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Northern Messenger

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Fatima—The Moorish Maiden

'I must speak to the foreign woman, quick. In the name of the prophet, bring her to me.'

The English missionary's wife came out from the hospital ward, and found in the waiting-room a Moorish woman, enveloped in folds of white garments, the veil being a fine gauze of silk and wool, deftly fitting the top of the head like a fez, and drawn across the mouth and nose.

'My little daughter is dying; come and make her well.'

The missionary's heart was touched. She thought of these words spoken to her Master, and his response to them. 'Can you not bring her here?' she asked.

'Ah, no! She would die in the sun. Come. I have no money, but you shall have my jewels; only be quick.'

'I cannot promise to cure her,' said the missionary, 'but I will do my best; and I do not want your jewels.'

They hurried through the narrow, crooked streets of Tangier, jostled by donkeys, by water-carriers, by beggars, by richly-dressed Turkish gentlemen, by long-haired fakirs, by soldiers with long guns. The filth of these narrow streets was indescribable, though the white walls and roofs of Tangier made it look, at a little distance, like a pure snow-drift.

'It is so with these poor lives,' thought the missionary, as she sped along with her silent companion; 'travellers come to Morocco and write charming essays on "the barbarous Moor," but they say nothing of his ignorance, his cruelty, his tyranny, his suffering.'

It was a long walk. They had almost reached the dilapidated wall of the city, when the woman turned down a narrow alley, running along the wall of a small one-story house, built of white-washed tappia, and entered a square, unclean court, crossing over to a still more unclean room, where the sick child lay.

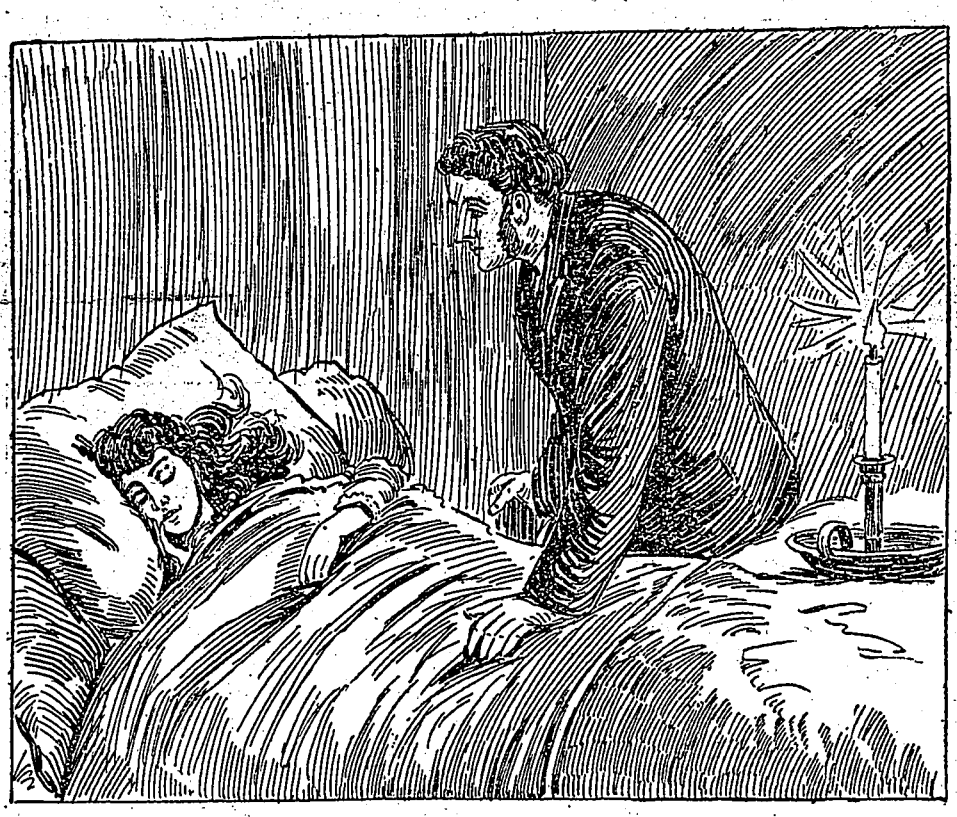
Poor little Fatima! She was in a raging fever, wildly delirious, with parched lips and fetid breath.

'What have you done for her?'

'The medicine-man gave me drugs, but they did no good; so he bored a hole in her left foot to let the fever out.'

The missionary groaned as she looked at the poor little brown foot, swollen and inflamed. 'Was that all?'

'No;. when the fever would not go out at the hole he had made, he said I must scare it away; so last night when she was asleep he made me run up to her, shouting, "Fatima, there is a snake in your bed!" She jumped out on the floor to run away, but fell against the door and broke her arm.'



LITTLE FATIMA CAME BACK TO LIFE.

Here the poor mother burst into tears, and the lady from the hospital wept with her.

It seemed that she must die; but in the cool of the twilight she was gently moved to the hospital, built by Christian hands as a witness to the love of God in Jesus Christ. There, with soothing drinks, with cool baths, and tender care, little Fatima came back to life, and to a belief in the heavenly Father and in Jesus Christ his Son.

She has learned to read in the missionary schools, and her favorite page is the story of the little maid of Galilee whom Jesus raised from the dead.

'Teacher,' she says, 'perhaps Jesus came with you that day to my bedside, though we could not see him?'

'I am sure he was there,' answered the missionary, 'and though we could not hear him, he was saying, "Little maid, arise!"'—'Presbyterian Review.'

The Dents In Bertie's Cot.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

What was the matter with Bertie H——? His mother wondered; his father wondered. The usually bright face was clouded over. The young fellow went about with a troubled look—had done so for many months. Ah! God the Holy Ghost was dealing with his heart in a wonderful way. He was suffering from a conviction of sin. Would that our hospitals were full of such patients!

For many years his invalid mother had prayed for him, and the answer was coming. One night at supper, when the plate, scarcely tasted, had been pushed away, she could bear it no longer, but quietly asked, 'Is anything the matter with my boy?' and then again 'Is it about your soul, Bertie?' 'Yes, mother, I have been sore troubled for many months and cannot get peace.'

How lovingly she took him to the throne of grace, and pleaded with God to lead him from conviction to conversion.

Not long after that he set out for his usual Sunday afternoon Bible-class, which he had attended regularly for a long time, little thinking what a memorable Sunday afternoon it was to be to him; for it was there he passed 'from death unto life.' He stepped from uncertainty into assurance—out of self into Christ. He went home a rejoicing child of God.

My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear.
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

Perhaps he could not have explained how the change came about; but who can explain conversion? 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is everyone that is born of the Spirit.'

He only knew that the joy was in proportion to the long distress of soul under which he had labored. But how often a glorious spring full of promise and beauty succeeds a long and bitter winter; and so it is in the Kingdom of Grace.

Bertie's bright face told everyone that his winter was over and gone, and that the spring flowers had appeared upon the earth. Best of all, he early learned the sweet secret of keeping those flowers always in bloom, for Bertie laid hold on prayer and made it a power in his life.

He came home every day at twelve to his lunch, and his mother noticed how quiet he was in his room upstairs. One day she toiled up the stairs after he had gone, and pushed open the door of her boy's room. There, on the edge of the cot were two dents where his elbows had rested, and she read his secret at once. The young man spent the middle of the day on his knees pleading for grace to be kept from temptation. Like Daniel of old, he knelt three times a day; and always, after that day, the loving mother

crept upstairs to look for the dents in Bertie's cot, knowing full well that he snatched those few moments from his dinner-hour to wait on God in prayer.

She measured her boy's spiritual life by those dents in his cot. She knew that as long as prayer was a power in his life so would he grow rapidly in grace. Now and again she missed the dents, and grieved in secret over it, but as a rule the little signs were there to comfort her anxious heart.

Are there any dents in your cot, young reader? Do you know what it is to spend a certain time each day on your knees? Then you know the secret of a rejoicing Christian life. Make prayer the habit of your life. Let the 'dents in your cot' be always there—figuratively or in reality.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
—'The Christian.'

Looking Unto Jesus.

(Margaret Emma Ditto in 'Congregationalist.')

A poor woman lay ill of a lingering and fatal disease in a hospital. She was homeless and unknown; a cancer was gnawing its way slowly to her vitals, but she was radiantly happy, her face shone.

'I suppose you think of the heaven to which you are so soon to go,' said the minister who had called to see her.

'No, I don't think of that.'

'You feel great consolation in reading your Bible, I suppose,' the minister suggested.

'I can't read.'

'What is it. then? What do you do?'

'I think of Jesus.'

'Read the chapter about his feathers,' said another invalid, a beautiful young lady, who had a long illness bedridden and fatal. She always wanted her pastor to read the 91st Psalm.

'Read it again, the same one you read the last time. I ache so and it rests me, the feathers are so soft. I am so sore, and everything hurts me, but that is such a tender, soft place under his wings.'

An atheist going along a country road saw, in advance of him, a woman poorly clad, who seemed strangely excited, throwing her arms and talking to herself. At last she halted upon the brow of a hill and the man overtook her, anxious to get a glimpse of her face, for he thought she must be insane. A glance, however, satisfied him. She was a negress, but her face was glowing with a calm and radiant joy.

'What were you talking about, aunty, as you walked along?' he asked.

'Laws, massa, I nebber knowed I was talking; 'pears like I didn't notice myself. I was thinkin' as I look on de worl' an' de sky an' took 'em all in dat dey is all mine—all mine, 'cause I is Christ's, and Christ is God's!'

Here was a living witness whom the spectator could neither gainsay nor deny. He was a learned man, but this was a kind of learning he had never heard of; he was a successful man, but here was such triumph as he had never dreamed of. He listened, full of curiosity, to what the woman had to say; he went away, but it was to buy a Bible and seek the cabin of the negress, glad to sit at her feet and be taught Christ.

The soul that feeds on Jesus shall not want any good thing. He meets the necessities of everyone who lives by him, no matter how young or how old, how wise or how simple.

Dr. Rainsford tells a story of a little girl who, when she knew that death was at hand, wanted to see all the children of his family. She had something special to say to each one. To the youngest, a wee toddler, she said: 'O, I want to tell you how lovely Jesus is! If you could see him you would hug him so, and he would help you dress your doll.'

A boy of fifteen had been taken abroad for the sake of his health, but he grew worse and was dying in London. He gave away his treasures as keepsakes to his brothers and friends, and then told his father to take some of his pocket money which was back in America, and to buy a box of the nicest candy to give to an unconverted young lady of his acquaintance 'The candy is sweet,' he said, 'but tell her that Jesus is a great deal sweeter.'

Old Uncle Johnson, a devout centenarian of Michigan, was one day heard to shout out, when he thought himself to be alone: 'Glory! Lord Jesus, will dere be one for me?'

