprise, and well she might.

There on the step sat Sweetheart and just below her on the grass the biggest shepherd dog I ever saw. His eyes were fixed in utter adoration (and a shepherd dog's eyes can look love, if ever a dog's did) on the small figure above him, while his plumy tail moved slowly in rapture.

Sweetheart was dividing her cookies with him, leaning forward with the morsels for him, and cooing soft nothings at him and giving him fairy pats from her small hands on his satin smooth head, and filling him chock full of flattery and praise.

'For goodness sake!' said sister. 'He'll bite the child.'

Our hostess looked over sister's shoulder,

'Dou't worry, he won't hurt her,' she said smiling. 'That is Bruce, poor old fellow. He never had so many kind words in his life as he has had this afternoon.'

'Doesn't his owner care for him?'

'I don't know about the care part, but he beats him badly, all the time.'

'See sister,' chirped Sweetheart, 'ain't he just a darling? He knows all I say to him, don't you dear old thing!'

And Bruce grinned and looked all sorts of things, with those beautiful brown eyes, and sitting back on his haunches waved a soft brown paw in appeal for more of it.

Well, we just had to hunt up the owner of the dog, the owner who beat him, and with a small amount of money we bought him for our own. That is we bought his body but his dear loving doggy heart he gave to us freely and without stint.

Sweetheart was his special charge. If she left the house he shadowed her. If she walked his nose was at her hand by her side. If she sat down he was at, or better, on her feet.

When we came home we brought Bruce along too. Poor dear! How he did hate the cars.

'There,' said Sweetheart, 'I gness no horrid boys will bother me now,' and they didn't often.

Once she went down to the corner to get some candy, and coming back she was sucking the end of a peppermint stiek in slippery content, because she had more in the bag. Bruce was right at her side. Partly for protection and partly because he did like peppermint sticks and perhaps a bite might wander his way.

Round a corner came Billy Green, the bully of the neighborhood.

'Hullo, mother's baby,' he called, 'give us a bite of candy.'

Sweetheart never answered, but Bruce said, 'gr-r-r-r,' low under his breath, which meant from doggie's view, 'keep off.'

But the boy didn't heed the warning.

'I said give us a bite, and if you won't give it to me, I'll take it,' said this very rude boy.

The boy started for Sweetheart, but where was the gentle loving Bruce? In his place was a fierce dog, with teeth showing in an ugly growl, with every limb tense, and

the long hair about his neck and chest standing up like a mane.

The boy stopped.

'Say does your dog bite?'

'He might,' said Sweetheart, giving a final lick at the peppermint stick.

'G-r-r-r-r, said Bruce, which meant, 'try me and see.'

But the boy didn't want to try, saying in a sneering way,

'Keep your old candy, stingy,' off he ran. But Sweetheart had found a companion and guard in one.

A Queer Little Boy.

There's a queer little boy (so I have been told)
Who is worth ev'ry ounce of his weight in gold,
Who always says, 'Thank you, ma'am,' and 'If you please.'
And has never been known to beg or to tease
When his mother said, 'No, you can't go my son;
There's work in the garden that has to be done.'

For he'd much rather work and learn lessons than play,
And he never once misses the school, so they say,
He gets out of bed at the very first call,
So he never is late for breakfast at all.
He knows just where he left his books and his hat,
And his gloves and his coat and his ball, and all that.

His smile's just as sweet when the school bell he hears,
As when dinner bell's clatter resounds in his ears.
He never runs through the house nor slams a door,
Nor walks in the mud to leave marks on the floor.
His face is always most beautifully clean,
And his hands, the like of them never was seen!

And now, what's his name, and where does he dwell—
This queer little boy? I am sure I can't tell.
But if you would know, and will start right away,
And travel right on without any delay,
Perhaps you will find him; though truth to declare,
I never could find him myself anywhere.

—'Scribner's.'

The Dangerous Door.

'Oh, Cousin Will, do tell us a story, 'there's just time before the school bell rings and Harry, Kate, Ella, and little Peace crowded about their older cousin until he declared himself ready to do anything they wished.

