



DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION.

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NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 6 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

TOM LOVEKIN'S RETURN.

Mr. and Mrs. Lovekin had much trouble with their son Tom. Tom Lovekin had been recognized from his early youth as the leader in all mischievous deeds in his village. Was there an orchard robbed in a peculiarly bold or ingenious manner, Tom Lovekin was sure to be set down as the culprit; did a melon patch lose its most prized spheres during the night, Tom Lovekin, it would be said, had paid it a visit; was there a pitched battle in the street between the boys of the rival schools, Tom Lovekin's strategical movements were discussed for weeks afterwards by the peace-loving neighbors, who could not understand what had got into the boys since they were young, preventing them from meeting and parting good friends. And although when Tom Lovekin was questioned on such subjects his face bore every sign of innocence and surprise, it might be remarked that after nearly every foray underneath Tom's bed there was to be found the most luscious melon, the roundest, reddest-checked apple, the finest pears, or perhaps he carried home the blackest eye in all the country side. These all were trophies of which Tom was not a little proud. But his great success in these forays were the cause of his being discovered. On one occasion the depredations of Tom Lovekin's skirmishers in a raid on Squire Rich's orchard were so great that the whole village was in arms. The boys engaged in the foray to do their best could not eat all they had stolen, and having no means of hiding it, Tom Lovekin's receptacle under the bed was thought of and utilized for the occasion.

Shortly after the adventure Squire Rich accidentally called on Mr. Lovekin to examine some plans that the latter had been working on for some time to discover perpetual motion, for Tom's father's attention was so taken up with his machines and inventions that Tom's home education and training was confined to his mother. But his mother had enough to do with her manifold duties, for more fell to her share than should have done, through her hus-

band's vagaries, and for the most part Tom's home training was left to himself, and as we have seen the effects were not the most satisfactory.

But, to continue our story, when Mr. Rich had examined the different attempts to get a wheel, or a lever, or a ball, or a magnet, to move forever, he was not allowed to depart. Mr. Lovekin had many years before endeavored to make a flying machine, by which he proposed to carry a car through the air at the rate of a mile a minute,—“more or less,” he used to add when speaking on this subject. “You cannot measure the speed and power of these inventions in the head, sir, like those which have long been worked out. The slight advantage which might be gained by lessening a crank or enlarging the circumference of a wheel might make a difference of thirty miles an hour. The air is not like the railroad, sir; we

“Up in my room, father; I was trying to practice on it so that you could exhibit it the next Ashburn fair.”

“What a good boy this is of mine, Squire Rich! If all the boys of Greendale were like him there would be no trouble; no robbing of orchards, or fights, or such things then, Squire Rich. Go upstairs, Tom, and bring it down.”

“Let us go up with him,” said the Squire, with a sly chuckle to himself, “and then we can see how he practices flying.”

“Its no difference,” said Tom, who saw the old man's scheme, “I can fly here just as well.”

“But it would be too much trouble to bring it down; but never mind, have it your own way.”

Tom went up rejoicing, not imagining that the Squire and his father were following at his heels. His surprise can be imagined when just as he was dragging the machine

What was to be done with him?

“Make a sailor of him,” said the Squire; “I'll get him a berth on the ‘Vigilant.’ He'll come back a better boy; and so against his mother's protestations and tears he was sent to serve as a seaman in Her Majesty's Navy.

Many years has he been away, and he has proved a good man. His mother and father have grown old in the meantime; their only comfort is an adopted child who begins to remind them of Tom and wears his name. Tom is all the talk day and night. The father has given up his search for perpetual motion and his tinkering at the flying machine, and instead devotes his spare time to making ship models and other nautical articles.

Now he is reading the newspaper a few days old, and his eye comes across the notice, “The ‘Vigilant’ is ordered home and is expected next week.”

“Then we may expect Tom in a few days,”

says the mother. “I wonder how he looks! He must be twenty-six now. Ten years is a long, long time to be away.”

“Is Tom comin' home, mamma? Then you won't talk so much about him will you?” said Tom junior.

The door opens and a broad, bronzed, smiling face, the index of a strong, hearty frame, peeps in. It is followed by the body of a sailor, and there is in the room a sailor. The father looks up from his paper with an astonished look, but the mother's eye has recognized her son and he is clasped in her arms once again.

WANTED TO GO HOME.—In July last, a horse was sent by rail from his former home to Avon Springs, N. Y., arriving at 11 p.m., and the next day was sent twelve miles to pasture. After three weeks, he broke from the pasture and re-

turned to the Springs, went to the freight depot, and attempted to get into a freight car, apparently with the idea of visiting his old home! This statement is vouched for by the owner of the horse, Dr. L. G. Smedley, of Avon Springs.

FOR THE BOYS.—Six classes of company to be avoided: 1st. Those who ridicule their parents or disobey their commands. 2nd. Those who profane the Sabbath or scoff at religion. 3rd. Those who use profane or filthy language. 4th. Those who are unfaithful, play truant, and waste their time in idleness. 5th. Those who are of a quarrelsome temper, and are apt to get into difficulty with others. 6th. Those who are addicted to lying or stealing.



have no bills to decrease our speed, or rails to break and shake a man all to bits, in the air, no bridges to go over slowly, require no brakemen to slacken speed or nothing of that sort; we have only currents in the air to contend with, and this I propose to overcome by making—,” let this dash represent the rest of the learned disquisition on wheels, and cranks, and wings, and tails, by which the currents of the air were to be overcome. Of course Mr. Rich could not be allowed to go away without seeing the wonderful machine, and Mr. Lovekin unlocked the box in which it was packed, but no machine was to be seen.

“Tom! Tom!! Tom!!!”

“Ye-e-s, Sir-r-r”, from a distance. Tom arrives.

“Tom, where is my flying machine?”

from his never-failing receptacle under the bed, the old men entered the room.

“Dear me! what a delicious perfume you have here, Tom!”

“Pears, I declare!” said his father.

“Plums and apples, apricots too!” said Mr. Rich. “What a rich boy you must be to have all of these! Come give us one, Tom!”

Tom's face grew red, and all his self-possession left him. “Tom! Tom!” said his father “where's the machine's tail?”

“I know,” said the Squire, “you can find it hanging on my wall. I wondered how anybody could get over when I had it newly spiked a month ago. Let us see your treasures, Tom.”

Tom produced them, and out they came in great profusion.

Handwritten notes and stamps at the bottom right of the page, including “H. O. Wallace Bay”, “Geo. Brown, 1876”, and other illegible markings.



Temperance Department.

WHY CHARLIE SELWYN SIGNED THE PLEDGE.

BY MRS. M. PARKER WOOD.

"And so, Charlie, you ask me, do you," said Uncle Robert, pausing in his walk up and down the room, "why I am so anxious to have you sign the temperance pledge?"

"I do."

"When I have told you fifty times that I consider it a young man's only safety?"

"Yes, Uncle Robert; but what are your reasons for believing that? You never saw me in the least degree under the influence of liquor; you know that I don't particularly care for it; but it does look mean, when a young man is out with his friends, never to treat, and it also renders him very awkward and noticeable at an evening party to refuse a social glass of light wine."

Charlie Selwyn was the only son of a deceased friend of Uncle Robert's, and Uncle Robert, a kindly bachelor, had been his guardian and almost father since the age of ten. Now he was nearing manhood, and on this the eve before his twenty-first birthday Uncle Robert again approached him on the subject of temperance, anxious that he should start aright in manhood's path.

"If you sign the pledge, Charlie, you are surely safe." And Uncle Robert patted the young man's head as affectionately and caressingly as he would have done ten years previous.

"Yes, Uncle Robert, I grant that; but where is my manhood if I cannot depend upon it to carry me through the world aright? Where are my principles if I cannot restrain myself when I am in danger?"

"But, Charlie, my boy, the descent is so gradual that you may not realize your danger until the habit has a strong hold upon you, until, may be, your prospects for life are blighted."

"I am never wilfully blind, uncle."

Slowly Uncle Robert crossed the room, and, turning the key in his private secretary, also unlocked an inner drawer, from which he took out a small box, and, drawing a chair in front of the table, sat down by Charlie's side. With trembling fingers he loosed the cord that bound the box, saying: "These are sorrowful mementoes;" then taking from it a daguerreotype, said, as he handed it to Charlie Selwyn, "It is old and faded, but tell me what characteristics you see in the face."

"Intellect first," was the reply; after a careful examination, "Sensitiveness and pride."

"Yes. He was a dear college mate of mine, a young man of uncommon mental endowments. He acquired the habit, when lessons pressed too heavily, of taking a glass of champagne, 'just to liven him up,' as he said. He wrote several brilliant articles for one of our leading weekly papers, and found a glass of wine just exhilarating enough to enable him to express his ideas in glowing language. But the habit grew upon him, and before the end of our college life his customary preparation for evening study was a glass of wine, supplemented, not unfrequently, by another in the course of the evening. He left college to take a leading place on the paper for which he had regularly contributed. Anxious to discharge his duties to the best of his ability as the political campaign came on, he depended more and more upon stimulants, and, before he was aware of the fact, the habit had become so fixed that he could not break loose from it. He lost his situation, for he could no longer be depended upon. Friends greeted him coldly and reproachfully, and, in a fit of despair following a deep indulgence, suicide ended his life. Look at that forehead, Charlie; well might one envy the man's intellect."

Replacing the picture in the box, Uncle Robert brought forth a soiled slip of paper, and, unfolding it, said: "This was brought to me one evening some fifteen years ago by a shivering, tattered lad. It reads thus:

"For the sake of boyhood days, Robert Weldon, will you follow this child to the miserable hovel where lies a poor, besotted wretch?"

"EDWARD KNEELAN."

"I followed the lad, and during the long hours of that ever-to-be-remembered night I watched by the sick man's bed, and he related to me his painful history. In the wan, haggard face of the death-stricken man before me I never should have recognized the playmate and friend of my childhood and youth. He, Charlie, was like you—thought his principle

would check him if he should ever be in any danger of excess; he thought signing the pledge was confessing his inability to rule himself; and he lacked the moral courage to render himself noticeable by refusing the social glass. He married quite early in life, and the first winter was but a succession of gay festivities. At the wedding feast wine flowed freely, and before the winter was ended once, twice, and even thrice was he brought to his home in a helpless condition; and yet he would not yield his manhood by signing the pledge, though his fair young wife and other friends besought him to. In course of time a daughter was given to him, and for a time the helpless charge led him in the path of rectitude. But he did not like to look mean; so friends were treated, and, alas! the appetite got the better of him. It is a long and sad tale, Charlie. Neglect, lack of food, and abuse caused the death of the child and also that of the wife, but not until after she had brought into the world two sons, one of whom was the wretched messenger that summoned me. At last death released Edward Kneelan, and I opened a correspondence with the friends who had cast him off, on behalf of the two orphan boys, whose only heritage from their father was a diseased appetite and the shame that attaches to a drunkard's child. The years have passed, but already the eldest is hastening with rapid steps towards his father's doom; while the youngest, knowing total abstinence alone can save him, is making strenuous exertions to uproot the seeds implanted at birth.

"This, Charlie," continued Uncle Robert, unfolding a slip of paper, from which he reverentially took a long lock of hair, "is gray enough to have been cut from the head of a woman of seventy; but she was only thirty. Ellen, my only sister's hair." And tremulous fingers tenderly stroked the white lock. "She married at twenty a young man of fair prospects, a rising lawyer, of no bad habits. To be sure he occasionally indulged in a glass of wine, but so did nearly every one else. Ellen's husband had no inherited tendencies that way, and there were no special causes that led to his ruin. Gradually he fell—so gradually that we noticed the dejected, worn look on Ellen's face months before we knew the cause. Friends begged her to leave him, but she resolutely refused, saying that the marriage vow was 'for better or for worse.' The worst had come, but, God helping her, she should keep the wife's place by his side while life lasted. In ten years' time he died of *delirium tremens*, and in one short week the faithful wife who had borne so much yielded her life. One more, Charlie, and I am done.