'What is it, Uncle Johnson?'

'O massa! I was meditatin' about Jesus bein' de carpenter, so he can make de mansions for his people in glory.' And then, with uplifted face, he cried out, 'O Jesus, will dere be one for me?'

Conquered By Love.

A soldier in the Army of the Potomac was the terror of his company. He was disobedient, cruel, quarrelsome and vicious. As a result he was often terribly punished, but there was no reformation. In due time, by the fortunes of war, a captain from another regiment was placed in command of that company. The very first day the orderly sergeant informed the captain of the terrible character of this incorrigible soldier. That afternoon the man perpetrated some misdemeanor, was arrested by a sergeant, and brought before the captain. He looked at him for a moment, and, speaking to the sergeant, said: 'Let him go to his quarters.' 'Shall I keep him under guard?' inquired the sergeant. 'Oh, no,' said the captain, quietly. That evening the captain called his sergeant, and said, 'Go down to Mr. Blank's quarters and tell him to come up to my tent; I wish to see him.' 'Shall I bring him up under guard?' inquired the sergeant. 'Oh, no,' said the captain. 'Just tell him to come. I guess he'll come, if you tell him.'

In due time the soldier stood inside the captain's tent, cap in hand. He was of fine physique, brave and daring. 'Take a seat, sir,' said the captain. The soldier obeyed, but all the time looked defiance. The captain inquired of his home, his relations, etc., and then said: 'I have heard about you, and thought I would like to see you privately, and talk with you. You have been punished often—most times no doubt justly, but perhaps sometimes unjustly. But I see in you the making of a first-class soldier—just the kind that I would like to have a whole company of; and now if you will obey orders, and behave as a soldier should, and as I know you can, I promise on my honor as a soldier that I will be your friend, and stand by you. I do not want you to destroy yourself.'

With that the soldier's chin began to quiver, and the tears trickled down his cheeks, and he said: 'Captain, you are the first man to speak a kind word to me in two years, and for your sake I'll do it.'

'Give me your hand on that, my brave fellow,' said the captain. 'I'll trust you.' And from that day on there was not a better or more exemplary soldier in the Army of the Potomac. Love conquered him.—'Christian Work.'

THE SPIRIT OF THE WIND.

Where is your home, ye wanderers free?
In what far land, across what sea?
Live ye in some vast cavern rude,
Some unexplored solitude?

Or dwell ye where no sound is heard,
No voice of man, or beast, or bird?
Had ye your strange mysterious birth
Beyond the narrow bound of earth?

Where ye might mingle with the flight
Of spirits from the world of light—
Bright messengers that sometimes come
From that dear land, the land of home.

All haunts are yours, all forms, all shades,
O'er moorland brown, or woodland glades;
Now toying gently with a flower,
Then rushing on with fiercest power.

Ye ring a melancholy chime,
In the sad pensive autumn-time,
O'er fading flowers that once were bright,
In the resplendent summer's light.

And o'er the leaves with rustling sound,
Drifting so gently to the ground,
Singing o'er withered heaps and sere,
A dirge for the departing year.

In softened light of summer eve,
A gentle touch ye often leave
Upon the weary brow of pain,
That quiet ne'er may know again.

Round mansion hoar and grey with eld,
Your carnival is often held,
With hollow shriek or fearful moan,
Anon, with sad mysterious groan.

Ye rush across the restless sea,
In all your wild tumultuous glee;
And stately ship and pennon fair,
Lie buried by your fury, there.

Howe'er ye come, where'er ye go,
Through joyous scenes or haunts of woe,
Ye ever do His bidding still—
Our great Creator's sovereign will.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The White Prince.

'I wis' I was quite growed up!' wistfully said the tiny girl who sat, perched in a special high chair, at the head of Dr. Clavering's breakfast-table.

'Just so!' absently rejoined the doctor, who sat at the other end of the table, with a fat, learned review propped up against the silver cover of the dish in front of him. In this way the man of science contrived to feed both mind and body, perhaps at the expense of the latter.

It was a long journey down the white table-cloth from the end where his granddaughter Dody industriously spooned away at her smoking-hot bread-and-milk to the other end, where the doctor shook his head as industriously over the review's reasoning, only occasionally remembering to pop something into his mouth. But long as the distance seemed, it was nothing to the journey of years that lay between the sole remaining members of the Clavering family. The doctor was so old and wrinkled in her round blue eyes, when Dody first came to live in the still London house, that she used to wonder, on Sunday evenings, if her grandfather had been acquainted with the patriarchs in the big Bible which was such a heavy weight on her small knees. That was before Dody could do more than spell out the few names familiar to her in the Book. The little woman was now turned five; she could croon her favorite hymns, and she could read quite easy words nearly as well as Mrs. Pink herself. Mrs. Pink was the doctor's housekeeper, a good, worthy soul, but a sore disappointment to the lonely little orphan.

'She seems like as if she was made of boards!' grieved Dody, when, in sudden gusts of affection, she tried to embrace the stiff old woman. But though not exactly made of boards, Mrs. Pink had rigid ideas of propriety. To have Miss Dody intermittently flying at her, and squeezing her cap, was what Mrs. Pink 'could not put up with, not if it was ever so.' Besides, if her master had announced from the first set-out, when his forlorn little granddaughter was brought into his home, that Dody was to take her place opposite himself at all meals—'For, said he, 'I like a lady at the head of the table, Mrs. Pink; it gives an air of completeness!' —why, then, small though she was, Dody occupied the place, as it were, of the mistress of the house, and must 'behave as sich,' reasoned the worthy housekeeper. With regard to the doctor's decision, there had been some trouble with the small, frightened new-comer.

'I'se too little to sit all by myself on that chair!' was her weeping objection on being conducted to the head of the table.

'She isn't, so to say, wrong, sir,' said Mrs. Pink to the puzzled old gentleman. 'The pore little thing would be lost on that chair. And, besides, her little 'ead would scarce reach the table.'

'Couldn't you sit aside me in the chair, Mrs. Pink Do!' Dody plucked at the stiff skirt.

'Hush, deary!' The shocked housekeeper colored. 'We'll get you a high chair, missy, and all will be right.'

'Which it's a foolish thing of master,' she afterwards remarked, downstairs, 'to be settin' that baby at the head his table. But he's desperate obstinate in havin' his own way.'

True enough, the eccentric scholar had his way. Day after day, he and the 'lady of the house' sat opposite each other, in lonely state for Dody. The little maid was a chatterbox by nature. But it was difficult to keep up anything like conversation with a person who had but a sole remark, and that was the irritating one of 'Just so!'

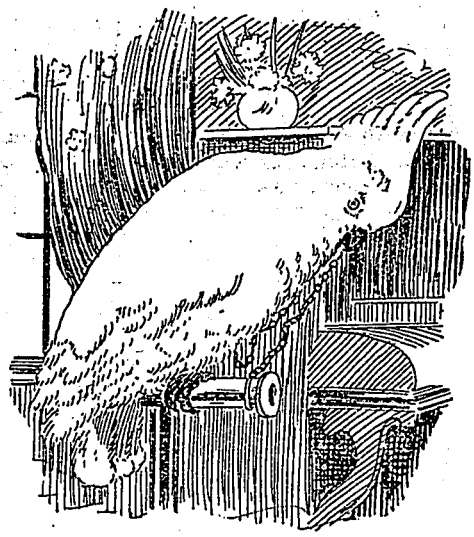
'Grandpapa!' Dody, having finished every crumb of the bread and milk, was staring hard at the butterfly painted on the bottom of her china bowl. Fortified by her breakfast, she determined to boldly lay siege again to the fortress of silence at the other end of the vista of white table-cloth. 'I do wis' I was growed up!'

'Growed up—grown up! Ah, just so!' The doctor, startled at Dody's unusual pertinacity, pushed up his spectacles to glare at her. 'Are you not satisfied with your condition of life, child? What is it you want to be, eh?'

What could portend such vague stirrings in the human atom facing him? speculated the man of science.

'I should like to grow up an aunt, grandpapa,' Dody promptly said. 'An aunt!' she repeated, raising her shrill sweet voice. Surely, grandpapa must be deafer than usual this morning. ''Cos then, I could have a little boy of my very own, just-like the little boy opposite, to play wif all day. Oh, grandpapa, 'twould be so lovely to be an aunt!' Dody had slipped down from her high chair, and was close to the doctor's elbow, staring, with shining eyes, into his wrinkled, bewildered face.

'Dear, dear! Where's Mrs. Pink?' The



old man rose, and stretched his hand over to the bell; then he feebly contemplated the excited, flushed child. 'She is feverish—just so!' he muttered. 'Oh, Mrs. Pink, have the goodness—er—to remove Miss Dody to the nursery. She is unduly excited; she is going to be ill—er—take her away!'

'I'm not going to be ill!' indignantly cried Dody, as she wriggled out of Mrs. Pink's grasp. 'I want to go to the window and see my little boy! I shall! and when I'm growed up I'll have a little boy of my own to play wif!'

'Dear heart alive!' Mrs. Pink was scandalized at such a flare of temper from the usually docile Dody. The two old folk, master and servant, gazed in mute amaze at the quivering little figure in frilled white pinafore, and black-stockinged legs. Dody had retreated to the centre one of the three windows, and was standing, a living picture in a frame, the sunbeams making a glory of her fluffy fair hair. The child was solemnly curtesying with no little grace and waving her mite of a hand as she gazed out at some distant object.

''Tis the little boy opposite, sir!' Mrs. Pink explained, in an undertone. 'Miss Scrope's nevvy, sir. They bows to each other constant, all day long in rainy weather.'

* * * * * *

In the house opposite that of the learned doctor, Eddy Scrope lived a life possibly more lonely even than Dody's. The street itself was allowed to be, in its dreary length and sameness, the quietest in all the London West—dull and dignified. That might have been why Miss Scrope had grown dull and dignified also as the years made an elderly, stiff woman of the once cherry-cheeked, lissom girl. Most of us are made by our surroundings; it is only the few who are strong enough to color their own lives, and those of others. Sophy Scrope had lived for more than a quarter of a century in the silent London house, with no surprises to break up its stillness, until one day the foreign post brought a letter. It was an abrupt proposal from her youngest half-brother, in the Indian Civil Service, who was married to a wife Miss Scrope had never so much as seen, that she would board his six-year old son, now getting too old for India's climate.

To refuse was impossible. So Eddy arrived in due time, bringing live luggage with him in the shape of a cockatoo, given him by a young man on board ship. The White Prince was of high Australian lineage, a handsome specimen of the lemon-crested species, and in his fastidious habits quite lived up to his princely title.

It would be difficult to say which of the strangers received the warmest welcome, little Miss Scrope being one of those people of whom it can be said :—

'He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small.'

Certainly the White Prince made himself at home much faster than the shy, small boy did.

