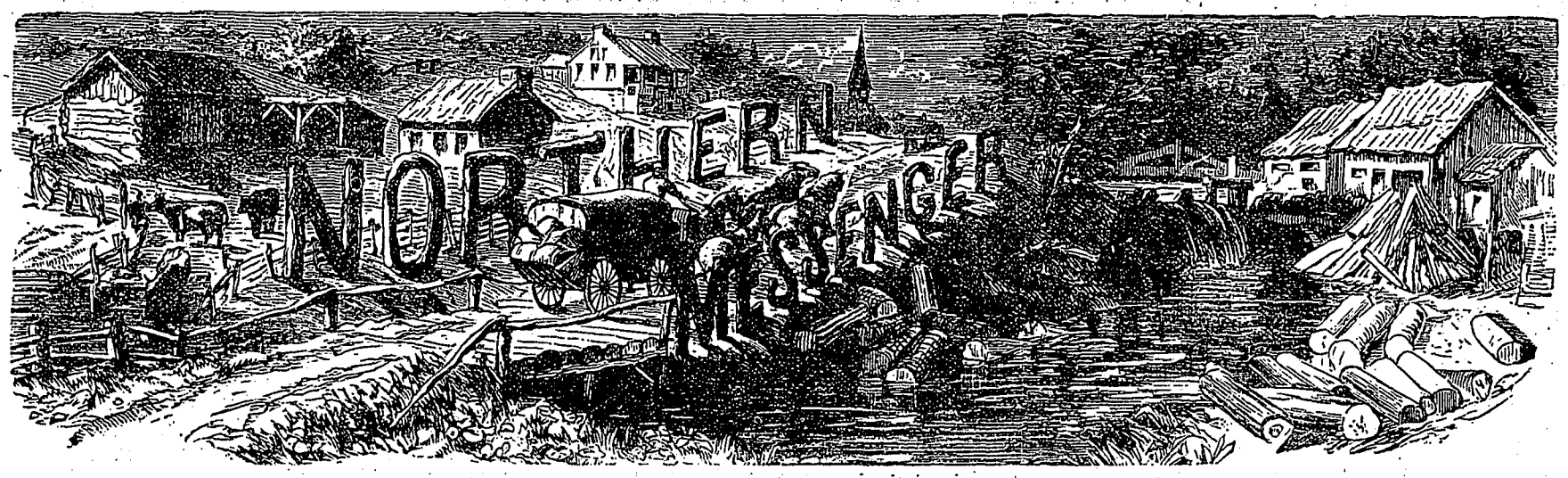
Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- ☐ Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
- ☐ Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
- ☐ Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- ☐ Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- ☐ Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- ☐ Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- ☐ Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- ☐ Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
- ☐ Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
- ☐ Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.
- ☐ Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires:

- ☐ Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- ☐ Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- ☐ Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- ☑ Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- ☐ Pages detached / Pages détachées
- ☑ Showthrough / Transparence
- ☑ Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
- ☐ Includes supplementary materials / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- ☐ Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été numérisées.



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXIV. No. 23. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 15, 1889. 30 CTS. per An. Post-Paid.

A CHRISTIAN MARTYR BORNE FROM THE AMPHITHEATRE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Do we love Christ, my brothers—
The crowned, the crucified—
Who wear his name in purple ease,
With not a wish denied?
Dear friends, do we love Jesus,
Whose conquering sign we bear
So lightly and faint-heartedly
Amid a world's despair!

True servants of true Master,
Whose will is our delight,
Are we successors, brave and proved,
Of those who walk in white,
Who drained the cup of anguish
Ere yet they won the palm?
An army vast before the throne
They chant the martyrs' psalm.

Well may we ask the question
In penitence and fear,
Well may we drop for cowardice,
Or little faith, a tear:
How loyally they followed
Who followed to the death,
With Jesus, Saviour, Son of God,
On every failing breath.

Turn back the ghostly finger
That marks the clock of time;
To misty heights of ages past
In reverent silence climb.
Behold, the Roman rabble!
Attend, the scornful shout!
When, lily-pale and seraph-calm,
They bring the victim out.

"The Christians to the lions!"
Ah! furious beasts were mild
Compared to men whose hellish hate
Spared neither maid nor child!

There in the dread arena
With mocking faces hemmed,
What tide of demon's wickedness
Christ's witness-bearers stemmed.

Close ringed with jeering faces
The lowly and the high
Are clustered there, in cruel hope
To see the Christian die.
The mortal strife is ended,
The body lies forlorn,
But through the gleaming gates of heaven
Another saint is borne.

And tenderly uplifted—
Such grace at least bestowed—
The pulseless form is carried home
Along the mournful road,
To rest, in peace triumphant,
Where they who sleep shall rise,
Shall rise and reign for evermore
With Jesus in the skies.

O friends, do we love deeply,
Love loyally and well,
Who walk in quietness to-day,
In dreamful ease who dwell?
Arise! arise, my brothers,
And arm ye for the fight!
And move across the darkened world,
The Lord's vanguard of light.

Though never crimson chalice
Our blanching lips may stain,
Still needs our God his witnesses
Until he comes to reign.
And still through wrong and evil,
Through unbelief and pride,
We bear aloft the red-cross flag,
And strong in Christ abide.

—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

BELIEVE in the world to come, and thou shalt conquer the world that is.—*T. T. Lynch.*

A CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

THE WAY TO USE SUNDAY.

What is the use of Sunday to a business man or a working-man? It often seems to put a stop to his work just when he wants another day; but a sensible man knows that he cannot get on without his Sundays or day of rest and change and recreation. Men have tried to do without it but were obliged to give it up. The men who do not keep Sunday are generally bitter, discontented, hard, and disagreeable. Why is it so, and what is the use of Sunday?

1. Sunday is a day of rest. No man was ever intended to go on at his work day after day without change. It is not healthy. This was partly the reason why one day in seven was appointed for rest. The Sabbath was made for man. God considered man's health when he made the law. He told him to do things because they were good for him, and not to do other things because they were bad for him.

2. Sunday is a day of worship. Man is an animal, and needs rest. Man is a spiritual animal, and needs to lift his mind to God and hold communion with him, and offer sacrifice and thanksgiving. Without these, there is no worship; and Sunday is a day on which he can do this without the distraction of business.

3. Sunday is a day of instruction. Sermon-hearing is not worship, however much we may learn from it or be moved by it. But we ought to know whom and why and how we worship. Wilful ignorance is a common vice among Christians, and many men who think that they worship God do not know as much about their religion as they could learn from a five-cent catechism.

4. Sunday is a day of good works. Our Lord and master healed the sick on the Sabbath, and preached that the right use of the day was rest from work for self, but not from work for others. Sunday may be used as a day for works of mercy. All spiritual works of mercy may be done on Sunday. To convert the sinner, instruct the ignorant, counsel the doubtful, comfort the sorrowful, bear wrongs patiently, forgive injuries—all these are Sunday works, and every man can do some of them if he will. But that is not all. The corporal works of mercy can be done on Sunday, and few men can do them except on Sunday. A man can feed the hungry, clothe the naked, entertain strangers, visit the sick, go to see prisoners, even if he has no other opportunity.—*Iron Cross.*

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY SALLY CAMPBELL.

They were sitting out under the trees in the long summer twilight, and for some minutes no one had spoken. Suddenly throwing down on the grass beside her the handful of petals which she had been absently pulling from the bunch of daisies at her belt, Sophie began with great vehemence:

"I don't so much mind people saying a thousand when they mean two, but I do object to their saying five when they mean four. It is so misleading; how are you to know that they are appealing to your imagination?"

The rest of the group looked a little surprised at this outbreak, but Jack said encouragingly:

"Your remarks are few, Sophie, dear, but they are very appropriate."

"Well, they are very appropriate to what I'm thinking about," said Sophie. "Why did Mrs. Shipley say she wanted me to go in five or six weeks, and now suddenly come plumping down on me at the end of four, and say I must start right away?"

"Because humanity is subject to change, I suppose," said Kate.

"I sometimes think," said Jack, "that perhaps other people have convenience as well as myself; but of course that is only at leisure moments when my whole attention is not occupied with my own affairs. Philosophy doesn't always occur to you when you are in the midst of the muddle."

"I hate to leave a thing all in frazzles," Sophie went on; "I like to finish it off nicely and then go on to the next."

"Are you talking about your Sunday-school?" said Fred; "I'm not very good at figures, you know."

Sophie nodded. "I thought I had at least a week more to get them arranged for; and here I have to rush off and leave them, without any sign of a teacher. I'm sure I don't know what to do about it."

"It certainly seems a great pity," said Jack, "after scouring the highways and hedges, and rescouring them too often to count, to get hold of these dirty-faced boys, to have to empty them all back again, just as you were beginning to get some kind of a grip on them."

"Teachers are as hard to get, at any rate, in the summer, as gold mines," said Sophie. "But I expected to contrive it in some way before the week was up. Oh, dear," she broke out again, presently; "I hate frazzles; I do love a nice selvage edge."

"Well; but you can't have it," said practical Fred; "so you might as well back your horses away from that without losing any more time; *What do you do generally* with frazzles when there isn't any selvage?"

"Overhand them," answered Kate, promptly.

"Then we must overhand the boys, I suppose, if we want to carry out the metaphor, but just how, I am not prepared to say."

"I am," said Jack, with sudden energy. "Hand them over to me, if you'll excuse what might seem like a joke at the first glance."

"What does it seem like at the second glance?" asked Fred.

"It isn't worth that," said Kate, scornfully.

"Yes, it is too," said Jack; "I mean what I say. Give them over to me, the whole bunch of them, and I'll start them up next Sunday in style. You just leave Cæsar to me, and it will be all right."

"Well, but," said Sophie, doubtfully, though with a glimmer of hope; "you have your own class to look after, and lots of things to do besides."

"My own class happens to be four nice old ladies who had been given the freedom of the New Jerusalem years before I was on hand, at all. They aren't pastoral charge enough for one able-bodied person. And as for the lots of other things I shall just have to pack them tighter, that's all. They'll stand a good deal of squeezing. I meant to do it, any way; I had made up my mind—or at least I was in the act of making it up—that I don't carry enough Christian Endeavor in my luggage, and it's a bad thing to leave out. So you see I really owe you one for giving me a chance to set my *homilies up in business, for a few* days at least."

"Jack," said Sophie, with enthusiasm; "you are a Christian gentleman! But let me tell you the details. In the first place, I've got a teacher for next Sunday, so you will have ten days to look about you; and, in the second place, please do it with discretion. Don't get them anybody, get them——"

"Somebody," suggested Fred.

"Yes, exactly—somebody with a little snap in them—to borrow your word."

"And several grains of allowance," added Kate.

"Don't by any means," Sophie went on, impressively; "get an uninteresting person. There are a great many excellent people that are that way, and I don't blame them at all; they have their uses. But my boys don't want a narcotic."

"I have rather thought that they did at times," said Fred, "from what I have seen and heard of them. Don't you mean, to be precise, that they don't want a teacher who takes opium or the like?"

"And," said Sophie, with a passing glance at Fred, "it must be somebody that is not too easily cast down, or roused up either, by insubordination. For the boys make a specialty of that."

"They have a variety of such pleasing specialties, haven't they?" said Kate.

"Yes, I acknowledge they have their faults," said Sophie, with an air of concession. "But they have good points, too, and these ought to be cultivated."

"Well, they shall be while you are gone," said Jack, "if I can bring it about."

The next morning, after seeing Sophie off on the train, Jack started out upon his self-imposed task. At dinner time he returned home, tired and hot, but still determined to persevere.

"This business takes hustling, I can tell you," he said. "Everybody is going away, or their relatives are about to visit them in a body, or they need rest, or something of that general nature. I didn't know there were so many excuses in the English language, not to speak of those whose services have been already engaged. But, nevertheless, the thing has to be done, and what has to be, generally is."

"Generally, but not always," said Fred.

"No, not always; but it's safer to trust to rules than to exceptions."

(To be Continued.)

SIN.