'Very well,' said Cousin Will, 'I will tell you about some dangerous doors I have seen.'

'Oh, that's good!' exclaimed Bob. 'Were they all iron and heavy bars, and if one passed in, did they shut and keep him there forever?'

'No; the doors I mean are pink or scarlet, and when they open you can see a row of little servants standing all in white, and behind them is a little lady dressed in crimson.'

'What, that's splendid,' cried Kate; 'I should like to go in myself.'

'Ah it is what comes out of those doors that makes them so dangerous. They need a strong guard on each side, or else there is great trouble.'

'Why, what comes out?' said little Peace, with wondering eyes.

'When the guards are away,' said Cousin Will. 'I have known some things to come out sharper than arrows, and they make terrible wounds. Quite lately I saw two pretty little doors, and one was opened, and the little lady began to talk very fast like this: 'What a stuck-up thing Lucy Waters is! and did you see that horrid dress made out of her sister's old one!' 'Oh, yes,' said the other little crimson lady from the other door, 'and what a turned-up nose she has!' Then poor Lucy, who was around the corner ran home and cried all the evening.'

'I know what you mean!' cried Kate, coloring, 'were you listening?'

'Oh, you mean our mouths are doors,' exclaimed Harry, 'and the crimson lady is Miss Tongue, but who are the guards, and where do they come from?'

'You may ask the great King. This is what you must say: 'Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, keep the door of my lips.' Then He will send Patience to stand on one side and Love on the other, and no unkind word will dare come out.'—'Christian Advocate.'

Candle and Star.

Said the Candle to the Star,
'How very small you are!
You never can outshine
Such radiance as mine.
Because you live so far,'
Said the Candle to the Star.

Said the Star, 'Now wait and see
What comes to you and me.
Though I live far away,
A million years I'll stay,
But you'll forgotten be,'
Said the Star, 'Now wait and see.'

The little Star shines on;
The candle's light is gone;
For one is God's own plan,
The other made by man,
The Candle's light is gone—
The little Star shines on.

—Selected.

The Story of In-door Sun.

Once on a time, in far Japan,
There lived a busy little man
So merry and so full of fun
That people called him In-door Sun.

Now In-door Sun made mirrors fine,
Like those in your house, and in mine,
And in these looking-glasses bright,
His own face saw from morn till night.

It made him feel so very sad
To see his face look cross and bad,
That he began to take great care
To keep a sweet smile always there.

And soon he found that those he knew,
All seemed to like him better, too;
For, like the mirrors, every one
Began to smile on In-door Sun!

Now try this just one day and see
How bright and smiling you can be;
You'll find both happiness and fun
In playing you're an 'in-door sun!'

—'Little Folks.'

HOUSEHOLD.

The House of Pride.

(By the Rev. W. T. Dawson, D.D.)

I lived with Pride; the house was hung
With tapestries of rich design.
Of many houses, this among
Them all was the richest, and 'twas mine.
But in the chambers burned no fire,
Tho' all the furniture was gold;
I sickened of fulfilled desire,
The House of Pride was very cold.

I lived with Love; all she possest
Was but a tent beside a stream.
She warmed my cold hands in her breast,
She wove around my sleep a dream.
And One there was with face divine
Who softly came, when day was spent,
And turned our water into wine,
And made our life a sacrament.

—Selected

Wait.

Wait, husband, before you wonder audibly why your wife doesn't get on with the household affairs 'as your mother did.' She is doing her best, and no woman can endure that best to be slighted. Remember the long weary nights she sat up with the little babe that died; remember the love and care she bestowed upon you when you had the long spell of sickness. Do you think she is made of cast-iron? Wait—wait in silence and forbearance, and the light will come back to her eyes, the old light of the old days. Wait, wife, before you speak reproachfully to your husband when he comes home late, weary and 'out of sorts.' He worked hard for you all day—perhaps far into the night. He has wrestled, hand in hand, with care, and selfishness, and greed, and all the demons that follow in the train of money-making. Let home be another atmosphere entirely. Let him feel that there is one place in the wide world where he can find peace, quiet, and perfect love.—'Christian Globe.'