'How do you do, do, do, do?' screamed his highness, in the friendliest manner, after he had settled himself on his perch, and partaken of his luncheon of maize.

'He is so chatty, he makes himself quite a companion!' purred the little lady, charmed with the prince's affable speeches; and the elderly servants downstairs told each other that 'Mistress had quite brisked up since the cockatoo and the nevvy had come from Indy!'

It was true enough. But though the patter of little feet and the White Prince's chatter transformed the silent house for Miss Scrope, it was strangely dull and grey to little Eddy after home and all the brilliance of Indian life. It was autumn weather, wet and gusty. The little boy had to be kept indoors until his constitution got acclimatized, and the poor child shrunk into himself, pining and dwining. The White Prince also began to sulk on his perch. Though to a stranger a cockatoo's face is only white feathers and black eyes, to one who loves these birds there is plenty of expression in it. The prince, as the days grew murkier, became full of resentful wrath. His head seemed to grow quite small, so sleek and smooth were his feathers and crest, a sure sign of anger; for a cockatoo, when cheery and gay, ruffles up his feathers and appears to expand into double his size.

'Why, Eddy, Eddy!' shrieked Miss Scrope, one morning. 'The White Prince has got away!'

'So he has! He had bitten the chain right through, Aunt Sophy!' Eddy, who had been pressing his pale face against the window, watching a little girl in a white pinafore, dandling her doll in the house

opposite, rushed across to the corner where stood his highness, swelled to twice his usual size in the pride of his achievement, and chattering volubly.

'Let me catch him, Aunt Sophy!' Eddy boldly threw himself into the breach.

'Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!' shouted the Prince, 'Two can play at that game, game, game!' and, with ear-splitting screeches the White Prince suddenly charged at the little boy, chasing him down the long room, and out on to the staircase, pecking all the way at his short legs.

'Oh, the poor child! He will be devoured!' Aunt Sophy's loud cries summoned the household. But Eddy and the prince knew better. They were only having a fine game up and down the wide staircase. It was the happiest day Eddy had know in grey, sad-colored England.

The little boy was secretly delighted whenever the prince's strong beak bit through every new chain Miss Scrope provided. Still, even games of romps did not quite fill up the hours, and school was not thought of just yet for the Indian-born child. So, if it had not been for glimpses of the little girl in the house opposite, Eddy would hardly have known how to get through the rainy days. He and Dody had become distant friends; distant only in the sense of the breadth of the street. Eddy had introduced the White Prince, and his highness had bowed across with cheerful vehemence, to the delight of Dody. Perhaps the cockatoo took the yellow-haired, white-pinafored figure for a lemon-crested, white-plumed brother bird. That's as may be.

'Aunt Sophy, I want that little white girl opposite to play with me! Send for her!' Eddy had peremptory Indian ways of giving orders strange to English ears.

'My dear!' Miss Scrope's small be-ringed hands were uplifted. 'You don't understand. We never know our neighbors in a London street—not even their names.'

'Then how can you love your neighbor as yourself, Aunt Sophy?' innocently asked Eddy.

'Oh, child, we can do that though we are not on speaking terms in many ways; by never slandering them, for instance. To think the best we can of a person is one way of loving them. With regard to our neighbor over the way, it so happens that, he being a distinguished scientific man, I do know his name to be Dr. Clavering. But we are not personally acquainted, and who

'TIS THE LITTLE BOY OPPOSITE, SIR.'

that child is bowing across to you all day I haven't a notion.'

'What's personally 'quainted?' demanded Eddy gloomily. He was not accustomed to have his wishes brushed aside thus.

'Oh, paying calls, and dinner-parties and that!' said Aunt Sophy vaguely. She was thinking how pleasant it would be to pay calls, and exchange little dinners with the great man opposite.

'I wish we was personally 'quainted then!' Eddy's sigh was an echo of Aunt Sophy's own.

* * * * * *

Patter, patter! Crack, crack! A long succession of fizzing noices. These sounds awoke Eddy Scrope just before the dawn stole up in the east. There was a nice bright light shining, and he could plainly see all his animal pictures framed in brown paper borders on the walls. It was queer that Susan, the housemaid, had not come to call him, thought Eddy. It must be quite late, for there was a great talking going on in the street below. Jumping up, he ran to the iron-barred window to find there was quite a beautiful red light outside by which he could see crowds of upturned white faces. Eddy was puzzled; the street was usually so dull, save for a passing carriage or the postman by day, and the lamplighter at dusk. The rain was nothing new. It never seemed to do anything but rain in England. But this rain, funny enough, that pattered against the house came from below, out of long tubes too.

'Hilloa; here you are!'

Eddy gave a great start at the hoarse shouts as the nursery door was flung open. 'It's war!' thought the boy with a beating heart; 'the soldiers are out!' But the shining helmeted giant who strode over to catch up the little boy in the scarlet pyjamas, was no soldier.

'Just in time, little master! We've got the lady out safe, and all the wimmen-folk. Come along!'

'No. I shan't!' Eddy stood square and straight. He wasn't going to surrender to the enemy, not he!

'Why, don't 'ee know as it's a fire? If so be as you don't, come along o' me, you'll be burnt! Be there any more on you, little shaver?' angrily shouted the fireman.

A fire! Aunt Sophy and the women saved! Eddy comprehended instantly.

'There's the White Prince downstairs. He's my cockatoo——'

'Why—a,' roared the impatient giant, 'who cares for a bird?'

'God does!' Eddy's face might be Indian bleached, but his heart was stout. 'At least, he cares if a sparrow falls, Bible says so, an' a cockatoo's much bigger!' Then, with an unexpected dive, Eddy darted between the huge fireman's legs, and tore out of the nursery. The smoke rolling up the staircase did not daunt the boy, who rushed on at break-neck speed, the fireman tramping clumsily after him.

The long drawing-room was lighted up by fitful red flares from the strong reflection on the houses opposite, and Eddy could dimly see the ghostly form of the White Prince motionless in his corner.

'Oh dear, oh dear! Time's up, my boy!' In ear-piercing screams the cockatoo greeted Eddy, with extraordinary aptness.

'Oh!' sobbed Eddy, fumbling at the chain, 'you shan't be left to burn, my dear, old prince!' But burning would certainly have been his fate, if the prince had not already bitten through his last new chain, and Eddy dragged the bird off as the fireman dashed up the room.

'Whatever——' began the man, but the smoke choked his words, and he seized both Eddy and the prince in his strong grasp.

'Where's your manners?' screeched the prince, furious at such a liberty.

Smashing out the window-panes with his powerful shoulder, the fireman and his double burden came in view of the great, silent crowd below, who held their breath at the strange trio. The big strong fireman in his glittering helmet; the scarlet-robed, fair-haired boy; the indignantly shrieking cockatoo all white feathers and black eyes. Quick to comprehend that the boy had refused to desert his bird, and that the fireman had risked his life for both, the crowd broke out into a wildly sympathetic cheer. The next moment it was abruptly checked, to watch the rapid adjusting of the fire-escape and the descent of the three. Once they reached the pavement the cheering had its way, the White Prince joining in with vocif-

erous screams, madly eager to outdo everybody else.

'Take 'em opposite, where the lady was took!' urged the crowd.

'Yes, yes! Bring them to my house,' said a peremptory voice, and, with his grizzled locks flying, and his face alight with excitement, Dr. Clavering, looking twenty years younger, led the way.

It was some hours before the fire was fairly got under, hours during which Eddy slept peacefully in Dody's nursery.

'Wake up, little boy! It's breakfast time!' Somebody shook Eddy's shoulder, and he opened his startled eyes. 'The little girl opposite' was peering down at him.

'Oh, it's you!' Eddy yawned, then he added, 'I 'spose we're personally 'quainted, now? Oh, and where's the White Prince?' Through the half-open door waddled the cockatoo, twice his usual size, so ruffled with pleasure was he to answer for himself.

What a morning that was for Dody, wild with important delight; and what days followed for the childish pair now personally acquainted. Miss Scrove and Eddy, burnt out, remained as the doctor's guests for many weeks. Indeed, the poor lady could not help herself, being severely ill from shock. After she grew well, the doctor still insisted on her remaining until a new house, instead of the blackened ruin opposite, could be got. Thus the winter sped by, and people began to hint that the doctor wanted to keep his guests for good.

* * * * * *

The dull, grey weather has departed. The smiling spring comes in leaps and bounds. Eddy, ruddy and strong, goes every day to the preparatory school in the next street; and Dody trots off to Kindergarten round the corner; while the White Prince scolds over their departure, and welcomes, with mad joy, their return. Lastly, Aunt Sophy has quite given up looking for a new house, seeing there has been a quiet wedding, and the little lady fills, more fittingly, even Mrs. Pink allows, Dody's old place as head of the doctor's table.—M. B. Manwell.

The Rope in the Blizzard.

(Edward A. Rand in 'Christian Observer.')

They stood together in the door of the Vaughan barn, and all around them was the wide winter prairie, white as if carpeted with the whitest of fleeces of wool.

'It looks pretty wintry,' observed Harry, a boy from the east, visiting at his grandfather's prairie farm.

John, the hired man, nodded his head.

Then in silence the two watched from the barn door the stainless surface of this winter land. 'You have a lot of snow here,' remarked the boy.

John, the silent, nodded his head again.

Suddenly a voice about one hundred feet away called them pleasantly.

'Prayers! grandmother wants us,' said Harry. 'She is at the door.'

John, the silent, did not even nod his head. He looked like a post.

'Don't you go in?' asked Harry.

'N-no!' was the post's gruff answer.

'I think I will go.' Harry moved away as he was speaking. 'Grandmother says that prayer is like the rope behind the door, for there's no telling how much you may need it.'

'Guess I can be my own rope,' called out John.

When Harry passed into the house, he glanced at the rope behind the door. His grandmother had told him its possible use, that there had been snow-storms so blinding that the path of one hundred feet between the house and the barn was wiped out in the confusing cloud of snow, and a rope stretching out from the house was a good guide.

'I told your grandfather,' said the old lady, 'that I should feel safer about him this winter if he would keep a rope behind the door. He smiled and said he would do it to please me. He is a very kind man, your grandfather is, to do it to please his wife. I may be foolish, but I look upon that rope as on prayer; there's no telling how much you may need it.'

Harry now entered the living-room. He remembered the prayers offered that morning with peculiar interest.

His grandfather was not very well. His voice was low and feeble, and he touchingly prayed that the Saviour might be a hiding-place in the time of every storm.

After prayers Harry went out again to the barn. Only the cattle were there.

'John,' he called, going the length of the building.

The wind moaning about the barn gave the only answer.

Then Harry came back to the barn and looked along the line of the road leading to the nearest market town. He saw a black dot on the white snow.

'That's John,' he said, 'going off with the team.'