Do you suppose that sin is to be driven out of the human heart by some fine fancy, some sentiment, some easy method? Until you know what sin is the gospel will be an extravagant and unmeaning tragedy. If there is a mystery in redemption there is equally a mystery in sin. This is the medicine that follows the disease. Herein is the solution of the mystery of the cross. The ghastly cross follows the ghastly sin; the tragedy of redemption is God's answer to the tragedy of crime. You find nothing in the atonement in the way of mystery that you do not find in the way of sin. God could not guide us away by soft words from the chains of hell. It could only be done by blood. You have been thinking sin a trifle. I wonder not, then, you have been thinking the cross a tragedy extravagant beyond the necessity of the case. If you have been calling sin "infirmity," "mistake," I wonder not that you are frightened by the awful transactions that are here in the four gospels. You need the whole blood of the whole heart of the dying Saviour to help you to get rid of sin and to be delivered from its bondage. —*Dr. Joseph Parker.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON IX.—DECEMBER 1.

THE TEMPLE DEDICATED.—1 Kings 8:54-63.

COMMIT VERSES 62, 63.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is in his holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before him.—Hab. 2:20.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The temple was a type of the Christian church, and of the soul dedicated to God.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Kings chap. 5.
T. 1 Kings chap. 6.
W. 1 Kings chap. 7.
Th. 1 Kings chap. 8.
F. 2 Chron. chaps. 2 and 3.
Sa. 2 Chron. chaps. 4 and 5.
Su. 2 Chron. chaps. 6 and 7.

THE DEDICATION was one of the grandest ceremonies ever performed. The leaders and the people from all Israel were present (1 Kings. 8: 1, 2). Solomon's prayer was especially remarkable.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

54. *Before the altar:* on a brazen platform five feet high and 7½ feet square (2 Chron. 6: 13). 56. *Not failed one word of all his good promise:* see Deut. 12:9, 10; 28:1-14; Josh. 1:3, 4. 60. *That all the earth may know:* the Israelites' religion was not for themselves alone. They were to be a missionary nation to all the world. 61. At this point God filled the temple anew with a cloud of splendid glory (2 Chron. 5:14; 7:1), as a token that he accepted the temple to be his house. 63. *Two and twenty thousand oxen:* these were not only sacrifices, but were to feed the vast numbers of the people during the feast, which lasted eight days longer, or 15 or 16 days in all (1 Kings 8:65, 66; 2 Chron. 7:9, 10.)

SUBJECT: THE TEMPLE AND ITS LESSONS.

QUESTIONS.

1. THE TEMPLE.—How long after Solomon began to reign did he build the temple? (1 Kings 6:1.) Give the date. How long after the Exodus? Where was the temple built? (2 Chron. 3:1.) Of what materials? (1 Kings 5:17, 18; 2 Chron. 2: 7, 8, 14; 3:5-7.) What is said of the workmen? (5:13-16.) What was the size of the temple? (6: 2, 17, 20.) How long was the temple in building? (6:37, 38.) Into what two rooms was it divided? (6:16, 17.) How was the building enclosed? (1 Kings 6:36; 1 Chron. 28:12.) Describe some of the furnishings. (2 Chron, chaps. 3 and 4.) What was the object of the temple? Of what was it a type? In what respects is a true Christian like a temple? (1 Cor. 3:16, 17; 6:19.) In what respects is the whole church like this temple? (Eph. 2:20-22.) Who is the only true foundation? (1 Cor. 3:11.) What peculiarity in the method of building the temple? (6:7.) How is this world like a quarry for God's spiritual temple? How are the "living stones" prepared here for that temple? Are all true Christians being thus prepared? How may our trials, our joys, our labors, fit us to be the temple of God? How does it give value and blessedness to life, that we are here preparing for something higher and better that will last forever? How should it help us to judge kindly of other Christians who are in the process of the quarry, and not yet finished and complete?

THE DEDICATION.—When did the dedication services take place? (8:2.) At the time of what great feast was it? Who came to join in these services? (8:1, 2.) What great procession took place? What did they bring to the temple? (8: 3, 4.) Who made the dedicatory prayer? Have you read it? (8:22-54.) Why should we dedicate ourselves to God? (Rom. 12:1.) Does the fact that the wisest man who ever lived prayed show that it is manly for us to pray?

III. THE TEMPLE A CENTRE OF BENEFICENT INFLUENCES (vs. 54-63).—In what posture did Solomon pray? (v. 54.) Does it make any difference what attitude we take in prayer? What promises had now been fulfilled? (v. 56; Deut. 12:9, 10; 28: 1-14; Josh. 1:3, 4.) Does God still fulfil all his promises? What did Solomon earnestly wish? (v. 57.) How was this petition answered? (2 Chron. 5:14; 7:1.) How is it answered to us? (John 14:16, 17; Acts 2:2, 17; Rev. 3:20.) What is the effect of God's presence in the heart? (v. 58.) Is true religion the greatest aid to morality? Were the temple and God's presence for the Israelites alone? (v. 60.) Are all our religious privileges meant as a means of leading others to God? (Matt. 5:16.) On what condition could the people have the blessings desired? (v. 61.)

LESSON X.—DECEMBER 8.

SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.—1 Kings 10:1-13.

COMMIT VERSES 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

She came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and, behold, a greater than Solomon is here.—Matt. 12:42.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

They are wisest who most earnestly seek Christ, of whose blessings the half has never been told.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 10:1-13.
T. 1 Kings 10:14-29.
W. Matt. 12:22-42.
Th. 2 Chron. 8:1-18.
F. 2 Chron. 9:1-12.
Sa. 2 Chron. 9:13-29.
Su. Matt. 2:1-11.

INTRODUCTION.

After the completion of the temple, Solomon exercised his genius in building palaces and public buildings, aqueducts and fortresses, extending his commerce, and organizing a splendid court. The story of his magnificence reached distant nations through his fleets, and people came from a long distance to see and to hear. Among them was the Queen of Sheba.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. *Concerning the name of the Lord:* his fame in connection with the Lord's temple, and the wisdom the Lord had given him. *To prove* (or test, try) *him with hard questions:* enigmas, difficult problems, and also questions of religion and government. 2. *Much gold* (see v. 10). 4. *Solomon's wisdom:* as shown in his works, splendid palaces, ivory and gold throne, commerce that extended from Spain to Egypt, the temple, etc. 5. *The sitting of his servants:* the assembly of his high officers. *The attendance* (or service) *of his ministers:* his servants, attendants. *His ascent:* connecting his palace with the temple court. 10. *One hundred and twenty talents of gold:* each talent was worth $26,280. 11. *Navy of Hiram:* king of Tyre, a seafaring nation, whose sailors manned Solomon's ships. *Ophir:* either a part of Arabia, near Sheba, or a part of India. 12. *Almug trees:* perhaps sandal-wood.

SUBJECT: SEEKING CHRIST AND HIS KINGDOM.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE ONE SOUGHT (v. 1).—What is said of the greatness and wisdom of Solomon? (10:23.) How far did his fame reach? (10:24.) How did they learn about him? (9:26-28.) Why does it say, "The fame of Solomon concerning the name of the Lord"? Did his wisdom and wealth come from God? Did this give Solomon an opportunity to spread the true religion? What is the Golden Text? In what respects is Christ greater than Solomon was?

II. THE SEEKER (vs. 1. 2).—Where was Sheba? How far from Jerusalem? What led Sheba's queen to make a journey to Jerusalem? What in these verses leads you to think that she came partly to learn about the true God and religion? Why should we take more pains to find Christ than did the Queen of Sheba to see and hear Solomon? What parables of Christ teach this truth? (Matt. 13:44-46.) Does Christ's reproof of the Jews in his day (Matt. 12:42), for being less earnest than the Queen of Sheba, apply to us? What does Solomon say about the search after wisdom? (Prov. 3:13-15; 4:7; 8:11.)

III. THE FINDING (vs. 3-9).—How did Solomon first show his wisdom? (v. 3.) What kind of questions were these? (vs. 4, 5.) What is said of his literary works and knowledge? (1 Kings 4: 32-34.) Describe his palaces. (1 Kings 7:1-11.) How did the Temple show his wisdom? Describe his throne. (1 Kings 10:18-20.) What is said of his commerce? (vs. 11, 12; 1 Kings 9:26-28; 10: 22.) Where was Ophir? What were almug-trees? What is said of his chariots? (1 Kings 10:26-29.) What is said of his attendants and court? What did the Queen of Sheba say to all this? (v. 7.) Why did she think Solomon's servants were happy? Is it blessed to live with the wise and good? What does Paul say of Christ? (1 Cor. 1:24, 30.) What wondrous temple is he building? (Eph. 2:20-22.) What glorious city? (Rev. 21:10-27.) What are some of the works of his wisdom? (Matt. 11:4, 5.) What riches can we find in Jesus Christ? (Eph. 2:7; 3:8, 16-19.) What does Paul say of this? (Rom. 11:23; 1 Cor. 2:9.) Can those who have experienced Christ's riches make others understand the half of their blessedness? Why not?

IV. ROYAL GIFTS (vs, 10-13).—What did the queen give to Solomon? (vs. 2, 10.) How much was the gold worth of our money? What did Solomon give the queen? What does Christ want us to give to him? (Rom. 12:1; Acts 20: 35; 1 Cor. 16:2.) What does he give to us? (Eph. 3:20; 1 John 3:1; 5:11; 1 Tim. 6:17 1. c.)

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Fourth Quarter.)

6. Nov. 10. David's Grief for Absalom. 2 Sam. 18:18-33.
7. Nov. 17. David's Last Words. 2 Sam. 23: 1-7.
8. Nov. 24. Solomon's Wise Choice. 1 Kings 3: 5-15.
9. **Dec. 1.—The Temple Dedicated. 1 Kings 8:54-63.**
10. **Dec 8. — Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. 1 Kings 10:1-13.**
11. Dec. 15. Solomon's Fall. 1 Kings 11:4-13.
12. Dec. 22. Close of Solomon's Reign. 1 Kings 11:26-43.
13. Dec. 29. Review and Temperance, Prov. 23: 29-35.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

SOCIAL TREATMENT OF INVALIDS.

"I read many practical articles about Christmas gifts, household decorations, the care of plants in winter, how to be an agreeable guest or hostess, how to prepare for ocean travel, how to live on ten dollars a week, or five hundred a year, and have everything that is needed, how to preserve one's health; but how seldom is anything said about the way in which a person really ill should be treated by outside friends. In cook-books, we have general hints on caring and cooking for invalids; we have tempting dishes for convalescents, and are advised to keep the air fresh and pure, to guard against draughts, avoiding noise, keeping medicines out of sight, getting as much sunshine into the room as possible. All this is essential, but, after all, the friends who enter the sick-room have quite as much influence upon the patient as all these combined, for either good or injury. Yet how little is said on this important matter. The horridly brutal speeches that are made by visitors, apparently friendly, apparently sane, are inexcusable. Some of them are so horrible that one must laugh at the very remembrance of them.

"To a dear old gentleman who had been confined to the house for some time, came the cheerful inquiry: 'Does the grave look pleasant to you, Mr. ——?"

"By the bedside of a sensitive woman attacked with pneumonia, I heard a most benevolent and truly Christian woman say, in clear tones: 'There is no hope; I see the death-mark on her face."

"You will find, if ill for several weeks, that some of your best friends will study your appearance and report with startling frankness: "Why, my dear, how you have changed. I really don't believe I should have known you. You are paler or more unnaturally flushed (as the case may be) since I was here last, and yes, you have perceptibly lost flesh. But you must get well. We all love you too much; we can not get on without you.' This is said with the kindest meaning, but to the 'puir sick body' it means faintness or increased fever or a cry after the visitor has departed. Whatever may be your disease, the conversation, instead of turning upon the cheerful and engrossing topics of the time is too apt to be fastened to your own condition, and instances are given of Mr. So and So, who died of the same, or Miss This and That, who at last recovered, but has never been her old self since. We all know how the imagination acts upon the body, even producing death in a perfectly healthy person. Then how careful we should be in a sick-room.

BAD DIET, NOT OVERWORK.

Mrs. Mary Blake, in *The Golden Rule*, writes the following sensible words respecting the diet of school children.