This time Uncle Robert handed Charlie an exquisite painting on ivory, the face of a young girl, rarely beautiful in feature, but with an expression of the saddest. A curl of ruddy brown hair lay beside it.

"This is the portrait of Alice Fane, at whose feet I laid my boyish heart. She was some five years my junior. I finished my college career when but twenty-one, and then pleaded for an engagement; but to that her father—her mother was not living—refused to consent for at least two years. Seeing the propriety of his objections, and with all the hopefulness natural to youth, expecting that period soon to draw to a close, I spent the time travelling. When, at the expiration of the two years, I returned to my home, it was to find a sad change. It was now Alice who refused my suit. Mr. Fane had always been a moderate drinker, but some embarrassments in business, superinduced by an unfortunate speculation, occurred almost immediately after I left home, and he then began to take a little more and more to drown sorrow—as this reverse was followed by another—until the daily potations had become so deep that he was recognized as a common drunkard; that is a hard word, Charlie. Alice's little sister, a child of only eight years, was condemned to suffer, as the price of one of his drunken orgies, from a spinal complaint the result of heavy blows he had inflicted. To these two Alice devoted her life, refusing my love. At my earnest request she had this picture painted. For five years longer the father lived, until he had drunk up every cent of his large property, and had not a small sum been left the children at their mother's death, they would have been penniless. Then again I sought Alice's side, urging her to become my wife; but, with love looking from her eyes and trembling in her voice, she refused, saying she could not properly perform the double duties of nurse and wife. Both Bessie and myself would be neglected. Though her heart was linked to mine, her life could not be. Bessie is still a patient sufferer and Alice an unwearied nurse. If unseen coronets ever gleam on woman's brow, Alice's must be resplendent."

Uncle Robert's husky voice failed, and he bowed his head on his hands, while great tears trickled through his interlaced fingers. Charlie Selwyn's voice broke the silence, saying, "Uncle Robert, give me the pledge. I will sign, and, with God's help, keep it." "Bless you, my boy, bless you!" And dropping on his knees, from Uncle Robert's lips

welled up to the great white throne a heartfelt prayer of thankfulness.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

THE BROKEN LAMP.

"What a fearful night!" said Mrs. Howard to her husband, as they sat reading in their comfortable, handsome drawing-room one bleak, stormy night in November, the rain beating and rattling against the windows, and the wind howling and whistling through the trees of the square where Mr. Howard's handsome house was situated. Suddenly a crash of glass made him start from his chair, and drawing back the curtain from one of the windows, he saw that the glass of the street-lamp opposite the hall-door had been broken and a policeman was taking the wretched being, who was wicked enough to do it, to the station-house. The occurrence was mentioned in the morning paper, and was forgotten by the readers.

"Ah! Mrs. Bardin, how glad I am to see you," was Mrs. Howard's greeting, as her friend entered, "I was wishing for you so much. We are to have a temperance meeting this evening; some of our high men are to speak, and our dear old friend, Mrs. C——, has just returned from Bangor, and is here with us, and one of her *protégés* is to speak."

At the hour appointed they went, Mrs. C—— with them. The hall was full, Judge Theall in the chair. The Rev. P. White opened with prayer, after which some good speeches were made, when the chairman, rising, said:— "Ladies and gentlemen, I introduce you to one for whom I solicit your prayerful attention: he has willingly consented to tell us how he became a member and advocate of the total abstinence cause—Thomas Pratt." A thin, sallow-looking man stood up on hearing his name, and, with a bow, said: "Two years ago, one dark, wintry night, I left my wife and two children sitting in the hovel we called home, cold, no fire, no food, poorly clad, no furniture except an old rickety table, one chair, straw for a bed, with little to cover it. I had been a good workman, and we were comfortable until I fell in with bad companions. I neglected my poor wife and children, went to the tavern, carrying my earnings with me, drinking, and enjoying the songs and stories of other frequenters of those wicked places. Of course I became irregular in my work, and though my poor wife implored my employer to try me a little longer, and being a good workman, he kindly did so, yet at last I was dismissed." Here the poor man's voice quivered. After a few moments he proceeded: "On that dark night, as I said, I left my poor wife, no food, no money—and if there had been I would have spent it on whiskey—that cursed thing that makes man a devil. Well, sir, I saw a policeman at the corner of the square, and I broke the glass of the lamp, knowing he would take me up, and I would be committed; that would feed and shelter me. I was sent to Newgate; and I bless God for it now. There it was that the honored lady now present was God's instrument in making me a teetotaler. Three times a week she visits that gloomy place, reads the Holy Book to and prays with and for us, exhorting us to join the temperance society, as the best means of escaping evil company: 'for,' said she, 'if you don't drink, they won't seek your company.' Many a hard heart has melted as she spoke, and many, many a man has now a happy wife and comfortable home by having taken her advice and signing the temperance pledge. It is the only safe one; for if we get a little taste of it, we wish for more, and then there is no knowing where we may stop. Now I am in good business, have a small house, my wife and daughter comfortable. The honored lady, with some of her friends, kindly took the house and obtained employment for me. I see many workmen here. Brothers, be advised; sign the pledge—total abstinence—and may God bless you, the temperance cause, and the dear lady who labors in the cause."

At the close of the meeting many did go to the table where lay the "pledge" for signature, affix their names, and receive their certificate of membership. Let us follow Thomas Pratt! Mrs. C—— used her influence (and it was great) with those who would serve Pratt. He moved to a fashionable leading street. His customers were pleased with the way their orders were fulfilled. His business so increased that he had to employ assistants; he advocated the cause that had so raised him, induced many to join it; his daughter was at school—had a handsome piano. All seemed bright and prosperous. Mrs. C—— never lost sight of him whilst within reach, advising and encouraging; she was a true apostle, going about doing good. But sickness came to him whilst she was in Wales—severe, tedious, dangerous—two doctors attending him; they (doctors) ordered him wine (ah! was there none to whisper beware?), then brandy, and he got it. There was no one to attend to his business while ill—it fell off. At last he was able to come to the sitting-room; from brandy he came to whiskey, the fatal step was taken, the fire kindled, the taste unquenchable; the shop

no longer the elegantly neat orderly place it had been, and the poor wife's face wore a look of care again. On Mrs. C——'s return she went to him. On the sideboard stood a wine-glass and decanter; she started back as her eyes fell on the objects. "What do I see? What is all this, Pratt?" She listened patiently as he told her how ill he had been, that the doctors had ordered it for him, winding up by saying: "I wish they had let me die." Oh! the withering scorn, the reproach that mingled in her tones as she said: "Ay, Pratt, you could trust your immortal, your never-dying soul to the care and keeping of God, but not your poor, frail body, made of clay, the food of worms!" She implored him to stop in his downward race, to think of all the happiness and respectability he was casting from him. She prayed with and for him; but alas! it was of no use. By the greatest exertion she persuaded him to settle the scanty remnant of his property on his wife. She got her own solicitor to arrange it so that it could not be taken from her (Mrs. Pratt). The store was closed, rented to others. Mrs. C—— got the son, a fine, upright lad, into the warehouse of a friend, a merchant, and the daughter otherwise provided for. Often have the tears trickled down Mrs. C——'s cheeks as she spoke of the unfortunate creature.

Ah! doctors, you little know the amount of misery you are dealing out to whole families when you say to your patient, "You require stimulants." Men are so exposed to temptation. Did you but know the half of the sad results of ordering wine or brandy, unless absolutely necessary, and nothing else will suffice, you would be horrified. It is some years since the above occurred; some of those mentioned have passed away from earth, leaving a bright track behind them; Mrs. C—— has gone to receive the reward and hear the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—*Hull and East Riding Good Templar.*

ENGLISH CHILD DRUNKARDS.—Too often the very young drink themselves: some, because they inherit an appetite for strong drink; others, because they have been early taught to overcome their natural repugnance to it. It is an awful fact that there are children born every year into this country with so strong a craving for alcohol that if they take it at all they will drink it to excess; a still more awful fact that there are amongst us a large number of child drunkards. Quite recently, little children of three and five years of age, have killed themselves with drinking. "I have never," said a little boy of seven to a friend of mine, who asked him to join a Band of Hope, "I have never been drunk but twice in my life!" "Hold up your hands," I said some months ago, when addressing a large audience in a back alley in one of our Black Country towns, "all boys" (there were about a hundred there between the ages of eight and twelve) "who have never tasted strong drink." Two hands were held up. They were held up, I afterwards discovered, by mistake. "And now, hold up yours," I cried, "all boys who have been drunk." A great many were immediately raised. The crowd was convulsed with laughter. Need I say that I was shocked and pained? For it is the spirit of which this laughter was the expression, it is the levity with which it showed that an abominable sin is regarded, the utter want of self-respect which it betokened, not merely in the individual, but in the community, which baffles all our efforts to suppress intemperance in England. Drunkenness is an inconvenience, an expense, a blot upon civilization, the source of many evils, but a necessity, thoroughly English, and a very proper subject for amusement. My friends, we have not so learned Christ. Drunkenness must be to us, if we in any sense are His, a sin, a terrible offence both against God and man. It must be agony to us to know that the monster is being gorged in this country with the blood of the lambs of Christ.—*Rev. R. McGrier, in Alliance News.*

OPIMUM.—A couple of weeks ago we mentioned the fact that the number of opium-eaters was on the increase in China. Now we would call attention to a few facts showing that the consumption of the same drug is with us, also, largely on the increase. It is estimated from official statistics that the importation of opium for the last ten years reaches the aggregate of four hundred thousand pounds, while the opium-eaters, according to a moderate estimate, number one hundred thousand. Its use is by no means confined to cities, but village drug-shops and country groceries deal out this poisonous drug. The profits on the sale of opium are so large as to greatly stimulate the cultivation of the poppy in Tennessee, Florida, New Mexico and even in Vermont and New Hampshire. As is very generally known, the habit of opium-eating is one from which it is practically impossible to abstain, when once formed, being in this respect worse than common drunkenness, while its effects on the system are deplorable to the last degree.—*Morning Star.*



WHY AND WHEN LAMPS EXPLODE.

The *Scientific American* gives a catalogue of causes of the explosion of coal-oil lamps, from which it seems there can be no possible exemption from the liability of an explosion, and its direful consequences, however carefully one may guard against such a calamity. The introduction of a new and safer illuminating agent will be an inestimable blessing to the world:

1. A lamp may be standing on a table or mantel, and a slight puff of air from the open window, or sudden opening of a door, may cause an explosion.
2. A lamp may be taken up quickly from a table or mantel and instantly explode.
3. A lamp is taken into an entry where there is a strong draught, or out of doors, and explosion ensues.
4. A lighted lamp is taken up a flight of stairs, or is raised quickly to place it on the mantel, resulting in an explosion. In all these cases the mischief is done by the air movement—either by suddenly checking the draught, or forcing the air down the chimney against the flame.
5. Blowing down the chimney to extinguish the light is a frequent cause of explosion.
6. Lamp explosions have been caused by using a chimney broken off at the top, or one that has a piece broken out, whereby the draught is variable and the flame unsteady.
7. Sometimes a thoughtless person puts a small sized wick in a large burner, thus leaving a considerable space along the edges of the wick.
8. An old burner, with the air draughts clogged up, which by right should be thrown away, is sometimes continued in use, and the final result is an explosion.