When he returned to the house, he reported John's probable journey to market.

'Yes,' said Grandfather Vaughan, feebly, coughing at intervals. 'John thought—he had better g-g-go, but I told him he had better not. It may snow.'

'I know you did,' said Grandmother Vaughan. 'I heard you say it. John is purty wilful. He likes his own way.'

Harry thought of John's words that he 'guessed he could be his own rope.'

A little after this Harry noticed in the north-west a dark cloud. When he first saw it, it had the form of a semi-circle. The cloud grew. It stretched into the sky overhead. The sun's light was quenched in the big spreading cloud.

'What is that cloud for?' asked Harry.

'That means snow,' said his grandmother. 'I have been watching it from the window. I wish John were at home.'

'Do you think much snow is coming, grandmother?'

'I can't say, but that cloud looks as if it had a good many bags of white feathers to empty on the earth.'

The mercury was falling, too. Finally, grandfather said, 'Prissy, I-I-f-e-e-l cold.'

'I don't wonder you do, Jotham,' replied grandmother. 'There's a change in the weather. I'll start up the fire. My!' she said, here glancing out of the window, 'if snow isn't here already!'

The air was crowded with little white ships all seeking harbor down on the earth. The wind, too, was quite noisy. The storm went on. The mercury kept falling. The snow thickened, and though so white, darkened all the rooms. The forenoon went somberly.

'I wish John were here!' murmured the old lady.

'Perhaps he may have come back to the barn. It is some hours since he started. I'll go out to the barn,' said Harry.

'Run the rope out,' said grandmother. 'Here, I'll show ye!' She took down the rope from its nail. 'Now I'll tie one end to the door-knob. Take the other end in your hand, Harry.'

'Oh, I know where the barn is, though I can't see it.'

''Tain't the barn you'll be helped by this to find, but the house when you come back. Tell me, where is the barn, would you say?'

'It is there,' and he pointed with his finger.

'No,' said the old lady, 'it is there. Go in that direction. Take the rope with you. When you get to the barn, you holler.'

Off into the big cloud of snow went Harry.

Soon grandmother heard a voice, 'All right!' Then she went into the house.

Harry found that his grandmother was right about the location of the barn; he reached it by following the path she pointed out. He went through the building calling to John, 'Are you here? John, you here! John-n-n-n! '

No answer came to his eager questioning.

'I think I will go back,' concluded Harry. Not an inch of the house could be seen, but the rope safely guided him.

Hark! What did he hear?

'Help-p-p-p!' was it? It sounded like that.

Brave old grandmother, she had come to the door to look after somebody else; for she was re-tying the rope to the door-knob, and more surely.

'Goin' agin?' she asked.

'Hark! Don't you hear somebody, grandmother?'

'Help-p-p-p ! '

'My, Harry! There's somebody in trouble. Oh, do look out. It is as much as I can do to stand here. The wind is spiteful.'

'You watch me from the window,' suggested Harry, in a very important tone of advice, for he felt that he was the man of the house now, and everything depended on him. 'The window is a safe place for you.'

Grandmother said nothing, but smiled, and off strode Harry into the snow-cloud. What a tumult of wind and snow and how cold it was, for the cold seemed a part of the commotion. He turned after he had gone a few feet and looked at the farm house window.

'There is grandfather; and grandmother too, I suppose is watching me. Can't seem to make her out. Good for them that they have got somebody to stand by them.'

As he moved out in the direction of the cries for help, he uttered in tones as stentorian and impressive as possible, 'Coming! coming!' He quickly lost sight of the farm house, and could see nothing but snow—snow—snow!

Soon he became aware that he was once more seeing an object that was not snow. It was darkish, it was—was—was—a horse—a sleigh—a man—John!

'Ho! that you, John?'

'Yes; jest about beat out. If I ain't glad to see ye. You know—wher-er the barn is?'

'No, but I know where the house is. See!' Harry held up the rope.

'Good! Now I'm about friz through. The hoss is gin out. I dunno whether to leave and git help. I wish there was two of ye,' said John.

'Don't you folks want some help?' said a pleasant voice.

A rather large, irregular object here hove in sight, and it turned to be—who?

'Why, grandmother!' exclaimed Harry.

Yes; grandmother in grandfather's hat!

That was help enough, for grandmother was a woman of considerable strength. The horse and John reached the respective quarters of shelter, and so did Harry and his grandmother. All day the storm raged about the house on the prairie.

Toward evening grandfather said, 'We've much to be grateful for, and we want to thank God for his mercies. I don't know as you want to stop—to stop—with us!'

He here was addressing John, who was going through the room.

'Yes, sir, I do,' replied John, emphatically. 'I've tried to be my own rope this morning, and I've got enough of it.'

The storm still raged across the wild prairie. It howled above the farm house roof. Beneath that roof, though, was a little group clinging to that rope of safety let down from heaven in the hour of prayer.

Harry's Lesson.

When Harry Landor came to spend his holidays at the seaside with his cousins, the little girls thought that he was quite a man, and that he could do everything. Harry was inclined to think so too. He was a clever boy: he had done well at school, and was first-rate at cricket and football, but he had been but seldom at the sea, and knew little about boating and swimming. All the same, he felt rather annoyed when, the day after his arrival, Nellie and Benie begged that they might be allowed to go for a sail, and his aunt agreed, but added with a smile:

'Only if Jack Collins can go with you. I can trust him. I don't know whether Harry can manage a boat.'

'Of course I can; anybody can manage a boat,' he answered loftily. But his aunt said quietly:

'I think you'd better have Jack too.'

'And who may Jack be ' asked Harry, as they strolled down to the shore.

'He's such a nice boy!' exclaimed Nellie eagerly; 'Mother always lets us go out with him. His father is a fisherman, but Jack wants to go to sea and be a captain; and he's beginning to study already, but his father can't afford to let him go to classes, and Jack is teaching himself out of a book full of circles and queer lines.'

'The lubber had better stick to fishing lines,' said Harry superciliously, as a tall lad came up and asked if the little ladies wanted a sail. He had a frank, pleasant face, but Harry saw nothing but his rough jersey.

'Yes, but we don't need you. I'm here now to look after my cousins,' he said, pushing Jack rudely aside. Jack flushed with anger, but he said nothing, though he looked uneasy as Harry clumsily hoisted the sail.

The morning was bright, but suddenly the sky overclouded, and a squall almost capsized the boat. Harry managed at last to get the sail down, but he had no idea what to do next, or how to get the boat back to shore, and with every moment the wind and the waves were rising. He tugged at the oars in vain, while the children cried with fright. Suddenly Benie exclaimed:

'Here's a boat coming—I'm sure it's Jack! Jack, Jack, come and help us!'

In a few moments a little boat was alongside, and Jack had fastened it astern and

set the sail properly to the wind, and they were tacking back to the pier, and Nellie and Benie were all smiles again. Harry was realizing that it was not so easy to manage a boat as he had fancied, and as he looked at the white curling crests of the angry waves and listened to the shriek of the wind, he knew that if it had not been for 'the lubber,' as he had called him, he and his cousins would never have reached the shore again. As it was, it taxed Jack's skill to the utmost to bring them safely to the pier, where Mrs. Landor was waiting in an agony of anxiety.

'How could you take the children out in such a day, Jack?' she cried reproachfully.

Jack was silent; but Harry, swallowing down his foolish pride and vanity, exclaimed, 'It was my fault, Auntie, not Jack's. He's saved all our lives, and I'll be glad to help him with his Euclid, if he'll teach me how to manage a boat; and,' looking at the brave, modest face, 'I dare say he can teach me a good deal more that I need.'

And the two boys clasped hands over the bargain.

Unawares.

They said, 'The Master is coming
To honor the town to-day,
And none can tell at what house or home
The Master will choose to stay.'
And I thought while my heart beat wildly,
What if He should come to mine?
How would I strive to entertain
And honor the Guest divine?

And straight I turned to toiling
To make my home more neat,
I swept and polished and garnished,
And decked it with blossoms sweet.
I was troubled for fear the Master
Might come ere my task was done,
And I hastened and worked the faster,
And watched the hurrying sun.

But right in the midst of my duties
A woman came to my door;
She had come to tell me her sorrows,
And my comfort and aid to implore.
And I said, 'I cannot listen
Nor help you any to-day;
I have greater things to attend to,'
And the pleader turned away.

But soon there came another—
A cripple, thin, pale and grey—
And said, 'Oh! let me stop and rest
Awhile in your home, I pray.
I have travelled far since morning,
I am hungry and faint and weak,
My heart is full of misery,
And comfort and help I seek.'

And I said, 'I am grieved and sorry,
But I cannot help you to-day;
I look for a great and noble Guest,'
And the cripple went away.
And the day wore onward swiftly,
And my task was nearly done,
And a prayer was ever in my heart
That the Master to me might come.

And I thought I would spring to meet Him,
And serve Him with utmost care,
When a little child stood by me,
With a face so sweet and fair.
Sweet, but with marks of tear-drops,
And his clothes were tattered and old,
A finger was bruised and bleeding,
And his little bare feet were cold.

And I said, 'I am sorry for you,
You are sorely in need of care,
But I cannot stop to give it,
You must hasten otherwhere.'
And at the words a shadow
Swept o'er his blue-veined brow;
'Someone will feed and clothe you, dear,
But I am too busy now.'

At last the day was ended,
And my toil was over and done,
My house was swept and garnished,
And I watched in the dusk alone.
Watched, but no footfall sounded,
No one paused at my gate,
No one entered my cottage door,
I could only pray and wait.

I waited till night had deepened,
And the Master had not come.
'He has entered some other door,' I cried,
'And gladdened some other home.'
My labor had been for nothing,
And I bowed my head and wept,
My heart was sore with longing,
Yet, spite of it all, I slept.

Then the Master stood before me,
And his face was grave and fair:
'Three times to-day I came to your door,
And craved your pity and care;
Three times you sent me onward,
Unhelped and uncomforted,
And the blessing you might have had was lost,
And your chance to serve has fled.'

—Unknown.

Correspondence

Dalmeny, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a great reader and lover of sound, inspiring books, which will inspire the reader to do what is right, and to be true to our God, country and Queen. Among the books which have attracted my notice is a book entitled 'In His Steps; or, What Would Jesus Do?' After reading this book, I was thinking what a beautiful world this would be if everybody was following in the steps of Jesus, or doing what they thought Jesus would do if he was upon earth. Before closing my letter, I wish to make an appeal to the readers of the 'Messenger.' It is for each reader to try to establish the 'Messenger' in homes where it is not read, especially homes where there is no Christian training, and by so doing you will be doing a good work in the spreading of good sound literature. Wishing you a Happy and Prosperous New Year, I remain, your true young friend,

GORDON.

Woodstock, Ont.

