

## 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.

- |                          |   |                                     |   |
|--------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured covers /<br>Couverture de couleur  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured pages / Pages de couleur   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers damaged /<br>Couverture endommagée   | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages damaged / Pages endommagées   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers restored and/or laminated /<br>Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée   | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages restored and/or laminated /<br>Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Cover title missing /<br>Le titre de couverture manque  | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/<br>Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured maps /<br>Cartes géographiques en couleur  | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages detached / Pages détachées  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /<br>Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)  | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Showthrough / Transparence  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured plates and/or illustrations /<br>Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur   | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Quality of print varies /<br>Qualité inégale de l'impression  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Bound with other material /<br>Relié avec d'autres documents  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Includes supplementary materials /<br>Comprend du matériel supplémentaire   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Only edition available /<br>Seule édition disponible  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Blank leaves added during restorations may<br>appear within the text. Whenever possible, these<br>have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que<br>certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une<br>restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,<br>lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas<br>été numérisées. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion<br>along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut<br>causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la<br>marge intérieure. |                                     |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Additional comments /<br>Commentaires supplémentaires:  |                                     |   |

# THE CANADIAN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION.

NEW SERIES.  
VOLUME X., NO 2.

MONTREAL, JANUARY 15, 1875.

SEMI-MONTHLY.  
38 CENTS PER ANNUM.

## NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figures 1 after their names will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.



## Temperance Department.

### THE TRAMP'S STORY.

FROM ANDREW TRUDGE'S OBSERVATIONS. BY J. S. CALVERT.

"I'm not at all what you would call a picturesque scamp. I've no 'hair-breadth 'scapes and perilous adventures i' the flood and field' to tell of. At any rate, if I have, I'm not going to tell you them. I'm just a plain, commonplace sort of a rascal.

"My father was a small farmer in this neighborhood. He died only six years ago; but I hadn't seen him for twenty years before that. I was his only son, so I got a better education than other lads of my class at that time of day. I was sent to school at York, where I lodged with some of my mother's relations. They were very kind, comfortable sort of people and I think they did their duty by me. I was an unmanageable sort of a lad, and was in all kinds of scrapes at school; but there wasn't much vice in it all. It was more mischief and fun than anything else. At sixteen I came home. I knew little or nothing about farm work, and, to tell the truth, I didn't care to learn. I'd got it into my head that I would besomething or other in a large town. I hung about home for a year or two, doing no good, and learning a good deal that was bad. I enjoyed running about as riding into Helmsley, or away to Pickering, where on the winter nights, we used to get up a dance in one of the public houses, and drink more gin than was good for us, I dare say. Card playing, too, was another of our rational amusements. I was the youngest of the lot; but I made it my pride not to be left behind in anything. My father was foolish enough to let me have command of a great deal more money than I ought to have had the fingering of, and it went fast I can tell you. We got to be the talk of the country side. Decent, respectable people shook their heads, and warned their sons and daughters against us. I was fool enough to be proud of it, and before long was not satisfied with the scope the country afforded me. I must have my fling in London. My father set his face against it, and refused to give me money, and began to pull the reins tight at home. In less than six weeks after this stricter style of management began, I ran away from my comfortable home, taking with me fifty pounds that my good old father had laid up for his rent, and a neighbor's daughter who had no other chance of saving her good name than that of becoming the partner for life of worthless me.

"When we got to London I wrote to my father, feeling certain that he would not prosecute me for the theft, and even hoping that he would send me more money, when he heard through friends that I was in want. As regards the first particular I was right, but I was totally mistaken in expecting assistance from him. From that day to his death he never recognized me as his son; and all that he had when he died he left to the children of a younger brother of his whom he had hardly ever seen.

"In London I soon found employment as a clerk in a firm, the head of which was a Yorkshireman, who knew my parents well, and did not know on what terms I had left home. I had a sufficient salary, and might have done well; but I plunged into dissipation, drank, gambled, and neglected my poor wife, who



KING KALAKAUA.

King David Kalakaua, who was recently elected to the Throne of the Kingdom of the Sandwich Islands, and is now visiting the United States, is thirty-eight years old, about five feet eleven inches in height, and something darker than a Chinaman in color. He has a good education, and is possessed of a vi-

gorous will, and is determined to preserve the independence of the islands which form his kingdom. He expects to visit the principal points of interest in the United States, after which it is probable he will go to Europe. He expresses his intention to visit America again during the Centennial Exhibition.

pined for her old home on the moors. The rustic beauty that was her attraction for me soon faded away. Her broad Yorkshire dialect constantly reminded me of what I wanted to forget; and I began to hate her as a useless incumbrance and clog to my movements. The poor thing sickened in the stifling air of London; she became querulous and complaining; and I left her more and more for the gay companions whose acquaintance I was constantly making. When her child was born she had, for a time, something to employ her mind; but it only lived a couple of months, and she fell into a more melancholy state than ever. When I went home of an evening, it was to listen to never-ending complaints of loneliness and other discomforts, conveyed in language that, perhaps, in Yorkshire I should not have been surprised at, but which in London seemed absolutely boorish. I used to flee from her to music saloons, theatres, gambling hells—anywhere where I could forget the miseries of our wretched lodgings in dissipation and drink. How I managed to be fit for the desk after the nights I spent is more than I can tell; young stomachs and heads will stand a great deal.

"For a long while I managed to keep my way of life a secret from my employer. He may have thought sometimes that I looked seedy, after a heavier plunge than usual; and once or twice I positively could not manage to get to my work; but, on the whole, I contrived to satisfy him pretty well during the first year. But I had started on a course that

was sure to end in disgrace. My expenses for months had been a long way over my income. I had borrowed from fellow-clerks till they would lend no more. I had run in debt to tradesmen till they were continually threatening me with exposure and imprisonment; I owed gambling debts and bets that I could never meet. I was wretched, but I dared not show signs of it. I put a pleasant face on matters, borrowed money from my master's cash box, kept sums that I had received in payment of his accounts, falsified my books, and made larger bets, in hope of being able to regain my former losses. Sometimes I won—oftener I lost; but whether I won or lost I still drank. At first I drank in feverish excitement, or to drown reflection; soon I began to love drink for its own sake, and to feel that I could not exist without it. I could not face the day's work, or the danger of detection under which I constantly lived, without being continually under the influence of spirits. My wife had learned my secret, and drove me almost to madness by the way in which she used it."

When the poor fellow had got to this point of his story we were just coming to a point of the road that was clearer of trees than it had been for the last mile or so, and where a bit of a beck runs along the left hand of the road as you go towards Helmsley. It was so very hot, and my feet were so beaten with walking that I proposed to my companion that we should sit down for ten minutes, whilst I bathed my feet, and he could go on with his

account of himself. We got over the fence, and sat down at the edge of the stream, and he began again.

"I must hurry on. There's nothing worth spinning out in my miserable history. My frauds were discovered. I was prosecuted—not with vigor, I daresay; but my employer was a strict man of business, and had a duty to society to perform. I was found guilty, and was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. I served my time, and came out a ruined man. The first person to meet me was my wife, bless her! and she's stuck to me ever since. I have had ups and downs. I got employment in Hull once, in a large brewery, and managed in course of time to get a pretty good billet in the office; but one part of my work was to collect accounts at public-houses, and I soon fell into the old way of drinking again. I pawned and sold every stick of furniture in the comfortable house we had got, and even my wife's clothing. I lost my situation, and set off on tramp to seek another, leaving my wife ill in the sick ward of the workhouse. Strange to say, after tramping by way of Middlesborough, Sunderland, and Newcastle, as far as Edinburgh, and back again, through Glasgow and Carlisle, to Manchester, I once more got a place. I wasn't known, and I determined to start fair by signing the pledge; but I didn't know a soul in the town, and, for the sake of company, I soon got into the way of going to public-houses and billiard-rooms. I broke my pledge, of course, and lost my place. I signed again and got work again as a laborer about the Liverpool docks. The work was hard, and I wasn't fit for it. More than that, every now and then a dreadful craving for drink would come over me, and I had neither bodily nor mental strength to resist. Spree followed spree, with fits, of remorse between, but the devil had got me firmly in his hold, and I found it was no use to struggle. There, too, I was recognized by one of my old jail acquaintances, and this led to my getting to know many more of the same kidney. I gave up hard work for an easier way of living. I was an outcast, why not take every advantage of it? That was my way of putting it. I would have a Parisian's respectability that shaken me out of its lap."

I actually persuaded myself that I was an ill-used man; and when my wife, who had joined me again, tried to bring me to my senses, I swore at her, and once—only once—felled her to the ground. I was a brute, a devil; am one still, and don't see a shadow of likelihood that I shall ever be otherwise."

"No! no! Don't talk that way about there being hope while there's life. What if there isn't life? I live now as a dog lives. The moral part of me is dead; or if there be a spark of life left, it's buried in such a mass of sensuality no power on earth or in heaven could fan it into a flame."

"These are awful words," I said, "and you have no right to utter them. Your very knowledge of your sin, and contempt for yourself, is proof there is something better in you still."

"That's the mere torment of memory—the gnawing of the worm you preaching folk talk about. But do you see this beck, how it rushes along? I tell you there is as much chance of its turning and running up-hill to where it started from, as that I shall ever shake myself clear of the vices that are engrafted in my character. It's against the nature of things. Where's the force to come from?"

"Not from yourself, certainly," I said. "But even the waters of this stream may find their way back again to the hilltops by the way God has appointed, and without any of the mud they have gathered in flowing along. You must not think you can limit His power. Suppose, now you have given up trying to reform yourself, you let Him have a try."

I then told him the cases of a few I knew who had been a long way on the way he had gone, and yet, by God's mercy, had turned to the living way. I came closer than that. I told what I had been myself, and showed him that, though I had never transgressed man's laws as he had done, I had, by God's help, conquered habits as deeply rooted as his. That came home to him. I saw he felt the force of sympathy, and pressed him to make the effort to carry his burden where alone he could find effectual help. I found it harder to rouse him to action than it had been to convince him that even for him there was hope. He said he

would remember my words; they had given him a glimmer of hope; but he was ill in body and mind, and could not set about anything. He would think of what I had said; but, for the present, it would do him the most good to finish out his miserable tale before his poor wife overtook us. He therefore continued:—

"In Liverpool I sank to the lowest point I could reach. I was utterly reckless; I became a common thief, and herded with such. I was imprisoned frequently; and every visit to the House of Correction made me more a child of hell than ever. I have broken almost every law, human and Divine, and those crimes I am guiltless of are only such as have not come in my way. For the last three years I have been a wanderer and a vagabond, dragging my poor companion from town to town, and living upon charity which her piteous story and wretched looks have wrung from credulous people. It is a miserable way of life, but it is innocently compared to that which I previously followed. Then it takes one away from towns into the quiet country. I get the sight of the trees and the fields, the song of birds, and the smell of the flowers. God knows, I haven't much taste now for those things, but, somehow or other, in spite of myself, they do soothe me a little sometimes, and set me thinking of better things. The curse of my existence is the craving for drink. If I could only get where I could never see a public-house I might have a chance, perhaps. But I'm powerless to resist the temptation to drink. I've signed the pledge nine times. I've kept it as long as six months together, but I've always given way, and I always should, if I signed fifty times again. Only a night or two ago, in Thirsk, I listened to a man in the open air till I thought I would try again. I actually shuffled towards him at the end of the meeting wishing to sign, but my heart failed me. I thought 'What's the use? I can't keep it. I'm only making a fool of myself.' And so I turned away, and before an hour was gone over I was dead drunk in a beerhouse. If I had signed, it might have been just the same. It's quite certain I shouldn't have kept it long. But here comes my wife: I must be stirring, for it will take us all our time to reach Helmsley by sunset."

