

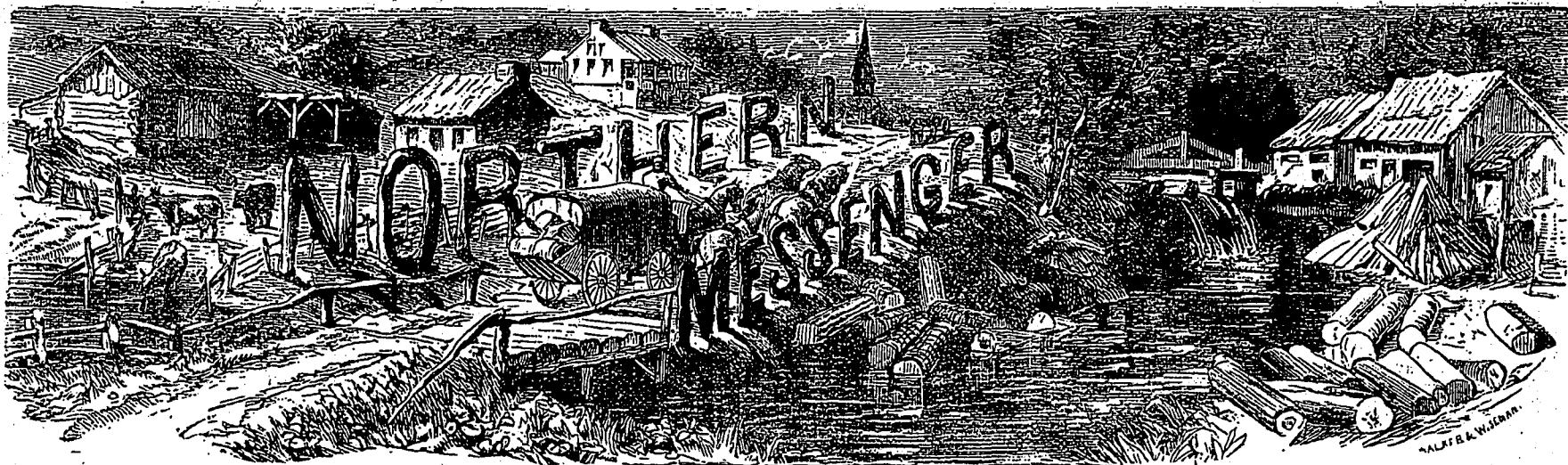
Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

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

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



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE

VOLUME XV., No. 20.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, OCTOBER 15, 1880.

SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN AND THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

The readers of the MESSENGER, young and old, will remember that in July last the leaders of the great Sunday school work met in London to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the foundation of Sunday schools. One hundred years ago, during the lifetime of many men and women now living, the first Sunday-school was opened in the town of Gloucester. The first Sunday-school scholars were the poorest and most degraded in that town, both old and young. Now, what a difference. The Sunday school is known and honored the whole world over, and by it tens of thousands have been brought to the knowledge of Jesus Christ. The picture on this page represents an interesting scene in the great anniversary at London. One rainy Saturday in July last twenty thousand Sunday-school scholars were gathered together at Lambeth Palace, where they sung hymns so vigorously that both the rain and cold were forgotten. Soon the Prince and Princess of Wales with their children drove into the grounds and were presented with handsomely bound Bibles and bouquets, by a deputation of children, one from each school.

How wonderful has been the growth of this seed planted by Robert Raikes a hundred years ago when he founded this first Sunday-school, and who, looking at the wonderful progress since that time, can fail to regard the future with the confidence born of the wonderful good done by this means during the last hundred years. It seems ample time that Sunday-school teachers and scholars should give up aimless work and begin directly to strive for the conversion of their own school and of the world long before there shall be another hundredth anniversary of this great event.

SAFETY IN FEAR.

"There, mother! will I do now? Do I look nice enough?"

Frank's mother looked up at her boy. It almost saddened her to see Frank growing so tall and manly. Why, it seemed but yesterday that he was a little fellow in knee-pants. She stood up to give a finishing touch to his cravat, and then, laying both hands on his shoulders, said, "You're going to call on Mary Weston, aren't you?"

"Yes, mother. You don't mind, do you? I'll not be late, and you see I've brought you the last *Harper's*."

"No my son, I shan't mind; only, Frank, the Westons all drink wine; I know it to my cost. Frank, don't take even one glass."

The boy flushed; he was sensitive on the subject, and his mother knew it and seldom

referred to it. He had never touched liquor; but his father had died when he was a little baby, and Frank knew that he might still have been alive if he had not tasted wine.

"Have no fears, mother dear! I wish that wine were not such a bug-bear to you. Good night till ten o'clock."

As the Westons lived some way out of town, Frank had a cold walk, and when he reached the house felt quite chilled. After chatting awhile with the whole family, Mrs. Weston said, "Mary, your friend has had a cold walk; you'd better take him in the dining-room and give him a glass of wine."

Frank really did not care for the wine; he would have preferred a cup of hot tea or

"Young Weston, I was your father's friend, and since he has gone, will you allow me to take his place for one evening and ask you not to take that wine? I venture to say that if Miss Mary would brew us a good cup of coffee, we would both enjoy it more. Is it not so?"

Mr. Denison's manner was so kind that Frank could not take offence, and he said brightly, "Indeed it is. I was wishing some one would propose coffee rather than wine."

Mary was gone in a moment, and Mr. Denison drew the boy to one side of the room and talked to him in an undertone. "Frank," he said—"I call you so, for it was your father's name, and we were always

drink and know when to stop! There's no hidden taste for me to dread."