Dear Editor,—The 'Messenger' and the 'Witness' have been in the family for a number of years, as mother had it in her father's house when she was a little girl. We have sent the 'Messenger' to two other families, besides lending our own. I have a great-grandma, ninety-three years old, who reads it regularly every week. She lives with my grandpa and grandma. Grandpa is eighty-one, and gardens two acres of land; and grandma is seventy-two, and does all the housework. They are all smarter than a great many people twenty years younger. They held their golden wedding a year ago last November, and grandma and mother were there.

My sister and brother and I belong to the Junior Epworth League. There is an average of about fifty members. Sometimes some of the girls and boys have to write essays, and sometimes we each repeat a promise. A few months ago we had to study and commit to memory all the particular events in the first five books of the Old Testament. Our Pastor, the Rev. Mr. Sipprell, who helped us with those studies, was sent to Victoria College, New Westminster, B.C., to hold the position as Principal of that College. He still takes an interest in our Junior League, and occasionally writes us an interesting letter. Our Sunday-school averages about two hundred members. The attendance is so large, both in church and Sunday-school, that we are intending to build a new church in the spring, if nothing prevents.

One of the churches in the country had on their Christmas tree about seventy presents to be sent to the Indian Reserve at Munceytown. Sometimes the young people of the different churches give concerts at the House of Refuge. It is not an unpleasant place to go to, because it is so clean and comfortable, and the inmates seem to enjoy a good comfortable home—it is indeed a Refuge. It is on a beautiful site overlooking the town; the grounds are beautifully laid out with flowers and walks.

ELLA MAY (aged 15).

Mid. Musquodoboit, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have one sister and one brother; he is four years old, and is very fond of looking at the pictures in the 'Messenger.' When he comes to the correspondence page, he says: 'Mamma, here is "Dear Editor;" please read it to me.' The only pet I have is a kitten. I live near the schoolhouse, and like to go very much. I belong to the Mission Band. My sister and I belong to the Band of Hope. The division here had its jubilee anniversary the Friday evening before New Year's night. They had a very large gathering—over three hundred. First they had a supper, then they went upstairs; the programme consisted of speeches and music. The hall was decorated very nicely. My papa is in Omaha, and he has been away almost a year. I got a Bible and one dollar, besides other little things, for Christmas. Wishing you a Prosperous New Year,

JENNIE S. (aged 10).

Mitchell.

Dear Editor,—We had a very happy Christmas. We have had lovely weather for Christmas; and as the river is frozen, we have a lovely time skating.

OLIVER MOWAT (aged 10).

Sherkston, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My ma has taken the 'Messenger' ever since it was published. I have a dog named Tray, and I have two cats named Smut and Pansie. I have two pet bantams. My pa is a farmer. We have three horses and thirteen head of cattle.

PERCY H. S. (aged 9).

Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Editor,—I live about seven miles from Winnipeg. I have two miles to go to school; but as my father drives me to school all winter, I do not mind living far from school. I only missed one day last term from the first of January to the first of July. There are about eighteen or twenty going to school, and we spend our recesses and noon hours by playing pull-away and prisoners'-base in the winter and baseball, and sometimes football, in the summer. We have a nice teacher, who walks from the city in the morning, and back again at night. He also joins us in our games at times. We have quite a number of cows and horses, and I have a pretty little pony.

JESSIE (aged 12).

Walter's Falls, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I read the short letters, and mamma reads the long ones for me. I have one and a half miles to go to school, so I only go in the summer, but my brother goes all the winter. I have half a mile to go to Sunday-school, and I had most marks in my class. We had a Christmas tree for the Sunday-school, and I got a lovely workbox from my teacher. My papa is a farmer. We live in a very nice place. I have not many pets in the winter, but in the summer I have lots of little chickens and turkeys to help feed, and now I have to amuse my baby brother; he is one year and a half old, and we have good fun playing.

IRENE (aged 7).

Pickering, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am named after you, John Dougall R. I live a mile and a half from school. My teacher is very good. My father is a farmer. We take the 'Witness,' the 'Messenger' and the 'Sabbath Reading.' I got several books for Christmas. I am not going to school now, as we are drawing out our grain, and I have to help father to clean it up, as I have no brothers or sisters. I like to read the Correspondence. I love to read the 'Sabbath Reading.'

JOHN D. R. (aged 12).

Harper, Kansas.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old, but don't go to school, because the doctor says I am not able; but I study a little at home. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday; sometimes I help take care of the chickens and ducks. We have 64 white Pekin ducks, 6 geese and 120 chickens.

MEADA.

Bath.

Dear Editor,—The Correspondence interests me very much. I saw a letter from one of my little friends who now lives in Sutton, but who once lived at Conway, where I used to reside. I have two brothers and one sister. My youngest brother has a large St. Bernard dog, whom he calls Bruno. I have a pet cat called Punch, and I had another to match it called Judy, but Bruno buried it in the snow one cold night in the winter, and we found it frozen to death. I also have a little bird which whistles, and I value it very much. I am a member of the Methodist Church and the Mission Band.

EDITH M.

Norwood.

Dear Editor,—I do not go to school, but take music lessons. When I play on the organ our big collie dog sings bass. We live on a farm, and my brother keeps a lot of fowls.

JEMAIE (aged 14).

Lower Salmon Creek.

Dear Editor,—I am going to try to be a better girl this year. Wishing you a prosperous New Year,

EDNA.

Heathcote.

Dear Editor,—I was visiting my grandpa's on Friday. I had a pleasant time, and Margaret was down too. We had a Christmas tree, and on it I got a toy watch and a diary and candies. I have read some books; the titles of them are 'Bennie, the Little Singer,' 'Daisy Book,' 'Granny's Hero,' 'High Wages,' 'Ester and Ella,' 'The Adventures of Sixpence.' My sister has read 'In His Steps.' Some of my cousins were at our place, and we were out at the barn playing hide and seek.

VIOLET.

Little Rapids, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have a prosperous Sunday-school and a fine minister; his name is the Rev. J. Anderson. We live on the north shore of Lake Huron in Algoma, in a village called Little Rapids, about three miles and a half from the lake shore. Some people have the impression that this is a wild country, but I think it is just grand. We have a farm about four miles from where we live; it is situated between two small lakes, and in the summer they are covered with water-lilies. We go out to our farm to spend our summer holidays, and we go boat-riding and gather the water-lilies.

NETTIE K. (aged 10).

North Wiltshire, P.E. Island.

Dear Editor,—My uncle has taken the 'Messenger' for nearly twenty years. I live on a farm. We keep horses, cows, sheep, pigs and hens. I go to school every day. I have two pet hens. I have a pet lamb named String. I have two brothers. We are going to catch maple sap in the spring.

WILLIE C. (aged 10).

Kilsyth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Baptist Sunday-school, where I get a nice little paper entitled 'Our Boys and Girls;' but I like the 'Messenger' best. We had a Christmas tree at our church this year. Like Bertha, I am very fond of Emily's letters, and hope she will write again.

MAMIE E. (aged 11).

Jock Goulburn, Co. Carleton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl five years old. I like to read the letters in the 'Messenger' from the little boys and girls. My brother has taken the 'Messenger' for a great many years. I have four brothers and two sisters. We live in a white house by the River Jock.

VERA J.

Sydenham, Grey Co.

Dear Editor,—I watch for the 'Northern Messenger' every week, and I like to read it very much. I am fond of reading good books. I live on a farm in Sydenham Township. My pa has a fine team of horses. I wish I was big enough to drive them.

JOHN C. N. (aged 13).

Morganston, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm of one hundred acres, with my two brothers, my mother and elder sister. We have taken the 'Messenger' ever since I can remember, and longer, too. I am sure we could not get along without it now. I think the 'Correspondence' just lovely too, as it gets the boys and girls all over the country better acquainted and also gives everyone, ideas of what the different parts of the country are like. Our Sunday-school is two miles from our place, but only one mile across the fields, so I can walk there in the summer-time. My father was the superintendent until last July, when he died, and there has been no Sunday-school since. I think Jane Catherine's letter so interesting, and hope she will write again.

PEARL H. (aged 13).

London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl just nine years old, and wish to write a few lines to your paper. I get one every Sunday, and I love to read it, and papa and mamma read it, and like it very much. I have three sisters and one brother, and I have a nice time with them.

PRUDENCE MAY.

Morrison, Grundy Co., Iowa.

Dear Editor,—We live in Iowa, on a farm, about one mile and a half from a small town called Morrison, and about half a mile from a small creek called the Blackhalk. In the summer I can fish there, and can generally catch enough fish for one meal. I helped papa pick corn this fall, and papa and I could pick about seventy bushels a day. I go to school every day now, and some days, when it is cold, papa takes my little sister and me to school in the sleigh.

ELVIN (aged 10).

THE SHY PRINCESS.

A Story For Children.

(Flora Schmals in the 'Strand.')

ONCE upon a time, a King and Queen had a daughter, who was the shyest Princess that ever lived. She could not look at anyone without blushing. and if anyone spoke to her, she began to cry.

Her father and mother tried every remedy to cure her, but instead of improving, she seemed to grow gradually worse. The people called her shyness the Princess's unfortunate infirmity, and said she must have been bewitched at her birth.

The unhappy maiden took no pleasure in her life; indeed, every day it became a greater punishment to her. If such a thing had been permitted, she would have shut herself up in a dark room, so that no one could behold her blushes. Truly, the most ardent wish that she had on earth was to hide herself away from her fellow creatures.

Yet it must not be imagined from what has been said, that the Princess Bashful was not pleasant to look upon. So far was this from being the case, that even the critical Court ladies were sometimes heard to admit that their Princess was not without beauty, of a certain kind.

Bashful's face was like a flower of apple-blossom, that has newly opened, and which still retains its dewy paleness, with the faintest tinge of pink. Her eyes, when they were not lowered, shone like violet-blue stars from out a cloud of glistening golden hair. And with this wonderful hair, which rippled down until it reached the ground, she had been known, on more than one occasion, to veil her blushes.

It was a face that all men must have admired, had they been lucky enough to obtain a glimpse of it. But the princess could never be persuaded to show herself at any of the high Court functions, and if a courtier happened to be anywhere about, she would invariably run away at his approach. This was one reason why the ladies thought so highly of her good sense; for, if the Princess had chosen, she might have thrown them all completely into the shade.

When her twenty-first birthday drew near, the King and Queen, and the whole Court, decided that it was quite time for the Princess to marry. Therefore, a Cabinet Council was held, in order to discuss the important question, from which everyone came away with a severe headache. But as a result, the King issued a proclamation, on the following day, that the Prince who succeeded in curing his daughter of her shyness should, without fail, become her husband.

So soon as Bashful heard of what had taken place, she withdrew into still stricter retirement, and spent her days and nights in continual weeping.