We got over into the road again. I walked on with the couple for a mile or so, and the stepped along rather more briskly, as I wanted to turn off to see the ruins of Rievaulx Abbey before it got dark. I spent an hour or more in exploring the ruins and admiring the beauties of the neighborhood, and it was nearly eight o'clock when I got into the town. One of the first objects that met my eye on entering it was the tramp's wife coming out of a public-house with a black bottle in her hand, with which I saw her enter a cottage across the street, over the door of which were the words "Lodgings for Travellers." I put up, myself, at the Black Swan, for I could not see any good lodgings elsewhere, and very comfortable I was. I had a hearty supper, and then I sat in the cool of the summer night, for an hour or so, thinking among other things, of the drifting piece of humanity which had found a shelter for the night in the lodging house across the street. I'm not going to say all I thought, but the sum of it was something like this:—There doesn't seem to be an evil that Englishmen suffer under in our day but drink is mixed up with it, nor an effort towards good that it doesn't thwart. Can any good man delay to set himself heart and soul to banish it from the land?—*Alliance News.*

#### A LESSON FOR SMOKERS IN PUBLIC.

In a very able and interesting article on "The Manners of the Latin and Anglo-Saxon Races Considered as a Fine Art," contributed to the November number of the *Art Journal*, by Mr. Jackson Jarves, occurs the following passage, which we commend to the serious consideration of those who may need the lesson:—"An active agent in the decline of fine manners in Europe—one, indeed, which obstructs them everywhere—is the rapidly-spreading habit of smoking tobacco. I refer only to its anti-aesthetic influences. The supreme test of the virtue of the knight in the days of chivalry, which was the highest ideal of fine manners, was his self-denial and desire to succor the oppressed. The severest test of the modern gentleman is his willingness to forego his pipe for the comfort and health of another. It takes a thoroughly well-bred man to withstand this form of self-indulgence when it can only be practised to the annoyance of another. Whatever the benefit or harm the use of tobacco may do the consumer's body, its common tendency is to render the mind indifferent to the well-being of his neighbors. Smoking is fast becoming an uncontrollable habit, perhaps, to the majority of mankind, and certainly to the serious discomfort of the minority. Surely there is sufficient space and opportunity on this planet for the smoker to enjoy his weed without poisoning the atmosphere of the non-smoker. The spirit of humanity which arouses men to put an end to the wanton torture of

organic life in any form, equally strikes at this species of selfish indulgence when it assumes this shape. So long as the rules of good breeding swayed smokers, no gentleman would vex others in this way. In travelling, particular accommodations were provided for the use of pipes and cigars. For a brief period the rights of non-smokers were respected. But the wholesome restraint is fast disappearing. What was once the rule has now become the exception; smokers crowd into rooms or seats reserved for those who would escape their presence, and claim right to fumigate, sicken, and half-strangle those, be they delicate women and children, whose physical organizations are more sensitive than their own, and sometimes add insult to the contemptuous indifference with which they inflict positive distress on their victims. In the growth of bad manners, which has attended the spread of this habit, even some women have learned to imitate the rudeness of the other sex, and make themselves a nuisance to fellow-travellers, by insisting on smoking where it is forbidden. Germans are the worst examples of bad manners in this respect, for it never seems to enter into their comprehension, however courteous and willing to oblige in other matters, that what is a sensual happiness to them may be absolute misery to another. Frenchmen are rapidly losing their proverbial politeness also by this species of self-indulgence. Englishmen and Americans, to a certain extent, invoke the law to protect them, and with both peoples there is more consideration for the rights and welfare of others than obtains in general among civilized nations. But selfishness of this sort has taken less firm root in Italy than elsewhere, precisely because amenity of manners and consideration of others in public are still the social rule. Not only do Italians refrain from smoking where it is prohibited, but I have seen them voluntarily give it up when they noticed it incommode others, where by regulation they were entitled to smoke, and this not only by gentlemen but by peasants. On the other hand, I have known a German of rank with his daughter get into a ladies' compartment in a railway carriage and insist on using his pipe, despite the expostulations of the lady occupants, who finally were compelled to apply to the guard for protection, when he was made to go into the smoking carriage, the scene occurring in Italy. As he reluctantly went, his daughter angrily turned to the ladies, exclaiming, "See what you have done to my poor papa; you make him leave his place to smoke away from me." The tendency of an inordinate use of tobacco to develop boorish manners requires no better illustration, for it is one which is nowadays too common not to have been experienced by most persons who travel."—*Christian World.*

#### THE CURSE OF CURSES.

BY THE REV. THEODORE L. CUTLER.

These are strong words to apply to any evil. But the English vocabulary breaks down in the attempt to do adequate justice to such a curse as the following facts describe.

A missionary, appointed by our Sabbath-school, reports to us that he is laboring in a township which contains about one thousand inhabitants. He does not find a single Sabbath-school. But he does find six rum-selling taverns, two distilleries, and two cider mills! He reports a tremendous harvest of tares in the shape of drunken farmers' sons, worthless work-hands, Sabbath-breakers, and a general going-to-the-devil among the whole community. And this missionary field lies in our Empire State, and not nearly one hundred miles from the city of New York! In this "centennial" era of our history as a nation, and in one of our oldest settled regions, such a picture as this looms up. And ought not the one thing which can produce such a moral desolation, to be branded as the curse of curses?

"Very true," replies some city reader; "but you need not go into the rural districts to find what the drink-demon can do. We have here in New York 470 churches and chapels, and 8,440 dramshops! There is a house of worship for every two thousand persons—most of them open only one day in the week; there is a dramshop for every one hundred and twelve persons, and open every day—and all day—and sometimes all night! What do you propose to do about it?"

Good reader, whether in town or country, there are some things that can be done, and ought to be done, speedily. The very people to lay hold of these certain things are the followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. God ordained his Church to fight sin, not merely to mourn over it. If there is one curse that is doing more to neutralize the Gospel and to wreck souls, than any other known among us, surely the Church of Jesus is not to ignore that curse and the havoc which it is making. Mere generalities in the shape of "Assembly's resolutions" and reports of ecclesiastical bodies, effect but little. This is a work for each individual church, nay, for each individual Christian. We have no

business to leave the effort for saving any class of sinners entirely to outside organizations, "orders," "lodges," or societies of any name or description. They are useful; but does Christ bid his followers turn over the hardest cases and the heaviest curses to the philanthropies of outsiders?

Each church then should directly labor, in its own way, and with its own moral machinery, against this monster of wickedness. Every church ought to have some systematic, organized method for resisting the bottle, for instilling habits of sobriety, for reforming the fallen, and for saving the young from this devouring curse. Good legislation is valuable; but civil enactments are not the peculiar province of Christ's Church.

Suppose that every pastor and every church and Sabbath-school would just lay hold of this monster and ask God for help and guidance to give battle to it. Suppose that every minister should squarely plant himself on the ground of entire exclusion of every intoxicant from his own house and his own lips; and should call on all his members to abandon it for the good of others and the glory of God. Suppose that every Sunday-school instilled the duty and the safety of abstinence into the young hearts of the children. Suppose that every church in the land should organize action against this curse of curses, and hold meetings, and spread abroad the truth, and lay earnest hold on men's consciences, and work with a will; who can doubt the prodigious results that would be achieved?

We have reached that time of the year most favorable for moral and spiritual labor. The precious words "revival" and "week of prayer," will soon be in the air. But what a topic for earnest beseeching prayer is this curse of curses! What a revival would that be which should save the mighty multitude trooping to hell through the doorway of drink! Men and brethren, is not the hour ripe for action?—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

#### WHAT KILLED HIM.

As I look out of my study window, I see in the village the late, cosy residence of a departed preacher. He was a fine-looking man, in the maturity of his manhood, and was, to all appearances, a noble specimen of our best New England clergymen. He was a pastor in Connecticut, and was probably much beloved and respected by his hearers. But his brain gave way; he found his nerves would not permit him to go on in his holy vocation, and he retired from his pulpit and came to Vineland for the benefit of his health; and he was here justly regarded as one of our best Christian citizens. He looked hale and hearty; it was the mind that was shattered.

One of our doctors remarked to him one day, "Mr. T.—, why do you not follow your vocation, and preach the Gospel? You look competent to the task."

"Oh," said he, "I cannot do it. I cannot think of a sermon. My power will not sustain continuous thought. This is what keeps me from the work."

In reply the doctor said, "Allow me to say, then, in all frankness, that this chaos of the mind is the result of your free use of tobacco; and you may expect, as the next result, paralysis, which will wholly use you up."

He admitted that this might be so, but could not and would not pledge himself to abstinence. The will-power of the mind was too far gone to cope with and break the binding chains of this slavery. He continued the use of the quid and pipe, and within a few months a paralytic shock was experienced; the body and mind at once both fell into ruin. He lingered for a year or more, and died.

Now, what destroyed this worthy, good man, drove him from the pulpit and hurried him to the grave in the zenith of his manhood and capabilities? Not too much brain or heart work; but that deadly poison, the oil of nicotine found in tobacco. After many years, observation, and some sad lessons of experience, I am satisfied more minds are shattered into chaos and nervous irritability by narcotics, opiates and dissipating stimulants, than by fasting, prayer and earnest work. The body and the mind are made for work; they will bear much hard, earnest and steady work; but the nervous system is delicate and complicated, and will bear but little abuse, and when goaded on to desperation by stimulation, will be sure to make reprisals.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

"FREE MEN."—The Democratic party of this State has pronounced for "Free men, a uniform Excise law; no sumptuary laws." There are half a million drunkards in the State of New York. These men are slaves—slaves to the most cruel and exacting master that ever tyrannized over humanity. Their bodies are his, and he pelts and stripes them as no Southern driver ever did, covering them with bruises and wounds and sores and horrible disfigurements. Their minds are his, and he piles them with burdens till they sink into helpless idiocy. Their souls are his, and he treats them worse than anything else, crushing

and cursing them till they are practically annihilated. Their property is his, and he takes it away, little by little, till their pockets are empty and their limbs are left to nakedness. Their families are his, and he turns their children into the streets, and sends their wives to the brothel and the mad-house. Their time is his, and from the hour they rise up in the morning, from the gutter, the muck-heap or the shelter of their own homes, they are kept at his miserable tasks till night finds them bleeding and powerless. The chains that bind them are stronger than iron. If they attempt to escape, there is sent after them a legion of appetites that are fiercer and swifter than any blood-hounds that ever chased the panting fugitive through the everglades of the Floridas. No other thralldom is half so terrible. These, and a million more who are serving an apprenticeship to the master's service, are the Democracy's "Free men."—*The Living Issue.*

TEMPERANCE IN GLASGOW.—The *League Journal* says: We are much pleased to notice here the efforts of the ladies in this city who lately organized meetings for prayer in reference to the abounding sin of intemperance. On the evening of Friday of last week an important and very influential assembly took place for the consideration of this great social question. One of our merchant princes, with his lady, resident in the West End Park, issued invitations to a large number of their neighbors and acquaintances to an evening party. After tea had been served, devotions were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Brown. The host, in a few pertinent remarks, introduced to the company Mr. Jonathan Grubb, a minister of the Society of Friends in England, who gave a most important address. He was succeeded by Dr. John Ker, Dr. Brown, and Bailie Collins, who all testified as to the necessity for masters and mistresses giving the weight of their example towards the abolition of the drinking customs in their respective families and circles of friends. After services of jellies, coffee, &c., had been carried round, the company united in singing a hymn, and the Rev. Dr. Ker led in prayer. We attach much importance to this effort on the part of the ladies in this city, to spread correct views on the temperance question, and from the position and influence of the parties present the most important results may be expected to flow in changing the manners and customs among the higher classes of society.

A WORKINGMEN'S CITY.—London capitalists and philanthropists have formed a stock company with a capital of about \$5,000,000 for the purpose of building a city to accommodate 16,000 workingmen on a plot of eighty acres they have purchased in the West End. It is to contain a park of four acres, streets and gardens tastefully laid out, and houses arranged for comfort, but with no beer or whiskey shops in the place.