CALVES AND BABIES.—An acquaintance once complained to me that when she took her children into the country in pursuit of fresh air and wholesome food for them, she couldn't get the latter from the farmer's folks where she boarded, because the calves had to have the best of everything. There was plenty of milk brought in, and strained, every night, but only the most meagre supply was grudgingly allowed to her and her children. They could have all the butter they wanted, but the milk was all needed for the calves, and the cream skimmed from it before it went back to the calves was all needed for butter. Fine flour bread and butter, with plenty of cake and pie, were set before them freely, but she wanted something better for her growing children. It was vain to ask for oatmeal or graham fare, which would furnish something to strengthen the little ones as well as to fatten them. But when she discovered a quantity of canaille, or middlings, she thought perhaps the children could have some made into porridge to eke out their poor little suppers. But no! The calves did not have enough milk, though they took it all, and the canaille had been brought home for their use. Stock-raising was profitable in that part of the country, but no one seemed to think of applying to the rearing of children the same common sense rules that were understood and accepted in respect to raising calves. No one would have thought it so good for the four-footed babies to feed them on fine flour bread, and cream, as to give them porridge made of shorts and skimmed milk, even though sour. Four-footed babies are treated on scientific principles, while precious human babies take their chances from ignorant and haphazard treatment.—*Agriculturist*.

—Through the benevolence of an English lady—Miss A. C. Bentinck—the Middlesex Hospital, one of the London hospitals, near which there is much street traffic, is about to have conferred upon it the boon of a noiseless pavement before its gates. She has offered to give a thousand pounds toward the expense of a wood pavement along the frontage of the hospital; and as the estimated expense of the pavement is only about fourteen hundred pounds, the good work will undoubtedly be executed. Bodily sufferings caused by noise are often very acute. Those who are ill or in delicate health endure untold agonies from this cause. A sharp, sudden sound gives a shock to the nerves which does not soon pass away, and dull continuous sounds are peculiarly trying to weak invalids. It is a thoughtful and humane idea to lay down noiseless pavement in front of hospitals; and Miss Bentinck could scarcely have made a more appropriate gift, or one which would contribute so much toward the soothing of pain and discomfort. It is not alone upon the sick and those of especially delicate nerves that the misery and evil effects of noise are apparent. The feeling of relief which every one, when driving, experiences on passing from the rat-

ting stone-paved streets to the comparative quiet of wood or asphalt indicates that it is only by a constant, although perhaps often an unconscious, effort that we endure the perpetual noise of city life. The brain is more exhausted by working in the midst of noise and confusion than in quietness; hence, to a great degree, comes the recuperation of a sojourn in the country. When, in the progress of mechanical and scientific improvements, we shall have pavements in our streets which combine durability and noiselessness, an inestimable blessing will be conferred upon all residents of large cities.—*Harper's Bazar*.

HATS AND BONNETS.—There is no recognized reason why of late years neuralgia of the face and scalp should have increased so much in the female sex as compared with our own. There is no doubt that it is one of the most common of female maladies—one of the most painful and difficult of treatment. It is also a cause of much mental depression, and leads more often to habits of intemperance than any other. This growing prevalence of neuralgia may to some extent be referred to the effects of cold upon the terminal branches of the nerves distributed to the skin; and the reason why men are less subject to it than women may to a great extent, I think, be explained by the much greater protection afforded by the mode in which the former cover their heads when they are in the open air. It may be observed that the surface of the head which is actually covered in man is at least three times that which fashion allows to a woman; indeed, the points of contact between the hat or bonnet and the head in the latter are so irregular as practically to destroy any protection which might otherwise be afforded. If we were to report a case of facial neuralgia cured on the principle of protecting the lateral frontal surface of the face, as well as the superior part of the scalp, it might excite a certain amount of ridicule. I can assure you, however, that my patient considers that her case ought to be reported; for she says that, if we cannot do much for neuralgia with our prescriptions, we ought to oppose fashion when we find it prejudicial to health and productive of suffering.—*Opinion of a London Physician*.

WOODEN FLOORS ON ASPHALT.—A novel method of laying down wooden floors was introduced in France about twenty years ago, and has since then obtained a wide application. It consists in putting down flooring not, as hitherto, on sleepers, but in imbedding the boarding in asphalt. The new floors are used mostly for ground stories of barracks and hospitals, as well as for churches and courts of law. Mr. Schott, in the *Deutsche Bauzeitung*, draws the attention of architects to this new mode of construction, very little known out of France, and urges that its application is desirable on account of its evident usefulness. For the floor in question, pieces of oak usually 21-2 to 4 inches broad, 12 to 30 inches long, and 1 inch thick are pressed down into a layer of hot asphalt not quite 1-2 an inch thick in the well-known herring bone pattern. To insure a complete adhesion of the wood to the asphalt and obtain the smallest possible joints, the edges of the pieces of wood are planed down, slanting towards the bottom, so that their cross section becomes wedge-like. Nails, of course, are not necessary, and a level surface may be given to the flooring by planing after laying down. The advantages of this flooring, which requires only an even bed on which it rests, are said to be the following: 1st. Damp from below and its consequence, rot, are prevented. 2nd. Floors may be cleaned quickly and with the least amount of water, insuring rapid drying. 3rd. Vermin cannot accumulate in the joints. 4th. Unhealthy exhalations from the soil cannot penetrate into the living rooms.

AN ARROW-ROOT DIET.—The other day I heard of a baby who was nearly starved to death on arrow-root gruel. Its mother had asked her physician whether arrow-root was healthy food for a babe. He replied in the affirmative without farther explanation. So she proceeded to feed her child on that, and that alone. It pined away, and seemed at last too weak to endure any more of this world, and the same physician was summoned. "What have you been feeding the child?" he asked. "Arrow-root," she answered. "What else?" he asked. "Nothing else," replied the mother. "Why, woman!" exclaimed the doctor, "you have been starving the poor baby." Then he explained to her that arrow-root contained only starch, and could not possibly furnish all of the material necessary to build up the child's physical frame and furnish the various elements needed to make it a healthy child. A little of it would do no harm, but other food must be furnished. Good fresh milk is probably the very best food for babies lately weaned. Next to that I know of nothing so reasonable as gruel and soft bread, or crackers made of sifted graham flour without shortening or sugar. The canaille is really the best part of the flour, or the most nourishing, but if the bran can be ground fine enough to be pleasant

in the eating (and this is possible), it is not reasonable to separate the parts of the wheat kernel for ordinary use.—*Faith Rochester, in American Agriculturist*.

A CURE FOR OBESITY.—There are many persons afflicted with an uncomfortable burden of polysarcia or pinguetude, or, in other words, who have too much fat on their ribs, and would like to reduce the amount of their adipose tissue. Banting's system proves rather too much for the most of them, and they would rather be aldermanic in their proportions than reduce themselves by starvation. Time, in working out the development of nature's resources, has at last brought to light something for the relief of these unfortunates. M. M. Griffith, M. D., of Wyoming, Kent County, Del., writes to the *Baltimore American* stating that an infusion of a species of seaweed, commonly known in Delaware as "gulf-weed," possesses the peculiar property of reducing adipose tissue in the human frame without injuring the stomach. No care need be taken in regard to the amount of the infusion the patient drinks. Dr. Griffith first noticed the effect of it upon a person who had taken it for the cure of a skin disease and found that it diminished his excessive weight considerably. He then took it himself, taking no other drinks, and in the course of a few weeks his own corpulence had greatly subsided. He then tried it on three stout neighbors, who lost from 12 to 30 pounds within periods ranging from 2 to 3 months. Dr. Griffith says great care should be taken in collecting the weed. It acts by the absorption of the adipose tissue and lessens the secretions from the oily sudiferous glands.—*Boston Journal*.

SOD AS A FERTILIZER.—During the past year I made a limited experiment in the use of grass sod as a fertilizer. It was desired to plant a piece of worn out land in cabbage. Home-made manure was exhausted, and it was doubtful whether commercial fertilizers would pay on land so utterly destitute of humus and all other carbonaceous matter. Furrows were opened four feet apart with one horse turn-plow which was twice each way, opening to a depth and width of about ten inches. The road-sides were resorted to for wild grass sods, which were taken up with a spade, of a width to suit the furrows, and of such length as the sod would allow. These were turned bottom upward in the furrows, which were then filled full of loose earth with a hoe. After the first rain, the plants, which were a good size, were dibbled into the loose earth, the roots reaching down generally to the sods. The plants gained a rapid growth within a few days, and the result was such a crop of cabbages as I have never seen produced except in soils in a high state of fertility previously, or made so for the special crop by a very liberal application of fertilizers. The sod was a source of both moisture and fertility, and maintained a thriftiness in the plants during a drouth which seriously affected adjoining crops.—*Plantation*.

TO DISSOLVE BONES.—A correspondent of *Colman's Rural World* gives the following method, which appears to possess some peculiar conveniences. The fresh lime renders the ashes caustic, and fits them for acting with more vigor: To dissolve bones, I dig a space or pit double the size of the pile of bones I wish to dissolve, say two feet in depth. As the soil where I make the pit is a stiff clay, I sprinkle the sides and bottom of the pit and pound the soil until it is water-tight. I then put into the pit two hundred pounds of bones, which have been previously broken into pieces with an axe. I then add and mix with the bones two hundred pounds of fresh wood ashes, and thirty-five pounds of unslaked lime; mix well together, and then pour upon the mass in the pit, water enough to cover and wet the whole. As fast as the water dries away, add more, and keep the mass moist. As soon as you can crumble the bones with your fingers, mix the entire mass together and add dark, dry soil, vegetable mould, decayed leaves, &c., to it, until it is well dried and powdered. I shovel it over several times before I use it. It is in this way that I succeed in pulverizing bones without the aid of sulphuric acid.

—A high factory chimney in Havre, which during the process of building had, owing to the sinking of one side of its foundation, been thrown out of perpendicular, was recently straightened in the following manner: The earth on the side opposite to that toward which the chimney inclined was dug away to the foundation bed, and for a width of six feet. On the wide lower course, pillars of masonry were erected, which supported a heavy staging on which some 30,000 paving stones were piled. The effect of this immense load was to cause a sinking of the structure beneath, which, in six weeks, resulted in the straightening of the chimney, the top having passed through an arc of thirty-one inches.

—It is said by some physicians that condensed milk is not a suitable food as a substitute for pure milk for infants. It is believed

to be more fattening, but less nourishing, and to diminish the child's power of resisting diseases. This is a matter that ought to be thoroughly investigated and universally understood, for condensed milk is largely used as food for infants.

DOMESTIC.

ONE-EGG CAKE.—One and one-third cups of flour, one-third cup of sweet milk, one cup of sugar, one table-spoonful melted butter, one egg, and two tea-spoonfuls of baking powder.

FISH CAKES.—Take cold boiled cod, either fresh or salt, add two-thirds as much hot mashed potatoes as fish, a little butter, two or three well-beaten eggs, and enough milk to make a smooth paste, season with pepper, make into nice round cakes, and fry brown in sweet beef dripping or very clear sweet lard.

CANNING FRUIT.—In soldering fruit, where tin cans are used, and a tinman is not convenient, putty answers every purpose, and is very easy to use. It will not answer for tomatoes, but does for anything else. After filling the cans and wiping of all particles around the opening, put on the cap, and press on enough of the putty to exclude the air.

BUCKWHEAT BATTER.—Keeping buckwheat batter is often very troublesome, especially in mild weather. It can be kept perfectly sweet by pouring cold water over that left from one morning, and which is intended to be used for raising the next morning's cakes. Fill the vessel entirely full of water, and put in a cool place; when ready to use, pour off the water, which absorbs the acidity.

HEATING THE OVEN.—Fruit pies require a hotter fire than bread, but steady from first to last; if too hot at first, the crust will cook before the fruit does; if too slow toward the last, the crust will dry before the fruit is done; if too hot toward the last, the fruit will stew out before the crust is done. Pumpkin pies require a fire as hot as can be without burning the crust.

TO PICKLE LEMONS.—Rasp the lemons a little, and nick them at one end; lay them in a dish with very dry salt; let them be near the fire, and covered. They must stand seven or eight days; then put in fresh salt, and let them remain the same time; then wash them well, pour over them boiling vinegar, grated nutmeg, mace and whole pepper. Whenever the salt becomes damp, it must be taken out and dried. The lemons will not be tender for nearly a year.