It is a very common and mischievous notion that unless an article of food doubles up a child with colic or throws him into a fever within twenty-four hours it does him no harm. We often see whole families of children who are thin, sallow and nervous. They lose many days of school because they cannot "keep up," and the parents complain bitterly of our "high pressure system." They are bilious, or have headache or "summer complaint," or they cannot sleep, or they have no appetite. In short, they are sick half the time, or half-sick all the time.

But suggest to the mother of this family that perhaps their food is not suitable, and she will indignantly answer, "O no! they never eat anything that hurts them." The blame is laid on malaria—that modern scape-goat who bears our sins of eating and drinking—or on over study, or nervousness, or delicate constitution, or anything but the real reason. The trouble actually is that the stomach is doing the hard work on the brain.

Brain and body call for strong, rich blood to build up their rapidly growing tissues, and to replace what exercise and study burn up. But what does the stomach get to make it of? Greasy meats, with all the life-giving qualities cooked out of them; hot bread, and compounds like it; all kinds of fried abominations, whose original excellence is destroyed by being steeped in boiling lard; rich cake and pies, sweets and candy. All these tax digestion to its utmost, and gave little nutriment in return.

Poor Jennie starts off to school, after a listless night in a room with every window closed for fear of "the night air," with nothing for breakfast but a cup of strong coffee "to keep up her strength" and a hot roll. "She never has any appetite mornings." She comes home to dinner faint and hungry to find roast pork and mince pie, or fried ham and heavy apple dumplings, which her poor, eager stomach takes and tumbles over and over all the afternoon, while her brain labors heavily with the afternoon lessons. A supper of something which tempts but does not nourish the tired stomach finishes the day. Her lessons are not learned. How could they be, when her brain has had to work against odds all day? So she works drearily and clumsily all the evening, then goes late to bed in her close room, with lessons, lessons in her head all night. No wonder that she cannot eat any breakfast next morning.

PREVENTION OF CONSUMPTION.

Medical views of consumption have greatly changed within the last few years. It was once regarded as incurable; it is now regarded as curable, if the right treatment is begun early.

It was once regarded as specially transmissible; so much so that children of consumptive parents often looked on themselves as doomed,—a feeling which of itself did much to induce the dreaded result. Now the disease itself is not believed to be transmitted, but only a condition of special susceptibility to the disease, a susceptibility which may be overcome or guarded against by proper precautions.

Consumption was formerly looked upon as incommunicable. It is now believed to belong to the great class of infectious diseases caused by microbes. The discovery of the microbe—the tubercle bacillus—was made by Koch in 1882, and has been confirmed by numerous original investigations conducted by other experts.

Tests on animals prove that this microbe communicates tubercular disease when introduced into their systems; and that the result, fatal or otherwise, depends mainly or wholly upon whether the animals are closely confined amid bad surroundings, or are allowed free exercise in the open air.

As to the curability of the disease, post-mortem examinations at the New York hospitals constantly show that large numbers of persons who have once been consumptive have fully recovered, and have died long afterwards of other diseases.

In consequence of these new views, the question of prevention has become extremely important. But to know how to prevent consumption, we must know how it is propagated.

Typhoid fever, the seat of which is in the walls of the intestines, is propagated mainly by the microbes in the discharges, which later find their way into the intestines again through infected drinking water.

Consumption, on the other hand, having its special seat in the lungs, is mainly propagated by microbes contained in the expectorations.

The microbes are harmless so long as they are in a fluid state, but when allowed to dry, they are taken up in the air as dust and inhaled.

This infected dust may lodge on the walls of the room, and communicate the disease to tenants of the house. It has been scraped off with a sponge, and animals inoculated with it have become tuberculous; while animals inoculated with scrapings from uninfected rooms showed no signs of the disease.

To prevent consumption, therefore—

1. Observe all the conditions of vigorous health. Most kinds of microbes are powerless against high health.

2. Have all sick rooms thoroughly ventilated. It requires many microbes to infect. Ventilation greatly reduces the danger.

3. Let the expectorations be invariably received in spit-cups, and carefully disinfected.

But consumption may be communicated by the milk of consumptive cows. Therefore, let all milk be boiled. This destroys the various kinds of microbes, and should be made a permanent habit as a guard against all infectious diseases.—*Youth's Companion.*

SCREENS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

There can be little doubt that screens to serve as a protection from either air or fire were in use at a very early date. The first form of all may have been a branch of a tree, or a broad leaf held in the hand to shield the eyes from the sun. From the inconveniences of holding a screen when engaged in manual labor, the notion doubtless soon arose of hanging up the skin of an animal captured in the chase, or a mat woven of reeds or grasses. From tents to curtains is an easy transition, and it is probable that screens retained the form of curtains or wall-hangings for many centuries. They were often hung from a horizontal bar or rod, which was so constructed that it moved on a pivot, and could thus be arranged at any convenient angle. Such a screen as this is shown in an Assyrian bas-relief in the British Museum, where it is placed round the back of a royal throne. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries in our own country we find that a similar protection was often arranged round the seat of honor in the more important and larger houses. This was known as a "traverse," and the contrivance lingers in a modified form in the high back which supports the canopy of the royal throne at the present day. In ancient Rome and Greece remnants have been found of large umbrella-like shields, to the edges of which were attached long draperies and textile hangings. The open colonnades and courts of the houses, too, were generally hung in this way with rich fabrics, often for the purpose of shutting off part of a large room to form a small one.—*Woman's World.*

VENTILATION IN SICK ROOMS.

The sick room should always and in all weathers, be ventilated with outside air. An excellent plan is to keep open a door into an adjoining room, where a window is up, or a board may be fitted into the top of the upper sash so that this may be kept lowered, allowing the fresh air to enter through the space thus created between the sashes: and if all other ways fail, simply lower the upper sash of the window farthest from the bed, and keep it down two inches night and day. Important as this matter of ventilation is, especially in lung trouble—it may be overdone, and care must continually be exercised and extremes guarded against.

Unless the physician orders otherwise, the above suggestions will be found sufficient, except in the warmest weather. Some doctors treat scarlet fever most successfully, with wide open windows even in mid-winter, and your duty is to carry out such orders as long as the physician is in charge of the case.

In this connection I may say that two people in the room with the patient, at one time, are all that should be permitted. This number can do all that is required, and every pair of lungs helps to use up the oxygen the patient needs so sadly.—*Annie R. Ramsey in October Ladies' Home Journal.*

PROPRIETY IN DRESS.

People of fine taste say they can always tell a refined woman by her dress. But one whose means are limited cannot indulge in the dainty laces, perfect gloves, and fine shoes, which these critics declare always show the real lady. We often realize this when we try to re-arrange a half-worn costume, or renovate frayed collars and rusty shoes. Still, there is no doubt that it is easier to keep up a good appearance if we purchase our wardrobe with a strong sense of propriety. Polonius showed this feeling in the advice he gave to his son. "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy" is one of his anxioms, while he warns against gaudy extravagance. Many of the shabby-looking women we see would be both neatly and becomingly dressed if they had arranged their purchases with discretion. Last spring flaming terra-cotta and trying greens were fashionable colors. Every other woman wore them, and all through the summer we have been meeting with these colors in a faded condition, worn by women who are limited to one best dress The same money expended in a pretty and inconspicuous color would have resulted in satisfaction for the whole season. One would think that people could hardly offend propriety in the way they wear mourning; but they do. Honestly speaking, I consider so-called mourning garments a great mistake. We have no right to inflict our sorrow upon others by making a parade of it, and it is, in truth, a selfish grief to mourn over the temporary separation which takes our beloved from life temporal to life eternal. Still, custom dictates oppressive black garments, and most of us will follow it, but if we do we ought to be as sensible about it as the French or English. They limit themselves to a certain time for deep mourning, plain black, and gray or violets, before blossoming out into full colors.

The heavy crape veil, worn over the face, certainly ought to be abolished. It injures both the eyes and the complexion, and often lays the foundation to future illness. It is positive cruelty to put little children into mourning, but this is not done here as much as abroad. On the whole, I think the custom of wearing mourning might be abolished entirely; there are many better ways to show our love for the dead.—*Rural New Yorker.*

LAUGHTER.

Persons who can laugh heartily may be said to have the elements of worth strong in them, and a ready means of securing much happiness; hence they should indulge in it as frequently as possible, for nothing is so good for toning up the system and exhilarating the mind as deep, hearty laughter. It also shows one's character to a certain extent; for bad people rarely laugh heartily, whereas those who have always done what is right, and possess broad, genial, and generous natures, often give way to fits of cachination that becomes contagious in a few moments. Laugh when you can, then; and, while it may not make you fat, it will at least improve you mentally and physically for the day.

MARY E. ALLEN, whose large gymnasium has the support of Boston's best and most cultivated society, says: "If people only knew how much better they would sleep by going out of doors before retiring, and taking five or six or a dozen deep, strong breaths, they would no more omit it than they would their supper."

PUZZLES—NO. 23.

DROP-VOWEL PUZZLE.

-f l-ttl- l-h-r. l-ttl- -r- --r g--ns;
M-n's f-rt-n- -r-s -cc-rd-ng t- h-s p--ns.

J. B. PETTIT.

ENIGMA.

I am in pocket and in locket,
I am in pill and in kill,
I am in full and in fill,
I am in feal and in deal,
I am in relate and in slate,
I am in there and in care,
I am in noon and in moon,
I am in sea and in lea,
I am in crazy and lazy,
And the whole was the name of a ship.

KATIE MCCOMMON.

PI.

Lal taht ouy od, od ihwt uoyr gmith
Ginths oned yb veshal rea renev edno thrig.

JESSIE MCALLISTER.

SQUARE WORD.

1. A spring month. 2. Nimble. 3. To mature. 4. Pure. 5. Paste made from a thorny tree.

CHARLES ABERCROMBIE.

PUZZLES WANTED.

When answering these puzzles, send one of your own, if possible. All sorts of puzzles are accepted, and the best are published in the *Messenger*. Let us hear from all the smart *Messenger* Puzzlers.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 22.

ENIGMATICAL REBUS.—Oyster, story, troy, toy, to.

INVESTIGATION.—Father-in-law, (1 Samuel 4: 19, and John 18: 3.)

SQUARE.—

N I G H T
I D L E R
G L A R E
H E R O N
T R E N D

DIAMOND.—

D
D A D
D A V I D
D I D
D

PUZZLERS HEARD FROM.

Answers to puzzles have been received from J. B. Pettit, Edward A. Goodeve, Sammie T. Thomson, "A young writer," Mary Root, Lillian A. Gilliott, Harry W. Jakeway, Jessie May McOuat.

The Family Circle.

THE SWORD OF GRAM.

Have you heard the rhyme of the sword of Gram—
A mighty sword with a sparkling hilt?
Oh, a flaming brand in the brave right hand
Of him who had scorn for the stain of guilt.
To a house that was ringing with bridal bells
It was brought, in the dusk of a sweet spring day,
By a kindly man—so the legend tells—
Close wrapped in a shadowy cloak of gray.

With the step of Odin he crossed the door,
With the voice of Odin he plainly spoke;
Lightly the sword of Gram he bore,
And cleft it deep to the heart of oak
Of a giant tree on the hearth that lay.
A silence fell on the wedding mirth:
"Who frees that sword," as he strode away,
Said Odin, "shall conquer all the earth."

Then one and another tried, to be sure:
But this was fickle and that was frail;
And many, alas! had lives impure,
And at touch of the hilt turned weak and pale;
Till a hero came in the bloom of youth,
And the sword sprang swiftly to greet his hand;
For white on his brow was the sign of truth,
And the gods had tempered for him the brand.

So here and there through the world he sped
To do the right and shame the wrong;
And crime and error before him fled,
This champion eager and blithe and strong.
He carried the wonderful sword of Gram
Wherever he went, and the world was wide;
There was peace in his breast, and love and rest.
For he strove with Odin upon his side.

You wish, my lad with the kindling eye,
'Twere yours to carry a blade like this—
A magic brand in the brave right hand,
And never the prize in a strife to miss?
Believe my words that the sword of Gram
Is waiting still for the hero's grasp,
Though never a king in a cloak of gray
May have brought it nigh for the victor's clasp.