—Total abstinence principles are making progress slowly among the English clergy; the recent Manchester Temperance Conference only going so far as not to question the conscientiousness of those who do not feel free to refrain from the use of intoxicating drinks, while it was convinced that such abstinence would do much good, "and that if ministers and members of churches generally could see their way to adopt it, the cause of temperance would be thereby greatly promoted." Bishop Eliott is working to bring about a temperance reformation in England, but it sounds strange to hear a leader in this cause say, as the bishop lately said, that he rejoiced to see the number of total abstinents increasing, although he was not one himself. To counteract excessive drinking, the English churchmen, unlike our own temperance advocates, appear to favor moderation, and not the extreme of teetotalism.—*Christian Union.*

—The law requiring drinking places in London to close at midnight is rigidly enforced. At some of the theatres the performances have usually lasted till later. So fixed is the habit there of quaffing after the play that confusion has been the result, a part of the audience leaving in the middle of the last act rather than miss their drink. The managers are abridging their pieces to meet the requirements of popular taste.

—A plan for curing drunkenness proposed by Mr. Gladstone has just gone into effect at Liverpool, and now a list of the public drunkards is published in the daily papers every Monday morning.

—The lady workers in Cleveland are sustaining very successfully, and with useful results, three or four coffee and lunch saloons, entirely on the temperance plan, and without financial difficulty.

—The Roman Catholic clergy in Chicago are reported to be making vigorous efforts to encourage total abstinence among their congregations.

—The "Ladies' Temperance Movement" in Liverpool and other large cities in Great Britain is doing a great work.



**Agricultural Department.**

**CARE OF TOOLS.**

All tools require to be kept in a dry, and, if practicable, a tolerably warm place. Moisture causes the decay of wood and the rusting of metals. Freezing causes injury to wood by expanding the pores where the moisture is congealed. In most respects the upper, rather than the lower, part of a building is the best place to store tools. In the first place they are completely out of the way, do not require to be moved about, and are less liable to accidents. The barn floor is not the best place in the barn to store implements. They are in the way there. Men and boys are liable to stumble over them, and if cattle and horses break loose in the night a double damage is liable to be done. Dirt of every kind collects on a barn floor, and more or less of it will find its way into the journals of a machine, or will adhere to all kinds of surfaces. The friction occasioned by removing hay and straw that has fallen on painted surface will give them, at least, an unsightly appearance.

In many respects a scaffold at the end of a barn is a better place for tools than is the ground floor. All things considered, a place near the roof makes the best depository. There they occupy no room available for other purposes, and there the temperature will ordinarily be found to be the warmest. Farmers might take a hint from carriage-makers, who so often put their choice materials on supports in the top of their shops, partially for convenience in getting them out of the way, and partly because of the favorable temperature. A painted surface will come out in the spring in the best possible condition if the article is inverted when putting it away. All the dust and grit fall on the side that is less conspicuous and the least exposed to wear when the article is in use. This suggestion will apply to plows, harrows and cultivators, as well as to more costly implements.

All iron and steel surfaces should be clean and free from rust when they are put away, for rust seems to encourage further rusting, as a minute spot will spread to much larger dimensions. Petroleum, hog's lard, or any of almost any kind will afford protection against rusting by keeping away the moisture and air. A coating of these substances can be much easier removed in the spring than a coating of rust. Mowing and reaping machines should be taken apart and thoroughly cleaned before putting away.—*Prairie Farmer.*

**SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS.**

Very many farmers fall into certain habits, or contract a certain routine method of performing farm work and duties, for the different seasons of the year, and perhaps the winter season is the one when there is the least economy exhibited of all; especially is it shown in their care and attention to their stock. No one supposes that the farmer neglects his stock or would knowingly and willingly have them suffer for any needed want; but still very many who have the care of stock in winter cause them to suffer much from the very want of forethought, or the force of habit. Take the matter of watering stock—how many there are who instead of supplying them with water at the barn, or sheltered yard, let them go to the brook or near stream; few of them ever give it a thought that each animal suffers in more ways than one every time it goes to the water; cruelty or bad economy would be the last thing they would desire to be accused of. But is it not cruel to send the poor dumb creature out in the cold, cutting wind, or driving storm, to obtain a supply of ice-cold water to satisfy the demands of nature; and perhaps drinking enough to set them shivering, and making them uncomfortable for several hours; and is it not false economy to allow all the necessary waste occasioned by their daily, or more frequent visits to the brook or pond? There is a waste of manure—waste in feed. "Waste in feed!" say you; certainly! only think how much warmth of body and the whole system is lost by these visits, and that this warmth must be made up from extra feed, or the fat of the system is reduced. Good economy would dictate that the stock should be kept, when not in their stables, in the sheltered barnyard, where a supply of good clean water could be had for constant access by all the stock; they then drink only as they need, and never to excess so as to suffer therefrom; are sheltered from driving winds and storms, and, what is an important item with all good farmers, the manure is saved where it can be readily loaded and carted to any desired place. Running water, wells or cisterns, are the most available sources for a water supply in ordinary times. Feeding stock is another item to be looked

after, that no uneasiness of stock or waste of material occur. Few are the farms where there is no coarse or unpalatable fodder which must be disposed of; and how to dispose of it to the best advantage to the stock, is a problem which some would like solved. That this coarse, unpalatable food, will cause stock to lay on flesh or even thrive, if fed alone, is not to be expected; but how to come the nearest thereto is still the question. Experience and the appetites of the stock must be the best answer. I have seen men who fed a considerable quantity of this poorer quality of fodder, and still their stock seemed to thrive as well as another's which had only the best quality of hay and feed, and the first stock wasted less in quantity than the second. This was produced by the way in which it was fed, but there are few possessing this faculty. For the generality, there is an economical method, which, if adopted, would add much to the value and lengthen out the better quality of feed. Coarse hay, cornstalks, and even good clean straw, may be made quite palatable to stock if it be cut fine, moistened with boiling hot water, and packed in a tight box or large cask, which may be closed tight after mixing a light sprinkling of bran, meal or shorts through the whole, and letting it stand a few hours before feeding. A bushel of this fed to a cow or an ox will be eaten with a relish, and will equal a larger feed of the best hay. Try it, you who may be short of the better quality of hay. In your care of the stock, remember that comfort is the thing needful for any stock to thrive; therefore study to make the stock comfortable in all respects. Hens, to supply you with eggs during the cold of winter, must first be made comfortable by being properly fed, and by having warm or comfortable quarters both for their run and for their roosts—good sunny shelter for day time where they can have free access to a variety of food, gravel, broken bones, green food, corn, oats, buckwheat, and clean water.—*W. H. White, in Country Gentleman.*

**HEDGES FOR FARM-FENCE—DO THEY PAY?**

BY S. FOLSOM.

What will a hedge cost per rod that will keep cattle in and keep cattle out of an enclosure? How long will it take to grow such a hedge? What is the best and cheapest hedge plant? How much width of space will a hedge-proof hedge demand? On what farm in America can I find such a hedge? What does it cost a year, after maturity, to trim and care for it? What is the annual amount of interest and taxes on each one hundred rods of it on land worth \$100 per acre?

A neighbor who has some of the finest hedges in Western New York on his farm, just in its prime, [told me, this fall, that he wished it all cleaned out. It is Osage. What it cost him, or how long it has been growing I know not. He says it costs him more to trim it and keep it in order than it would to build and maintain a substantial post and board fence. It occupies three times the ground, besides spoiling the soil for crops to a large and growing extent. The expense of digging it out is all that saves it.

Having looked for a hedge farm-enclosure of any considerable extent in a thousand miles' travel, I failed to find one without extensive breaks. Honey locust, Osage orange, hawthorn, soft maple, and various other hedge plants, have been very freely tried in most of the Western States—and all, everywhere, have miserably failed to produce a trustworthy fence, a cheap fence, or even a durable fence.

In our own State (New York), happily, we have only to fence our own stock in and make and maintain half the line fence where neighbors demand it, suffering damage from cattle on the highways only when due diligence of an accompanying driver fails to keep travelling animals from turning aside and injuring our crops. Nevertheless we must have fences; and the question at the head of this article recurs—Do hedges pay, as farm fence?

Unless some improvement can be made in them, the question seems to foreshadow a strong negative vote. For fancy grounds, parks, cemeteries, highway bounds, etc., the ornamental may be united with the useful in a neat hedge of evergreens or fancy shrubs. But for farm fence, the hedge must be made productive of fruit to compensate for the land it occupies and the care it demands.

Suppose, for example, that a row or double row of apple or pear seed be planted—a choice grape-vine being set at the same time in the row at distances of 12 to 16 feet—and midway between these let a tree be grafted to some choice fruit. Train the grape-vines each way on top of the trimmed hedge, and let the grafted trees rise as posts. Here you have a hedge festooned with fruit—a thing of beauty and a joy forever and a hedge that will restrain and turn farm animals; one that, if well tended, will grow in five or six years; one that by intertwining the twigs during this period will be even pig-proof and chicken-proof, and one that will also pay.

Who will try a fruit-growing hedge? Seed, vines, and labor are the outlay. A bed of rich, mellow soil, six to eight feet wide, is the first step. The plants for a few years will need the care bestowed on a row of corn, and then trimming and gathering the fruit.—*Christian Union.*

**THREE THOUSAND EGGS A YEAR.**

A lady friend of mine was informed that the husband of a friend of hers brought into the house three thousand eggs a year from his coops. My friend had been unsuccessful in that line. She was induced by members of her family to write to the lady of this favored husband, asking him to communicate the secret of his success. The gentleman wrote her a letter from which we make some extracts.

*My Dear Friend.*—The good wife thinks a man who can bring into the house over 3,000 eggs a year is the husband for her, and she wishes me, as an expert, to tell you how it is done.

No eggs need ever be expected from Brahma hens. I have had all the Asiatic fowls—Brahmas, Cochins, Chinas, Shanghais, Malays and Javas—have showered upon them grain and kindness, and am now persuaded that the whole Malay race, both of men and hens, is indolent, malignant and useless. There is no business in them. Brahminism itself is a system of selfishness; the hens have no disposition to lay eggs; they eat incessantly, straddle about the world with an awkward gait, which is enough of itself to condemn them, and are only large and plump when roasted, because they cannot help it. Like geese and turkeys, they lay but one batch of eggs as their year's work, and then insist on sitting; they will do it, like George Washington, with their little hatch-it. You can no more get eggs from Asiatic fowls by oats than you can make a deaf and dumb child into a musician by feeding sounds and tongues.

Race is everything in hens, as in men. You want Anglo-Saxon hens; our native kind, with yellow feathers and legs, or the hawk-colored (speckled, blue and white), or the Leghorn, called so, I fancy, not from an Italian birth-place, but because the extraordinary comb hanging over their heads is suggestive of the old-fashioned Leghorn bonnet. In any of these families you will find character, a trim and active body, an alert air, and a cheerful devotion to business, and that business, eggs.

The food of hens should be chiefly oats; corn not more than one to two days, water always; scraps from the house; a paulful of old plaster, or powdered oyster shells occasionally, and then their songs of labor will wake the baby; your boys will be in continual procession bringing in eggs, and yourself serene in the realization of your rural hopes.—*Letter in N. Y. Observer.*

**CLOVER HAY FOR HOGS.**—The Sacramento Union has made a discovery. It says: "It is a strange-sounding proposition to feed hogs with hay, but hogs will not only eat alfalfa (lucerne or Spanish clover) hay, but they will do well on it. Our own experience and observation have proved to us that good alfalfa hay, with plenty of water, will keep hogs in a good growing condition all through the winter. We have found that nicely cured clover, cut short, mixed with corn-meal and cooked, is one of the best winter foods for pigs. Of this, when in a warm pen, they gained about as fast as upon meal and clover in summer."—*Live Stock Journal.*

**CARE OF COLTS.**—We import stallions at many thousands of dollars apiece, for the improvement of our stock, which is money almost spent in vain, and will continue to be so spent until we, as a class, winter our colts better. Colts should be housed through the cold, rainy days of the fall, and when it is pleasant they should run out. In the winter, they should have a liberal allowance of hay. They should also have a few oats. Oats are better than corn, for they make bone.—*G. Knight, in Western Rural.*

**CARE OF HORSES.**—Do not neglect thorough brushing, combing and rubbing down of all horses, and such cattle as are stabled constantly. Labor thus invested will pay a handsome return in time. Salt should be placed, in large lumps, where animals can lick it at their pleasure; notwithstanding all the theories against its use, practice has proved it to be of inestimable value to live stock.—*Agriculturist.*

—In boiling potatoes for pigs, says the *Gardener's Chronicle*, they should be strained, as the water from them is injurious to a less or greater degree, as it contains the poisonous alkaloid called solanine, which, it should be noted, is more abundant when the tubers begin to chimp or bud out.