Family Anniversaries.

Wedding anniversaries and birthdays are occasions that should never be neglected in the life of a family.

Even though the married children go far from the early home, living in widely-separated neighborhoods, they should make an effort to get together at stated intervals, and so long as their parents live, the old home, with its dear memories, should draw them like a magnet to its hearth. Little cousins ought to know one another and be acquainted as brothers and sisters are. When long trips across the country involve too great an expense for frequent visits, there is always the letter box at the street corner, and the post may be trusted to carry love messages safely from Land's End to John o' Groats, or around the circuit of the globe. How the mother at home watches for tidings from her married children, and how she grieves when for weeks and months she never receives a word and feels that she has dropped out of the daily lives of those for whom she toiled and saved years ago!

Oo you owe your mother a letter or a visit or a gift, you who are far away from her now? Do not let the sun go down until you pay that debt of love.

Do not forget that although we may have many friends, we can have but one mother, and that no friend can be quite so intimate as she.—'Christian Age.'

A Plea for Husbands.

The husband's place in his own home is largely what his wife makes it. He may be meek—no man is naturally so—or cross, but in any case the role must be assigned him by his wife. In general, he is loved and respected and obeyed, or pecked and worried and neglected, according to the nature and practice of his wife.

That the children of the family occupy this same subordinate position in reference to the mother is well known. To many boys and girls, father is merely the man that's at home on the Sabbath, or in some cases, the instrument of their mother's wrath. But mother is the dictator of their eating and their sleeping, their dressing and—alas!—their bathing.

The common, and in many ways charming, practice of calling husbands and wives by their acquired names 'father' and 'mother' is significant of the situation. After the strenuous days of courtship, the excitement of the wedding, and the novelty of a new life and a new home, the young married woman pauses as if for breath. She is ready for almost anything but monotony. Then the baby comes, and the exactions of the first few months make a complete change in her life.

In the meantime the husband looks on in wonder. The coming of the baby mystified him; the mother's instinctive assumption of ownership has pleased but surprised him; the continued absorption of the mother in the child begins to alarm him. How about the books that he and she were to have read together; the little week end trips they were to have taken; how about the long talks of the future that they used to have together. All these have gone out of his life, and in their places has come this beautiful picture of the Madonna—something set apart for him to respect and admire. Here is this little pink fat Lothario—so much handsomer than he—who has come into his home and stolen his wife. She used to be his wife—is she to become to him only 'the baby's mother?'

There is a side to this question that is not selfishly mannish, and I am not sure that it is not the greater side. The ideal wife shares the ambitions and triumphs and sorrows of her husband. She meets the world as he meets it, out in the open, where big figures move constantly before the eye; she grows as he grows in intellect, in knowledge of the world, in social position and manner.

The woman who drops all this with the coming of the first baby, and devotes herself exclusively to her children, leaves her husband where she found him—young, undeveloped, probably poor in wealth and position. If he fails to climb through lack of her help and companionship, she and her whole family will live a life of struggle and poverty. If, on the other hand, he climbs without her, he soon distances her in the things of this world. At forty or fifty, when the children are gone to homes of their own, and her husband has, at last, won single-handed the object of his ambition—social prominence, great wealth or official position—she turns to meet him again, and she is surprised and disappointed to find no trace of the young man she left some twenty or thirty years ago.—'Christian Age.'

Little Things.

'Trifles often make the sum
Of human happiness or misery.'

We have all experienced the power of little things to gladden or wound us. A look, a single word, may tell of affection and sympathy to some timid soul, and all the day will be bright thenceforth. A trifling act of kindness, forgotten, perhaps, the next moment by the doer, has often been held for years in grateful remembrance. In like manner, a passing unkindness has rankled in the heart of the recipient and wrought double injury. As our years and days are made up of moments, so our lives are in great part made up of little things. Not only of little vexations, little trials, little perplexities, but also of little joys, little comforts, little pleasures; and just in proportion as we occupy our thoughts with the first-named or the last will we be happy or miserable. Of course, there are dark days in many lives, when the pressure of some crushing, overwhelming sorrow shuts out from the sad soul every gleam of light for the time and leaves all ordinary rules out of the question. But we are not speaking of such heavily-laden ones when we say that daily compensation comes to us all if we would only see it, and that our cares and worries have their counterpoise in the little pleasures whose very frequency causes us to overlook them.