If the heart be pure and the hand be clean,
The look be noble, and the courage high,
The boy will conquer the foes that throng,
Nor drop his flag under any sky.
For a greater than Odin on his side
Will help him strive for the deathless right;
And he'll bear the mystical sword of Gram,
And lightly carry its matchless might.
—*Exchange.*

THE LORD'S WAY.

BY LOUISE D. MITCHELL.

It seems hard, and bitterly hard to sit here with my hands folded, my feet useless, and wait in silence till the end. I have prayed so earnestly all my life that the Lord would let me drop in the harness at the end, not keep me waiting in helpless fetters till the summons came in my old age; but my prayers have not been answered. I am crippled with rheumatism at the age of seventy, and feebly old.

Old, did I say? why, it seems but yesterday that father brought me home to the old farm a bride; and here, as I think it over, it is fifty years ago! Fifty years together, and now I am alone!

My life has been a hard one, aye, a very hard one from my girlhood up, with the endless round of toil; and as the years have gone by without those let-ups Herman's wife is always getting, work ceased to be the drudgery it was to me, and became just my real life after all.

Yes, I'm old; there can't be any doubt about that, for my hair is white, and my face is wrinkled, and has lost the bloom father loved to see. God bless dear father! It's one of my mercies now that he ain't here to see me helpless in this way, for he was so proud of my strength, and my nimble fingers, and the chipper way I used to step around. It's a small mercy to think of, but it's a mercy for all that.

I thought my heart was broken when father went; and it was awful missing him from my side at every turn, when we had climbed the hill together since that June day fifty years ago, when Parson Roberts made us one. It was a long time before I could get used to putting out my hand, as I sat by the sitting-room fire alone, and saying, "Father!" and then not have him take my hand in his, as of old and say, "What is it, mother, are you thinking of little Willie to-night?" But the Lord knew what he was about when he led father away from me, and—and I have learned to get used to his way, but I ain't got over the missing father yet for all that.

I didn't realize I was so old and helpless it seems to me, till I found I was giving up one duty after another because it was too much for my strength, and then rheumatism got hold of me, and Herman's wife began to take my place in the house, and, little by little, I was set aside, and the old west chamber became my world. Herman's wife is good to me, that's a fact, but sometimes I do wish she'd leave the darning of the stockings to me, the cleaning of the silver, or the sewing on of the buttons; but it seems it wasn't best, for Ida said I shouldn't do any of her work while she had so many servants to do it for her, besides that, I wasn't strong enough.

So I sit here day after day looking out of my south-west window and trying to say, "Oh, Lord, Thy will be done," but I can't get out anything but, "Oh, Lord—Oh, Lord," and it's nothing but a reproach in my voice after all. My Bible lies over there open on the pretty stand Del covered so nicely for me, and my spectacles atop of it, but it seems like a rebuke to me in my rebellion, and I can't read it.

I ain't taken much comfort in anything lately but the rose-bush Jack brought me a month ago, and maybe that's because its soft, velvety touch reminds me so much of Willie's little pink cheek when he was a baby, that I kinder hanker after it. Jack put the rose where he thought I could best see it, but it was in the shadow of the curtain, and so every day I've held the curtain back and let the sun shine in upon it. I've watched it thrive and grow, till I know every blessed leaf upon it, and love it as dearly as if it were alive; I often feel as though it knew and loved me, for when the breeze gently lifts its head, it nods in a friendly way to me as if it were thanking me for giving the sunshine to it carefully every day.

I get terribly lonely sometimes, for it's hard after being so active all my life, to be set down suddenly a helpless cripple in my old age, of no use to anybody and an added burden besides. Sometimes I think the Lord has forgotten me, and left all my prayers unanswered, but maybe it ain't so.

I lie back with folded hands in the twilight, struggling with the old rebellion. The door is pushed open, and Del—beautiful Del—comes in; she sits down in a low stool at my feet, her head drooping to my lap, and my hand caressing her bright hair. With all her fashionable life, my Del is yet unspoiled. As she sits there, her white-satin gown lies out across the floor like a fall of snow, and the jewels on her hands sparkle and gleam in the light of the burning logs.

"Grandma," there is a quiver in her voice, "my heart is breaking, and yet I must go and dance and laugh with the lightest of them to-night; but somehow it seems impossible for me to do so—oh, dearest, can't you say something to comfort me, for there doesn't seem to be any light anywhere?"

I let my hand fall tenderly over her flushed cheek, my heart full to bursting.

"What is it, dear?"

Then it all came out; the story of a faithless lover and a false friend. My words of comfort came falteringly—foolishly I thought, but she raised her head after a while with a new light on her lovely face—a strong light born of that wreck of her first fresh love, and I saw that she had risen above that shadow in the valley.

"Grandma," she said softly, with her cheek pressed lovingly against my hands, "I thank God that he has let you come into our lives to be such a help and comfort to us all. Do you know that papa and mamma say that to go into your room is to them like entering into a sanctuary? Even Jack seems better and purer after he comes out of it. Oh, Grandma, it is a beautiful work that is in your hands, and we have needed you so much! How I wish that I were worthy to sit at your feet, my dear patient saint."

She rose to go after a little, and stood tall and straight and queenly, with the glow of the log-fire on her white gown, and the brown head bent so humbly before me.

A sudden sweet thought came to me.

"Kneel down to me a moment, dearie," I said, and turning, snipped my beautiful rose from her swaying stem—a foolish pain in my heart the while—and then placed it in Del's hair to work what good it might possibly do in his name.

"I shall wear it to-night," she whispered with a soft kiss and then slipped away from me into her world again.

Ah, me, I sat in a kind of dream after that, seeing before me as in a vision from heaven the words that showed me my life-work while on earth, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people."

And so that was why this helplessness was meant after all, to "comfort his people!" Ah, my beautiful work, how it warmed my heart to think of it!

I put out my hand and drew my Bible towards me fearlessly at last. I could not see to read it in the darkness, but I was content first to let my hand rest upon it in manifestation of my broken will.

It was late, nearly morning when Del knelt down beside my bed to say good-night.

"I gave my rose to John Lawrence, Grandma," she said, half shyly at the last, "he has loved me hopelessly for many years, but that was all the hope I could give him—yet."

I was satisfied, for my rose had done its work, and I had found mine in the Lord's way that had seemed so bitterly hard at the first.—*Christian at Work.*

SELFISHNESS.

MARGARET SPENCER.

"Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly missions to and fro;
Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care.'

Not all the weeds in the "Queen's Gardens" distract, discourage and vex like the biggest, strongest, ugliest one, self. The sweetest, healthiest roses, the gayest scarlet poppies in the golden corn, of which our dear Alice Cary loved to sing; the forget-me-nots and hardy sweet peas tangled and rollicking over the home garden walls—each and all hate this rank, miserable, strongly-rooted weed.

Does it always grow in the "Queen's Gardens?" Just ask the faithful "King's Daughters," and the gardeners as they prune and dig, transplant and water, with tears and struggles. How it thrives in the beds of mellow earth, hiding the pretty tufts of bloom under their aggressive overbearing heads!

Spurgeon says to the young people, "Don't pray to be kept from the tortures of the Inquisition, but for grace to forget yourselves in some work for others."

The fact is, selfishness thrives best at home. A great philanthropist says, "How much easier to give time, money and patience to the outside world, than to mother, wife and sisters in the smaller, homelier duties of a busy life."

According to "Aunt Roxy" it is "dreadful true" that "boys love somebody's else sisters better than their own," and some families seem to carry on a whole system of selfish education from the nursery to the college.

Dear Joe! "Home is a nice place to hail from and rest in." "Mary, do hand me the paper." "Just step to the door and see what mother wants." "Susie, there's a dear, now get me my tennis shoes and mail these letters." The spoiled boy talks like that to his sisters now. After a while he makes some other pretty girl his willing slave. How hateful and repulsive such a man becomes. He wins power and greatness, but never loveliness. He may wrestle like Jacob with the angel, but before the wife he loves, will be defeated and chagrined; the selfish, lordly boy, unconsciously becomes the selfish, narrow husband.

Dante says: "The souls in another world were divided into three classes: for God, for the devil, and those for neither; just for themselves." Some of them must be left yet.

Why should Jack leave the pillows and books on the grass "for the girls to bring in?" Why leave the blacking box in the dining-room, or the soiled cuffs and handkerchiefs in the hall for Mary to put away? What ails his strong young arms and stout young legs? How many families struggle and toil that John and Mary go through college; that they dress to please fastidious taste, that they take their places among the best, and not one thought is given to the dear ones who barely have the necessaries of life?

Really generous and noble children grow apart and selfish from the careless, early neglect of home courtesy: the "Good-mornings" and "Good-nights," the small acts of loving thoughtfulness "for love's sweet sake." "Uncle Jacob" left one million dollars to his five nieces and nephews, of whom he said simply, "They loved to help one another."

I know a pretty sister who, after years of nervous disease and suffering, was given up by her family and physicians. The elder brother took her to a specialist, where she entirely recovered her health. Years of frugal self-denial, no operas, no dinners, no new books, but frequent visits to the little sister. Do you wonder "Brother" is all the world to that family? He still finds money and love enough to educate his two younger sisters.

On my way to Colorado a little baby cried pitifully in the night, disturbing all in the sleeper. Down the dimly-lighted aisle I saw a young man about twenty sitting on the edge of his berth, with the curtains drawn back, holding a sobbing child. Vainly he rocked back and forth, sang softly and low, kissed the fair, soft cheek, held the curly head close to his neck.

I said, "Let me take the baby. I'm used to children."

He gave the little sister into my arms, with a sad, "Thank you, madam," and only said, "She misses our mother so. It is only two days since she died."

He told me no story, I asked no questions, but as the lonely little lamb sighed itself to sleep on my bosom, I felt very sure that the mother of that boy smiled in heaven as the angels do, with no fears for his future.

Charles Sumner had a page in the Senate whose father was killed in battle. The young mother and three little sisters were left destitute. To the day of the great man's death he kept the son in good business. He said to Owen Lovejoy one day, "That boy makes a child of me; I weep sometimes to see the unselfishness of his heart. Everything he has or enjoys is poured out on his little family; I actually have to buy his shoes, for he uses the money to give Bessie slippers. I never loved a child so in my life, Lovejoy; you and I might improve, hey?"

Selfishness is so hateful! As "the smile of the hostess is the cream of the feast," so is the girl or boy the big, strong, steady lamp that glows in the household, "on cloudy days or fine." Sunshine within and sunshine without will only be coaxed by a constant thinking of others more than yourself. The discipline and culture of home feed only upon it. Womanly tenderness broods over the brother, but protecting comradeship makes the bond sacred and beautiful. They serve one another with the same delicacy that they carry into other homes, where they are honored guests.

Maggie says: "Marry that man? Never! He loves me! He is worth millions! He is a brilliant, brainy fellow! but I went to college with his sisters. They were slaves to the cynical, selfish brother, and no son who speaks carelessly of the 'old people,' will rule over me!"

How easy to be eyes for mother, to be young feet for father, to save them steps and care! Let me bring the papers and get the cup of cold water, and take the visitors to drive. Let me air and prepare the guest chamber, and see that the home is in truth the "Palace Beautiful," made ready for all the King's daughters and sons. See that in the dear garden of delicate hearts none are wounded, choked or overshadowed by the hateful weeds!

"Dick, where are you going to-night? We are going to have a little company. Do stay and help us."