—One of the best planks in the National Grange platform: "Any member found guilty of wanton cruelty to animals shall be expelled from the Order."

—California is going into the tree business in earnest. It has hired a State tree-planter, at a cost of \$15,000 a year and expenses.

**DOMESTIC.**

—Diphtheria has become such a formidable disease that the physicians of the Board of Health have devoted special attention to its investigation. Some important rules for its prevention have been suggested. Without giving these in full, it may be mentioned that the greatest caution should be used in keeping the house and apartments pure and clean in every particular. Drainage and ventilation should be as perfect as possible, disinfectants used when needful, and ceilings frequently whitewashed. When diphtheria prevails, children should not be allowed to kiss strangers, nor those suffering from sore throat, nor to sleep with, or use articles belonging to, others having sore throat, croup, or catarrh. Well children should be scrupulously kept apart from the sick, and the feeble should have the most invigorating food and treatment. Slight attacks of sore throat, etc., should receive immediate attention. Sick children should be rigidly isolated in thoroughly ventilated rooms, and disinfectants freely used. Diphtheria is most liable to attack children from one to ten years of age, and those who are feeble or inclined to throat troubles.—*Harper's Bazar.*

**REPELLING ANTS.**—Some years ago, says a correspondent of the *London Times*, at my house in the country, a colony of ants established themselves under the kitchen flooring. Not knowing the exact locality of the nest, I endeavored to destroy the insects with treacle, sugar, arsenic, &c., but, although I slew numbers thus, the plague still increased. At last, bethinking myself that ants dislike the smell of tar, I procured some carbolic acid, and diluted it with about a dozen times its weight of water. I squirted a pint of the mixture through the air-bricks under the flooring, and my enemies vanished that day, never to return. It has always been successful. For crickets, &c., also, a little of this sent into their holes acts as an immediate notice to quit.

**BAKED POTATOES.**—Potatoes are more nutritious baked than in any other manner, and they relish better with those who have a taste only for plain food. And those who have been accustomed to highly seasoned dishes, a mealy baked potato will taste far superior to a boiled one. Wash them clean, but do not soak them, bake quickly as possible, but do not burn them. As soon as done, press each potato in a cloth so as to crack the skin and let the steam escape, and they will be mealy; without this the baked potato will not be mealy. They should be eaten immediately.

**OYSTER SOUP, No. 1.**—Take two quarts of oysters, and drain them with a fork from their liquor; wash them in one water to free them from grit. Take two thin slices of the lean of ham, and cut in small pieces; some parsley, thyme, and onion tied in a bunch as thick as your thumb; strain the oyster liquor; put all in together, with pepper and salt. When almost done, add a lump of butter as big as an egg, rolled in flour, with a gill of good cream.

**OYSTER SOUP, No. 2.**—Take three quarts of oysters, and strain the liquor from them. Put the liquor on to boil with half a pint of chopped celery, one onion, two or three blades of mace, pepper, and salt. When it boils, add the oysters. Just before taking it off, the thickening must be added, viz., one spoonful of flour creamed into the well-beaten yolks of three eggs. Pour a little of the hot soup gradually upon the eggs and flour, stirring all the while, and as soon as well mixed, with a little cream, pour into the soup. Then add one quart of rich unskimmed milk; let all come to a boil, and pour into a tureen over some small squares of cold bread. Serve it very hot.

**HOW TO SWEEP A ROOM.**—An un instructed Bridget, armed with a broom, is about as charming an occupant of a parlor, or a library well-stocked with the pretty little knick-knacks which cultivated people like to have about them, as the celebrated bull in the china shop. Before Bridget's entrance, all fragile movables should be stored by careful hands in some neighboring closet; and the furniture, as far as possible, protected by covers and slight draperies, kept for the purpose. Then, after doors have been closed, and windows opened, Bridget may be called in and instructed. Almost hopeless the task may seem at first; but after a little she will learn to spread the moderately damp coffee-grounds and tea leaves, or, still better, the slightly moistened bran, evenly over the floor; to brush the corners of the room, and under and back of the heavy articles of furniture, with a parlor brush; then to take her broom, being careful lest its handle shall prove destructive to mirrors or window glass, and instead of digging into the hapless carpet, wearing off the nap, and raising clouds of dust by her short strokes, to take long, smooth, straight strokes, the "right way" of the carpet. This manner of handling the broom, together with plenty of the moist bran, will prevent the whirlwinds of dust which otherwise rise, and penetrating the best arranged coverings, settle everywhere upon books and furniture.—*Scribner's.*

## THE BABES IN THE BASKET;

OR, DAPH AND HER CHARGE.

(From the Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

THE WATER LILY.

Charlie little knew of the strong feelings which agitated the breast to which he was clasped, while his little sister lisped off the lessons learned at her mother's knee.

These days of Daph's sickness were precious days to Captain Jones, and he was almost sorry when the stout negro triumphed over her enemy, and came on deck to resume her charge.

The air grew chill as the "Martha Jane" sped on her northward course, and the white dresses of the children fluttered, most unseasonably, in the cool breeze. The ship's stores were ransacked for some material, of which to make them more suitable, though extempore, clothing. A roll of red flannel was all that promised to answer the purpose. The captain took the place of master-workman, and cut out what he called "a handsome suit for a pair of sea-birds;"

Daph, with her clumsy fingers, made the odd garments. She felt ready to cry as she put them on, to see her pets so disfigured; but Captain Jones laughed at her dolorous face, and said the red frock only made his "lily" look the fairer, and turned Charlie into the sailor he should be.

The "Martha Jane" was nearing the familiar waters of her own northern home, when the captain called Daph into the cabin, one evening, to consult with her on matters of importance.

With the happy disposition of the negro, Daph seemed to have forgotten that she was not always to live on board the "Martha Jane," and under the kind protection of her sailor-friend; she was, therefore, not a little startled, when he addressed to her the blunt question:

"Where are you going, Daph?"

Now, Daph had a most indistinct idea of the world at large; but, thus brought suddenly to a decision, she promptly named the only northern city of which she had heard. "I see going to New York," she said; "Miss Eliza, my dear missus, was born dere, and it seems de right sort of a place to be taken de sweet babies to."

"Daph," said the honest captain, "we shall put into New



THE CAPTAIN GIVES DAPH A PURSE OF GOLD.

York to-morrow, for I have freight to land there, but you had better go on with me to old Boston. There I can look after you a little; and put you under charge of my good mother; and a better woman never trod shoe-leather, for all her son is none of the best. Shall it be so, Daph?"

"Couldn't do it, Massa Cap'in! Boston! dat must be mighty far off. I nebber hear tell of such a place. New York's de home for my babies, just where missus was born. Maybe, some ob her grand cousins may be turning up da, to be friends to de pretty dears. Nobody would eber find us, way off in Boston!"

It was in vain that the captain tried to change Daph's resolution; to New York she would go; and he now attacked her at another point, asking, "What are you going to do when you get there, Daph? Have you got any money?"

"Not so berry much to begin wid," said Daph, producing a bit of rag from her pocket, in which some small change, the result of her traffic in chickens, was stor-

ed. "Not much money, Massa cap'in, as you see for yerself; but what do you tink ob dese?" Daph loosened her dress, and showed on her black neck several gold chains, hung with rings of great richness and value, and an old-fashioned necklace, set with precious stones. "What do you tink ob dese, Massa cap'in?" she repeated, as she displayed her treasures to his astonished sight.

Daph had put her valuables on for safe-keeping, doubtless, yet not without a certain satisfaction in wearing articles which so gratified the love of finery common to the black race.

The captain looked at the jewellery with a sober, pitying expression, as he said, compassionately, "Poor Daph! If you should offer one of those rich chains for sale in New York, you might be hurried off to jail as a thief, in a twinkling; then what would become of my pets?"

Daph betook herself to tears for a few moments, and then rallied, and said, stoutly, "Daph can work for de babies. She's a strong darkey. Heard massa say

many a time, Daph would bring a big price. Daph will make heaps of money, and keep young massa and missus libbing like great folks, as dey should."

At this idea, Daph's face regained all its usual cheerfulness, and she could not be shaken by the further doubts and fears brought forward by Captain Jones.

"Keep what you have round your neck safely then, Daph," said the honest sailor, "and never try to sell them, unless you are ready to starve. Here's a little purse of solid gold, that I meant as a present for my mother; she, good soul, would rather you had it, I know. This will keep you till you can get a start, and then, maybe, you can work for the dear children, as you say. I have an acquaintance in New York, who may let you a room or two, and if she can take you in, you may get along."

"I knew de great Lord would look out for us, His name be praised!" said the poor negress, gratefully, as she kissed the hand of Captain Jones. Ye won't lose your reward Massa Cap'in; He'll reckon wid ye!" and she

pointed reverently upwards.

"May He reckon with me in mercy, and not count up my sins!" the captain said, solemnly, and then bade Daph "good night."

CHAPTER IV.

THE RED HOUSE WITH BLUE SHUTTERS.

Captain Jones was a prompt and upright business-man, faithful to his engagements at any sacrifice.

He was pledged to remain in New York the shortest possible space of time; he therefore had not, after attending to necessary business, even an hour to devote to Daph and the little ones. It was a sad moment to him, when he strained Charlie to his breast for the last time, and kissed his "water-lily," as he loved to call Louise.

He had given Daph a letter to a sailor's widow, with whom he thought she would be able to secure a home, where she would escape the idle and vicious poor who congregated in less respectable parts of the city. After

having made Daph count on her fingers, half a dozen times, the number of streets she must cross before she came to "the small red house, with blue shutters," where she was to stop, he piloted the little party into Broadway, and, setting their faces in the right direction, he bade them an affectionate farewell.

As he shook Daph's black hand for the last time, she placed in his a small parcel, clumsily tied up in brown paper, saying, "You puts that in your pocket, Massa Cap in, and when you gets to sea, open it, and you will understand what Daph means."

Captain Jones did, almost unconsciously, as Daph suggested, as, with a full heart, he turned away from the little ones who had become so dear to him.

Once more, the only protector of her master's children, Daph's energy seemed to return to her. She wound the shawl more closely about Louise, drew Charlie to her fondest bosom, looked after the various bundles, and then set off at a regular marching pace.

The strange appearance of the little party soon attracted the attention of the knots of idle boys, who even then infested the more populous parts of New York.

"Hallo, darkey! where's your hand-organ! What'll ye take for your monkeys?" shouted one of these young rascals, as he eyed the children in their odd-looking red flannel garments.

Louise clung closely to Daph, who strode steadily on, apparently unconscious of the little troop gathering in her rear. By degrees the young scamps drew nearer to her, and one of them, taking hold of the skirt of her dress, cried out, "Come fellows, form a line! Follow the captain, and do as you see me do!"

A long string of boys arranged themselves behind Daph, each holding on to the other's tattered garments, and walking with mock solemnity, while the foremost shouted in Daph's ear the most provoking and impudent things his imagination and rascality could suggest.

Daph maintained her apparent unconsciousness until she came in front of a large door, with a



THE CAPTAIN'S NOTE.

deep recess, which opened directly on the street, and but a step above the pavement.