BOSTON CREAM PIE.—Cream part.—one pint of new milk, two eggs, three table-spoonfuls of sifted flour, five table-spoonfuls of sugar. Put two-thirds of the milk on to boil and stir the sugar and flour in what is left. When the rest boils put in the whole and stir until it cooks thoroughly. When cool flavor with vanilla, or lemon. Crust part.—three eggs, beaten separately, one cup of granulated sugar, one and a half cups of sifted flour, one tea-spoonful of baking powder. Divide in half; put in two pie tins, and bake in a quick oven to a straw color. When taken out, split in halves and spread the cream between.

ENGLISH PLUM-PUDDING.—One pound of suet, chopped very fine, one pound of seeded raisins, one pound black English currants, one half pound citron cut fine, six eggs broken in without beating, one bowl dry bread crumbs, one bowl chopped apples, one cup good molasses, two tea-spoons ground cinnamon, two of cloves, one of nutmeg, one bowl of sweet milk, flour enough to make it very stiff. Put the fruit in last. Put it in a bag when well stirred, leave plenty of room for it to swell, and boil eight hours, four one day, and four the next. You cannot boil it too long. Eat it with sauce of flour, little butter, considerable sugar, flavored with vanilla or lemon and nutmeg.

PAN DOWDY.—Pare and slice tart apples enough to fill, about two inches deep, a flat earthen or tin pan. To three quarts of apple add one cup of sugar, one grated nutmeg, one cup of cold water, and butter the size of a walnut. Cover this with plain pie-crust (have the crust about an inch thick), and bake slowly two hours and a half; then cover and set where it will keep hot one hour. Serve with sugar and cream. When done, the apple will look red. Do not break the crust into the apple after baking, as by this means you spoil the pastry. If you wish to have it richer, cover with puff paste.

GOOD COOKING. A New England house-keeper says: If you take one or two boarders to eke out your income, remember one thing: There is nothing gained by setting a scripped table. If anything, set on too much, cut extra large pieces of pie, and so on. Your boarders will not eat as much if they are certain you mean to be liberal. It is cheaper to make food rich than poor, so if you have an inclination to snip off half the butter you had prepared for the mashed potato, don't do it! It is certainly cheaper, in the long run, to cook well.

MISS GREENE'S PRESENT.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued)

"I will not offer unto the Lord of that which doth cost me nothing." Those words in the sermon decided him; and he took out his sovereign from his purse and put it into the bag. He had not forgotten the face of the drowned woman the night before, nor the story of her little children. But it was not only that that decided him. There was an inner voice saying to him, because he would listen to it, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto Me."

He had to hand on the bag to Katie, but she shook her head. She had nothing to put into it.

"Shall I lend you some?" he whispered.

"No." And again she shook her head and studied her prayer-book.

Kate was a small person of great determination, and what Mrs. Graham had said had confirmed her in her intention of spending her whole fortune in presents to her mother and little sister. She could not see why anybody else had so much claim. And she stated her views so forcibly and clearly to Frank, that he began to be shaken in his. But it was not for long, and though he told nobody what he had given, he thought of his sovereign with much greater satisfaction than if he had kept it on any account whatever.

Mr. Graham and the church wardens counted the money in the vestry, but Mr. Graham generally verified it when he got home, and some times he allowed the boys to help him in this.

To-day there was a goodly heap. Sovereigns, half-sovereigns, and all other coins, were represented.

"A farthing!" exclaimed Duncan. "Who could be so mean as to put in a farthing?"

"Once half a farthing was offered, Duncan; and do you not remember that it was said to be a greater gift than those

which the rich men had cast into the treasury? "They had given of their abundance, she of her penury." It is the motive, not the sum, of which God takes account."

"What a lot of money it is!" said Duncan: "just look at the heaps!"

"Not so very much when it is divided among a number of people who have nothing whatever of their own," replied Mr. Graham. "But still I am very thankful for it, and I am sure

were glad to join in it and return thanks for their preservation.

There was one boy of about eleven, who had neither father nor mother. He was going out with an uncle, but the uncle was drowned, and the boy was a special object of interest to Frank.

"Just fancy if either of us was like that, with no relations!" he said to Duncan, as they walked home together.

"Not very likely, I should think," said Duncan, whistling.

"If you are an idiot, I am not. Really the high wind last night must have affected your brain, Frank. Pray, how long have you been so very good?"

"I am not good at all; and of course, when one thinks of it, you couldn't be expected to give up the watch. You have wanted one so long, and at school it is certainly a bore not to have one."

"I don't much care whether I am expected to go without it or not, but I certainly shan't."

"What are you sitting there for, Arthur?" said Mrs. Graham the next morning, noticing Arthur demurely seated in the hall near the bedroom door.

"Waiting to see Duncan; it's his birthday, you know. Frank will have forgotten all about it. I want to be the very first to wish him many happy returns; and I've got the text I painted for him."

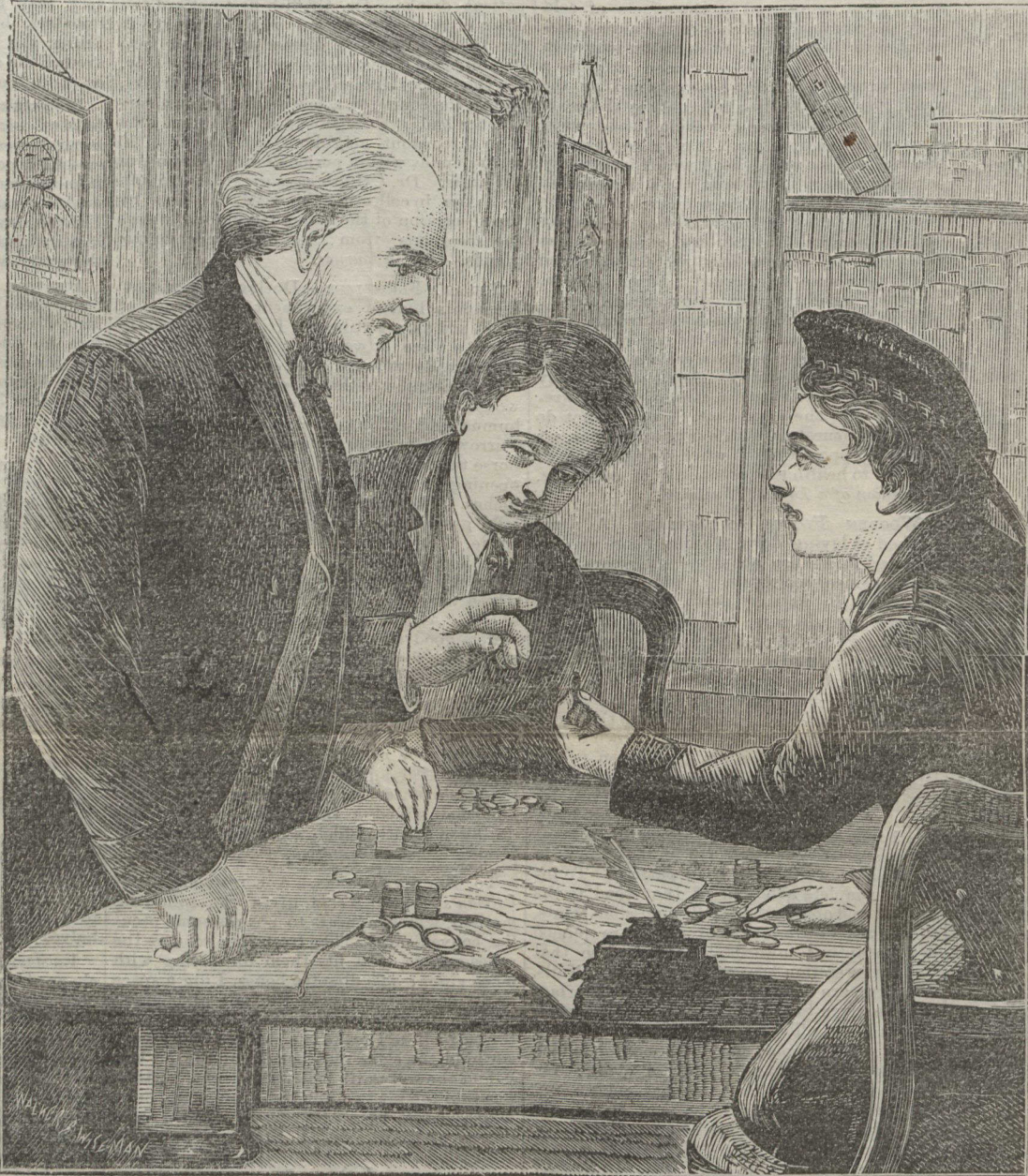
"Very well: you may stay till the prayer-bell rings."

Unfortunately, however, the prayer-bell rang before Duncan was ready, and Arthur unwillingly left his post and came down with his text in his hand. A little square box lay on the study-table, with a green paper pulled through the string, and Arthur could not help giving a glance at it now and then. It was with the other letters, and must have come by post. He was so taken up with examining it, with its narrow green ribbon and red seals, that he did not ob-

serve that Duncan was in the room till he heard his mother tell him there was a paper waiting for him to sign, and she supposed there was a birthday present, as it had been registered. Then Arthur remembered his birthday wishes and his text, but Duncan was too much taken up with the square box to notice the little boy.

"How tight the paper is! What do you think it is, Mrs. Graham?"

"I have no idea what it is, nor where it comes from, but no doubt one of these letters will



MR. GRAHAM AND HIS SONS COUNTING THE MONEY.

many must have given as much as they possibly could, for Wanborough is not a rich place, though it is inclined to take its duties too easily."

After the second service the boys were allowed to accompany Mr. Graham in his visits to the poor shipwrecked people. Many of them entirely refused comfort, and bitterly blamed those who had persuaded them to emigrate; while some were noisy and reckless, with no desire to recollect the terrible danger they had passed through. A special service was held for them, and some

"Perhaps not. I heard Mr. Jones say to Mr. Graham that he was such a bright lad, it was a pity he couldn't be apprenticed in Wanborough. And he said if ten pounds could be raised he would take him himself, and teach him his trade: he generally has fifteen pounds, he says."

"Very interesting!" said Duncan; "but I don't see that it matters to us what Mr. Jones thinks."

"I would give up the canoe if you would give up the watch," said Frank, with a crimson face, and a rather hoarse voice.

tell us. Shall we read them and see?"

"Oh, no; let us see it directly," said Duncan.

The first knot was carefully untied, but his patience would hold out no longer, and tearing off the paper and the seals he opened the little box and showed, deep down in cotton wool, a beautiful watch, ticking away in the merriest manner, and for brightness and every other good quality putting Mr. Keller's watches quite into the shade. They all stood round—Clara, Kate, and Mr. and Mrs. Graham, and the other children; all but Frank, whom nobody seemed to miss till they sat down to the breakfast-table.

"Frank is not often late; run up and see if he is coming, Arthur," said Mrs. Graham.

"Oh, I quite forgot to tell you, Mrs. Graham. Frank has got a headache, and said he could not get up, but that he did not want his breakfast," said Duncan.

"You should have told us that before, Duncan," said Mrs. Graham, rising from the table to go upstairs and see him. "I am afraid Saturday night was too much for him. He had better stay in bed."

CHAPTER V.

It was just three weeks from the day of the shipwreck that Mrs. Graham was sitting in Frank's bedroom. It was silent and dark, and Mrs. Graham dozed as she lay back in an easy-chair. She had been sitting up the greater part of each night with the boy, who was in extreme danger. The wetting and the excitement had brought on an attack of rheumatic fever, which had affected his heart.