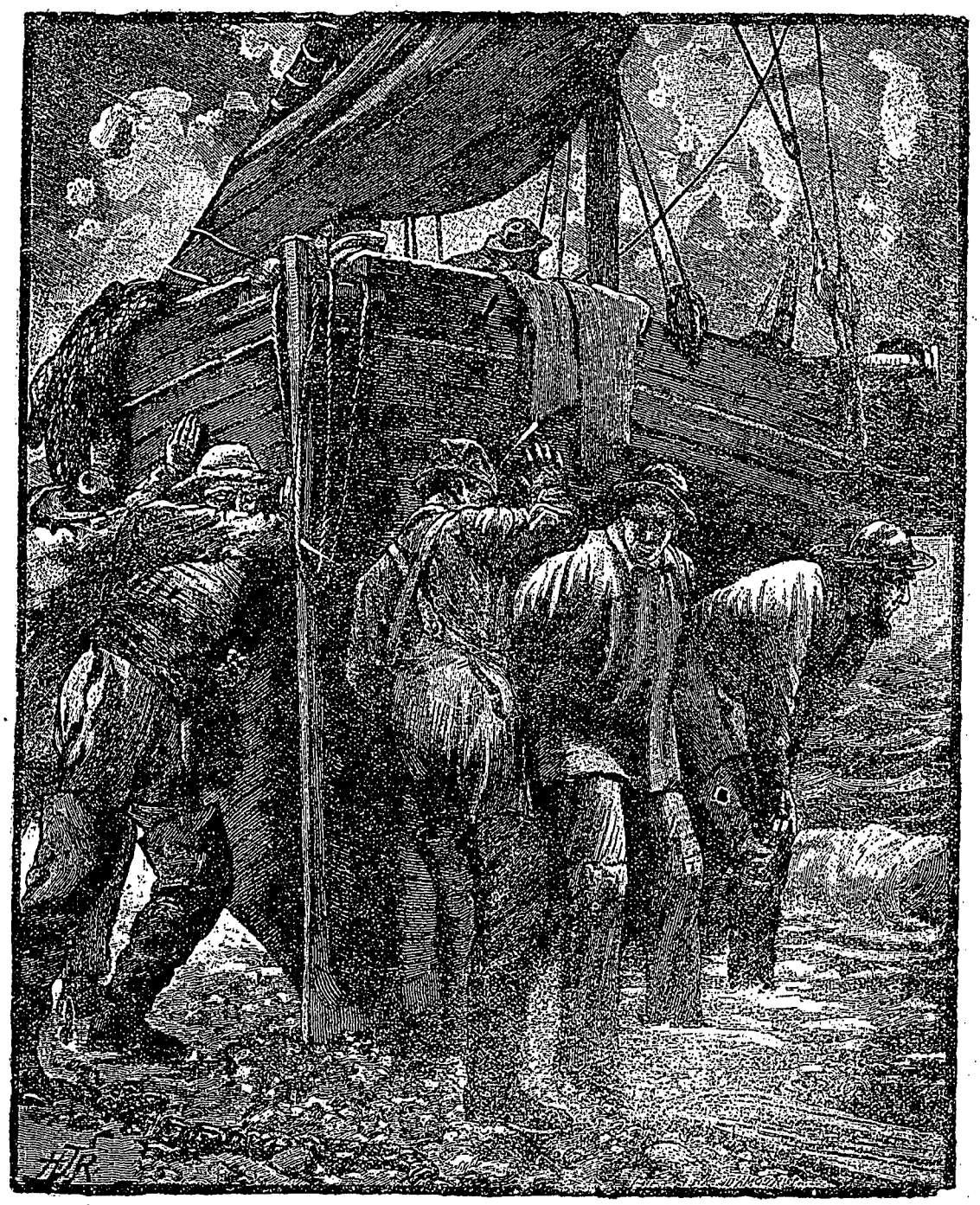
"Now, sis, I've an engagement. Too bad, isn't it? Don't sit up for me."

Why shouldn't Dick take his proper place by his sister's side, give her his wider experience, and stronger foothold upon the ways of the world? Choose her friends as his own, make the young, healthful, charming company to fit his father's house and his sister's home? An old-fashioned recipe for home-keeping is, "Look not every one upon his own things, but on the things of others." The common sunshine of love gives every shade of color, every variety of rich and perfect bloom, in the gardens of our Queens.—*Union Signal.*

A PUSH ALL TOGETHER!

I could not help thinking, says the Rev. Charles Courtenay, of the Cornish motto, "*One and all*," when I saw, as any one may often see on the seashore, the launching of a fishing-boat. Five brawny fishermen, some out of the water, some in, were "one and all" bent on getting their craft into deep water. Two pushed with their hands, one with his shoulders, two with their backs—but all pushed. And at last the fruits of their pushing were reaped, for the big boat fairly floated on the water.

There is nothing like combination for doing good work. One man cannot do half so much as two, strange though it may sound. "Two are better than one" any day, and two together are better than two separated. But, of course, my readers know that very well. A person with two eyes in his head, and some sense behind the eyes, cannot travel very far without being a firm believer in combination. Certainly, married people have found it out, unless, unfortunately, they are married but not matched!



"NOW, THEN! A PUSH ALL TOGETHER!"

One, two, three,—Now! There is a lesson here for those who care to pick up. Combination is all very well, if someone is allowed to take the lead; somebody to count; somebody to say "Now." It was the united push at the same moment that sent that boat into deep water. But for this they might have pushed till doomsday, and never moved the boat ahead a single inch. It was the "push all together" which did the work. I am not quite sure that people realize this sufficiently. At any rate it is worth mentioning, that there must be one to give the word.

Never mind how people push so long as they do push. I think this is a lesson that most of us need to learn. Some cannot push much, but they are wonders for criticising. Perhaps such critics do good sometimes; but I am afraid that, as a rule, they do more harm than good. If one man thinks he can push better with his hands, let him push with his hands; but if another prefers to push with back or shoulders, I am quite satisfied. But there, I suppose it is easier to criticise than to push.

Look at that lazy fellow weighting the boat, sitting down and doing nothing. Really he ought to be ordered out. What does he mean by it? Here again we have a picture true to life. He won't push, but he doesn't mind having a ride at some other person's expense. And as he sits there looking at the perspiring men beneath him, no doubt he feels like "a gentleman at large." Ah! the critic is bad enough, but this "dead weight" is infinitely worse. I wonder if my readers have ever faced this fact—that each of us is either a dead weight or a worker—that we are either helping on the work of God or keeping it back. It is worth thinking about.

There is one fact I should like to call attention to now, and that is, what would be the good of pushing if it were not for the rising tide? You must have noticed that they never attempt to move heavy boats until the tide touches the keel. They need the tide's help, of course; and the higher the tide the more successful the push. Very wise men in their day and generation are those fishermen. Let us learn from them that we need the rising tide of God's grace to make our spiritual pushing of any avail. You and I, perhaps, before now have tried to push without the tide; and hard and dreary and useless work it was. But we know better now, I hope. God shall float the keel, and we will push at the bow; and then we shall do great things.

Every push tells—let it also be remembered. One push will not do the whole work, but it will do a bit of it, and bring it nearer to the floating-point. I say this because workers are apt to get despondent, and to fancy they are not successful. But no real worker for the Lord need be downhearted. If they move a pin's point they have done something, and many a good work is moving on, which seems to our short-sighted eyes to be standing still. Besides, have we not the assurance—"Your labor is not in vain in the Lord?" Yes, every push tells, be it as feeble as it may. One final remark I would fain make, for I would not be misunderstood. Do we belong to the boat? Does the Captain recognize us as part of the crew? My readers will know what I mean. Are we, who are trying to do God's work, on the Lord's side? Do we belong to the great Captain of our salvation? There are people who push religious institutions who are not religious people in the sight of God. I do not know what good their pushing will do, or what they can gain by it, but their first plain duty is—to go to the Captain.

HOW TO GO TO THE CITY.

"The labor of the foolish wearieth every one of them: because he knoweth not how to go to the city."—Eccl. x. 15.

I said to a little boy one night, "Will you ask the Lord Jesus to make you his own little boy, and wash all your sins away?"

"No," he said, decidedly, nestling down into his bed; "I'll wait till I'm ill, or have an accident, or something."

He thought that if he belonged to the Lord Jesus, he would be sure to die immediately.

Perhaps you think, also, that if you knew "how to go to the city" you would be taken there at once, and possibly you would rather stay here a little longer.

However, if you will look in the tenth chapter of Ecclesiastes you will read of some people who were weary, because they didn't know how to go to the city.

Are you ever weary? Does there ever creep into your heart a feeling of discontent? Now, if you knew "the Way," how to go to the city, that feeling would not come into your heart any more. The knowledge of that Way would satisfy you (Jer. xxxi. 25) and give you rest.

I want to reach some child who really does sometimes wonder how he or she can get to heaven—some one who is trying very hard to get there.

The little boy that I told you of a moment ago had a serious mood lately. His brother was, with others, singing hymns one Sunday evening, but he crept off into another room all alone. A lady found him there full of anxiety and thought.

"What are you doing, dear?" she asked.

"Oh, I'm trying," he said earnestly, "I'm trying to listen to the hymns."

"But why try so hard?" she enquired.

"Because, you know," he said simply, "that's the way to get to heaven, isn't it?"

"The labor of the foolish wearieth every one of them.' We often weary ourselves because we don't know that God loves us, that he doesn't want us to be wearied or full of care.

He does not want us to "labor for that which satisfieth not," or to grope helplessly to find the way.

I daresay you have learnt the fourteenth chapter of John's Gospel, and can easily remember who is "the Way" mentioned there, and who speaks of himself as "the Door" in the tenth chapter. It is the Lord Jesus Christ who is "the Way" and "the Door." He knows we shall always be weary and dissatisfied till we find him, and so he calls and invites us: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28).

He wants to change our weariness into rest. It can only be done by coming to him, and resting in him, and in his finished work—that work which made him so "exceeding sorrowful" and "full of heaviness."

He wants to give you rest now, and he will give you an eternity of rest by-and-bye. Once you have known the Lord Jesus, you will never thirst for anything else (John iv. 14). Why shouldn't you have both these rests? Don't be like the little boy who would wait to come to Jesus "till he was ill, or had an accident or something." Now is the time.

That city will be, indeed, a happy place; for we read of many terrible things which shall never enter there:—They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat . . . (Rev. vii. 16). No more tears, no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain (Rev. xxi. 4). No need of the sun, neither of the moon. The gates shall not be shut. No night there. There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth; neither whatsoever worketh abomination, nor maketh a lie . . . (Rev. xxi. 17).—*The Christian.*

THE CRANK.

What would we do were it not for the cranks? How slowly the tired old world would move, did not the cranks keep rushing it along!

Columbus was a crank on the subject of discovery and circumnavigation. Harvey was a crank on the subject of the circulation of the blood; Galileo was an astronomical crank; Fulton was a crank on the subject of steam navigation; Morse was a telegraph crank, and any man who doesn't think as you do, my son, is a crank.

And, by-the-by, the crank you despise will have his name in every man's mouth, while nobody outside of your native village will know that you ever lived. Deal gently with the crank, my boy. Of course some cranks are crankier than others, but do you be very slow to sneer at a man because he knows only one thing and you can't understand him. A crank, Telemachus, is a thing that turns something, it makes the wheels go around, it insures progress. The thing that goes in for variety, versatility, that changes its position a hundred times a day, that is no crank; that is a weather vane, my son. What? You nevertheless thank heaven you are not a crank? Don't do that, my son. Maybe you couldn't be a crank if you would. Heaven is not very particular when it wants a weather vane; almost any man will do for that. But when it wants a crank, my boy, it looks very carefully for the best man in the community.

Before you thank heaven that you are not a crank, examine yourself carefully, and see what is the great deficiency that debars you from such an election.—*R. J. Burdette.*

WONDERFUL WATER.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

Did you ever think what a wonderful thing water is? Fill a glass with it, and look at the light through it. The water is as clear as the glass. You remember in our experiments on matter we found that liquids were made up of millions of particles which lie so closely together that the heaviest weight cannot crowd them much

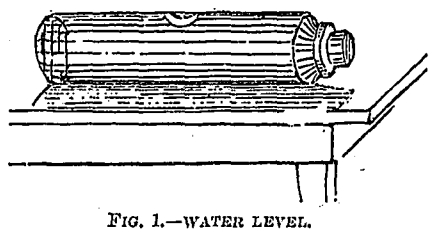


FIG. 1.—WATER LEVEL.

closer, and yet they will slip through your fingers almost as easily as air. You remember too, I hope, how the shot in the glass came to a level somewhat as the water particles did.