With a sudden and unexpected jerk she freed herself from her tormentor; then, placing Charlie and Louise for a moment in the recess, she charged upon her assailants. Right and left she dealt hearty slaps, with her open hand, which sent the little crew howling away, their cheeks smarting with pain and burning with rage. The whole thing was the work of a moment. Daph took Charlie in her arms, clasped the trembling hand of Louise, and resumed her steady walk as calmly as if nothing had occurred.

There was much to attract the attention of the strangers in the new scenes about them; but Daph kept her head straight forward, and devoted all her attention to numbering the corners she passed, that she might know when to begin to look out for the house so carefully described by good Captain Jones.

Louise soon grew weary of keeping pace with Daph's long

strides, and the faithful negro lifted the little girl in her arms, and went patiently on with her double burden.

A weary, weary walk it seemed, even to the strong-limbed negro, before they passed the last corner, according to her reckoning, and stood in front of the very red house with blue shutters which she had been so anxious to see. Much as she had longed to reach it, its appearance did not fill Daph's heart with joy. A sort of dread of the new people whom she was to meet stole over her, but she resolved to put a bold face on the matter, and in this mood she gave a heavy knock at the blue door. Her imperative summons was promptly answered.

The door was opened by a little girl, of about ten years of age, who was covered, from her slender neck to her bare feet, with a long checked pinafore, above which appeared a closely-cropped, brown head, and a small, demure-looking face. The child stood perfectly still, gazing in quiet wonder at the strangers,

and waiting to hear their business.

Daph had to set the children down on the steps, and fumble in her bosom for the captain's precious note. She drew it at last from its hiding-place, and handed it triumphantly to the young portress, saying, "Dis is what'll tell you who we are, and what we wants." The little girl looked at the note with a puzzled expression, and then calmly walked away, down the narrow hall, without saying a word. Daph sat down on the door-step, and took the children on her lap, with a kind of faith that all would go well, which made her feel quite easy. She was making the children laugh at a playful pig, that was running up and down the street, when angry tones from within met her ear, and she caught the following words:—

"Take a negro for a lodger! I shall do no such thing? Who does Captain Jones think I am!"

"Mother," said a calm young voice, "you know we shall be behind with the rent, and then, the children are white; one of them is the whitest child I ever saw."

"The rent, yes, that is a bad business. Well, I suppose I must come to it! What one does have to put up with in this world! Show the woman in!"

Daph, who had heard the whole conversation quite plainly, rose at the last words, and was ready to accept the invitation to walk into the back room, which she immediately received.

Daph made a polite courtesy to the sour-looking little woman, who seemed hardly strong enough to have spoken in the loud, harsh tones which had just been heard.

"So Captain Jones sent you here!" said the woman, somewhat tartly, as she eyed the odd-looking party.

Daph had taken off the shawl from Louise, and set Charlie on his feet, that the children might appear to the best advantage; she stood proudly between them, as she said, "I wants to hire a room for my missus's children. We's been 'bliged to come north this summer, and will have to look out a bit for ourselves, as massa couldn't come with us."

"Daphne," said the woman, sweetening a little, "Captain Jones says that is your name, and that you are an honest, industrious woman. Do you think you will be able to pay the rent regularly?"

TO BE CONTINUED.



### The Family Circle.

#### MY LORD DELAYETH HIS COMING.

BY SOPHIE E. C. DOWNING.

Lord, dost Thou know that I am waiting,  
Longing, and watching for Thee?  
Counting the moments as hours  
Until Thy face I see;  
Questioning, "Is He not coming?"  
Asking it o'er and o'er—  
Listening for Thy knock, Lord,  
Longing to open the door.

I thought last night He was coming,  
That I heard Him at the gate;  
But He only sent a message—  
"A little longer wait;  
I, too, am watching, and waiting  
For the glad hour to come,  
When I shall bear thy spirit  
Rejoicing to thy home.

"But I want thee O my servant,  
To suffer for me still;  
'Tis well to long for thy Master,  
But 'tis better to do His will."  
So I cried unto my strong Jesus,  
Whose love is so tender and great:  
Strengthen my longing spirit,  
Make me willing to wait.

I am glad that He asked me to suffer,  
Because I surely know  
I can never do that for Him  
In the Home to which I go;  
And I am sure I shall not be sorry  
When my Lord does really come,  
That I suffered a little longer  
Before He took me Home.  
—*Songs in the Valley of Achor.*

#### FANNY'S BIRTHDAY GIFT.

BY JOANNA H. MATTHEWS.

(Published by Robert Carter & Bros., New York.)

#### CHAPTER XIV.—WHO WINS?

That evening, as the family were gathered in the parlor, a ring at the front door announced a visitor, and Colonel Rush came in.

"I heard something of the accident to your little daughter, and of the narrow escape of all the children," he said to Mrs. Leroy, as he shook hands with the lady, "and I came round to learn particulars, and see how my little friend Miss Fanny is doing."

The story was told by Mr. Leroy, Harold seeming to shrink from acting as spokesman; for the boy had been shaken out of his usual hardihood and recklessness, and could hardly speak of the occurrence of the day before without a tremor in his voice. It was too much for him to try to go through with the story again before a comparative stranger; and his father told it for him.

What with one thing and another, Harold had had food for thoughtfulness during the last few days. The sense of a grave responsibility in the matter of the medal; the winning of that, and with it grandpapa's offered prize. For if he did not gain it, how was he, for a long time to come, to find the means of helping Jerry? It seemed to him it was a duty he owed the boy. He certainly owed it to his conscience, to his own sense of right and wrong. And as he thought of the merciful escape which had befallen himself and his little sisters and brother, a great and solemn thankfulness fell upon him. For, as he traced events back in his own mind,—it seemed as if such thoughts would come, and he could not shut them out,—they all appeared as if they were the consequences of his own rash act, of his reckless and furious attack upon Jerry Scott. But for that, but for the wish to make what amends he could to the lame boy, he would probably not have taken the children to the Park that day, the storm would not have overtaken them, and Harold shuddered as he thought of what might have been. Thank God, thank God, who had brought no such punishment, no such lasting remorse and life-long suffering upon him.

Perhaps most boys would not have looked at all this in the thoughtful, serious way in which Harold did; but, spite of his recklessness and passionate temper, his conscience was sensitive, and his feelings deep and tender, and he could, and often did, think more seriously than most people would be deemed possible in one seemingly so heedless.

"Well, boys," said Colonel Rush, looking smilingly upon Harold, Felix, and Charlie, when the story and all comments and congratulations upon it had come to an end, "well, boys, I do not know but that you would look

upon me as something of an ogre, if you knew all that I know."

Certainly he did not look very ogreish, as he sat there, the tall, stately soldier, with a pleasant, half-mischievous smile upon his handsome face, and a kindly gleam in his bright eye, as he glanced round upon the boys.

But Harold knew how stern that face could grow, how fiercely the bright eyes flash at the sight of wrong or injustice.

Still he and Colonel Rush were good friends now, for the colonel respected the boy's sincere repentance, and desire to make amends for his fault.

"I don't think you'll eat us, sir," said Harold, in reply to the gentleman's bantering.

"Perhaps you may think it worse than being eaten," said the colonel, laughing. "Here are three of you against me; I don't know but that I shall make ready for a run before I let you into a secret."

"Don't, sir. We'll promise not to be too hard upon you," said Charlie.

"What would you say to having me take some of your tutor's duties?" questioned the colonel, mischievously.

"What, sir?" asked all the boys, in surprise; Charlie adding saucily, "I'd rather take Simp than you any day, sir."

"He knows he couldn't get round you the way he does round poor Mr. Simpson," said Harold. "You'd keep him too much up to the mark, colonel; that is, for his own satisfaction."

"I think I will apply for the situation, with a special view to Charlie's benefit," said the colonel, with a mock threatening shake of his head, at volatile, idle Charlie. "But some of you are in my power now; at least, in a manner."

"How so, sir?" asked Harold.

"I called upon Mr. Peters this afternoon, having a little business with him, and found him engaged in examining a number of French compositions, which, he told me, were the work of the whole school, and that he was to give a medal, not for that which was in itself the best, but for the one which showed the greatest pains taken, and the most manifest improvement in the writer. He disliked, he said, to depend upon his own unaided judgment, you young gentleman being given to suspicions of partiality, but was obliged to do so in this instance as Mr. Simpson, who always assisted him, is ill. Five he had selected from among the best, showing unusual care and study; but he found it difficult to decide which of these was most worthy of the prize. He owned also that one or two were in rather a different style from that which was usual with the writers: while each one, he thought, showed about an equal amount of improvement and care. He had almost decided upon one, but would like to have some other opinion upon that and the four so nearly equal; and he asked if I would think it too much trouble to look them over, and act as judge in the matter. So I agreed that he should have my services, and brought away the compositions with me. How do you like the idea of having me as umpire? I shall be impartial, I assure you."

"Perhaps none of the compositions are ours," said Harold.

"Two of them are," replied Colonel Rush. "Mr. Peters told me that two of those he had selected and given to me were written by two of Mr. Leroy's sons."

Harold's face brightened, and so did Fanny's, as they exchanged looks of glad satisfaction. One chance out of five Harold had, at least. For of course the "two of Mr. Leroy's sons" must mean himself and Felix; no one gave a thought to poor Charlie and his composition in the matter. There was no chance for him; and he was himself quite as well assured of that as were all the rest.

Harold was not disturbed, beyond a little feeling of shyness, at the thought of Colonel Rush reading and deciding upon his composition; but a terrible uneasy feeling was added to the miserable sense of guilt which was weighing upon Felix's mind and conscience.

It was true that he had not heard of Colonel Rush's judgment upon Maggie Bradford's composition, that he did not know that the gentleman had ever seen it, but Colonel Rush was extremely intimate with the Bradford family,—indeed the two families were related; and Felix knew right well that the Bradford children looked upon Colonel Rush with as much affection and confidence as they did upon their own Uncle Ruthven. And Maggie's compositions and childish attempts at authorship were somewhat famous among her own immediate circle, to whom they gave much amusement, not to say edification. Felix had often heard of them: and was aware that, in spite of Maggie's modesty, they were often seen and read by her friends. He knew that "Making the best of it" was an uncommonly well-written theme, even for the clever little authoress. Colonel Rush might have seen it, and if, as he had reason to fear,—yes,

he feared now,—the stolen composition had been one of the five selected from among the others, the gentleman might recognize it.

An awful dread took possession of him. Disgrace and open shame, not to speak of punishment, were before him, if this should be. He, too, could judge of what Colonel Rush's indignation would be upon the discovery of any wrong or injustice, of any such deliberately planned meanness. Rather, ten thousand times rather, no hope of any prize for all his school-days to come than the risk of any such discovery as this. Oh that he had back that paper!

But how could he get it? It was impossible. A sudden thought, a faint hope, flashed into his mind.

The colonel had turned to speak to Fanny, who had come close to him, and standing at his shoulder was saying something to him in a low, earnest tone.

Felix rose quietly, and left the room.

Crossing the hall, he went to the table, where lay the light overcoat which Colonel Rush had thrown off before he entered the parlor. He passed his hand quickly over the pockets, feeling, and listening for the rustle of paper. It came: he felt something like a long, narrow parcel in one of the side pockets; the rustle of paper met his ear. In an instant, without a moment's thought, he had thrust his hand in, and drawn out that which he had scarcely dared to hope for, the bundle of compositions. His own lay uppermost, so he thought; but, before he had time for more than one glance, Harold's quick step was heard crossing the parlor. To thrust the papers back into the pockets of the overcoat, minus the one which he had abstracted, and to cram that within his own, as he hastily moved away from the table, was the work of another moment, and accomplished before Harold, unsuspecting Harold, confronted him.

"What ails you, Fe? are you ill?" asked his brother. "Mamma sent me to see: she said you looked so white when you went out of the room."

"Oh, nothing. I was a little giddy, that's all," answered Felix, glad of the excuse thus suggested. "That room is as hot as blazes. It's nothing; all over now."