His brother and sisters had only been allowed to come in quietly and sit by him without speaking much, but they had shown a tenderness and anxiety about him which did him more good than words.

Duncan had been kept at home while his brother was so ill, but it had at last been decided that he was to waste no more time, and that he should return to school on the following morning. On this Sunday evening Duncan very much wished to see his brother alone. A heavy weight had been lying on his mind lest Frank should die, and the last request he had made Duncan should have been refused.

Fortune favored him, for Mrs. Graham roused herself as he came gently into the room, and

asked him if he would watch Frank for a few minutes while she went to look after Mr. Graham, who had just come in. She drew the curtains aside, for the day was waning, and as she did so Duncan could not help giving a little cry of pain. He had only been in the darkened room hitherto, and had had no idea of the terrible wasting and alteration which those three weeks of illness had wrought. He was quite unused to sickness, and it appeared to him that Frank's face was very nearly like those they had both seen carried into the house on the night of the wreck.

For a moment he quite forgot what he was going to say, and tears gathered in his eyes.

"You must give my love to the fellows in my form," Frank whispered. "Tell Collins he will get ahead of me now. And look here Duncan; if I don't get well, you know, I think I should like Collins to have that Bible of mine. He would like the maps and references, and he wouldn't shy it about. Of course I'd give it to you, or Clara, or Kate, if they hadn't got one like it. I should like to see father and mother again. I tried all last night to remember what they were like when they went away. The photos don't seem to be them somehow. I should like you to tell them how good Mr. and Mrs. Graham have been to us all. Mind you do. Don't let them think all this is their fault. Do you know, Duncan, that is one reason why I didn't want to die? I am so afraid people will blame them for letting me be out that night. You'll set all that right."

"Oh! I say, don't talk like that!" said poor Duncan turning away. "I can't bear it! You'll get all right. But look here, Franky, I tell you what I want to say. You know my father sent me that watch for my birthday?"

"So you'll get a canoe with the money," interrupted Frank.

"No. I've given three pounds of it to Mr. Graham for the boy you wanted to do something for. I kept fifteen shillings to take back to school, and Mr. Graham gave me back another pound, and said I had better only give him two for the boy. He seemed so much pleased at my doing it, but of course I told him I should never have thought of it if it hadn't been for you. And while I was about it I thought I would make a clean sweep of my conscience, so I told him about my getting half-a-crown out of

Mrs. Graham. And you can't think how kind he was. He didn't blame me a bit, and talked to me as if he thought I meant to try to be better."

Frank did not speak. He had somehow got Duncan's hand in his, and now he drew his face down towards him and kissed him, the first time since they were little children together.

"I didn't say anything about your money, you know," said Duncan; "so you can do as you like."

"I gave him mine the other night," said Frank. "Wednesday night, you know, after the doctor had gone, and when you all came to say good-night. I knew what they all thought that night, so I settled up my business. And now, whatever happens, I shall be so happy after this talk with you. Mr. Jones is going to take that boy, you know, and you might look after him a little perhaps. I am sorry for him, he has got no father and mother, and no Mr. and Mrs. Graham instead of them."

"Now then, my dear Duncan, I must turn you out," said Mrs. Graham; "you shall come and see him for a minute before you go away in the morning."

Frank followed him out of the room with his eyes, and then turned round with such a contented expression that Mrs. Graham felt that rather good than harm had been done by the interview.

There were still many anxious days and nights to be gone through, but in the end the fever was conquered and Frank recovered. His illness had been a great blessing, not only to Duncan, who had by it been aroused to a sense of his selfishness, but to Clara, who had been in danger of becoming a fashionable young lady, intent only upon the colors and arrangement of her dress. The feather was given up, and she spent the money intended for it on flannel for the poor, as well as much time in making up the garments.

You may be sure that when Major and Mrs. Wells received Katie's present they also got a letter from Mrs. Graham, saying how well the pocket-money of the others had by their own desire been spent, and that this gave them the greatest happiness. James Deacon, the shipwrecked boy, was a very good, steady fellow, but he did not take to Mr. Jones's trade, and he is now regimental servant to Duncan Wells, who got his commission early, and went out to India, not

very long after his parents returned to England.

Frank is at Cambridge, and hopes some day to be parson of a country parish, with Katie for a housekeeper.

A SPEECH ON MODERATION.

Mr. Chairman and friends,—
what a great deal of nonsense some people talk about moderation in drinking, as if it was right to drink, but to do it moderately.

And yet, though they talk so much about it, they cannot tell what moderation is; they cannot lay down any rule that can be of use in keeping people from drinking to excess; they cannot say what a moderate quantity is. What one man would say was a very moderate quantity, would make another man drunk. One man takes a glass and says he is drinking moderately; another takes three and says he is drinking moderately; and another man takes a whole bottle at a time, and yet maintains that *he* also is drinking moderately. One man thinks a person drinks moderately so long as what he takes makes no difference in his voice, or his look or his manner. Another thinks he has been drinking moderately so long as he can find his way home without help, even when other people see quite well that he is half-stupified. And many, alas! go on drinking and think they are drinking moderately till they awake too late to find they are already confirmed drunkards! No, no; old Samuel Johnson was right when he said—"Everybody knows what total abstinence is, but what moderation is nobody can define."

The fact is that moderation is not only difficult to define, but even if you *give* a definition, and lay down a rule, it is a rule that, as we see, has not kept, and therefore we may be sure never will keep, people from going on in multitudes of cases to drunkenness.

Moderation is like the Highlander's horse—which he said had only two faults: 1st. It was difficult to catch; and 2nd, it wasn't worth anything when it was caught.

Set your affections
on things above, not
on things on the earth.



The Family Circle.

AN ASPIRATION.

Oh! for a heart in harmony
With all Thy will, my God,
Whether with mercies I am crowned,
Or chastened by Thy rod.

A heart that vibrates to the truths
Writ by the pen Divine,
Where all Thy glorious attributes
In veiled effulgence shine.

A heart attuned to those sweet strains
Struck by the Choir above,
Who chant the everlasting song
Of their Redeemer's love.

A heart like Nathanael's free
From guile or self-conceit;
A heart like Mary's, that delights
To sit at Jesus' feet.

A heart, oh! how unlike it now,
No longer prone to stray,
But loves, with filial, true delight
Thy precepts to obey.

With such a heart, so sweetly tuned,
Heaven is begun below,
Dear Saviour! by the Spirit's power,
That heart on *me* bestow.

J. A. TABOR.

Colchester, July, 1873.

JANET MASON'S TROUBLES.

(From the Sunday Magazine.)

CHAPTER X.

It had been September when they first met. Gradually, as the winter came on, this wandering homeless life became more and more comfortless. Sometimes it was so cold and bitter in the streets that they were forced to return home before night came, for their thin, ill-clad bodies could not bear the biting blasts or the chilling rains, the whole day long; but, whatever the weather was, they were obliged to spend a large part of each day out of doors, for you know they had either to beg or steal in order to get their living, and they could only either beg or steal in the streets. So every day, in rain or wind or snow as much as in sunshine, they had to turn out and stay out until they had earned their bread.

They had to earn their bread, and they had to earn their lodging too. Perhaps you have been thinking that it was rather a kind thing of Tabby's mother to let Janet sleep all these weeks beneath her roof, even though she did not feed her. And so it would have been, no doubt, if she had given house-room to her for nothing. But to give house-room to her for nothing was not what she did at all. She let Janet sleep in her corner on the floor; but she made Janet pay for sleeping there. If the child came home with two or three pence in her pocket, those two or three pence, before she left the house again, had to find their way to the pocket of Tabby's mother. If she came home penniless, she got a box on the ears—or it might be more than one—and a torrent of abusive words. She had to pay pretty dearly for that hard bed of hers. All through the day the thought of the unearned price of it used to be a weight upon her mind. Often when she came in late in the evening, if she had failed to get the money that was needed, she used to lie awake for hours, tremblingly looking forward to the blows and the foul words that would be given her in the morning; for it was in the morning that these scenes usually took place, it being a rare thing for Tabby's mother to come home till after both the children were in bed.

Of course she cared about the blows she got far more than Tabby did. Tabby, too, used to be expected to bring money home, and used to be rated and beaten if she did not bring it. But, you see, she had been accustomed to be rated and beaten all her life, and so a few blows, more or less, never much troubled her, and as for bad words, I am sorry to say that if her mother gave bad words to her, Tabby was quite able to give them back in full measure, and cared no more about doing it than she cared about snapping her fingers. So, whether she brought money back with her at night, or whether she came in without a halfpenny, it never much disturbed Tabby. "She can't do nothing but turn me out of doors, and I'd just as soon she did that as not." What do I care? I does for myself without no help from her," she would exclaim, with saucy independence. And indeed she was right—

in part at any rate—and there was little doubt that, pretty well from the time when she had been able to stand upright, her mother had been of about as little use to Tabby as ever a mother had been to any one in this world.

And yet, though Tabby was right in part, she was not right altogether. She said that her mother could do nothing worse than turn her out of doors. She thought that she could not when she said that; she was a fearless little thing, never afraid of hard blows, accustomed to bear pain like a Spartan; her mother might beat her, and shut the door in her face; that was all that she could do, Tabby thought. But Tabby lived to find that she was wrong.

For several days it had happened that both the children had had a run of ill success. I don't know whether it was the bad weather (it was very bad, wet, wintry weather) that kept people indoors, or whether the cold made them cross and hard-hearted, but poor Janet had begged and begged almost in vain for three long days, till she was sick of doing it, and except a little fruit from a green-grocer's shop, and a roll or two from a baker's barrow, Tabby had not been able in her special way to earn a single thing. They had only between them in the course of these three days got ninepence halfpenny, and the whole of that ninepence halfpenny (and it was little enough) they had been obliged to spend in food. For two nights they had gone home without a farthing to give to Tabby's mother, and when on the third night they still had nothing, Janet sat down upon a doorstep, and burst out crying at last in her distress.

As she was crying, some kind-hearted person in passing stopped, and asked her what was the matter, and gave a penny to her. She had been sobbing out to Tabby, "Oh, don't let us go back yet she'll beat us so. Don't let us go till we get something." And then, almost as she was saying this, the penny was put into her hand, and the sad sobs began to stop, and the poor little face began to brighten again.

"It isn't much, but it's ever so much better than nothing, isn't it?" she said, with a feeble little glimmer of a smile. "I wish it was in two halfpennies, and then we could each take one; but if we wait a little longer perhaps we may get another—don't you think we may? Oh, if some very kind person would only come, and give us—give us sixpence!" cried Janet, almost breathless with awe at the extravagance of her own imagination.

"Well, there's never no telling when you may get nothing," replied Tabby, "only there ain't many as gives sixpence, so it ain't likely. But what does it matter?" exclaimed Tabby, contemptuously. "If we ain't got no money, we ain't, and there's the end of it. It's uncommon wet and nasty here, I knows, and I'm a getting as sleepy as tuppence. Oh, I say, come along. You give the penny to her, and that'll keep her tongue off you, and—bless you, d'you think I mind her's jaw?" And with that Tabby got up from her seat, and the two children, wet through, and cold and hungry, threaded the streets slowly home.

They begged from a good many more people as they went along, but nobody gave anything more to them, and when they reached their journey's end the penny that was in Janet's pocket was still the only penny that they had.

"I wish we could divide it," Janet said wistfully again, and then before they quite got home she offered the whole coin to Tabby. "It doesn't matter which of us has it, you know," she said faintly, trying to look as if she was not afraid to go home empty-handed; but Tabby laughed and pushed the little hand back.

"Don't it matter, though! You'd sing out another song if you'd got mother's eye upon you. I ain't a going to take it. What's the odds what she says to me? Do you think I can't give her as good as I gets?" cried Tabby scornfully, and skipped up the dark stairs as lightly and boldly as if she was bringing home a pocket full of pence.