For just think of it a moment. You may live in a disagreeable street, one of your chimneys may have a bad habit of smoking, your cook may be often unpunctual, your boys noisy, and your health delicate. But, on the other hand, your house is commodious and well-furnished, your cook is faithful and good-tempered, your boys are bright, clever, and anxious to do right, and your frequent sick days bring out so many proofs of their love and devotion that you cannot help thinking there never were such boys.

And if this is but an imagined case, is it therefore untrue? Is there not in all our lives just the same mingling of good and bad in little things? And to those of us who are willing to enjoy little pleasures and forget the petty trials associated with them, life can never be wanting in brightness, even though the full sunshine of happiness be withheld.

And what a help to the children of the household is this disposition on the part of its elders to find happiness in trifles. They are naturally encouraged to bring to the family store each little element of mirthfulness, and not only this, but they, too, learn to pause over and enjoy the 'little things' without too eager and restless anticipation of those great joys which are vouchsafed to but few. —'Christian Globe.'

Nature's Medicine.

Laughter is Nature's device for exercising the internal organs and giving us pleasure at the same time.

It sends the blood bounding through the body, increases the respiration, and gives warmth to the whole system.

It expands the chest, and forces the poisoned air from the least-used lung cells.

It brings into harmonious action all the functions of the body.

Perfect health, which may be destroyed by a bad piece of news, by grief or anxiety, is often restored by a good hearty laugh.

A jolly physician is often better than all his pills.

Laughter induces a mental exhilaration.

The habit of frequent and hearty laughter will not only save you many a doctor's bill, but will also save you years of your life.

There is good philosophy as well as good health in the maxim 'Laugh and grow fat.'

Laughter is a foe to pain and disease, and a sure cure for the 'blues,' melancholy, and worry.

Laughter is contagious. Be cheerful, and you make everybody around you happy, harmonious, and healthful.

Laughter and good cheer make love of life, and love of life is half of health.

Use laughter as a table sauce; it sets the organs to dancing, and thus stimulates the digestive processes.

Laughter keeps the heart and face young, and enhances physical beauty.

A Rainy Sunday at Home.

(By Mary Callum Wiley.)

'Oh, dear!' said Annabel, 'I wish it would stop raining!'

'What would you do?' said Fred. 'You couldn't go anywhere, 'cause it's Sunday.'

'Or do anything,' said Joe.

'Auntie says if you want to see something,' said Tom, suddenly appearing at the door, 'come out to the kitchen.'

The children needed no second bidding. All day they had been housed in, and now, as the afternoon dragged by, they were restless and cross, and ready for anything.

'Why! What in the world!' they cried as they ran into the kitchen. Their aunt was standing by the table with her sleeves rolled up and a big apron on, spreading wet sand over a map she had sketched with chalk on the top of the table.

'It's a map of Palestine,' said Tom. 'See, we are going to make it out of sand and put in the mountains and the valleys and the rivers and everything.'

'Oh!' said the children. They had never seen anything like it, for they had never studied geography with a sand map. They lived in the country and went to an old-fashioned 'district school.' But their aunt explained how the map was to be made, and in a little while they were busy at work, piling up the sand in places for mountains, smoothing it out for plains, and making rivers and lakes out of bits of looking-glass.

'As our map is a representation of the home of the children of Israel,' said auntie, 'do you think it would be nice to mark in some way the different places where Bible events happened?'

'Yes,' said the children. 'But how can we do it?'

'Take Bethlehem, for instance,' said Auntie. 'What has happened there?'

'Jesus was born there,' said the children quickly.

'Yes,' said Auntie, 'but I mean in Old Testament times.'