Now try to imagine just how it is with the shot in the glass. When they stand level each shot is pushed equally on all its sides by the others, so they keep still, but when you tilt the glass this is not so. They are all pushed more from the high side than from the low side of the glass, and those that can move roll before this pressure, and they keep on rolling till they get to the lowest point they can reach, where the pressure on all sides is equal, and that is a new level. Move the glass, tilting it first one way and then the other, and think about it; you will see how it is. In walking down a steep mountain path have you not often noticed how your foot sets a stone rolling, and how it starts another, till finally hundreds of stones go travelling down the slope? In shot, and still more in stones which are not regular and smooth, some help is needed to start the slide, but it is the pull of gravity that carries it on. With the perfectly smooth particles of water nothing but gravity is needed to set them in motion and to keep them moving.

Perhaps you have been a little confused about what a level is in tilting your glass one way or another. Set your glass of water on a table before you; hold up your plumb-line in front of it: if the top of the water is even with your eye you will find that your line makes with the water-level a straight cross like this +. Now let the bob fall inside, so that it is covered by the water, and look again. No matter which way you tilt your glass, the top of the water and the line make a straight cross with each other. However the glass may be tipped, the water is always level.

Every plumb-line, you know, points to the centre of the earth. Now imagine a hundred or a thousand plumb-lines dropped in a ring around the globe. They would be farther apart at their tops than at their bob ends; they would be set as the spokes of a wheel are around the great earth as a hub. Put ten pins in a row around an orange, letting their points turn toward the centre of the orange, and you will see how this would be. Now the water-level everywhere makes a straight cross with a plumb at that place, so the water on the earth curves as the rind does around the orange. The earth is so very large that we do not see this curve, except on a great sheet of water.

If you are by the sea-shore next summer, watch some large ship as it sails straight away from you. You will see the hull disappear first; it seems to be sinking under the water, but the ship is really slipping over the curve of the earth.

There is a curve in the tops of liquids in small vessels, but this comes from another cause which we will look into later on. This curve is different for different liquids, and has nothing to do with gravity.

It is very necessary to find an exact level sometimes, and this is done by what is called a spirit-level. I want you to make a simple level like this with water (Fig. 1.): take a glass medicine tube corked at one end, or even a homœopathic medicine bottle, the longer the better, however; fill it with water colored a little; cork it, noticing, which is usually the case, that a small bubble of air has been left in the liquid. Lay the tube on its side; if the bubble is in the middle between the two ends, the tube is lying level; if it is not, the end where the bubble is is higher than the other.

The fact that water always tries to come to its own level is very useful in many ways. Our cities are supplied with water by using our knowledge of this. Water is stored in great reservoirs at a higher point than where it will be used. The pipes that carry it can go down underground and up again to the faucets. In the country the water is often pumped up into tanks by wind-mills or by hand, or sometimes by what is called a ram, but the object is to store the water high, so that it will rise wherever it is needed in the pipes.

You know this is true, and use your knowledge every time you tilt a pitcher to pour out water or tip a glass to your lips to drink. To show it plainly, a great many glass vessels, large vases and small tubes, tubes straight and tubes curved, are all joined together at the bottom so that the water can run from one vessel to another; the water does not mind the differences; it stands just as high in one as in the others; it will be at the same height from the table in a tube that goes straight up as in one that curves like a very crooked S.

You have often watched the water shoot up in a beautiful spray from some fountain basin, from your lawn sprinkler, or a hose-pipe. Usually such a jet is caused by water rushing down from a high reservoir.

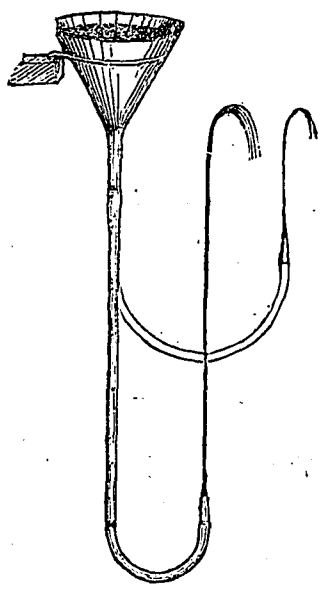


FIG. 2.—FOUNTAIN.

It comes through a pipe which turns upward at the end. The water shoots upward, though it is all the time being pulled back by gravity. I want you to make a little fountain for yourself, so that you can understand (Fig. 2). Take about two feet or more of rubber tubing (you can buy it for about ten cents, and you will need it again, but very likely you can find some about the house;) fit it on the end of a funnel, which you can borrow for the purpose; hang the funnel up; turn up the lower end of the tubing, pinching it between your fingers. Try this where it will do no mischief, in a basin or tub. Now fill the funnel full of water, stopping the turned up end of the tube; when you let it go you will have a little fountain. Now take the funnel in your other hand, and get some one to help you by filling the funnel as it empties; raise and lower the funnel, and you will see the jet of water rise and fall with the movement.

Fig. 3.—Fill a pitcher or bowl of water, and into it dip one end of your rubber tube filled with water, let the other end drop over the edge of the pitcher over a pan; you will find that the water runs up over the edge of the pitcher, and that if the hanging end of the tube is a good deal longer than the dipped end, you can empty the pitcher. This is called a siphon.

Fig. 4.—Pour some water into a thin glass—tumbler or wineglass. Look carefully at the top. It is fairly level, but you see a little irregularity around the edge. Now run your finger around the inner edge of the glass, so as to wet it, and look again. You see, while all the middle part of the water is level, all around the edge it rises up to meet the glass. Into the middle of the water put a small glass tube, not more than a quarter of an inch wide on the outside, and look at it sidewise; you see the water rise around the tube, making a tiny hill of water, there (this tube should be open at both ends). Now look at the inside of it; you see the water standing inside the tube higher than it is outside. The smaller the tube—if the water can get in at all—the higher the water will rise in it. If you have in the house a medicine dropper or a filler for a stylographic pen, take off the little rubber top, and after wetting the tube inside and out dip it a little way in the water; you will see in the fine tube at the end how far the water runs up, and as you dip it farther in and the tube gets wider, how much less the water inside stands above the level of the water outside. This curious quality in water and liquids is called *capillary attraction*, a long word, meaning that they will run up in small tubes, from the Latin word for hair.

By this attraction water will run up through the fine openings in woven stuff. You have noticed, very likely, if you have ever left the corner of a towel in the wash basin and the rest hanging over the edge, how the whole towel became wet; it becomes a sort of siphon. A sponge soaks up water, and the oil is supplied to a lighted lamp in the same way. Liquids do not flow up to any great height by this force. You cannot have the oil in your lamp very far below the flame, or it will not burn well. Sometimes there are little particles of solid matter in the oil, and the tiny openings in the wick become stopped up gradually; then the oil does not flow up easily, and the lamp burns poorly. New wicks will often make the lamps burn as well as they did when they were new. The water is supplied to plants by capillary attraction; the tiny roots suck it up, and the life-giving water runs up from cell to cell throughout the plant. This is not sap I am speaking about now, but water.

Dissolve as much salt as a cupful of water will take up (it will have to stand some time before you can tell how much it will take and still leave the water looking clear.) Color this with a few drops of red or violet ink; then heap high up in the middle of a saucer a teacupful of dry salt; pack it as hard as you can, and pour your colored salt water into the edge of the saucer; you will see the water rise between the grains of salt. The color helps to show it more clearly than if you used clear water.

When anything is lighter than water, it floats; when it is heavier, it sinks; when it is nearly as heavy as water, it sinks till it has pushed out of the way exactly its own weight of water. Salt water is heavier than fresh water. You know that you can float and swim more easily in salt water than in fresh; this is because you do not have to sink so far down to push out of the way your own weight of water. The salt water buoys you up more than the fresh.

Take a glass of fresh water and drop gently into it an egg. It at once sinks to the bottom. Now, spoonful by spoonful, add salt. As it dissolves, the egg begins to rise, till finally it floats on top. This shows that it is not the actual weight of a thing which makes it sink or swim, but its relative weight compared with the liquid it is placed in. The egg weighed the same all the while, but in fresh water it weighed more than the water it pushed out of the way, so it sank. In the salt water it weighed less than the water it pushed out of the way, so it rose.

A boat or block of wood sinks in the water till it has pushed its own weight aside, and there it rests; if you make a little boat and put a stone in it to steady it, you see it sink farther into the water and then stop. The boat at first pushed its own weight of water out of the way; then when you put in the stone it pushed more water—just as much as the weight of the stone—away, and came to rest again.

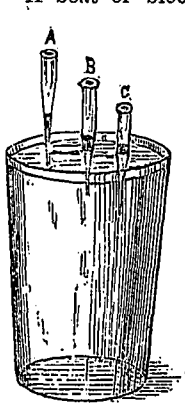


FIG. 4.
CAPILLARITY IN TUBES.

Fig. 5. — Take any common clear glass bottle; pour into it one spoonful of sweet-oil; then pour in a spoonful of water. The water goes down through the oil and lifts that up; the oil is lighter than the water. It makes no difference which you put in first, or how much of either you put in the bottle; the oil will always be on top; it is relatively lighter. This relative weight is called specific gravity. In the figure I have put three liquids—water, oil, and alcohol a little colored—and they stand with a sharp line between each two.

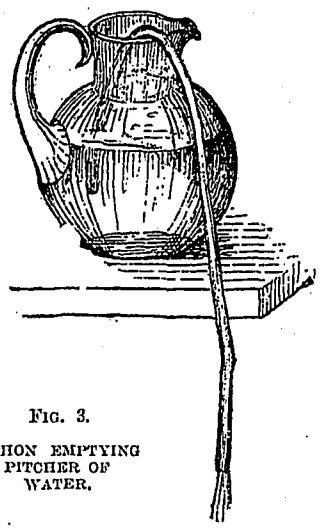


FIG. 3.
SIPHON EMPTYING PITCHER OF WATER.

A chip of wood is heavier than a shot, but its specific gravity, its weight against water of its own size, is less; so the chip floats while the shot sinks.

FIG. 5.
VIAL OF DIFFERENT LIQUIDS.

GETTING HIS RIGHTS.

In one of the police courts up town in New York, one morning, a very small boy, in knickerbockers, appeared. He had a dilapidated cap in one hand and a green cotton bag in the other. Behind him came a big policeman with a grin on his face. When the boy found himself in the court-room he hesitated and looked up as if he would like to retreat, but as he half turned and saw the grin on his escort's face he shut his lips tighter and walked up to the desk.

"Please, sir, are you the judge?" he asked, in a voice that had a queer little quiver in it.

"I am, my boy; what can I do for you?" asked the judge, as he looked wonderingly down at the mite before him.

"If you please, sir, I'm Johnny Moore. I am seven years old, and I live in 123d street, near the avenue, and the only good place to play marbles on is in front of a lot near our house, where the ground is smooth; but a butcher on the corner"—and here his voice grew steady and his face flushed—"that hasn't any more right than we have, keeps his waggon standing there, and this morning we were playing marbles there and he drove us away and took six of mine and threw them away off over the fence into the lot; and I went to the police station and they laughed at me, and told me to come here and tell you about it."

The big policeman and the spectators began to laugh boisterously, and the boy trembled so violently with mingled indignation and fright that the marbles in his little green bag rattled together.

The justice, however, rapped sharply on the desk, and quickly brought everybody to dead silence.

"You did perfectly right, my boy," said he, gravely, "to come here and tell me about it. You have as much right to your six marbles as the richest man in the city has to his bank account. If every American citizen had as much regard for rights as you show, there would be far less crime. And you, sir," he added, turning to the big policeman, who now looked as solemn as a funeral, "you go with this little man to that butcher and make him pay for those marbles, or else arrest him and bring him here."

This little boy knew there was a difference between right and wrong. He did not scold nor fight nor swear, but he asked for his rights. This judge knew what was right, too, and taught a good lesson to the bully that wronged the boy, and to the policeman who laughed at him.

AGITATION to secure the observance of Sunday has begun in St. Petersburg. Twelve hundred merchants of the metropolis have declared their readiness to close their places of business on that day.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

"Well, I can't stay any longer," said a young man who, with his sister, had been looking over the pages of a new magazine. "I'll try to be up early this evening so as to read that Russian article to you if you'll wait."