The room was empty, when they reached it; it was usually empty, even when they came in late. The work that Tabby's mother did, when she did any work at all, was charring, and though she used to end her charring, at such times as she was doing it, pretty early in the evening, yet she never came home early, and rarely came home sober. At ten at eleven, at twelve o'clock, she used to come in, and sometimes when she came she had been drinking so much that she hardly knew what she was doing.

It was almost twelve o'clock to-night before she returned, and the children had both been a long time in bed; but they had been talking, and Janet was frightened and excited, and they had not been to sleep. They were still both of them wide awake when she came home at last.

Perhaps if it had not been so, the thing

that happened then might not have happened. Possibly, if they had not begun to talk together the woman would have gone to bed, and have slept herself sober, and in the morning her temper might not have got the better of her, as it did now when she was half beside herself with drink. But instead of finding Tabby asleep, unhappily she found her awake, and began to talk to her, and then from talking to her she began to scold her. She found out soon enough that all the money the children had brought back was that one penny in Janet's pocket, and then she began to rate them and storm at them for their idleness. As she worked herself up into a passion Janet, cowering with fear and wretchedness, lay silent in her corner; but Tabby, as bold as brass, set up in bed, and gave back all the abuse she got. It was a bad, miserable, sorrowful scene. It was such a scene as one is ashamed to think about or speak of, and that I would not tell you about at all if it were not that I am obliged for my story to tell you the end of it. The end was this—that the wretched woman, goaded at last by some bitter thing that Tabby said, caught up a brass candlestick from the table and threw it at her.

The candlestick struck the child upon her chest, a great blow that sent her down upon her back with a gasp and cry. The woman looked at her stupidly with her drunken eyes as she fell, and did not go to help her. It was only Janet, trembling and as white as death, who started up and ran to the bedside.

"Oh, Tabby, are you hurt? Oh, Tabby! Tabby!" cried Janet in an agony of terror, for Tabby had got her eyes closed, as if she was stunned, and for a few moments she did not move or speak.

"I think she's broke me right i' two," she said at last, gasping, and in a strange voice, as if she had no breath. "Feels like it, any way. Oh, lor, I'm so sick!" cried the poor child, looking up and trying to rise, and crying out again with pain as she did it.

Perhaps, in spite of her apparent indifference, and mad and reckless as she was, the unhappy woman felt something like alarm at what she had done, for after a minute she got up and came to Tabby's side.

"Lie still, can't you, and stop that noise," she said. "You ain't killed yet. There—lie on your side; you'll be right enough by morning. It's your own fault if you're hurt. Well, if you won't lie on your side, lie on your back—only hold your jaw."

She moved the child from one position to another, and poor Tabby lay gasping in a curious way, but did not speak any more. Not another thing was done for her. The woman undressed and got into bed, and Janet too went back to her own bed in the corner, and then all the room was quiet, and Janet presently fell asleep, and knew nothing more till it was day.

When she awoke Tabby was sitting up in bed, with a scarlet spot of color on each cheek, and her mother, still lying by her side, was breathing heavily. Janet got up, frightened a little at Tabby's look.

"Oh, are you all right?" she asked hurriedly. "I mean—where you were knocked?"

"Don't seem like it," answered Tabby shortly. "I can't lie nohow, and I can't tumble about neither. I ain't had a wink o' sleep."

"Haven't you? And I've been asleep all night," cried Janet, remorsefully.

"Well, it wasn't likely you'd be anything else, was it? You wasn't knocked down with a candlestick," said Tabby, quite unconscious of what was in Janet's mind, and never dreaming, poor child, that because she was in pain anybody else should have given up their natural rest to look after her.

"I've been a thinkin' that I don't know how I'm to get my clothes on though," said Tabby in a whisper after a few moments' silence. "I'm a going to try—before she wakes—But I'm blest if I likes the thoughts of it. I'm so thirsty too, and there ain't a drop o' water."

"I'll go down and get some," exclaimed Janet quickly; and she went and brought a jugful, and the thirsty little lips drank it eagerly.

"Seems to me, you know," said Tabby confidentially, when she had finished her draught,—“I don't know what it is,—but seems to me that something's broke in two. Just you feel. Look—put your fingers here. Don't you press too much! There, now—ain't it?" cried Tabby triumphantly.

"Oh, I don't think it can be! Oh, Tabby, it would be dreadful!" said Janet, with an awed and frightened face.

"Well, I shouldn't mind whether it was broke or not if it warn't for the pain," said Tabby. "That's what bothers me. But p'raps it'll be better when I'm up. We'll have a try any way." And the child got out of bed and began to put on her clothes.

But she could not put them on without help. She could not stoop to put on her boots, and Janet had to put them on the

little stockingless feet for her; she could not bend her arm back to fasten her frock.

"Oh, Tabby, you aren't fit to be up. You ought to go back to bed," Janet said frightenedly; but Tabby used some strong expression, and declared that she would see Janet at Jericho before she went to bed any more, so then Janet held her tongue, and presently the children went down the stairs together and out into the street.

It was their habit generally to vary their course as much as possible, so that passers-by, and above all policemen, might not get to be familiar with the sight of them; so sometimes they would begin to beg quite close to their own house, and sometimes they would go a long way before they asked for money from anybody. They often used to wander for miles along the endless noisy streets, for Tabby had a curious instinct for always finding out her way, so that they rarely lost themselves, or failed to be able when they wanted to return home.

But this morning they had only walked along a couple of streets when Tabby stopped and said she thought she would like to sit down somewhere.

"I don't seem to ha' got no breath somehow," she said. "Ain't it queer?"

"I wish I could get you somethin' nice and hot," Janet said anxiously. "That would do you good—wouldn't it? Suppose you sit down for a bit, and I'll go on alone."

"Well I think I'll have to," answered Tabby.

So she sat down on a doorstep and Janet left her there for half an hour, and at the end of that time came back with a bright face.

"I've got threepence," she said. "Aren't I lucky? A woman gave me twopence, and a man threw me the other penny. Come along now. You can walk to the coffee place at the corner, can't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Tabby.

So they went to the coffee place at the corner, and Tabby got her cup of coffee, and looked as if she enjoyed it.

"I think that will do you good," said Janet, complacently watching her as she drank it.

"It ud do anybody good," answered Tabby. "Taste it."

So Janet took a modest sip, and pronounced it delicious.

"Take some more," said Tabby.

But Janet would not take any more. "You ought to have it all, you know," she said, "because you're not well, do you think you'll be better now?"

"Oh, yes," said Tabby, "I'm a great deal better. Come on. I think I can go anywhere now."

(To be Continued.)

A MODERN RUG.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

I want to tell you how a few English girls make a thousand rugs. A monstrous feat! Well, I know it, though they do have some help before the rug is ready for use. Yet, after all, these few girls make them just as much as you make your friends a pair of slippers when you cover a canvas with embroidery and send it to a shoemaker to be soled. You never think of sharing the credit with the man of leather and waxed-ends, nor with those who made the pattern.

Let me show you. A young woman sits before an embroidery-frame, with a pile of worsteds beside her and a pattern in her hands. Her frame has an opening about a foot square, and is not unlike the embroidery-frames on standards over which our good old grandmothers and great-aunts used to tire their backs and wear out their eyes, except that it stands up square before her, and, instead of canvas, is closely filled up with fine steel bars.

A curious embroiderer she is, for she has neither needle, thimble, nor scissors. Instead, her implements are a colored pattern, pile of worsteds, cut in lengths of twenty feet, and three little girls. She looks at the pattern, selects a thread of worsted for the first stitch in one corner of the picture, draws out the end and hands it to Girl No. 2—one of the small ones. Girl No. 2 passes the end of the worsted to another small assistant, No. 3 who stands behind the frame. Girl No. 3 fastens one end of the thread to the steel bar of the embroidery-frame in one corner, then walks down the room five or six yards, to where there stands another frame, exactly like the first one, when she draws the thread tight and fastens the other end to the same corner of this second frame, leaving it stretched between the two. While she has been doing this Girl No. 1 has selected the color for the next stitch, handed it to No. 2, who passed it on to No. 4, standing on the other side of the frame. She fastened it on next to the first stitch, and walked down on her side to fix the other end to the second frame, as No. 3 did. By this time No. 3 is back, ready for the next thread; and so the work goes on, thread by thread, till the four girls have filled the foot-square frame with fifty thousand threads, twenty feet long.

Looking at the frame, you see the figure as it was painted on the pattern; look at the other frame, twenty feet off, and you will see the same; cut the long bundle of worsteds in any place, and, of course, you will still see the same pattern.

But cutting into it would let the worsteds shrink up, and spoil the pattern; yet they want to cut it into thin slices, with a perfect picture in each slice—as your stick of candy that has "no" in white letters on the end has the same useful word through its whole length, wherever you choose to break it. This is how they manage that curious feat. While the worsteds are stretched tightly between the frames, making a solid square bundle or block, as they call it, they bind it up so tightly that every thread is in its own place and can't get out of it. Then taking the ends from the steel embroidery-frame, with a sharp knife they cut the long bundle into lengths of twenty-inches each.

But rugs are more than a foot square, you know; so while these four girls have been embroidering one square foot of the pattern, other sets of four girls, at other frames, have been preparing other square feet. When all are done and cut into blocks and set upon ends together, they form the whole picture of the rug, whether it be a lion, natural enough to roar, a tiger in his native jungle, or a view in the Alps.

If the rug is to be two feet wide and eight feet long, which is a very common size, there are sixteen of these worsted blocks; and they are set up together in a box, just the size of the future rug. The box is on wheels and has a movable bottom, so it can be made as deep or as shallow as desired.

The blocks are arranged. The box is rolled on to an elevator and takes a journey to the basement, where there is a steam-chest filled with a steaming, disagreeable smelling mass, about as thick and as black as glue. This, I must tell you, is a sort of glue, made of India rubber and turpentine, and its greatest merit is its power of holding on. Glue is nothing to it.

With this black unpleasant mixture the whole bright face of the rug in its box is covered. Ruined forever you think. And the part touched by the rubber is ruined as to looks, of course. But that isn't the show side of the rug. You must remember the picture goes all through the block; and to hold on for dear life is all that is asked for this side of the picture. The first coat of rubber glue is allowed to dry, a second coat is put on and dried, and a third one is given. Before this dries a piece of heavy carpet canvas is laid on to the sticky mass and pressed carefully and evenly down, rubbed and scraped till every bubble of air is out and every thread of the worsted picture firmly glued to the canvas.

But a rug isn't twenty inches thick, you know, and the canvass back is glued to the whole block. It must be sliced off. This is a curious operation, performed by an immense knife, as sharp as a razor and in the shape of a wheel twelve feet in diameter. It turns very rapidly, by steam, and is like a circular saw, only the edge is smooth like a knife and it does not work standing up, like a carriage-wheel, but horizontally as if the wheel lay on its side.

The rug-box, with the canvass glued on to the top, is first screwed up at the bottom till enough of the worsted is above the edge of the box to make the thickness of a rug, and then attached to machinery and drawn up to the whirling knife, which slices off a rug as you would slice a bit of apple. As it cuts in, the rug is drawn up over the knife by hooks, and in a moment there is a bright rug, with its strong canvass back and an equally bright-faced picture on the top of the rug-box.

Then, of course, the box goes back to the rubber-glue, and the same things are done over—glue on another back and slice of another rug. And so they go on screwing up the bottom and slicing off rugs till the boxes are empty, and the whole twenty feet of worsted embroidery has become a thousand rugs.

Now you can see why rugs are made in this way are so much cheaper than the raised worsted embroidery they imitate and which our grandmothers made. You have, no doubt, seen bits of this old-fashioned work carefully preserved on faded floor-stools or chair-backs. The process was exactly the same—copying a colored pattern in threads of wool; but our patient ancestors worked months over one small pattern, and had but one copy when done, while these girls, though perhaps working as long, made a thousand copies of their pattern.