'David lived there,' said Tom.

'And Ruth,' added Annabel.

'Then, why not mark Bethlehem with a sheep?' and Auntie drew a tiny animal out of the Noah's ark she had brought down for the purpose, and placed it on the map. 'This will show,' she said, 'that David lived a shepherd boy here.'

'Put down a lion, then,' said Joe, 'and I drop a grain of corn, too, to remind us of Ruth.'

'Where's the place where David fought Goliath?' asked Tom.

'Here,' said Auntie, pointing to a narrow valley south-west of Bethlehem. 'Here's where the Philistines came up to fight the children of Israel.'

'Well, I've got a splendid picture of a giant,' said Tom, 'that'll do for that spot.'

'Didn't Samson go down here to Gaza once?' asked Henry, studying the map in the back of Auntie's Bible.

'Look it up in the sixteenth chapter of Judges,' said Auntie.

While Henry was reading up on Samson, the others were eagerly asking questions and looking up references. For they soon found that they had to keep their Bibles open in order to mark their map correctly. Each child was given a certain part of the map to work up, and whenever he was in doubt about anything or couldn't find a story in the Bible, Auntie helped him out.

When, at length, the map was done, father and mother were called in to view it. Each place on the map was eagerly pointed out. There was a tiny temple to mark Jerusalem, a ladder Bethel, a boat loaded with logs (matches broken in two) Tyre; bits of rock piled up showing Mt. Carmel, where Elijah called down fire from heaven. A grave marked Mt. Nebo; twelve pebbles the Jordan, where the children of Israel crossed. At Shiloh, where little Samuel lived with Eli, was a tiny lighted candle; at Jericho, a tiny section of wall. In the valley before Mt. Sinai, a paper tabernacle was erected; on Mt. Sinai two flat stones were placed. The cave on the side of the Dead Sea, where David found Saul, was marked by two pasteboard swords crossed; the cave where the witch of Endor lived, by fumes of sulphur rising and a flickering light. A tiny bottle of oil stood for Zarephath, a measure of flour for Samaria, a bunch of grapes for Jezreel, a lock of hair for the country where Samson did his exploits, a doll's pitcher with a burning match in it the place where Gideon overcame the Midianites.

'Well, well,' said father, when he had everything explained to him and when he had asked all the questions he could think of, 'you've learned more Bible history this afternoon than you had learned before in a month of Sundays.'—Selected.

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Make the Home the Centre for the Boy.

(By John Collins, former Chief of Police of Chicago, in the 'Mother's Magazine.')

A police officer, more than the doctor, minister or lawyer, knows what the boy is doing who does not care to stay at home or is not permitted to stay at home.

I say 'not permitted to stay at home' advisedly, because I have known, in a long police career, many boys whose mothers constantly urged them to find their amusements in the streets rather than have them 'in the way' at home. The average boy who does not care to stay at home, when closely questioned by a police officer will almost invariably explain that his surroundings are 'stupid.'

The boys with whom the police have the least trouble, of whom they know the least, are those whose mothers make the home a centre for them; who make the boy feel that home is the most attractive spot when at school or work.

Since I am talking to mothers, I can best illustrate what I have to say by several anecdotes. A boy stoned and severely cut a switchman in a switch yard. The brakeman caught and spanked him. The boy ran home. Ten minutes later he was back in the switch yard. The brakeman caught him again, and the boy said: 'My mother won't let me stay at home.'

The brakeman took the boy home, and, finding the mother, said:

'If you do not keep this boy at home, I will have him taken to the Juvenile Court.'

She replied: 'Well, if that's the case, I suppose I'll have to keep him home, but he does make such a muss!'

Now, that attitude of a mother toward a boy just starting into mischief makes him, in a very few years, a subject for police supervision, if not police trial and imprisonment. And the responsibility for his start on the wrong road is traceable to no other source than his home.

One of my officers caught a young boy maliciously breaking glass in a public building. The officer was a thoughtful man, and instead of arresting the boy, took him to his mother, told her of the wrong, and said the glass must be paid for.