He certainly was any thing but pale now; and Harold believed that he had truly been overcome by the heat, as he saw the scarlet flush which dyed his whole face.

He went back with his brother to the parlor, trying to appear unconcerned, and answering the mother's enquiries with the assurance that he was "all right now."

"Colonel," said Harold, who was growing to be on quite friendly terms with that gentleman, "Colonel, I've a good mind to turn pickpocket, and rifle your pockets in search of those compo's. It's only consideration for the family that keeps me from such a thing."

"A pickpocket!" That which Harold jokingly threatened to be, Felix felt himself to be in reality; and that in spite of saying to himself again and again that he had only taken that which belonged to him, which was his own by right.

So had one meanness led to another. To this had envy, self-seeking, and the love of money brought him.

Perhaps you may be desirous to learn what our Fanny had to say to Colonel Rush, which seemed of so much interest to both.

Coming softly to his side, she lifted a wistful little face to his, and in a pleading voice, which was almost a whisper, said earnestly,—

"Harold wants the gold medal very much, sir."

"And you think it lies with me to decide in his favor, do you, my dear?" said the colonel. "Well, perhaps my choice may have some weight with Mr. Peters; but I suppose there are other boys who wish for it quite as much."

"I don't know, sir," said Fanny. "It's not for himself that he wants it, but for lame Jerry's sake,—Jerry Scott, you know. Grandpapa promised two gold pieces to the one of our boys who would gain this medal; and if Harold had it, he would help Jerry so much. He could set him up in peanuts, Colonel."

"My dear little girl," answered the colonel, "I would willingly do all I could to help you and Harold in this matter; but I must not look at that, you know. There must be no partiality, I must judge fairly, and as I think the compositions deserve."

"Yes, sir," answered Fanny, rather faintly, and feeling a little ashamed and sorry that she had spoken. In her anxiety for Harold's success, she had for the moment lost sight of everything else.

"But I will hope with you that Harold's may prove the best," he said, as he rose to take leave.

Fanny could not help praying that night that Harold's composition might be chosen by Colonel Rush as the one most deserving of the gold medal; and who will say that she was wrong?

And Felix! Let us see how much he had gained, even in his own eyes, by the new sin of which he had been guilty.

He was in haste to have that silent witness of his guilt destroyed. It seemed to him that every one must know what was in his pocket; and he shrank from the presence of his parents, sisters, and brothers.

Pleading a slight headache as an excuse for going away before the other boys, he left the family, and went to his own room, where he pulled forth the paper he had looked upon as his own. Unfolding it, he was about to tear it to pieces; but, casting his eye upon it, he started with surprise and dismay.

Again he looked, now more closely. Had he dared so to mock his Maker, he would almost have prayed that he might be mistaken, that the paper he held in his hand might not be—yes, it was, too certainly, Harold's composition, and not his own!

The brothers had copied their themes upon the same size and style of paper; their handwriting was not unlike; the title of each was the same; and in his haste from the fear of detection, as he heard Harold's step, Felix had not taken time for more than one quick glance at the paper he had drawn from among the others.

And he had been mistaken: this was really Harold's, and not his own!

What was he to do now?

To restore it was impossible; that is, without confessing all, and bringing a weight of shame and disgrace upon his own head that he felt he could not and would not face. But jealous as he was of Harold, eager as he was for the reward offered by his grandfather if he should gain the medal, this was an act of treachery towards his brother, of which even he would not purposely have been guilty. To keep back Harold's composition,—it was too mean, too contemptible, too "risky" an act, even for Felix to contemplate without shrinking from himself.

And there would surely be a hue and cry raised when the composition was found to be missing. All sorts of enquiries would be made; Mr. Peters and Colonel Rush would be sure that the latter had received all five of the papers; and—

What was he to do? His head was in a whirl; and, in view of the consequences of this last sin, he almost lost sight of the first, which had led to it. He tried to steady his thoughts, and to decide what was best for him to do. No idea of confession entered his mind; but he would gladly have made restitution of Harold's stolen paper, if he could have done so without implicating himself. Yes, and joyfully have seen Harold take the medal, with the coveted prize, which was dependent upon it. As for destroying the composition, he could not do it. More than once he had half resolved to tear it to bits, as he would have done with his own, or that which he called his own; but he could not bring his mind, or rather his conscience, to it.

Whatever was done must be done quickly. There was no time to lose, for the other boys would be up presently.

Perhaps Colonel Rush would think he had dropped one of the papers. He would be surprised at that, doubtless; but such a thing was not impossible. Felix might make it seem as if this were so.

Darting down the hall to a small room in front of the house, directly over the street door, he softly opened the window, and dropped the paper out, hoping that it might fall upon the stoop, there be found in the morning, or perhaps even to-night by Mary Jane, returned to the Colonel, or Mr. Peters, and—yes, he did wish now, "honestly wish" he said to himself, that Harold might win the medal.

How much honesty there was in Felix's mind or heart, I leave you to judge, when he would take no better way than this to right the wrong of which he had been guilty.

Little rest had the miserable, wretched boy that night.

Oh! if the next two days were but well over!

If he did take the medal, Horace should have grandpapa's gold pieces—yes, that he should, for certain—to help Jerry Scott, or to do what else he would; and with this resolution Felix strove to quiet his conscience, and to believe that he should then make full amends for all that he had done.

But not even this resolve could allay the tormenting fear of discovery and disgrace.

Still he could have cheered for very joy and relief the next morning, when his hopes were partly realized, and Mary Jane said to his father at the breakfast table,—

"Mr. Leroy, here's a paper, sir, as I picked up at the side of the front steps this mornin'. It's kind of damp and messed up like, a lyn' out in the damp, but I thought may be it was some 'count, so I brought it in."

And she took the paper from the place where she had laid it, and handed it to her master.

Great was Mr. Leroy's astonishment when he unfolded it and saw what it was.

Harold's prize composition, which, according to the belief of both father and son, should have been in Colonel Rush's keeping.

"I declare!" said Harold, an angry flush

rising to his brow, as he saw the condition of the paper, with which he had taken such unusual pains. "Messed up" indeed it was now, and in no fit condition to present. "I declare, that's just a little too bad of Colonel Rush. Why didn't he be more careful? And I have not time to copy it again! Isn't it a burning shame, papa, for him to serve a fellow so?"

And Harold looked indignantly at the unsightly paper, which Fanny also was regarding ruefully.

"Gently, gently, Harold," said Mr. Leroy. "You do not suppose Colonel Rush dropped the paper purposely, my boy. It is legible still; and under the circumstances Mr. Peters may excuse its appearance. It was in good condition when you gave it in?"

"I should think it was," answered Harold. "I never took so much trouble to have any thing neat in my life; and look at it!"

"Perhaps you had better stop, and see the colonel on your way to school," suggested his mother. "Explain to him, and to Mr. Peters, and see what they say."

But there was no need for this; for presently a messenger came from Colonel Rush, bearing a note, to ask if the missing paper had been found. He could not account for its loss, the colonel wrote, as he was confident that Mr. Peters had given him all five compositions, which he had placed in one of the pockets of his overcoat, and had not taken them out until he reached his own house, when to his surprise he had found but four, these being still bound around with the slight rubber band which had confined them.

The paper, with a word of such explanation as could be given, was sent to the colonel by Mr. Leroy; and Felix congratulated himself that he need no longer fear he had done any material injury to Harold. And (will it be believed?) he even said to himself that all was now "fair," and that he need not feel himself called upon to make the contemplated sacrifice, should he take the medal.

And he was still farther relieved when he heard that Harold's explanation, to which was added that of Colonel Rush, who took all blame upon himself for his supposed carelessness, had satisfied Mr. Peters, who readily excused the present defaced condition of the paper.

(To be Continued.)

## HOW SUSIE WENT TO THE PARTY.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

"Let me see—Annie James, that's one; Jenny Tyler, that's two; Ellen Brown—"

"Surely you will not pass by Susie Hoyt," said Mrs. Gray, interrupting her little daughter's calculations.

"Oh, mamma! How can I invite Susie? None of the girls ask her to their parties, and she hasn't a thing fit to wear, I am sure."

"And yet"—here Mrs. Gray hesitated.

"Yet what, mamma?"

"Do you remember our talk last Sunday afternoon?"

Clara Gray blushed and was silent.

"Think a moment, and you will remember the exact words you said. I wish you would repeat them to me."

"I believe I said, mamma, that I meant to make the Sunday-school lesson my rule all the week."

"And that lesson was—"

"Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

"Now, suppose you lived all alone with your sick mother; suppose you were too poor to dress like the other girls, and one of your few friends should give a party—what would you want done to you?"

"Of course I should want to be invited, mother; but I don't see what Susie can wear."

"Perhaps that can be managed. I shouldn't think so much of this invitation if you and Susie were not on such friendly terms; but it seems to me cruel for you to pass her by, under the circumstances; besides she is a dear little girl, and I want you to become more instead of less her friend."

"Indeed, mamma, I love Susie; but what can one do when nobody else invites her? Only the other day I was walking with her on the street, Annie and James met us and scarcely took any notice of her at all, though she knows her well enough."

"In that case, if anybody was to be left off your list, it should be Annie. You can never be one of Christ's children while you think more of pleasing your companions than of pleasing him."

"I do want to please him," replied Clara, earnestly; "but I didn't think of that when I decided to leave Susie out. I will go over and ask her this afternoon; but I expect half the girls will stick up their noses at her."

"And that will be hard for you to bear?"

"Why, yes, mother."

"Then you will have a chance to suffer for Christ."

"Oh, mamma! do you really mean that?"

"It will be suffering in a small degree, and

it will be for the sake of helping others. Christ plainly teaches that if we do any service to the weak, the lowly, and neglected, we do it for him. We have a right to say, then, that you help Christ and suffer for him, in helping and suffering for Susie."

"But can't we help about her dress?" said Clara, looking up with her eyes full of tears.

"I think so. I have a French nansook, but little worn, that I will make over for her if you will help me."

"Oh, that will be splendid. We'll begin right off."

"Then she must have a sash, and ribbons for her hair, and some pretty new boots."

"That will cost a good deal," said Clara, looking grave.

"Yes; but can't you think of a way to meet the expense?"

"No; can you?"

"Suppose you take the money that Uncle James gave you for ice cream."

"O mother!"

"You will have quite enough refreshments without it; and every girl you invite, except Susie, eats ice cream so often that it's no luxury."

"But everybody has it at a party."

"Yes; and that is one reason why you will suffer in making this sacrifice. If you attempt to do unto others as you want them to do to you, you cannot avoid that which is annoying to pride and troublesome in many ways. It is much easier for the present to flatter the rich and happy and neglect the poor and weak."

Clara thought about giving up her ice cream for a few minutes; but she was not long in deciding in Susie's favor, for she liked to be generous. She liked Susie, and her mother's wish influenced her strongly. More than all, she earnestly desired to obey Christ and become one of his useful disciples. She had been taught that all growth comes from small beginnings, and goes on very slowly; and she saw plainly that here was a good chance to begin serving Christ by being truly kind to her little neighbor.

"I will give up the ice cream," she said, presently.

"Very well," replied Mrs. Gray; "then we will go out this afternoon and buy the ribbons and the boots, and cut the frock this evening. You are so near Susie's size that you will answer for a model."

Clara ran to her room to get ready for shopping, and I think she was never quite so happy as she was that lovely September afternoon selecting the prettiest ribbons and trying on the daintiest boots for Susie Hoyt.

"Won't she be surprised, mamma? I am so glad you made me think of inviting Susie! How good you are to help me get her ready!"

These were some of the exclamations that fell from Clara's smiling lips as Mrs. Gray and her daughter went from one brilliant store to another to make their purchases. Before they went to the store, Mrs. Gray had done. It was made very simply, but looked so delicate and fresh that Clara was sure it would exactly suit Susie, who, she declared, would look like a flower in it.