The originals of these rugs are made by the best English artist, painted in oils, when inferior workmen copy them, inch for inch, rule them into small squares, and finally reduce them to foot-square patterns. When done, they are wonderfully good copies of the original oil painting.

This lately-invented work is called wool mosaic, and it is quite as wonderful in its way as the marble and stone and glass mosaics that we bring so carefully across the ocean and keep among our treasures.—*N. Y. Independent.*

"'CAUSE I'M HAPPY!"

When walking up Yarborough-road the other day, my attention was arrested by a boy, singing, or rather shouting, "Glory to God!" &c. He was apparently about twelve or thirteen years of age; his dress was poor; his pale face bore the appearance of his having suffered want, and a pair of bleared eyes completed a picture such as one often sees in the back-slums of our great cities.

I quickened my steps, and soon overtook him. I felt interested in the poor lad; it was such a strange sound to hear a street Arab shouting "Glory to God," and I determined to test him and see if his note of praise was real.

Accosting him I said, "Hallo, boy! what are you shouting 'Glory' for?"

He at once looked up at me with a happy smile on his poor, thin, pale face, and said, "'Cause I'm happy, sir!"

"Happy!" I said; "what do you mean?"

"I gave my heart to God, sir, and I'm happy."

"Gave your heart to God!" I repeated.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I gave myself up to God, sir, and He made me happy."

"But, boy," I objected, "you are a sinner; are you not?"

"Yes, sir," he said, "I was a great sinner,"—and now a shade passed over his face.

"Well," I continued, "and God is holy and just, and cannot look upon sin; how, then, could you give yourself up to Him?"

"Oh!" he said,—and his happy smile came back, "Jesus died on the cross for me; his blood washed away all my sin, and now I'm happy."

His earnest, simple faith was very touching, and as I thanked the Lord, in my heart, for what He had done for the poor boy, I felt my eyes getting moist. I asked him how long he had been happy.

"Only a month," he said.

"Where were you converted?" I asked.

"In the Lake-road Mission Hall."

"That is where Mrs. Booth preaches?" I suggested, enquiringly.

"Yes; I gave myself up to God there one night, and I am happy since, and I don't want for anything now. I pray to God, and He sends me jobs."

"What line are you in, my boy?" I asked.

"I aint in no line," he said; "I'm an errand-boy; I have no regular work, but I pray to God, and He sends me jobs, and I never want now. I have no job to-day, but God will send me one. I never want now."

It was very touching to hear his simple but strong faith and trust in God; his decided testimony of God's goodness to him since he had known Him; the reiterated "I never want now." The emphasis he laid on the word "now" implied that when he was serving Satan he wanted often enough! And so it was, doubtless; the devil is a hard master.

"The husks that the swine do eat" are the best he can give. But the dear boy had changed masters. Happy change! and he soon felt it and knew it. "Bread enough and to spare" was his testimony of the Father's house.—*The Christian.*

"AS ONE WHOM HIS MOTHER COMFORTETH."

BY MRS. W. V. MORRISON.

A little boy came to his mother one day, and with quivering lips and tearful eyes said, "Mamma, need I go to school this afternoon? I don't want to go. I can't go!"

"Why! what has happened?" asked the mother. "I hope you have not been a naughty boy."

"No, mamma, I was not naughty. I just turned around in my seat a little minute, and the teacher came up and struck me with her ruler, and I don't want to go to school ever again. She is a horrid teacher," and the little breast heaved with mingled wrath and indignation.

His mother knew that although the blow might have caused him pain, it had fallen heaviest on the little sensitive heart; so she drew him into her lap and laid his head upon her bosom, where he sobbed out his grief. Then, putting back the hair from his heated brow and kissing him, she murmured words of tender affection.

When he lay quietly in her arms, she said, "Little boys do have trials, and sometimes they are almost as much as such little hearts can well endure; but, Allie, everybody has trials, and sometimes they give up to them when they ought not. Now," she continued, "I want my boys to be good men by and by. If you stop going to school, you would stop learning, and that would not do, for you must learn a great deal in order to be a good strong, Christian man."

"But it is hard sometimes, isn't it, mamma?" he asked, finding comfort in her sympathy.

"Indeed it is," was the reply.

He patted her on the cheek, smiled, and said, "You are a good mother."

"Now," said she, "go bathe your face, and we will go to dinner."

When the hour for school came, he threw

his arms around his mother's neck for a moment and whispered, as though desiring assurance of her sympathy, "It is hard, isn't it?" She assured him again that it was, but that he was her brave boy and must not permit trials to discourage him.

With a light heart he went whistling on his way to school, comforted in the thought that his mother knew and appreciated the difficulty.

The petty cares and vexations of life sometimes weigh heavily upon older hearts, and we go onward bending beneath their weight, and perhaps longing for one in whom we may confide and be sure of sympathy and comfort. It may be that the annoyance which disturbs our peace is so petty and trivial, that we fear to speak lest we should not be understood, and it may be we are not sure our troubles will be appreciated by another. So we go with heavy hearts, forgetting we have, so near that if we speak He will be sure to hear us, a most tender, most loving and compassionate Friend, whose sweet promise is, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."—*Watchman.*

GIFT-MAKING.

There is nobody in the world who feels incompetent to make a gift to any body to whom it is desirable a gift should be made. And yet there are few things that really require more care and consideration, more taste and skill and delicacy, than this simple act. The giver may think he has only to enter a shop, pull out his purse, and order to the desired address an article that strikes his eye, and, in the slang of the day, he has done "the correct thing." In reality, it is ten to one that he has done exactly the wrong thing, that he has blundered awkwardly, given the unwished-for article, given it in a rude way, and made his whole gift as unwelcome as he wished it to be welcome. He may have given a duplicate of something already possessed; he may, out of his abundance, have sent something that too plainly marked the distance in power of giving between him and the receiver; he may have sent something totally uncared for, especially disliked, something out of harmony with the other possessions of the receiver, perhaps too common to be given honorable place, perhaps so splendid as to put to shame its surroundings. He has given his money: his thought would have been of more value. He should have paused and weighed whether any thing of the sort was likely to be in the house where he wished it sent, have endeavored to recall whether he had ever seen or heard of anything similar there; he should have delayed, and exercised a little of the detective's art in making sure of the absence of a duplicate, even if he had never seen it. Then he should have lingered yet to reflect as to whether or not he was offending a prejudice by the gift; whether he was hurting feelings rather than delighting them whether he was entailing additional expense by the means of a gift which could force the recipient to procure corresponding articles in order that no contrast might be pointed; whether the size and value of the gift did not make an obligation that he had no right to impose—in short, should have lingered to take up a score of considerations, and balance them every one.

In fact, no present is truly valuable, or is worthy of being considered so, that does not express the individuality of the person that gives it and the recollection of the idiosyncrasies of the person that receives it. That done, the gift becomes far more than any wrought-work of goldsmiths or lapidaries, than any result of gold or silver, of satin or vellum; it becomes a little more than the mere dead matter of an inanimate object then, for it takes on a certain relation to humanity that enhances it a thousandfold, and makes it still precious when silver will be tarnished and vellum moth-eaten. And it is nothing strange in a world of feelings delicate as harp-strings that the cup of cold water, the widow's mite, and the broken box of ointment should be more memorable gifts than any Greek vases, or begemmed cups, or antique casts that monarch ever gave to monarch, or that have been cast by the hand of wealth into the lap of luxury.—*Harper's Bazaar*

—The value of prompt visitation to the home of an absent pupil is forcibly illustrated by a case recently occurring in Brooklyn. A boy persuaded his mother to permit his absence, as he said, "only for this one Sunday." He had not missed a session for many months before. The day after his absence he asked his mother: "Has my teacher been here today?" Unfortunately, the teacher had not been. The next day came the same enquiry; and the same answer had to be given. Another day or two passed, with the same experience; and then the boy said: "I think I am not much missed up there. I guess they can get along without me." He fell into bad company and was lost to the school and perhaps, may be lost forever.

SELECTIONS.

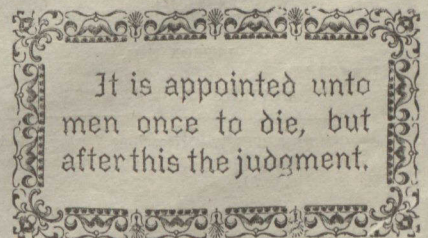
—A black cloud makes the traveller mend his pace, and mind his home; whereas a fair day and a pleasant way waste his time, and that stealth away his affections in the prospect of the country. However others may think of it, yet I take it as a mercy, that now and then some clouds come between me and my sun, and many times some troubles do conceal my comforts; for I perceive if I should find too much friendship in any inn in my pilgrimage, I should soon forget my Father's house, and my heritage.—*Dr. Lucas.*

—A poor man with an empty purse came one day to Michael Feneberg, the godly pastor of Seeg, in Bavaria, and begged three crowns that he might finish his journey. It was all the money Feneberg had, but as he besought him so earnestly in the name of Jesus, in the name of Jesus he gave it. Immediately after he found himself in great outward need, and seeing no way of relief he prayed, saying: "Lord, I lent Thee three crowns; Thou hast not yet returned them, and Thou knowest how I need them. Lord, I pray Thee give them back." The same day a messenger brought a money-letter, which Gossner, his assistant, reached over to Feneberg, saying: "Here, father, is what you expended." The letter contained 200 thalers (about \$160), which the poor traveller had begged from a rich man for the vicar, and the child-like old man, in joyful amazement, cried out: "Ah, dear Lord, one dare ask nothing of Thee, for straightway Thou makest one feel so ashamed."

THE POWER OF PRAYER.—A lady prayed for her daughter thirty-nine years without receiving any answer. At length she came to die. Her death was the means used for her daughter's conversion. The daughter became a most eminent Christian, much used in the turning of sinners to Christ. One hundred American students who were converted met together to speak of their conversion. Ninety of them traced their blessings to their mother's prayers. At another meeting in England, nearly one hundred who had been blessed of God said they had praying parents. We trace every blessing to God's fathomless grace. Still he is pleased to use means, and he says, "For all these things I will be enquired of." Christian mothers, pray on—God answers prayer.—*Christian Intelligence.*

LESSONS FROM MR. STEWART'S LIFE.—On the whole, if we read aright the lessons of Mr. Stewart's life, they are three: *First*, that absolute integrity is the condition of permanent business success; *second*, that a life so consecrated to accumulation that the sympathies are smothered and deadened in making a fortune, is a failure, not a success; and *third*, that the young man who desires to leave behind him, as his monument, something better than a fortune of \$50,000,000, must practice the art of giving while exercising the art of acquiring, and learn to bestow while he accumulates. If Joseph devotes all the best years of his life to filling his granaries, and tearing down and building greater, the end will simply be that after his death others will distribute what he never learned how to use for God and his fellow-men.—*Christian Weekly.*

ORIGIN OF CHURCH PEWS.—There is a speck of history connected with the origin of church pews which cannot help but prove interesting. In the early days of the Anglo-Saxon and some of the Norman churches, a stone bench afforded the only sitting accommodations for members or visitors. In the year 1319 the people are spoken of as sitting on the ground or standing. At a later period the people introduced lop, three-legged stools, and they were placed in no order in the church. Directly after the Norman conquest seats came in fashion. In 1387 a decree was issued that none should call any seat his own except noblemen and patrons, each entering and holding the first one he found. From 1530 to 1630 seats were more appropriated, a crowbar guarded the entrance, bearing the initial of the owner. It was in 1568 that galleries were thought of. And as early as 1614 pews were arranged to afford comfort by being baized or cushioned, while the sides around were so high as to hide the occupants—a device of the Puritans to avoid being seen by the officer, who reported those who did not bow when the name of Jesus was announced.—*Selected.*



SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1876 by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Christians being multiplied, they appointed seven men to take care for the poor. Stephen, one of the seven, is brought before the Jewish Council.