The mother paid for the glass, but filed charges against the officer. When the boy was put on the stand it developed that, out of the twenty-four hours of the day, except when he slept, he was at home only for his three meals, 'and that he had orders from his mother not to spoil things about the house and to keep out of it all he could.' The officer, of course, was acquitted. The boy, two years later, went to the reform school for burglary, and I have no doubt his mother is wondering to this day why he went wrong.

If these two cases were isolated ones they would not be so serious, but every police officer knows, every detective knows, and every lone marshal in a small town knows that altogether too many boys are driven out of the home by the ignorance or thoughtlessness of the parents.

Let me add this, too: that the great ranks of our young and well-dressed criminals are not recruited from the slums, but from the social scale where education, good breeding and Christianity are supposed to prevail. The petty sneak thief may come from the slums, but our dangerous young criminals are drawn largely from the so-called 'good homes.'

On the other hand, I know five boys whose mother makes their home schoolroom, playroom and workshop for them. Whatever these boys plan to do is planned to be done in the home, and the mother is a part of the doing. If they go to a baseball game, 'mother' goes with them. If they think of other amusement 'mother' is figured into it. Saturday night, when three of them receive pay, they come home and lay the money in her lap. If her home duties become too heavy, there is a boy at each to help her out.

A natural and loving partnership exists between this mother and her sons, and the father shares in its delightful benefits. Such boys never need police supervision.

This mother began in the babyhood of her first child to have it think that she was the centre of the earth. She is a woman of firm will, and she exacted obedience from the boys, but in return she gave them a legitimate run of the home, the right use of all in it, and her companionship.

'Oh, Mr. Collins,' she said to me one day, 'I never have to worry about my boys. We are partners.'

When I see a home filled with books, music and pictures, no matter how little they cost, when I see the mother interested in every move the boy makes, when I find the boy is looking to his mother for advice and entertainment, I dismiss all thought of his becoming a police character.

A boy will not stay at home unless home is made as attractive from his point of view (not your point of view) as what he can find outside.

If he is good-looking, if he is well-dressed, if he has a little money, if he can tell a good story or sing a song well, he will find plenty of bright if not honest people to throng about him and urge him on. Then, for every mother influence over him in the past, ten outside influences are taking him the downward way. The mother is stunned. She realizes too late that this future man has gone from her.

Hard, strenuous police experience has driven the truth straight into my soul that if a young boy is to be kept right until he reaches the years of judgment, his happiest resort, his best loved spot, must be his home, and his mother, to him, the brightest object in it.

Reform institutions are fair in their way, churches do much good, philanthropic people help many. But the biggest work that can be done with a boy to keep him manly, to keep him out of the way of the police, is in the home and by the mother.

Mothers who doubt this need only avail themselves of an opportunity to spend a month in the office of the chief of police and learn the misery, the tragedy, the agony of boy-lives to whom the word 'home' never had a true meaning, to whom the word 'mother' means only a parent!

Theories about boy training look very acceptable on paper, they sound well in lectures, but there is nothing that will get hold of a boy's heart so quickly and influence him so strongly for his future good as a partnership with his mother and a home in which he can rationally do what he likes; in which he is part master, part servant, part guest, but always son.

Selected Recipes.

A NEW SALAD.—Cut two dozen balls from tart, well-flavored apples with a vegetable scoop, marinate at once with French dressing. Make a dozen cream cheese balls, slightly larger, first mixing the cheese with a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, a tablespoonful of chopped pimentos, a teaspoonful of salt and one of paprica. Serve on a bed of chicory leaves; garnish with pimentos.

HOMINY GRIDDLE CAKES.—To a pint of warm boiled hominy add a pint of milk or water and two cups of flour. Add half a teaspoonful of salt and two or three well-beaten eggs. These are very good.

FOAM GRIDDLE CAKES.—Take half a pint of sour milk and a pinch of salt, yolk of an egg and butter the size of a hickory nut. Add enough flour to make a batter and beat together five minutes. Then add a third of a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of boiling water and last of all the white of the egg beaten to a stiff froth and stirred slowly into the batter, as for sponge cake. Bake immediately on a hot griddle.