"Now write her a note," said Mrs. Gray, "and we will make a parcel of the dress and boots and send it, with the note, by little Tom McNally."

So Clara wrote:

"MY DEAR SUSIE: I want you very much to come to my party next Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock. Mamma thinks it will not be convenient for your mamma to buy you any new things, so she begs you to accept the parcel that I send with this note.

Your loving friend,  
CLARA."

When the freckled little Irish Tommy tapped at Mrs. Hoyt's door, Susie was washing the tea-dishes, almost covered up in a dark of lico apron.

"Run to the door, dear," said the feeble tones of the sick mother.

"Something for you," said Tommy, smiling and showing all his white teeth.

"What can it be, mother?" exclaimed Susie, in a wondering voice, as she looked for the scissors to cut the hard knot that wouldn't yield to her little fingers.

"I am sure I have no idea," replied Mrs. Hoyt.

At that moment the package fell from the loosened cord, and the white frock, the delicate kid boots, and the fresh blue ribbons were scattered upon the floor. Susie was dumb with amazement.

"Here is a note," said Mrs. Hoyt, detaching a bit of white paper from the folds of the dress.

"Can't you collect your senses enough to read it?"

Susie was not long in making out the contents. She picked up the lovely things, and looked at them, and caressed them, and chatted over them full of joy and gratitude. At last her mother said she had better finish the work and then she might try them on. So, when the last dish was put in the pantry and the kitchen was quite in order, she put on the frock and the shining blue sash, and buttoned

the boots on her feet, that were as pretty as any girl's in the town. The blue ribbons suited exactly her blonde hair and her delicate complexion, and very sweet she looked, I assure you.

"What do you suppose made Mrs. Gray so kind to me?" she said, throwing her arms around her mother's neck in her great joy.

"What do you suppose?" replied her mother.

"I think God must have told her how very happy she would make me. I had heard about Clara's party, and I wanted to go ever so much!"

That night a very sweet, loving prayer went up to the kind Father who "careth for" us, and who delights to reward all who are truly patient and gentle and faithful. Susie went to the party, and Clara said afterwards that she was the prettiest and dearest girl in the room, and the happiest—except herself.—*Methodist*

## BESIEGED BY A LION.

BY VIOLET.

We were spending the summer at Rajah Pitan, in a bungalow, standing apart from others, and nearest to the jungle, but we had no thought of danger from wild animals. The family consisted of my mother, two sisters, and my two infant children. My husband was in Delhi on some business of his regiment. We had with us three native servants, a boy, and two women, in whose fidelity we placed confidence. This was before the breaking out of the great mutiny and rebellion.

I was standing one moonlight night, about eleven o'clock, at the open window of the parlor, enjoying the cool night air. I had been standing there some minutes, without a thought of danger, when suddenly casting my eyes to the ground, I saw a large lion crouching close under the window. At the same moment he saw me, and moved backward for a spring.

A prayer, a hasty prayer, passed my lips, and presence of mind was given me. I put up my hands and let the sash drop, though the savage beast was so near me. I then rushed out at the door of that room, locking it after me. I heard the lion crashing through the glass, and into the room which I had left.

The bungalow was a very large one, and I knew that all the family were at supper in the dining-room. I knew that the lion would follow me; and we were all women and children. I therefore rushed through a suite of rooms, opposite the one which he had entered, and in which there was likely to be no one at that hour, locking every door after me. By a circuitous passage I gained the dining-room, where all the family were. Doors and windows were shut and locked, before I could explain. We could hear the lion breaking through the doors which I had passed, and which were made as green blinds are in England.

I had explained the situation, and we took counsel together. The room next to the dining-room communicated with a brick kitchen by a staircase, at the head of which was a strong door. After a hurried consultation, we took up the children and retreated into the kitchen, locking the strong door at the head of the staircase. Having secured the kitchen doors and windows, we felt safe for the present.

We were now in a state of siege. Supposing that the lion would return to the jungle when day appeared, we were about to compose ourselves as best we could for the night, when a horrible recollection struck me. We had intended to give a breakfast early next morning. What if guests arriving should be attacked by the lion? Unless notice could be given of our situation this might be the case. We endeavored to induce the Hindoo boy to go and give notice in the village in vain. My sister and I were speaking of going ourselves, as the lion was inside the house, when an idea struck me. The boy could go up the chimney, and call from the roof, and make signals. This he undertook to do. One of the servants had a red shawl in the kitchen, and the firewood supplied a staff. The boy made his way to the roof, and hallooed to us his success. We heard a deep, awful growl, returned as if for answer, just above us, only the other side of the door. Under providence that plank alone interposed between us and a horrible death. Our enemy had thus tracked us through every room, and broken through every door but this last one. The others were jealousies, made like green blinds, where he could tear the slats out easily. This door had been made strong; and only a week before, we had been declaring that that door should be replaced by a jealousy, for the summer. And it had been through apparent neglect that it had not been done. All this rushed in an instant through my mind. Surely Providence had there interposed for us. That Providence which alone sees the end from the beginning.

"Let us pray," said my mother, and all falling on our knees, she repeated prayer after prayer. "When we give up all for lost, Thou

canst mercifully look upon us, and wonderfully command a deliverance. To Thee do we give praise and glory."

Thus through that long night we continued to pray. Sometimes we heard our enemy passing to and fro over our heads. Sometimes his growls would shake every heart with terror; and through all, my mother continued at intervals, her prayer.

And now a new danger threatened us. The air of the kitchen, in which we eight souls were shut up, had become stifling. My children had said their prayer, and were now sleeping through all our danger and alarm. But I knew that they would not live through the night, in the air which we were now compelled to breathe.

My resolution was taken in a moment. I opened wide a window on the side from the house, and took my seat in it. My mother and sisters tried to prevent me, but I explained my reasons. "If we hear the lion move and go," I said, "we can then shut the window. He cannot come around here, without going out." Thus we remained through the watches of that fearful night, while the voice of prayer continually ascended for our preservation.

Daylight came, and soon after we heard the sound of a carriage. I shouted to the boy on the roof to sign to them, and amid the renewed roars of the lion, I distinguished his voice in reply. After a few seconds of suspense, we heard an answer given by those in the carriage, and heard it drive rapidly away.

We knew now that we were safe, unless the lion should find the window where I had kept watch all night. We knew by his growls that he was now searching through the house, to find his way out, and there were so many rooms, that he might not be able to do so.

Soon we heard shouts. We recognized the voices of soldiers and officers of the regiment. They surrounded the house, while some cautiously entered. We heard the lion roar, we heard crashing and falling. Six shots were fired. We opened the door. Our liberty was proclaimed by many voices, we were surrounded with friends, and overwhelmed with congratulations and enquiries. The officers declared that I deserved to be a major for my coolness in presence of the enemy.

And indeed, presence of mind had been given me. Shutting down the window had delayed the lion, until I could fasten the door, and then passing through so many other rooms had led him the same round, while we had time to consult and to make our escape to the kitchen, the only place where we could have been secure.

The soldiers had dragged the lion out upon the lawn before the house. We all went to see him. Truly in death he appeared terrible to us. I never can forget the sight of him as he lay there, his fierce eyes staring still, the horrible looking teeth protruding from the open mouth. He was a lion of the largest size, and a man-eater, we thought, from his watching and then entering the house.

"Let us pray," said my mother, again. Every one fell on his knees, and in the form of thanksgiving appointed by the Prayer-Book, we thanked God for our safety.

Then what a breakfast we had. The officers and soldiers were invited to remain. Tables were set on the lawn. Preparations had been made the day before. How little we know what a day may bring forth! We added everything that could be commanded or procured. We had indeed a thanksgiving that morning. When the breakfast was over, with both my babes in my arms, I attempted to thank those who had rescued us, and it was only then, when danger was over, that I gave way to tears. I could not speak. But all declared those tears most eloquent thanks. And thus my story comes to an end.

Yet I still tell my children of that night's watch, and of our deliverance then.—*Christian Weekly*.

## HOME AND ITS BLESSINGS.

It may not be amiss on this home day to tell in a few words how to keep home sweet, safe and sacred. While among invisible things the foot of the Cross is the most sacred place, home is the most precious among visible; society roots in it; in it careers are made or marred, and seeds sown to bear fruit for eternity. How then shall we make home happy and holy? To business men who make their daily bread in a very hot oven, this is a very important question, and their homes will be what they make them. If prosperous, spend some of your surplus in adorning home; if things are awry learn from wife and child that every man is not a cheat; watch your little shaver as he builds his block houses and see how very easily things tumble down that are out of the perpendicular. To have a good home, stay in it. All wives hate the names of clubs, and if there should be a righteous uprising to make conflagration of all club rooms, billiard tables, gambling tables and liquor saloons, it would be such a good demonstration of woman's rights as ought not to provoke the interference of the fire department. God designed to pack men into families, and



home religion reaches all the way from the cradle to the judgment seat; the church in the house must supplement that in the temple if religion is to control mankind. To fill homes with sunshine and holiness there is one watchword, one keynote whose variations will fill the house with harmony. *Love!* Love God supremely and sincerely and His smile will fill your dwelling. Let love to Jesus reign and your home shall be another Bethany; love will break the alabaster box of ointment, rear the altar of devotion, and offer not only the yearly but daily sacrifice.

Our homes are what we choose to have them; we cannot all have luxury, but we can have love; if we don't have style, we can have sympathy; if we cannot keep a carriage, we can have a good conscience. We cannot keep away death, but our houses need not be dark, for if the bright-eyed sisters—Faith, Hope and Charity—be kept abiding, they will lift up the windows to let in the sunshine from God's throne. Light then the lamp of cheerfulness; invite them to abide, and ask Jesus to go with you. And take an inventory of your mercies. That wife can only be reckoned by Solomon's label. The hungry boy is worth his weight in gold. You will only know the value of those daughters when somebody comes to transfer them. Your Bible is an unfailing casket of treasure. Our cup is overflowing. It contains—if not all we desire—more than we deserve. The good Spirit is not taken away. Christ is yours and all in Him.—From *Thanksgiving Sermon by Rev. Dr. Cuyler.*

GERMAN PROVERBS.

- Crooked wood makes straight fire.
- Luck is round; hold on to virtue.
- Asses sing badly because they pitch too high.
- Ten highwaymen cannot pull a shirt off a naked man's back.
- God is everywhere—except in Rome: for there he is a vicar.
- Better to deal with a whole fool than with half a one.
- The ass carries corn to mill, and gets thistles.
- When all other sins grow old, avarice is young.
- The ancients had conscience without science; the moderns have science without conscience.
- Greediness digs its own grave with its teeth.
- Hobby horses are dearer than Arab steeds.
- If every oath stuck like a thorn, there's many an oath would be unsworn.
- Great lords are the most sure of going to heaven, when they die in their cradle.
- "Every little helps"—as the woman said, when she rowed with a needle.

—A doctor who was once visiting a Christian patient had himself been anxious to feel that he was at peace with God; the Spirit of God had convinced him of sin and need, and he longed to possess "that peace which the world cannot give." On this occasion, addressing himself to the sick one, he said, "I want you just to tell me what it is, this believing and getting happiness—faith in Jesus, and all that sort of thing, that brings peace." His patient replied, "Doctor, I have felt that I could do nothing, and I have put my case in your hands; I am trusting in you. This is exactly what every poor sinner must do in the Lord Jesus." The reply greatly awakened the doctor's surprise, and a new light broke in on his soul. "Is that all?" he exclaimed, "simply trusting in the Lord Jesus. I see it as I never did before. He has done the work." Yes, Jesus said on the cross, "It is finished." And "whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." From that sick bed the doctor went a happy man, rejoicing that his sins were washed away in the blood of the Lamb.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From the *International Lessons for 1875*, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON III.

JAN. 17.]

MEMORIAL STONES.—Josh. iv. 4-9. About 1450 B.C. COMMIT TO MEMORY V. 8.