LESSON XII.

JUNE 18.]

THE SEVEN CHOSEN. [About 33 to 36 A. D.]

READ Acts vi. 1-15.—RECITE vs. 3, 4, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.—They that have used the office of a deacon well, purchase to themselves a good degree, and great boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus.—1. Tim. iii. 13. CENTRAL TRUTH.—The believing poor are the Church's charge.

DAILY READINGS.—M.—Acts vi. 1-15. L.—1 Tim. v. 1-10. W.—Eph. vi. 10-24. Th.—1 Tim. iii. 1-16. F.—Heb. ix. 1-28. Sa.—Matt. x. 7-23. S.—Ex. xxxiv. 27-35.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Notice that this lesson covers more than its title expresses, and includes the appointment of the seven, and the arrest, and a part of the trial, of Stephen.

NOTES.—Grecians ("Grecian Jews")—that is, Jewish proselytes and Jews born or living in Greece: "Grecians" mean native born or pure Greeks. Hebrews probably here mean those Jews who were born and lived in Judea. Seven men. These seven appear to have all been Grecian Jews. Little is known of the seven except of Stephen and Philip. Stephen (crown), the first Christian martyr. Philip (lover of horses), preached in Samaria, worked miracles, newly baptized (Acts viii. 5-17), met the Ethiopian eunuch (viii. 26-40), preached in Caesarea, had four daughters gifted with prophecy. Acts xxi. 8, 9. One tradition says he died in Phrygia; another, as Bishop of Tralles. Nicolas, the impure Nicolaitans (Rev. ii. 6) claimed him as the founder of their sect, but it is not certain that he was the founder.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(1.) THE SEVEN CHOSEN. (II.) STEPHEN ACCUSED.

I. THE SEVEN CHOSEN. (1.) murmuring, a complaint; Grecians (see Notes); daily ministrations, daily distribution of food. (2.) not reason, or "it is not our pleasure; leave word of God—that is, leave the preaching of it; serve tables—that is, give out food for meals. Acts iv. 35. (3.) honest report, were counted honest; this business, or giving out food and money to the needy. (4.) continually, not exclusively, perhaps; ministry, preaching. (5.) proselyte, a Gentile who had become a Jew. (6.) laid their hands, to set them apart for this work. 1 Tim. iv. 14. (7.) priests, There were many in Jerusalem; 4,289 priests returned from Babylon. Ezra ii.36-39.

II. STEPHEN ACCUSED. (8.) full of faith, and hence power to work miracles; wonders, the first of any not an apostle, to work miracles (Aford). (9.) synagogue, Jewish place of worship; there are said to have been 480 in Jerusalem; Libertines—that is, freedmen; Cypriots... Alexandrians, African Jews from those two cities of Northern Africa; Cilicians, in Asia Minor, and Paul's native country; Asia (see Lesson II). (10.) not able, one man full of the Holy Ghost overcomes five synagogues. (11.) suborned, secretly hired. (12.) caught him, officers suddenly arrested him; council, the Jewish high court. (13.) blasphemous, wicked, impious; false witnesses, men who swore to lies about Stephen. (14.) this place, the temple at Jerusalem. (15.) steadfastly, firmly with close attention; face of an angel, like that of Moses, whom he is accused of reviling. Ex. xxxiv. 35.

III. Questions.—What did Stephen do among the people? v. 8. How was he fitted for doing these miracles? v. 8. Who were roused up to dispute with him? From how many synagogues? With what success did they dispute with him? Why could they not resist him? What course did they then take to overpower him? What false charge did the bribed witnesses make? With what effect? Where was Stephen brought? What class of witnesses was again set up? State their charge. The saying they had heard from Stephen. Describe the appearance of Stephen before the council.

Illustration.—Giving. "Give, give, be always giving; Who gives not, is not living. The more you give, The more you live."

LESSON XIII.

JUNE 25.]

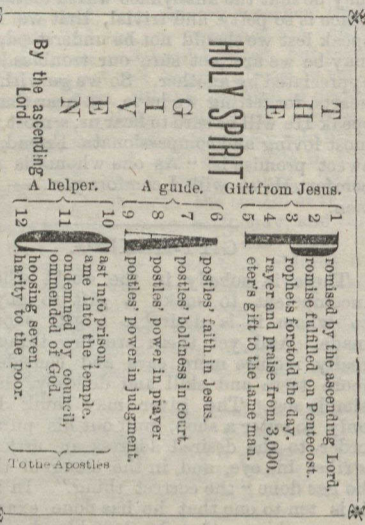
REVIEW. [A. D. 30 to 36.]

GOLDEN TEXT.—Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.—Isa. lx. 1. CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Lord builds up Zion.

DAILY READINGS.—M.—Acts i. 1-12. T.—Joel ii. 18-32. W.—Acts ii. 1-47. Th.—Acts iii. 1-26. F.—Acts iv. 1-37. Sa.—Acts v. 1-42. S.—Acts vi 1-15.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—The past twelve lessons chiefly show the gifts and work of the Holy Spirit. With this as the leading thought, a good review may be made, which will fix these facts and deepen the impression already gained of the early history of the Christian Church.

The lessons could be arranged in a circle, with the words "Holy Spirit" in the centre, after the plan of the twelve lessons from the life of David, or they may be placed on the blackboard or on a sheet of paper in this form:



Who wrote the "Acts"? Give some account of the writer. State what other book he wrote. Why did he write? To whom? When? Give the title of the first of these twelve lessons. The central truth. Recite the golden text. Who saw Jesus ascend to heaven? What had He promised to send them? What would they receive after the gift of the Holy Ghost? Acts i.8. Who appeared to the disciples while they looked up to heaven? State what the angel said.

What came upon the disciples on the day of Pentecost? What power did He give them? How many different nations were represented at the Pentecost? What did the people think of this event? Of what did the disciples speak?

To what did the Jews charge the gift of tongues? Who explained why this power was given? What prophet had foretold the day? What charge did Peter make against the Jews? What had God done for the Jews? What was the result of Peter's Pentecostal sermon? How many were added to the disciples? How did they spend their time? Acts ii. 46, 48.

Who was healed by Peter and John? Where? At what hour? What did he ask of them? Why did they not give him money? What did they give him? How did he show his gratitude to them?

Why did Peter explain the healing of the lame man? How? What had the Jews done to Jesus? How had Christ's sufferings been foretold? What were the people now to do? Why repent? What would Jesus do for them if they did?

Who wished to stop the work of the apostles? Why? Which of the apostles spoke to the rulers? State the effect of Peter's speech. What did the council decide to do? What command did they give to Peter and John? What bold answer did the command call forth?

To whom did Peter and John report the Jews' command? Before whom did the disciples lay it? In what way? How was their prayer answered? What fact shows the perfect unity of the disciples? Acts iv. 34, 35. How did they provide for the poor?

Who lied about his possessions? Who joined him in telling the lie? To whom was the lie told? How repeated? How reproved? State the effect of the reproof on Ananias. On his wife? Who buried them? What effect had this punishment on the Church?

Describe the signs and healing shown by the apostles? Acts v. 12-16. What Jewish party opposed the apostles? Who was the leader of this party? What did they do to the apostles? How were the apostles delivered from prison? With what command? Where were they found? Why were they brought without violence?

Before whom were the apostles again brought? How reproved? What answer did they make? What was the council proposing to do to the apostles? Who advised not to slay them? On what plea? Why was it a poor plea? Why should the council have known that the work was of God?

For what work were seven men chosen? Why? In consequence of whose complaint? What did the twelve wish to do? How were the seven set apart for their work? Which of the seven disputed with the Jews? What is said of his power of faith? Before whom was he called? How accused? How did his face appear? Who gave him this power and appearance? Who is sent to guide Christians now? How may we be guided by the Holy Spirit?

— The MESSENGER has taken a new start in its increase of circulation. As yet it has not reached fifty thousand, but is pretty near that number. The present prize competition is likely to be an interesting one, but as yet very little has been done in it. This is being written on the 19th of May and will be printed on the 22nd, and up to this time the lowest amount sent in during the last competition

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COMBINATION PRIZE COMPETITION.

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

Table with 3 columns: Prize description (e.g., 'For largest amount'), Prize amount, and Prize number (e.g., '1st prize, \$20').

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

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

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

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

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

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

The following are the prices for the publications included in the competition, and the commissions allowed to competitors:

Table with 3 columns: Publication name, Subscription price per copy, and Deduction on remittances for new subs. (e.g., 'DAILY WITNESS... \$3 00... 50c').

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

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would entitle the sender to a prize in the present one if it were to end now. There are four good months to work in, and we hope that some of our MESSENGER boys and girls will be successful in gaining some of the prizes.

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—Orders for the "History of the Guibord Case" continue to come in from all quarters. and the work as a concise and reliable history of one of the most important events of the ecclesiastical warfare now waging, is meeting with much favor.

—Nearly the whole stock of Temperance Tracts at this office has been exhausted, but there is still a large quantity of Apples of Gold on hand. The latter comprise an assortment of the most useful readings from the Evangelical press and make valuable tracts. They are sent post free to any address in Canada or the United States for \$1 per 100, or 1,200 pages, the size of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

MEDICAL OPINIONS ON "DRESS AND HEALTH."

A few days ago copies of "Dress and Health" were sent to the best known physicians in Montreal "asking their opinion on the principles advanced in Dress and Health." The following are some of the answers:

32 BEAVER HALL, Montreal, May 4, 1876.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Sirs,—I beg to acknowledge with thanks the little book on "Dress and Health."

The title indicates the nature of its contents. With very few exceptions I heartily endorse the views so ably advocated, which, resting as they do upon a sound physiological and common-sense basis, should receive the attention of every parent in the land.

To those interested in this most important subject the book will prove an invaluable storehouse of practical information well designed to guide wisely and surely to health.

I am, gentlemen, yours very truly, E. H. TRENHOLME, M.D.

Professor of Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children, Bishop's College, Montreal.

MONTREAL, May 8.

GENTLEMEN,—In reply to your favor of 20th ult., accompanied with the book entitled "Dress and Health," I beg to say that I have read it and consider it a sound, practical and concise work which fully explains the effects of the present unhygienic style of ladies' dress, well worthy of careful perusal. The chapter on cutting and fitting will enable any lady to carry out the principles of reform without any difficulty.

Unless the leaders of fashion inaugurate the reform, I fear it is a hopeless effort to introduce such a change.

I remain, gentlemen, yours very truly, E. K. PATTON.

237 St. ANTOINE ST., Montreal, 8th May, 1876.

The book entitled "Dress and Health" contains most important advice to the ladies on the momentous question of dress, considered from a sanitary point of view.

If they will only adopt some of the practical rules thus given they will stand less in need of physicians and prescriptions, and find life much pleasanter to themselves.

J. L. LÉPROHON M.D.,

Professor of Sanitary Science, University of Bishop's College.

May, 1876.

DEAR SIR,—I have read the little work on "Dress and Health" with much interest, and find that its teaching is based upon sound physiological rules. Nature will not allow these rules to be broken with impunity.

Mothers of large families should well consider the lessons to be learned by its perusal.

I have often been astonished in my own practice how inadequately the lower extremities are protected from sudden changes, and the serious consequences that sometimes follow such want of prudence. Yours truly, JAS. FERRIGO, M.D.

It may be a matter of pleasure as well as of interest to ladies whose attention has been directed to this matter to learn that the reform so strongly approved of by medical men whose opinions are below quoted requires no change in the outward apparel. The discussion on the change of woman's dress has become so associated with bloomerism and woman's rights that to some the mere suggestion of change is regarded as tending to something unlady-like or indecent, but the changes recommended in "Dress and Health" have a tendency directly in the opposite direction. The price of this book is 30 cents, post paid.

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