INDIAN GRIDDLE CAKES.—Take one cup of Indian meal and one of flour, three cups of scalding hot milk, two eggs, half a teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls baking powder and one tablespoonful brown sugar. Have the milk scalding hot and pour it over the meal gradually. Sift the flour, salt, sugar and baking powder together and when the milk is cool add to it the flour and eggs well beaten. Bake on a hot griddle and serve with maple syrup.

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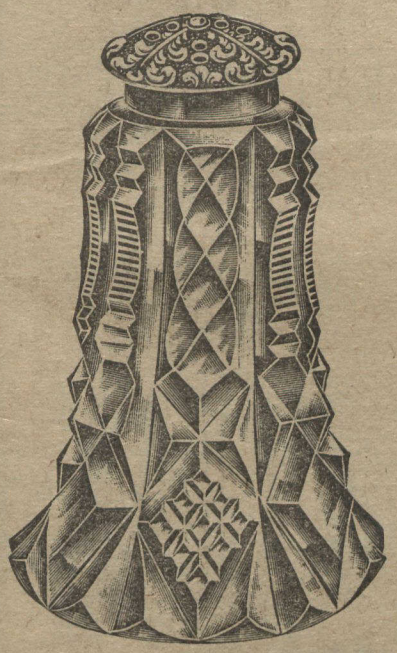

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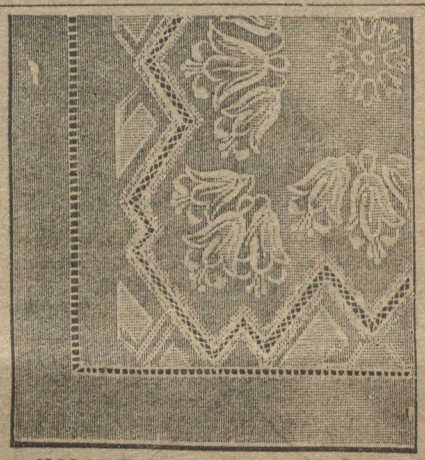

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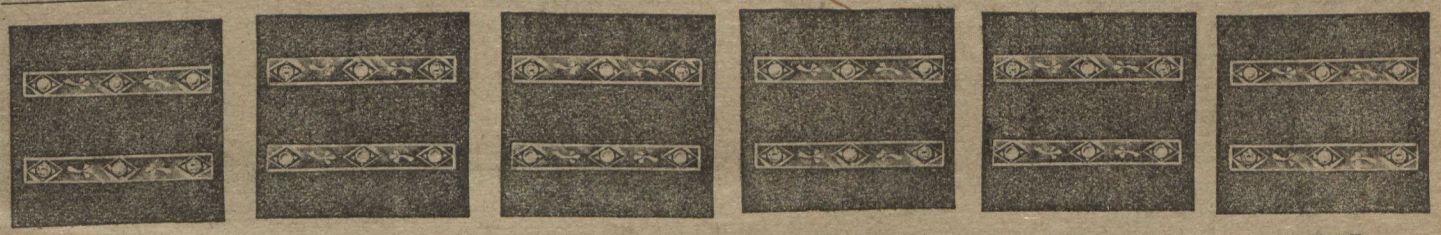

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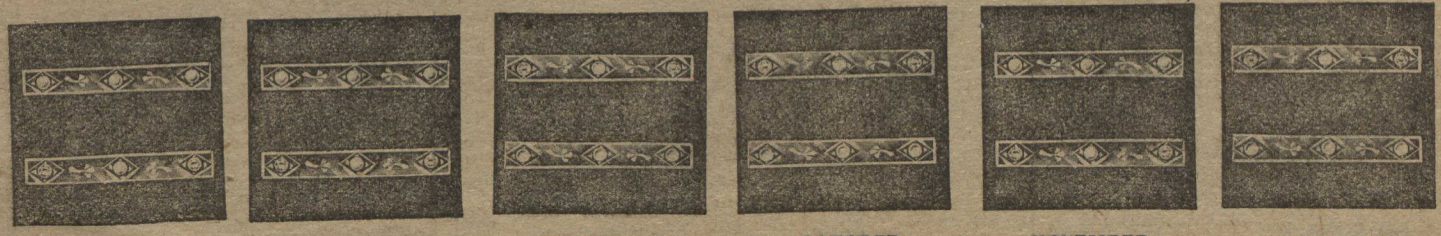