4. Then Joshua called the twelve men, whom he had prepared of the children of Israel, out of every tribe a man.
5. And Joshua said unto them, Pass over before the ark of the Lord your God into the midst of Jordan, and take you up every man of you a stone upon his shoulder, according unto the number of the tribes of the children of Israel.
6. That this may be a sign among you, that when your children ask their fathers in time to come, saying, What mean ye by these stones?
7. Then ye shall answer them, That the waters of Jordan were cut off before the ark of the covenant of the Lord; when it passed over Jordan, the waters of Jordan were cut off: and these stones shall be for a memorial unto the children of Israel for ever.

8. And the children of Israel did so as Joshua commanded, and took up twelve stones out of the midst of Jordan, as the Lord spake unto Joshua, according to the number of the tribes of the children of Israel, and carried them over with them unto the place where they lodged, and laid them down there.

9. And Joshua set up twelve stones in the midst of Jordan, in the place where the feet of the priests which bare the ark of the covenant stood: and they are there unto this day.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—I will remember the works of the Lord; surely I will remember thy wonders of old.—Ps. lxxvii.

**CENTRAL TRUTH.**—God's wonderful works are to be remembered.

**DAILY READINGS.**  
M. Josh. iv. 4-9.  
T. Gen. xxxi. 44-54.  
W. Josh. xxiv. 22-31.  
Th. Deut. vi. 17-25.  
F. Ps. xlv. 1-26.  
Sa. Acts vii. 37-46.  
S. Eph. i. 15-23.

**FIND THE MEANING OF**—tribe, ark, sign, memorial, lodged.  
**ORDER OF EVENTS.**—(6.) The memorial stones in Jordan and Gilgal.

**NOTES.**—Two monuments of stone were set up, the twelve stones taken out of the river and placed in Gilgal (ch. iv. 29), and twelve others set up in the Jordan. v. 9. There is no mention of any *divine command* to set up this second memorial in the river.

**EXPLANATION.**—(4.) prepared, chosen, selected; one from each tribe. (5.) ark (see last lesson). (6.) sign, monument or token; in time to come, literally to-morrow. (7.) cut off (ch. iii. 16); memorial, to keep them in mind of this event. Gen. xxxi. 46, 51, 52; Ex. xii. 14. (8.) as the Lord spake (see v. 3); lodged, camped. (9.) twelve stones, twelve other stones; unto this day, the time when the book of Joshua was written.

**ILLUSTRATION.**—Some suppose the twelve stones at Gilgal were set in a circle. Ancient temples were sometimes built in circular form, "We write our blessings on the water, but our afflictions on the rock." The Lord would have us forget the troubles and remember His mercies.

TOPICS AND QUESTIONS.

- (I.) TWELVE MEN CHOSEN. (II.) TWELVE STONES SET UP IN CAMP.
- (III.) TWELVE STONES SET UP IN JORDAN.
- How many stones were to be taken from the Jordan? How many men were to take them? Who selected the men? By whose command? Where were they to leave the stones? What were they to be to Israel in coming time? Of what were they to be a sign? How were they to explain it to their children? What is a memorial? How did Joshua mark the place where they crossed the Jordan? Where did he set up other twelve stones? To what day were they to be found there? What in this lesson teaches us—  
(1.) To remember God's goodness to us?  
(2.) To tell our children of the great blessings God grants us?



LESSON IV.

JAN. 24.]

PREPARATION FOR CONQUEST.—Josh. v. 9-16. About 1450 B.C. COMMIT TO MEMORY V. 10, 12.

9. And the Lord said unto Joshua, This day have I rolled away the reproach of Egypt from off you. Wherefore the name of the place is called Gilgal unto this day.
10. And the children of Israel encamped in Gilgal, and kept the passover on the fourteenth day of the month at even in the plains of Jericho.
11. And they did eat of the old corn of the land on the morrow after the passover, unleavened cakes, and parched corn in the selfsame day.
12. And the manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land: neither had the children of Israel

mannu any more; but they did eat of the fruit of the land of Canaan that year.

13. And it came to pass, when Joshua was by Jericho, that he lifted up his eyes and looked, and behold, there stood a man over against him with his sword drawn in his hand: and Joshua went unto him, and said unto him, Art thou for us, or for our adversaries?

14. And he said, Nay; but as captain of the host of the Lord am I now come. And Joshua fell on his face to the earth, and did worship, and said unto him, What saith my Lord unto his servant?

15. And the captain of the Lord's host said unto Joshua, Loose thy shoe from off thy foot; for the place whereon thou standest is holy. And Joshua did so.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.—Heb. xii. 2.

**CENTRAL TRUTH.**—The Lord's presence the pledge of victory.

**DAILY READINGS.**  
M. Ex. vi. 1-13.  
T. Gal. v. 1-16.  
W. Lev. xxiii. 9-22.  
Th. Ex. xvi. 11-35.  
F. Dan. x. 10-21.  
Sa. Heb. ii. 9-18.  
S. Josh. v. 9-15.

**TO THE SCHOLAR.**—Notice that this lesson includes parts of four events—(1.) The result of the renewal of the rite of circumcision; (2.) The first passover in Canaan; (3.) Manna ceasing; (4.) The appearance of the angel. The message of the angel of the Lord is in the next chapter (vs. 15), which should be carefully studied with vs. 13-15 of the lesson.

**FIND THE MEANING OF**—Reproach, Gilgal, unleavened, parched, adversaries.

**ORDER OF EVENTS.**—(7.) Circumcision renewed. (8.) First passover in Canaan. (9.) Manna ceased. (10.) The angel and Joshua.

**NOTES.**—Gilgal—i. e., rolling—was on rising ground, probably about five miles from the river and two miles from Jericho. The appearance and first words of the angel are in vs. 13-15; vs. 1 gives the reason for the angel's message, which follows in the next four verses. These eight verses, 13-15 and vi. 1-5, should be connected together. The division of this event by a new chapter at v. 15 instead of at v. 12 or vi. 5 prevents a clear idea of the scene.

**EXPLANATION.**—(9.) reproach of Egypt—i. e., taunts of Egyptians or reproach because of former bondage in Egypt; Gilgal (see Notes). (10.) passover, Ex. xii. 6. (11.) old corn, properly, produce, grain, wheat, etc. (12.) manna, Ex. xvi. 35. (13.) lifted up his eyes, it is not a vision; a man (see Ex. xxiii. 23; Gen. xviii. 2); Joshua went unto him, this shows it was a real appearance, and not a dream; adversaries, enemies. (14.) host of the Lord—i. e., angelic host, host of heaven, hence angelic help to Israel in their coming battles; fell . . . did worship, only deep reverence, probably not divine worship. (15.) Loose thy shoe, Ex. iii. 5.

**ILLUSTRATION.**—At a celebrated battle the victors had gained the field except one hill, from which a huge cannon sent forth a deadly fire. "This must be taken in silence with the bayonet," said an officer; "I go with you." The soldiers needed no better preparation: the gun was captured.

TOPICS AND QUESTIONS.

- (I.) PASSOVER AT GILGAL. (II.) MANNA CEASING. (III.) THE ANGEL APPEARS TO JOSHUA.
- I. Where did Israel encamp after crossing the Jordan? Why did they call it Gilgal? v. 9. Give the meaning of *Gilgal*. What did Israel keep at Gilgal? When was the passover appointed? For what purpose?
- II. Of what did the people eat the day following this passover? Give the meaning of *old corn*. What ceased on that day? How long had they eaten manna? How were they fed the first year in Canaan?
- III. What did Joshua see near Jericho? State Joshua's question to him. Of what was this man the captain or prince? How did Joshua show his respect and reverence? What was he directed to do? Where did Moses receive a similar command? State the message of the Lord respecting Jericho? ch. vi. 2-5.

BLACKBOARD OUTLINE.

OUR ISRAEL'S PREPARATION.

Having the Fruit of the Passover kept. Commemorated by the Children of Israel's Host. Without me ye can do nothing.

A NEW FIELD FOR THE MESSENGER.

In view of the postal reciprocity which has been established between the United States and Canada the MESSENGER can now go as cheaply to any part of the former country as it has hitherto done in the Dominion. We are therefore issuing an extra edition of the present number, and probably of subsequent numbers of from 5,000 to 10,000, under the title of THE NORTHERN MESSENGER to be distributed as samples throughout the United States. All our readers who have friends in the United States will oblige us by posting copies of the MESSENGER to them. It will be forwarded to that country at the following rates in American currency:—

- Single copies 40c.
  - Clubs of seven, \$2.00.
  - Clubs of fifty, \$12.50.
- These club rates are intended to suit Sunday-schools and Sunday-school classes.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**\$5 TO \$20 PER DAY.**—Agents Wanted. All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Post card to States costs but two cents. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

**THE BOYS' HERALD.**  
The best, spiciest, and cheapest Boys' Paper published: 8 pages, 24 columns, illustrated; only 5c per year. U. S. Postage paid. Address BANNISTER & CO., Waverley, Ontario.

**THE CHANGE IN POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS** between the United States, and Canada enables me to offer the NEW YORK WITNESS to subscribers on both sides of the line at the same rates, namely, \$1.20 for WEEKLY, and \$3 for DAILY, postpaid through. These rates are in American currency. The WEEKLY will be found the most suitable of NEW YORK WEEKLIES.

JOHN DOUGALL,  
NEW YORK DAILY and WEEKLY WITNESS,  
NO. 2 SPRUCE STREET,  
TRACT HOUSE, NEW YORK.

TERMS OF OUR PUBLICATIONS.

- DAILY WITNESS (by mail) \$3 per annum; \$4 delivered in town; Single Copies, 1c each.
- MONTREAL WITNESS (Tri-weekly), \$2 per annum; Single Copies, 2c. Published Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
- WEEKLY WITNESS, \$1 per annum; Single Copies, 4c. Ready on Thursdays.
- Subscribers in the Dominion pay the postage at their own offices, or the United States, and Montreal, the postage is payable with the subscription.
- The rates of postage are as under:  
Daily . . . . . \$1.20 per annum  
Tri-weekly . . . . . 0.80 do  
Weekly . . . . . 0.30 do
- Advertisements inserted in the WITNESS at the rate of 10 cents per line first insertion, and 5 cents each subsequent insertion.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, \$1.50 per annum, or 5 Copes for \$5 postage paid. Single Copies, 10c.  
Advertising—1 page, \$3 per month.  
X " 5 " 45 do  
X " 10 " 85 do  
X " 20 " 1.60 do  
Printed Leaves, stitched in, \$1 per 1,000.

CANADIAN MESSENGER, 30c per annum.  
Clubs of 3 to 1 person, \$ 1  
Do 7 do 4  
Do 50 do 15  
Do 100 do 25  
Post paid.  
Advertising rates, 10c per line.

The above subscription rates are all cash in advance and the papers stop when the time paid for expires.  
JOHN DOUGALL & SON,  
Montreal.

**AGENTS WANTED.**—An Agent is required for the sale of the DAILY WITNESS in towns or villages which the Canadian Express Co. reaches, and where agents have not already been appointed.

The WITNESS will be supplied in quantities, not less than a dozen, at the same price at which we supply the newsboys in the city, viz., 8c per dozen. We print four editions of the DAILY—1st, at noon; 2nd, 3 p.m.; 3rd, p.m.; 4th, 6 p.m., and can supply the different trains leaving the city with the editions that will suit.

**THE WEEKLY WITNESS**  
Will also be forwarded to Agents at 25 per cent less than Subscribers can get them through the Post-Office as we deliver them free per Express, thus saving the 10c Postage, and we allow 5 per cent. off when six copies are ordered.

For further particulars address the proprietors—  
JOHN DOUGALL & SON, WITNESS Office.

The "CANADIAN MESSENGER," is printed and published on the 1st and 15th of every month at Nos. 218 and 220 St. James St., by JOHN DOUGALL & SON, composed of John Dougall, of New York, and John Redpath Dougall and J. D. Dougall, of Montreal.