"Oh, I'd wait a week, Rob, to hear it from you."

"Good-by, then." With a kiss flung from his hand he was off, but in three minutes came back.

"I forgot to give you that recipe I got from Mrs. White for you."

"Oh, I wanted it. You're so good to come back, Rob."

A little girl had looked up from her book as she sat upon the piazza steps, seeming much impressed by what she saw of the brother and sister.

"It must be dreadfully nice, Cousin Alice, to have such a good brother as you have."

Cousin Alice answered with a bright smile. "It is nice, little one, but you have a nice brother, too."

"Not nice like Cousin Rob," said Elsie with a doubtful shake of her head. "Cousin Rob always seems to like to do things for you and likes to stay with you."

"And isn't Archie like him?"

"No," said Elsie with another shake of her head. "Perhaps it's because he isn't so big. Was Cousin Rob so nice when he was a boy like Archie?"

"Well, no, I can't say he was," said Cousin Alice, her own face growing sober.

"Then, don't you believe Archie 'll grow nice some time?"

"I think, Elsie," said Cousin Alice, "that I had better tell you a little story about myself and Rob. It is not much of a story but perhaps it will set you to thinking a little. It is about something which made me do a great deal of thinking, and I have been glad for it ever since."

Elsie brought a rug and sat down at her cousin's feet to listen.

"I don't believe Cousin Rob ever was so teasing and provoking as Archie is," she said. "He'd never think of such a thing as getting anything for me or reading to me."

"And do you try how many things you can do for Archie?" asked Cousin Alice, smiling as she patted Elsie's head.

"I'm sure I should if he were nice to me."

"Well, dear, I tried it the other way. I did not wait for him to begin, but began myself. Not through any goodness of my own, as you will see.

"Rob and I lost our mother when we were very small, and have always lived here at grandmother's, as you know. Rob is a year younger than I, so it seems as though I ought to have petted him, and all the more as we had no mother. But I did not. I was so wrapped up in my own pursuits and interests that I believe I forgot whether he had any claim on me at all. He was not very strong and was always a quiet boy, while I was lively and ready for anything in the way of an excursion or a frolic.

"Willow Pond was as favorite a place for skating then as it is now on fine days, and grandmother used to let Rob harness up a quiet old nag we had and drive me over there for a good time. I could have walked the two miles easily, but grandmother thought it too far. One day we went over there and were having a merry time. Almost all the school-girls were there and I was enjoying myself highly, when Rob came to me.

"'Alice,' he said, 'I wish you'd go home; I don't feel very well.'

"I knew he had been coughing lately, but had thought little of it.

"'Oh, Rob!' I said, 'I don't want to go just when the skating is so good. It's early yet, and I don't think it fair of you to want to go; skate yourself, and you'll feel better."

"Rob did not skate, but went and got into the cutter and wrapped himself up in the robes. It annoyed me to see him waiting for me, and I went to him and said:

"'You go home and I'll walk!'

"'No,' he said, 'grandma wouldn't think it right of me to leave you.'

"I insisted, but he refused, until at length I got very angry with him. I told him he was hateful and obstinate, and I wouldn't go home till I was ready.

"A few minutes later I went to the house of one of the girls who lived near, to warm myself. She began showing me some fancy work, and I became very much interested in the stitches, and, I am ashamed to tell of it, Elsie, but an hour had passed before I thought, and poor Rob waiting for me out of doors!

"I was afraid he would be cross with me, but he was not; but he coughed a good deal that night, and the next morning grandma thought he had better not go to school. When I came home I missed him from the corner of the sitting-room in which he had usually sat to study or read.

"'Where's Rob?' I asked grandma.

"'Rob's gone into town,' she said. 'Your Uncle William had business there, and as Rob's been ailing a little lately I thought I'd let him go too, for a little change. He will stay a week or so at Uncle George's.'

"I had been coasting for an hour since getting out of school, so I was quite ready to sit down in Rob's corner. One of the neighbors was talking to grandma by the fire, but I was too much absorbed to be disturbed by their quiet voices until as I looked up at the clock I chanced to hear my own name and then Rob's.

"'No, she won't miss him much; she's too busy for that,' grandma was saying. 'And I thought it would be a good opportunity for the boy to see a better doctor than we have in the village. That cough of his seems to hang on longer than I like.'

"A little shock went to my heart as I heard it. Grandma was uneasy about Rob's cough; I had never given it a moment's thought. It gave the matter a serious look that they should think it advisable he should see a doctor in the town.

"A few minutes later grandma went and put on her bonnet and shawl. As she and Mrs. Lee came towards me in approaching the door she said to me:

"'I am going with Mrs. Lee over to see Mrs. Hale's little girl. She's been sick for a week, poor little soul.'

"As the two stepped out upon the porch they went on with the talk, and I heard Mrs. Lee say: "'Yes; I've never thought he had a strong look. And that cough has a dreadful hollow sound to me; I shouldn't wonder if he didn't live long.'

"Grandma shook her head as they got into Mrs. Lee's cutter, but I couldn't see her face.

"Was it Rob they were talking about?" Of course it was. A horror seized me and for a moment I seemed frozen to my seat. Then I sprang up to rush out and ask what they meant, but by that time the rough little pony was trotting down the hill to the sound of the jingling bells.

"There was no one else in the house to whom I could speak about it. I tried again to fix my mind upon my studies but it was impossible. I walked restlessly about the house, watching for grandma to come back. But just at dark Mrs. Hale's boy came with a message that the little girl was worse, and grandma was going to stay there all night.

"Well, Elsie, I hope you will never pass such a night as I did then. I lay awake thinking of Rob, my only brother. He had not always been kind to me, but I could not help feeling that we might have been far more to each other if I had tried to be kind to him. I had taken no interest in his comfort, no care in the little things in which a boy, and especially a motherless boy, needs a sister's care. And now they were uneasy about him. Perhaps he would be taken away from me, and I should not have much chance of showing how truly I did love him in spite of my carelessness. And I had kept him waiting in the cold, and it must have been bad for him.

"'Grandma,' I said, when she came home the next day, 'were you talking about Rob yesterday with Mrs. Lee?'

"'Yes, dear, I believe I was.'

"'Did you—did she—mean Rob when she said——'

"'What, Alice?' asked grandma, as I could not go on.

"That—that, Rob might not—live long.'

"I had intended to ask the question very bravely, but broke down and cried convulsively as grandma took me in her arms.

"'Hush, dearie; have you been worrying your poor little head about that all this time? No, no; it wasn't Rob at all. It was Deacon Hart she was talking about. Rob has a cold to be sure, but I've no doubt he'll be well soon.'

"Perhaps you think, Elsie, that I forgot all the matter as soon as my mind was set at rest, but I'm glad to say I didn't. I never could forget what I had suffered that night, and I was resolved that if ever I should lose my brother, I would not add to my grief the sting of the memory of unkindness. His coming home was a good time for the new beginning. He was as glad to see me, dear boy, as I was to see him.

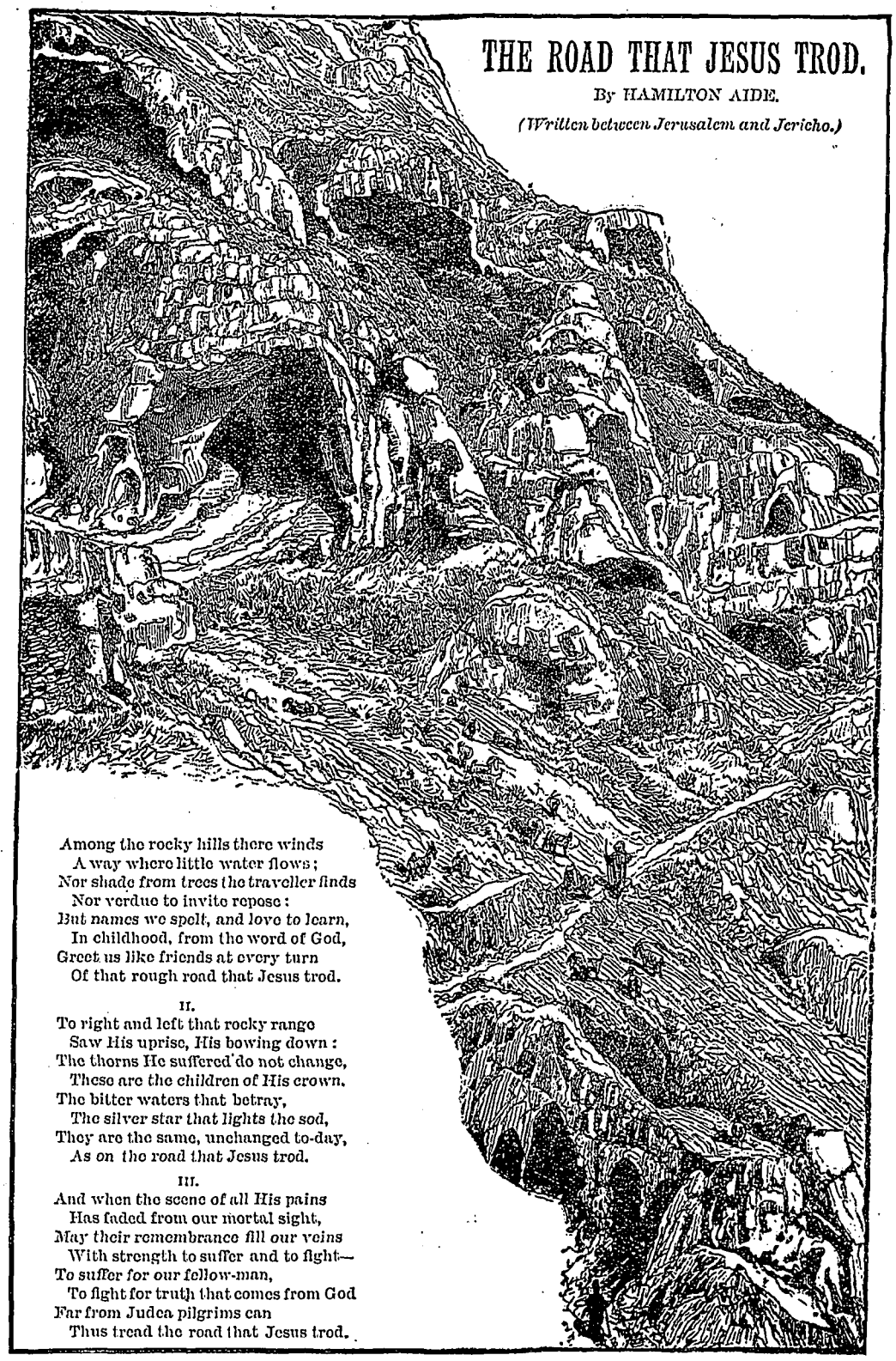
"And you cannot imagine, little girlie, what a comfort and blessing Rob is to me, or how richly it pays to try to win a brother closely to you."

"But Archie is so rough, and cares so little whether I am nice to him or not," said Elsie.

"I wonder if you have ever tried to be nice to him?"

"I don't believe I have—very hard. I might have tried harder."

"Then try it, dear. Keep on trying and be sure you will succeed and taste all the sweetness which comes of real love and sympathy between brothers and sisters. It will be a joy to you every day of your life, and in the years to come in which brothers grow older and are tempted to wrong-doing, the influence of a loving sister may be a power to determine his whole course in life."—*Observer.*



THE ROAD THAT JESUS TROD.

By HAMILTON AIDE.

(Written between Jerusalem and Jericho.)

Among the rocky hills there winds
A way where little water flows;
Nor shade from trees the traveller finds
Nor verdue to invite repose:
But names we spelt, and love to learn,
In childhood, from the word of God,
Greet us like friends at every turn
Of that rough road that Jesus trod.

II.

To right and left that rocky range
Saw His uprise, His bowing down:
The thorns He suffered do not change,
These are the children of His crown.
The bitter waters that betray,
The silver star that lights the sod,
They are the same, unchanged to-day,
As on the road that Jesus trod.

III.