'By crying, I shall grow as ugly as possible,' she said to herself; 'and then no one will care to marry me.'

Meanwhile the King's edict travelled far and wide, and a rumor soon spread that no fewer than five Princes had at once set out for the palace. Each of these Princes ruled over a large kingdom, and was considered altogether suitable to mate with the Princess. So there were great preparations made on every side, in order to receive the illustrious visitors with due honor. But the courtiers, each of whom secretly adored the miserable Princess, were already consumed with jealousy; while the ladies, who hoped that the rejected Princes might console themselves by choosing one of them instead, whispered to each other that they were dying of curiosity.

On the day following the arrival of the Princes the Princess Bashful would come of age, when each Prince would be required, successively, to come forward and put his method to the test. Whichever of them could then prevail on the Princess to speak to him should be granted another trial.

Every sort of argument was used to induce the Princess to be present at her birthday reception. But it was not until the actual morning had dawned that she agreed to survey the Princes, upon the condition that she herself might remain in concealment.

Alas! how swollen were poor Bashful's eyes! And as for her throat, it had become parched and burning owing to the salt brine from her tears.

The only creature the lonely maiden ever confided in was a handsome Brazilian parrot, whose cage hung in her room. This bird was over a hundred years old, but still enjoyed perfect health; for he had never been allowed to touch a morsel of parsley, and his food was always cold, not hot.

'Oh, dear me! I feel worse than ever I did before,' sighed the Princess, as she stood in her turret chamber, with the parrot perched upon her finger.

'Cheer up!' shrieked the parrot. 'Don't fret!'

But though he did his best to console his beloved mistress, she knew perfectly well that however bitterly she might repent of her promise, yet a born Princess is bound to keep her word.

At mid-day the King and Queen were seated on their thrones in the Hall of Audience, and the Court had mustered in full force. The Princess was also on the dais, though hidden from view by a large

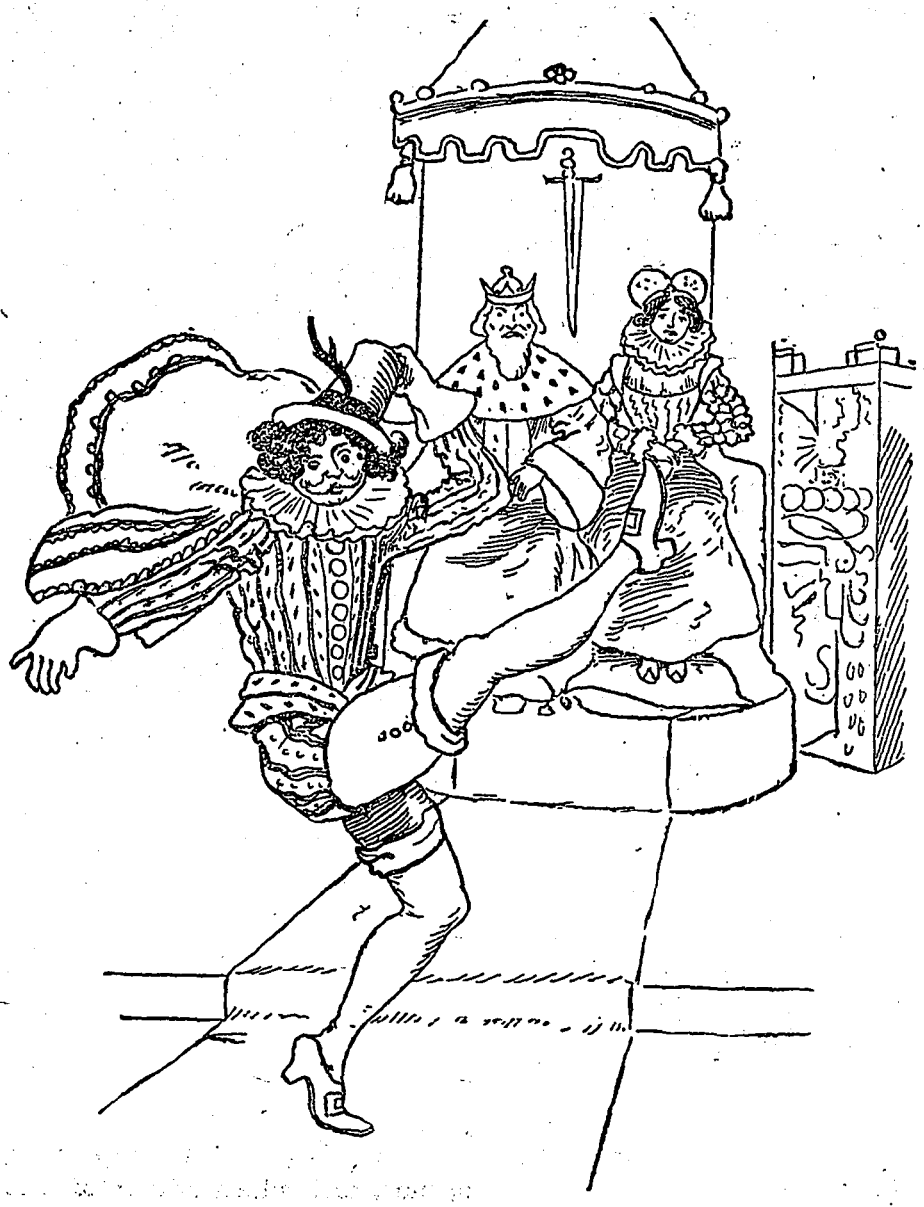
'"CHEER UP!" SHRIEKED THE PARROT. "DON'T FRET!"'

screen of the finest Japanese workmanship.

Then a trumpet was blown, loud and long, and the first Prince advanced with a bold and confident air.

'The following is my suggestion,' he stated, arrogantly. 'Let the Princess be informed that the handsomest man in the world has come to woo her. This will immediately inspire her with the wish to look upon me. She will then admire me, to such an extent, that she will certainly speak to me. So shall I win my suit.'

'The Princess Bashful has already seen you,' replied the King, somewhat haughtily; 'if she feels tempted to speak to the handsomest man in the world, she will doubtless come forth.'



'EXTRAORDINARY CAPERS.'

A dead silence reigned throughout the hall, so that you might have heard a pin drop. But the Princess gave no sign.

'It is enough,' was the King's verdict. 'If that is your plan, sire, it has failed. Let the next competitor be summoned.'

The Prince who now appeared was of a cheerful and merry cast of countenance. The idea of possible failure had evidently never entered his head.

'We must have music,' he said, gaily, 'so that I may dance before the Princess. My dancing is considered a most admirable performance. When the Princess watches me, she will be seized with a longing to join me. While we are dancing together, I shall speak to her, and you can make your minds easy that she will answer me.'

'The Princess is observing you at present,' was the King's ready rejoinder. 'Therefore, let the musicians strike up.'

So the music began, and the Prince danced. He went on, and on, until his legs seemed to be flying off, in all directions, and his head grew dizzy with spinning round. Everyone was thoroughly worn out with watching the extraordinary capers that he cut. But the Princess took no notice of him whatsoever.

'Stop!' cried the King, at length. 'Stop at once, or we shall all go mad. The Princess will not bestow her favor upon a mountebank.'

Thus the second Prince was forced to confess himself beaten. But he quitted the hall, whistling audibly, as if to prove to the company that he did not care a jot.

(To be continued.)

For Each Day.

He liveth long who liveth well,
All else is life but flung away,
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill each day with what will last,
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

—Horatius Bonar.

How Aunt Millie Learned 'Why Not?'

(Mrs. A. H. Bronson in the 'Standard.')

A pleasant little party had gathered to take tea with dear old Aunt Millie in her quaint, old-fashioned parlor. It was full of old-time relics; choice bits of china ornamented the narrow mantel, and pictures telling of the time when photographs or even ambrotypes were yet unknown. Shadows of dear faces cut out, with here and there an oil painting, rare and precious. 'My grandfather and his two brothers who fought in the revolutionary war, my dears,' the old lady would say, proudly. 'And this is my grandmother,' glancing at a stately lady in stiff ruffles and powdered hair, and then a deep sigh followed, as she slowly and almost reluctantly took carefully from a drawer in an ancient mahogany writing-desk two lovely paintings on ivory, 'My own dear father and mother;' and then, after a moment's hesitation, another, 'My dear husband and our little son, united in their lives and in their deaths not divided,' written beneath in the finest of fine characters, as distinct as print. 'Why, how could that be, I wonder,' cried Sue, the youngest of the three, who now for the first time were visiting their great aunt, in such a gay, modern tone, that the others looked daggers at her, and with thoughtful Ella, whose guests they were for the summer, shuddered.

'I cannot explain it now, dears,' she said very gently, 'Ella knows, and she may tell you sometime, but we want everything cheerful to-night,' and, taking the cherished mementoes and slipping them into their velvet cases, she carefully replaced them in the drawer and locked the desk. Then, ringing a tiny silver bell, the signal for the 'tea' to be brought, she motioned them to be seated at a round and much-carved mahogany table, while Betty, the faithful old servant, placed the dainty dishes upon it. Soon they were eating and drinking with as much zest as if sorrow and care never could touch their young hearts All but Aunt Millie, who, while she anxiously attended to their wants and answered their eager questions as to this or that ancient cup or bowl, and Ella, who sat next her and skilfully led the conversation to the lightest topics, scarcely touched the delicate though satisfying viands.

'What a lovely wine-glass,' exclaimed Alice, taking up a fragile bit of cut glass, which did duty as a vase for a stem of white roses. 'Auntie, why can't we finish up this festive occasion by pledging you in the social glass? Just a tiny bit, you know, it would look so lovely, and——.' Here Alice stopped, for Ella was holding Aunt Millie from falling, and the other girls sprang to her aid. 'Hush,' said Ella, 'she is coming to; call Betty; we will lay her on the lounge, there!' Then signing to the terrified company to leave the room, she proceeded to loosen the dress and apply the usual restoratives.

Before long she joined them on the veranda. 'Will you go directly home,' she said, hurriedly, 'and send mother at once; the doctor has been sent for and will soon be here. I must stay till mamma comes, and then I will join you,' and she hurried back to the sick room. Ere long they were sitting quietly in their friend's own room, for they were too disturbed to remain in the parlor, and waiting in tearful silence for her return.

Her first look reassured them. 'Good news, my dears,' she said, dropping into the nearest chair. 'She is doing well, the doctor says, and will soon be sleeping quietly.'

And now, I will tell you the story of the pictures, for that will best explain the sudden attack. I blame myself,' she went on, 'for not being more careful; I had indeed forgotten that this was the anniversary of the terrible experience which made her in one hour a widow and childless, or I should not have taken you there to-day. I noticed her excitement as soon as she took out the pictures—though she tried hard to control it. I am so sorry!'