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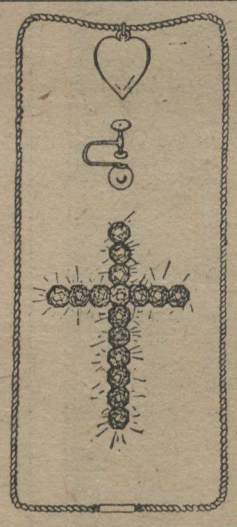

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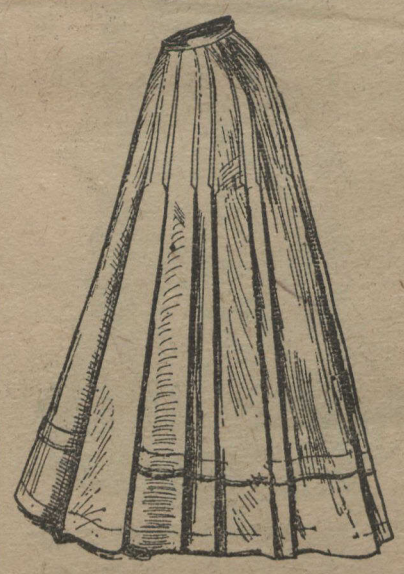

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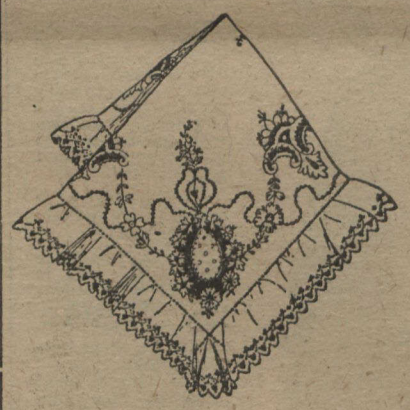

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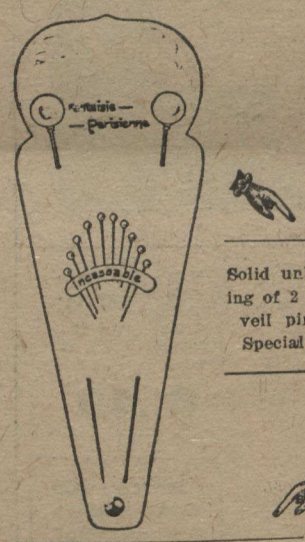

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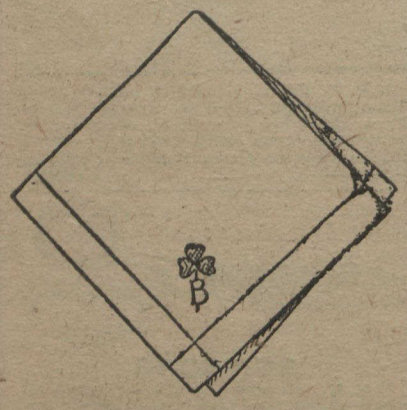

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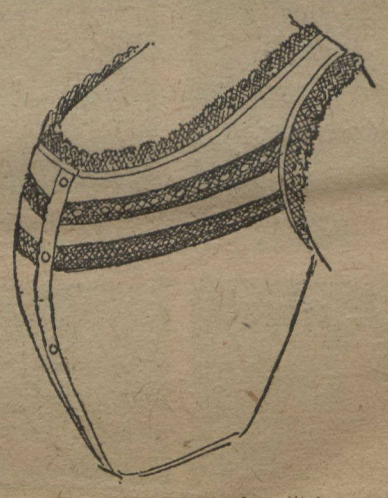

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