And when the scene of all His pains
Has faded from our mortal sight,
May their remembrance fill our veins
With strength to suffer and to fight—
To suffer for our fellow-man,
To fight for truth that comes from God
Far from Judea pilgrims can
Thus tread the road that Jesus trod.

THE LITTLE STAMP COLLECTOR.

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.

Three months ago he did not know
His lessons in geography;
Though he could spell and read quite well,
And cypher too, he could not tell
The least thing in topography.

But what a change! How passing strange
This stamp-collecting passion
Has roused his zeal, for woe or weal,
And lists of names he now can reel
Off, in amazing fashion.

I hear him speak of Mozambique,
Heligoland, Bavaria,
Cashmere, Japan, Tibet, Soudan,
Sumatra, Spain, Waldeck, Kokan,
Khaloon, Siam, Bulgaria,—

Schleswig-Holstein (oh! boy of mine,
Genius without a teacher!),
Wales, Panama, Scinde, Bolivar,
Jelalabad and Kandahar,
Cabul, Deccan, Helvetia.

And now he longs for more Hong-Kongs,
A Rampour, a Mauritius,
Greece, Borneo, Fernando Po,—
And how much else no one can know;
But be, kind fates, propitious
—*St. Nicholas.*

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION WELL PUT AND SELF-ANSWERING.

Once all men were tramps. The Indians used to own all the land in common. They didn't sow much and they didn't reap much. They lived on game, fish and clams, but there wasn't enough to go round, and then one said to the others "I have as good a right as you to what there is," and he tried to grab it. The other Indians killed him. That is the way we all began. The white men, who were our grandfathers, lived in the same way in Europe, but that way didn't work well and the white men gave it up before the Indians, who haven't given it up yet.

What did they do next? They saw that all their food came out of the land, and that if they did not fence in the land somewhere and plant it, there would not be enough food to go round. Game was getting scarce. A tribe, or a family, fenced in a piece and said to the rest, "This is ours." Nobody objected just then, because there was more land than folks. After the tribe had taken the land, a part of them planted it and the rest kept up the fences, that is to say they stayed round the outside and kept the tramps off. Next year the tribe that had fenced in, or set apart, some of the land had plenty of food and then they had a lot of time to spare, so they went to work making better clothes and building better houses; the next year they were a great deal stronger, because they had been better fed and better clothed and better housed. The more they fenced in and used the land the more food there was for themselves and for others.

The tramps outside had a great deal more land, they also had all the game there was and all the time there was, but they said: "These fellows inside the fence have taken our land, but we have worked just as hard outside as they have, they ought to share even; we have just as much right to some of their crops and if they won't give them to us let's go and take them—let's all share even." That is just what the tramps say now, but they don't get it, because the men inside the fence have the most sense and the most muscle, the best tools and the best guns, and they know how to use them.

The tramps were licked, and then they began to grumble, so they do now. They said to the men inside the fence, "You have no right to that land, we want some of it." The men inside said, "There is land enough outside, why don't you fence in some out there?" The tramps said, "We want to stay here." Then said the men inside the fence, "Stay, if you want to, and swap with us—there will be enough for all of us if we swap. We will work the land, which is good for nothing unless it is worked, but we can't all work on this land; let's swap work on land for some other kind of work." "But where shall we stay," said the tramp, "we can't all live in the woods?" "No," said the man inside the fence, "we have more food than we can eat, more timber than we can use, more iron than we want; you can come in and work up these things and we will let you have a part—we will swap grain and meat and timber and iron, which we have saved from our own work and cannot use ourselves, for your work." The tramps agreed. Where was the thief? Both had more than they had before. Which one gained the most?—*Edward Atkinson, in Work and Wages.*

A *WITNESS* OFFER.

Anyone who collects twenty cents in payment of the subscription of a *bona fide* new subscriber to the *Weekly Witness* for three months may send us the address with ten cents, and the *Weekly Witness* will be duly sent to such address for the time mentioned, the object being to get the paper into a new family. The young readers of the *Messenger* might be enlisted in this work, and might if so minded invest their earnings in Pansy books, one Pansy story being sent for each new subscription at twenty cents. The *Weekly Witness* has been enlarged by six columns, which will enable it to give more space to some interesting subjects.

THE *MESSENGER.*

Here is a business-like offer to business-like young workers. You can take new subscriptions to the *Messenger* for three months at ten cents each and send us five cents for each subscription and retain five. If you like it better than retaining the money we will send you one of the "Pansy" stories advertised on this page for every two three months' subscriptions sent to us at ten cents each. That is, we will mail you a handsome Pansy story which sells at fifteen cents, and the two subscribers obtained by you the *Messenger* for three months, for twenty cents. Of course it would be better to get the year's subscription at once, but if you cannot do that try this.

WHAT SOME PEOPLE SAY OF US

IN JAPAN AND ELSEWHERE.

That the *Northern Messenger* is being appreciated more and more, is being daily demonstrated to us, and while our subscribers cannot see all the letters that come in they will be interested in a few taken from among them.

The first is from a Missionary teacher in Japan who writes thanking the subscriber who sends her two copies of the *Messenger* for use in her school. She writes:—

Kobe, Japan, Sept. 14, 1889.

Publishers Northern Messenger, Montreal:—Gentlemen,—I must beg your pardon for long delay in acknowledging the constant receipt for several months of two copies of your interesting paper. At first I was at a loss to know whom I should thank for the favor, but later I learned that some of your subscribers were taking that way to do missionary work. I should like to express through you my appreciation of the wisdom and thoughtfulness of the givers.

We have a school of one hundred and sixty girls, many of whom understand English well enough to read the *Messenger* with profit and interest. I have kept at least one copy on file in our pleasant reading-room since it began to come, and have used the other copy somewhat irregularly for lending. I have just sent several numbers to a school in the country, established by the Christians without foreign aid, and consequently poor in such helps.

One of our graduates who hopes to do literary work, has been translating some of the stories from your paper into Japanese for vacation work this summer

To-day our girls are returning from their vacation ready to take up the work of the new term. It is very pleasant to welcome them back and they seem happy to be here again. There are some new faces also, and to-day the new girls are receiving their examinations. I wish the readers of the *Northern Messenger* could visit our school and see these bright Japanese girls at their studies.

Thanking you again for the help which your paper is giving us in training these girls into a noble womanhood. Yours very sincerely.

SUSAN A. SEARLE.

A subscriber from Ellesmere writes:—

"I cannot tell you how much the *Witness* and *Northern Messenger* have had to do in moulding the character of all our family. I would not like to do without them. All in our neighborhood take the *Witness* and the school takes the *Messenger*. M. A. A.

A friend writing from Gananoque says:—

"I wish every child in Ontario could read it. I take more papers than I can find time for reading closely, but we always read the *Messenger*; and then I send it to some one who does not get it."

A friend in Elwood, New Jersey, renewing his subscription writes:—

"Thanks for the reminder of expiration of my subscription to the *Northern Messenger*. We like it very much. I only wish I was able to take 100 copies for general distribution. If some rich church members could see it their duty to do good by circulating good papers, it would redound to the glory of God, and they would be doubly blessed by giving. Our school is poor and small, and we sustain ourselves, or very nearly so. I often send a copy out of town. It is a duty we owe to the rising generation to give it religious instruction. Yours for God and humanity.

JAMES B. WRIGHT.

P. S.
Herewith find notice returned with enclosure for 11 copies for another year—$3.15 for 14 copies.
J. B. W.

A little girl sends us the following word:—

Seaforth.

DEAR SIR,—Our little sister Lillie (your former subscriber) died last August (21st). We have been going to write and tell you but we neglected to do it so long that we thought we would wait until we renewed our subscription. The day she was buried we got her *Messenger* out of the office and there was such a pretty piece of poetry in it about "Papa's darling." It seemed to suit us so well we were going to write then but, as I said, we neglected to do so. My little sister was so fond of the paper that she would read it from beginning to end, not even leaving out the advertisements. Hoping that we have not kept you waiting too long, we remain as ever

FRIENDS TO THE "NORTHERN MESSENGER."

One of our young Bible Students says:—

DEAR SIRS,—I have been taking the *Northern Messenger* now a year and our family enjoys reading it very much. We prize it very highly and would not be without it for many times the price. I do not think I could do without it.

Yours respectfully. EFFIE A. MEIKLEJOHN.

A number of interesting communications, including one from the Rev. G. L. McKay, of Formosa, must be held over for another number.

NEW CLUB RATES.

The following are the NEW CLUB RATES for the MESSENGER, which are considerably reduced:

1 copy				$ 0 30
10 copies to one address				2 25
20	"	"	"	4 40
50	"	"	"	10 50
100	"	"	"	20 00

Sample package supplied free on application

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE WITNESS.

A DAILY PAPER mailed to any address in Canada and the United States for $3.00 a year, that contains the latest news and most interesting reading, valuable market reports and everything that any person who wants to be kept fully informed of the events happening all over the world, cares to know.

A WEEKLY PAPER mailed to any address for $1.00 a year, with the world's news summarized much interesting reading for the home circle, valuable hints worth many dollars a year to the thoughtful, Question and Answer columns by eminent specialists which are much thought of by subscribers, and a circulation of 31,000 copies, showing its great popularity.

"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE."

A perfect copy of a picture which was sold by the artist for $120,000 cash, a single copy being sent to any subscriber to the *Daily* or *Weekly Witness* or *Messenger* for 25 cents in addition to the subscription prices.

Send for sample copies of the papers and subscribe for them.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers,
Montreal, Que.

POPULAR STORIES

AND HOW TO SECURE THEM—AN OFFER GOOD UNTIL NEW YEAR.

Only three or four years ago "Pansy's" stories were sold for $1.25 and $1.50 and could not be got for less. Later, cheaper editions were published, but no such offer has yet been made as the one announced in the last number of the *Northern Messenger*. For thirty cents any one can obtain any one of the following nine "Pansy's" books:—

1. THE KING'S DAUGHTER.
2. WISE AND OTHERWISE.
3. AN ENDLESS CHAIN.
4. FOUR GIRLS AT CHAUTAUQUA.
5. THE CHAUTAUQUA GIRLS AT HOME.
6. RUTH ERSKINE'S CROSSES.
7. ESTER REID.
8. ESTHER REID YET SPEAKING.
9. THREE PEOPLE.

and also the *Northern Messenger* for one year.

Any subscriber to the *Northern Messenger* who sends in with his renewal subscription one new one at 30 cents will get any one of these and the new subscriber will get the one he chooses also.

One of these books will be sent to each subscriber whose name is sent by an old one with thirty cents, so that if an old subscriber sends eight subscriptions with his own and $2.70, each subscriber, in addition to having the *Northern Messenger* for a year, will have one of these books, and they can be exchanged among the circle until each one has read all. Thus may be formed, with a few hours' work, a choice little circulating library of the best and perhaps most widely read set of stories of the day. This offer is only good to those who send in a new subscriber with their own renewal.

Take advantage of this offer at once for we cannot yet promise to continue it after the close of the year.

Address at once.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.
Publishers,
Montreal.

THE "WEEKLY WITNESS"

—AND—

MANUAL OF BIBLICAL GEOGRAPHY,

The revised edition of Dr. Hurlbut's "Manua of Biblical Geography," is being much appreciated. It is prepared specially for the use of students and teachers of the Bible, and for Sunday school instruction, and contains over fifty maps, twenty-five of which are full page size, 12 in. by 10, and one of the Old Testament world, covers two pages. Besides these the Manual contains a large number of special maps of important localities, mountains, cities, etc., and also a large number of colored diagrams showing heights of mountains, areas of tabernacle and temples and Bible weights and measures, with accurate views of the principal cities and localities. The retail price of this book is $2.75. By a special arrangement with the publishers we are enabled to offer this valuable work with one year's subscription to the *Weekly Witness* for only $2.75, the price charged for the book alone or we will send it and the *Northern Messenger* for one year to any address for $2.00.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
"Witness" Office,
Montreal.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at Nos. 321 and 323 St. James st., Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed "John Dougall & Son," and all letters to the Editor should be addressed "Editor of the 'Witness.'"