When Aunt Millie was first married, she was surprised to find that her husband never drank wine, not even at the dinner table with guests present. She sometimes rallied him on his 'peculiar habit,' as she called it, for you must remember that this was before the time of the temperance or rather the total abstinence agitation, when wine and often stronger liquors were used at gentlemen's tables as regularly as soup and meat, with no thought of danger or harm. She was, therefore, not only surprised but almost if not quite mortified that he did not take his glass with the other gentlemen. The day when they were discussing arrangements for a dinner party to be given in honor of their little son's first birthday, she spoke of it with some earnestness, and again asked him why he never took it.

He looked earnestly at her for a moment, his face very pale as he said, 'Millie, I do not dare. I am afraid to taste a single drop.'

'Afraid!' she exclaimed, 'my husband afraid to trust himself with a little glass of wine?'

Then she changed her tone as if sudden light had burst upon her. 'Oh, I think I know how it is,' she said, 'you are very sensitive, and perhaps it seems to affect you more than it really does. I remember that brother Joe had to be careful, or mamma for him, that he did not take a second glass; it made him, well, rather free and forward, you know,' and she smiled as if recalling some ludicrous instance, 'but he was easily excited always, would fly into fits of passion, but you, my strong-minded husband, you could never forget yourself; come, let me put your name down for the first toast for our little son's health and long life?'

There was no answer, only a look full of sadness as he arose and left the room.

If he had answered her, if he had told her 'why' just then and there all might have been different. The dinner was given; friends near and dear, some distinguished strangers, many well-wishers were present, and at the close the little son and heir was brought in. Donald, pale but firm, proposed his health, lifted his glass, put it down, then, as he caught his wife's eye fixed upon him in entreaty, raised and drained it, filled it again, and when the ladies left the table, there were some anxious glances cast upon the now excited host, but not by his wife.

'Didn't Don do splendidly to-night?' she whispered to her friend, Miss Mary. 'I knew I could cure him of his fanatical notions about wine. I'll have a good laugh at him by-and-by.'

This was the beginning; alas! not the end. The appetite so long and so bravely kept in check only by total abstinence, once more asserted itself in full power. No need now for his wife to urge the wine upon him. Her care was to keep him from it. One day he had been out driving with a friend, and had stopped at their club for 'refreshments.' Just as the gentleman alighted from the light buggy, the nurse came down stairs with little Don dressed for his daily outing.

'Here, give my boy to me,' he cried, 'he shall have a ride with his papa.'

The nurse hesitated and even attempted to retreat, fearing danger, but Donald, seizing the child, attempted to spring into the carriage with him in his arms. The whip which he still held, touched the horse, who jumped forward, reared and plunged, and father and son were thrown to the ground, the carriage passing over them. When taken up baby Don was dead, his father only breathing. 'Indeed, love, I do not dare to taste it, even,' came from his lips, and all was still. Of course, Aunt Millie was crazed with grief. For weeks her life was despaired of, but she rallied, and, as you know, has devoted her lonely life to 'helping and saving,' how many no one can know. She regained some of her cheerfulness after a time, but has had returns of the prostration which overcame her at first, when the anniversary comes, or anything occurs to bring it especially to mind.

'Oh, girls, can she ever forgive me?' sobbed poor Alice. 'I'm afraid I've killed her!'

'No, not this time,' said Ella, kindly, 'and if it is the means of making us all more careful in future, I am sure we shall have little cause to regret this sad ending of our visit, and that she, dear soul, will rejoice even in it.'

'More careful!' burst out Alice, wiping away a fresh shower from her eyes. 'I will never again so much as look at a glass of wine, even if it is right under my eyes, and as for asking anyone to drink it, I think I'll die first!'

'Amen,' said Ella, solemnly, and all the girls whispered it after her.

Tobacco Habit Among the Young.

Of late years juvenile smoking has been spreading like an epidemic in all countries of the world, and is attacking both the physical and moral health of nations. In France, in Germany, and in this country efforts have been made to check its further inroads. In some parts of Germany, as also in portions of the United States, laws have been enacted prohibiting persons under the age of eighteen from smoking, and rendering it a punishable offense for anyone to give or sell tobacco to children. In France numerous societies have been formed for the suppression of the vice.

In no country has this habit increased with the young to a greater extent than in England. The advent of the cheap cigarette is doubtless chiefly responsible for this condition of affairs. To see boys of seven or eight years old puffing their cigarettes is quite a common occurrence in London, and particularly is this the case in the East End. However, when a packet containing five cigarettes can be bought for two cents, the fact that smoking has become so general can scarcely be wondered at. Sir William Harcourt, in his last speech on the budget, referred to the large increase of revenue received from tobacco, in these words: 'I believe it is mainly due to the great increase in the consumption of cigarettes, which are especially attractive to our youthful population.' He added: 'I am told of one manufacturer who makes two million cigarettes a day who hardly made any a few years ago.'

It has been proposed in Great Britain, as a remedy for the evil, that the members of the medical profession should make a move in the matter, and urge on the managers of schools the importance of special teaching and exposing the harmfulness of juvenile smoking, and should also make such representations to Parliament and the Government as might lead to efficient legislation. It is difficult to see in what manner this vice can be checked among children unless by repressive measures. If the medical profession in this country were to exert themselves with a similar object in view the habit might be yet stopped.—'Pediatrics.'

Teaching His Boy to Drink.

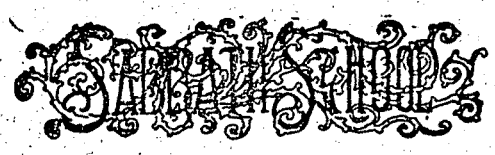
In the early hours of a spring morning, while journeying on a railway train to an appointed service, I found, as fellow-travellers in the two seats in front of the one I occupied, an elderly woman, presumably the grandmother of a little fellow of not more than two summers, who sat with her, while behind them were the parents of the boy.

We were nearing the end of the journey as the man took a flask from his pocket, drank from it, and passed it to the old woman, who drank too. Then the father, taking the flask again, offered it to the little lad, who was urged to 'have a nip' with the rest, which he did.

I quailed at the sight, and then my blood grew warm with indignation as I thought of what the father had deliberately done—pressed the 'cup of death' to the lips of his first-born, and he so young!

How my inmost being cried out for some restraining hand to make forever impossible the repetition of an offence like this, and I thought of Lincoln's resolve when he first saw the slave trade in all its iniquity—'If ever I get a chance to hit that thing I'll hit it, and hit it hard.'—John R. Clements.

Secret drinking by women was the subject of evidence given by Mr. H. M. Riley, proprietor of an inebriate home at Leicester, before the Royal Commission. He had had hundreds of cases, and 90 percent, according to the statements of the women themselves, were traceable to grocers' licenses. It was such a simple matter by this means to get a bottle of spirits along with ordinary groceries. Railway refreshment rooms and the stores also afforded facilities for drinking without being seen. These inebriates belonged to the middle and higher middle-classes; the witness thought that women of the lower classes did not mind going into a public-house.



LESSON VII.—FEB. 12.

Christ's Divine Authority.

John v., 17-27. Study the chapter. Memory verses, 24-27.

Home Readings.

M. John v., 1-9.—Healing at Bethesda.
T. John v., 28-35.—John's testimony.
W. John v , 17-27.—Christ's Divine Authority.
T. John v., 10-16.—Enmity and persecution.
F. John v., 36-47.—Testimony of the Scriptures.
S. II. Peter i., 10-18.—The Father's Testimony.
S. Heb. i., 1-9.—Glory of Christ.

Golden Text.

'This is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.'—John iv., 42.

Lesson Story.

In the beginning of the following year Jesus again went up to Jerusalem to a feast, probably the Passover. On the Sabbath day he went to a pool called Bethesda, where lay a great number of sick people and cripples of all sorts waiting to be healed by the rising waters. There was a poor man who had been there for thirty-eight years waiting for his chance. Jesus at once noticed him, and knowing how long he had been there, asked if he would like to be healed, and commanded him to take up his bed and walk.

Without a moment's hesitation the man rose, and finding himself well and strong, took up his bed or mat and carried it away. The Jews, seeking for some reason to accuse Jesus, forbade the man to carry his bed on the Sabbath, and furiously denounced our Lord as breaking the Sabbath by his works of healing.

But Jesus answered, 'My Father worketh even until now, and I work.' (Revised version.) Then the Jews tried to kill him, because they said he had not only broken the Sabbath, but had made himself equal to God, which would be blasphemy in an ordinary man. But Jesus is God. The Father and Son are so united that they work together in all things. But God the Father has given to his Son the right of judging the whole world, and those who judge the Son not equal to the Father and reject him are judged and rejected by Christ. 'He that honoreth not the San, honoreth not the Father.'

The Bible Class

Jesus 'making himself equal with God.'—John x., 30; xii., 44, 45; xiv., 9; xvii., 1-5, 10, 11, 21-26; Phil. ii., 6; Matt. xxvi., 63, 64; Rom. x., 9-13; Rev. i., 5-8, 13-18; xxii., 1, 16, 20; I. John i., 3, 7; iii., 16; v., 5-13.

'Work.'—Ex. xx., 9-11; xxxvi., 2-5; I. Chron. xxix., 5; Psa. xix., 1; civ., 24; cxlv., 9; 10; Ecci. xii., 13, 14; John iv., 34; II. Cor. vi., 1; I. Cor. iii., 13-15.

'Quickeneth whom he will.—Col. ii., 13, 14; Eph. ii., 4-9; Rom. viii., 11; I. Cor. xv., 45-47; Psa. cxix., 93, 159.

'Honor.'—I. Chron. xvi., 27-31; I. Sam. ii., 30; Psa. xv., 4; Prov. iii., 9; Heb. ii., 9; Rev. v., 12, 13.

Suggestions.

Teachers should study thoroughly and teach their scholars carefully the perfect unity of Christ with God. The authority of Christ as the living Saviour, Mediator and Judge. (Acts iv., 10-12; Heb. vii., 25-28; Matt. x., 32, 33; xxv., 31-33; II. Cor. v., 10; Rom. xiv., 8-10.) 'He who makes the Son only a good man, a great teacher, a wonderful prophet, fails to honor the Father. The Emperor Theodosius was at one time petitioned to restrain the Arians from preaching in Constantinople that the Son was not co-equal or co-eternal with the Father. The petition was refused. One day, Amphilochius, Bishop of Iconium, entering the emperor's presence, found beside him his son, Arcadius, whom he had made joint-emperor. The bishop bowed low to the father, but not to the son. Presently he went to the son, stroked his head and said, "God save you, child.' The emperor, enraged at this affront, bade his officers put the man out. As they dragged him away, he said, "O emperor, even thus is the heavenly Father displeased with those who do not honor the Son equally with the Father." The artifice was successful. The emperor called the bishop back, asked forgiveness, and made a law against Arianism. He was taught by his tenderness for the honor of his own son to be tender for the honor of the Son of God.'

While Jesus is perfect God, he is also perfect man, a Son of Man, or 'the Son of humanity.' And because he is a Man and can sympathise with human weakness, God has given to him the judging of all men. He judges with mercy and love but with perfect justice.

The judgment of a man is not always reserved to the last great day; there comes an hour in young life when a question arises, and the man must decide what course of life he will take. That is the judgment day of that life, though the soul may be judged differently at the final Judgment. If the man chooses God's plan for his life, and follows it, he makes the most of himself and his soul expands and grows more beautiful as years pass on. The man who chooses his own plan of life, regardless of God's claims, is bound to be a failure, no matter what the world may call him.

Questions.

1. What did Jesus promise to the woman at the well in Samaria?
2. What was the result of his talk to her?
3. What two miracles were wrought in Cana of Galilee?
4. What did Jesus do that made the Jews angry on the Sabbath?
5. Has Jesus the same authority as God?
6. Through whom alone can we be saved

Lesson Hymn.

Beside Bethesda's open gate,
A helpless throng is lying;
The sick, the blind, the desolate,
The suffering and the dying.
There through long years a sinner lay,
In helplessness and sadness;
Till Christ the Saviour passed that way
With life, and health and gladness.

Said Jesus, 'Wilt thou be made whole?'
His answer told his longing;
Then came the word that thrilled his soul
And stirred the people, thronging.
'Arise, and bear thy bed away!'
The spell of sin was broken,
The bonds of pain were burst that day
The gates of life were open.

O Lord, who camest from on high,
The Father's love revealing;
Still multitudes of sinners lie,
Waiting for life and healing.
Once more in mercy pass this way,
O grant some saving token;
Speak Thou the gracious word to-day,—
So shall death's bands be broken.
—H. L. Hastings.

Practical Points.

(A. H. Cameron.)

The greatest among men was the greatest of workers (verse 17, Acts x., 38).

None are so blind as they who will not see Jesus (verse 18).

If our faith in Christ depend upon our comprehension of the mysteries of the Godhead, we shall never believe (verses 19-23).

There is no more wonderful period in the life of a soul than the passage from the darkness of sin into the light of God (verse 24).

He who formed the ear can make the dead hear his voice (verse 25).

Jesus and his Father were two persons and one God. The mystery of the Trinity is as unsearchable as the dual nature of Christ (verses 26, 27).

Tiverton, Ont.

C. E Topic.

Feb. 12.—The joy of finding the lost.—Luke xv., 1-10.

Junior C. E.

Feb. 12.—How is Christ the light of the world?—John i., 1-19. (A missionary meeting. Africa.)

A Little Lesson For a Stormy Day.

(Ella M. Brain in 'Sunday-School Times.')

Have you ever made a special effort for your Sunday-school class, studying and praying over the lesson all the week, trying to make its teachings fit the needs of each individual scholar under your care, and looking forward to the lesson hour with high hope and eager expectancy, only to wake up Sunday morning to find it raining? If so, you know just how great is the temptation to fret and worry and scold about the bad weather interfering with your plans.

But there is a better way to meet a stormy day, taught us by a company of little children who were perfectly unconscious of the impressions they were stamping indelibly on human hearts. Saturday afternoon of Christian Endeavor Convention week at Boston, in 1895, was set apart for children, and a rally was held in the immense audience hall of Mechanics' Building. The various Junior Christian Endeavor Societies, under the care of their superintendents, came, not only from all parts of Boston proper, but from every town within a radius of many miles. The children had been planning eagerly for it many months.

The long-looked-for Saturday afternoon came at last, and with it rain—not an ordinary rain, by any means, but a heavy, steady downpour that showed no signs of abating. Disappointment reigned supreme. Early that afternoon Old Colony Depot presented an unusually busy scene. In addition to the regular passenger traffic, which is always heavy, trains were arriving every few minutes bringing great numbers of children.

The building could not accommodate them all, and groups of children were obliged to stand outside in the rain, waiting for street cars to carry them to their destination. It was a pitiful sight. All signs of starch had disappeared from the smart holiday frocks, and eager enthusiasm had died out in disappointed hearts. The Sunday hats, with their gay ribbons and bright flowers, were in a sorry plight, and the sweet young faces under them had lost their sunny smiles.

Just then one of the superintendents noticed two of her bright little girls holding a whispered conference. 'All right,' she heard one say; 'I'll start it, it you'll follow.' What were they going to do? She soon discovered, for, without delay, they began to sing, 'There shall be showers of blessing.' One after another joined the little leaders, until the whole crowd, both inside and outside, were singing the wonderfully beautiful and appropriate hymn. Scarcely had the last notes died away, when the sweet voice of a sunny-faced lad began, 'There is sunshine in my soul to-day.' Once more the old depot rang with the music of a hymn, and echoed and re-echoed with the glad, sweet words.

The effect produced upon the crowd was indescribable. Men passing on the street reverently raised their hats, and some stopped and listened with uncovered heads until the hymns were ended. A great wave—like an electric shock—passed over the whole company. Faces brightened, hearts grew light and buoyant with hope, and enthusiasm reigned once more. Conditions had not changed, the rain still kept its steady downpour, but the clouds of discouragement had lifted, showers of blessing were descending and God's own sunshine was flooding every soul and filling it with gladness.

The next time we wake up to find it raining on Sunday morning, instead of fretting about it, let us go to the throne of grace, and plead that showers of spiritual blessing may be poured out upon us and our dear scholars. And then let us leave it all with God knowing that he rules the weather, as he does all else, and go to our duties as officers and teachers with bright faces, hearts full of faith, and souls full of sunshine. Perhaps the blessing on the rainy day will be 'exceedingly, abundant above' all that we should have thought of asking had it been a sunshiny day. God is able to make it so.

Michigan holds an annual Sunday-school rally day in the summer. The city of Grand Rapids observed it in July by a procession of about six thousand scholars through the principal streets, accompanied by bands playing Sunday-school music, and the scholars bearing banners, flags, mottoes and devices. The streets were profusedly decorated and the people turned out in large numbers.

HOUSEHOLD.

I Want.

(C. W. Arnold in Michigan 'Advocate.')

I want—
Content, to do from day to day
The thing that first comes in my way,
To let the thought of tasks to-morrow
No present worry borrow.

I want—
Content, to wait with patience sweet
The hard-won prize or sore defeat,
To see in every seeming ill
A star of promise still.

I want—
Content to fight, if needs I must,
Whatever battle's on me thrust;
To face the foe with courage true,
Nor wish the long strife through.

I want—
Content, to stand in life alone,
Despised if need be, or unknown,
Save that kind word or act of mine
Hath somewhere found a shrine.

I want—
And 'tis the greatest want of all—
Content, to know that though I fall,
God's angels hover ever near,
To lift up, comfort, cheer.

And then,
When of this life I've had full share,
Content, I'll know that over there
Is rest from weariness and woe,
In the living fountain's flow.

Family Prayer.

'We used to have family prayer,' said Mrs. K——, 'until we took roomers and boarders, then we gave it up as impracticable, and have never erected our family altar since.'

A loving mother said: 'My little boy was one of the most devout and faithful Christians until I took roomers and boarders, consequently gave up family prayer, and now he seems to have lost his hold on Christ, has no taste for spiritual things, is unstable as water, and I fear it will prove his ruin.'

Jesus said, 'If any man serve me, him will my Father honor.'—Mrs. M. H. J. Gordon.

Practical Points.

Cold tea and soaked leaves are said to be excellent for cleansing and brightening the inside of cut-glass water bottles.

Macaroni and spaghetti ought to appear often on our tables, for they are most nourishing forms of wheat. This food is made of the best wheat flour, which is said to be more digestible in macaroni than when made into bread.

It is worth knowing that if salt fish is wanted quickly, the fish is freshened much sooner if soaked in milk. It is also a good plan to soak overnight in milk the slice of ham for the morrow's breakfast if one suspects that it is too salt.

The modern kitchen table has, besides two ordinary broad drawers, one large drawer in the form of a half-circle, the deepest part measuring about sixteen inches, which provides the housekeeper with a convenient receptacle for many large utensils.

A piece of old kid makes the best and strongest loop to sew on winter coats and wraps by which to hang them. Use an old kid glove, cutting a narrow strip in the best part of the leather, roll into this a piece of coarse string, sew together neatly and attach it to the garment with strong thread.

With a Can Of Salmon.

With a can of salmon in the house, the housewife has the wherewith to prepare a palatable luncheon for an unexpected guest. The following recipes are culled from the 'American Kitchen Magazine.'

Salmon Loaf.—Mince one can salmon, add one cupful of stale bread crumbs, two beaten eggs, one-half cupful milk. Season to taste with salt, pepper, parsley and lemon juice. Put in a mould and steam or bake for thirty minutes. Turn from the mould and serve hot with a white or Hollandaise sauce.

Creamed Salmon.—Heat one cupful of milk in a chafing dish or double boiler, rub together a tablespoonful of flour and half as much butter and stir smoothly into the milk. Next put in one can of salmon, breaking it as little as possible, season to taste, and serve as soon as heated through.

Scalloped Salmon.—Prepare with the cream sauce as above, put in a shallow dish or in scallop shells. Cover with cracker crumbs stirred into a small quantity of melted butter, and bake until the crumbs are brown.

Croquettes or Cutlets.—Drain a can of salmon thoroughly, pressing out the liquid. Mince it fine and season with one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of mustard, a speck of cayenne, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, and one teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Make a heavy white sauce, using two tablespoonfuls of corn starch and one pint of milk. Mix sauce and fish thoroughly and spread on a platter to cool, and when well chilled shape like croquettes or cutlets. Roll in crumbs, or egg and crumbs, fry in smoking hot fat. Or dip in melted butter and toast under the broiling burner in a gas stove.

Omelet.—Make an omelet as usual, adding one tablespoonful of minced salmon for each egg used. Mix the salmon with the beaten eggs before pouring into the omelet pan, or sprinkle it over the surface before the egg is firm, or fold it in after the omelet is cooked.

Souffle.—Prepare the salmon as for croquettes, but use less corn starch in the sauce. Add the yolks of three or four eggs to the mixture and beat thoroughly, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Pour into individual cases and bake in a moderate oven for ten minutes.

Salad.—For this the fish requires no further cooking and should be well drained. Mix it with an equal bulk of shredded lettuce, or place the sections of fish on lettuce leaves. Cover with any good salad dressing.

A few preparatory hints are also given; for instance, the can should be opened at once and the fish turned out to air, and every particle of skin and bone should be removed. If the salmon is to be served with a rich sauce, boiling water may be poured over it to remove more of the oil. Hard-boiled eggs may also be combined with the fish in case there should not be a sufficient quantity.

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