"It was at this very house—long before Mr. Weston was married—that Frank and I were first offered wine. Frank took a glass and enjoyed it. Soon he liked the taste of wine so well that he kept some in his room; he said it was hospitable to offer it to others. Still no one thought of his drinking too much, for, as he had said, he came of strong, sturdy people. Then he married as sweet a girl as ever lived. Business troubles came, and he drank more—never to excess, as we say; but any wine was excess to him, for, as he found out when it was too late, his constitution would not bear it. When you were a little child of two years old, your father was dying from the effects of wine-drinking."

"I went to visit him again and again, and every time he said, 'Ned, stop every boy you can from tasting his first glass of wine; one is never on the sure side when he takes that first glass.'"

"Now, my dear boy, you understand why I took the liberty of asking for the coffee. And here comes our bonnie lass with Mocha and cream."

The evening passed in bright talk, singing and games, but to the boy's great pleasure, Mr. Denison took leave of the Westons when he did, and said he would like to walk back to town with him. They hardly closed the door when Frank said, "Mr. Denison, I thank you so much for what you've told me. I promise you never to touch the first drop. I see that it is my only safe way. Please, sir, be my friend for father's sake. Dear father! I wish he had been afraid of wine."—*Hope Lydard, in S. S. Visitor.*



THE PRESENTATION TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

coffee. But the room was full of people; a Mr. Denison, whom Frank had never met before, was there; and so the young man followed Mary into the next room, hoping to be able to refuse when they were alone.

"Mary, I don't really care for any wine." "Oh yes! Please take just one glass; it will warm you up. Here! now that I have poured it out, you can't refuse."

The young girl handed the glass, and, as she said—Frank could not refuse—weak, foolish boy that he was! But as he took the glass, Mr. Denison came and stood between them:

"Frank and Ned when together—I know just how you feel about this matter of wine. Because your father drank, you do not like to refuse for fear people will think you afraid. My dear boy, make up your mind to be afraid—that your only safety lies in being afraid. When your father and I were about your age, we were urged to become members of a temperance society. I knew that my father had been very fond of liquor and that there was a chance that I might have a taste for it; so I joined. Your father laughed at my fears. 'Thank God,' he said, 'I come of a strong people who can

TOBACCO SMOKING AS A CAUSE OF DISEASES OF THE EAR AND DEAFNESS.—Chewing is much less likely to cause these troubles than smoking, because the tobacco smoke comes in contact with a much larger surface than the saliva impregnated with tobacco. Cigarette smoking is most injurious, because the smoke is so often blown through the nose, and at the same time enters the eustachian tube. The tobacco smoke is laden with fine particles, which gain access to the middle ear and irritate its lining membrane. While this does not admit of actual demonstration, it is rendered highly probable by the fact that disturbances of taste and smell are unquestionably produced in this manner, and are frequently observed in habitual smokers. The long continuance of such an irritation gives rise to a chronic inflammation of the middle ear. The characteristic want of sensibility in the mucous membrane of the throat and nose of smokers who suffer from chronic angina is due to the benumbing influence of tobacco.—*Annal des Maladies de l'Oreille.*



Temperance Department.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

(From Day of Rest).

IV.

Summer faded away and died, and the fairest of her flowers drooped and paled, and vanished. Autumn, with sober mien, commenced her march across the beautiful earth, chanting low, solemn dirges over the bier of summer, the while her train of faded leaves rustled strangely in the winds. Sometimes the nights were glorious with mellow moonlight; sometimes wind and storm held carnival on the earth. Mrs. Bates dreaded the coming winter. Last winter she knew how her poor children's faces had been pinched by hunger as well as cold—provisions had been so dear. Then Jessie was so unwell. She feared the cold for her; she would certainly suffer much.

It was a cold October day. Large masses of gray cloud had drifted for hours across the gloomy sky, but no rain had fallen. The shades of evening were darkening, and the wind, which had been moaning all day, was fast rising to a gale. Johnny and Fred came in from school, and settled themselves near the fire. Mrs. Bates put the baby in Jessie's keeping, and brushed the little boys' hair.

'You mind you are good lads this evening,' she said pleasantly, 'and perhaps papa will stay at home with you, and help you to do your lessons.' She always liked to talk cheerily to the poor children.

'Ma,' said Johnny, starting up, 'there's the lamplighter; we ought to have the blinds down. Let me do it, ma; and we can have the lamp lit, and have tea jolly to-night. It does blow outside, ma,' he added.

'Yes; the wind's rising, my dear.'

'When shall we have tea, ma? I'm hungry.'

'We must wait for papa, dear, it would not be kind to go on without him.'

'We had drawing to-day, ma,' said Freddy.

'And didn't I get some marks? I'm going to try to draw as well as papa.'

'That's right, Freddy,' said his mother. 'You'll learn to do grand things, I know.'

'I shall, mamma,' said the boy, with an earnest face; 'and Johnny too. He's at the top of his class.'

'I know mamma will be proud of her good little sons some day,' said Mrs. Bates, stroking their soft curly hair. Such motherly encouragement used to help her children much. She never heard them say they could not do their lessons, no matter how difficult they might be.

How sad that any circumstance should cloud that bright home that evening! Mr. Bates came in intoxicated as usual, but unusually excited. It was the same old, old story he had to tell. Mr. Harris had given him notice to leave.

'Aleck,' said his wife, 'don't trouble. He will have you again. He has been kind and forgiving hitherto.'

Mr. Harris had borne long and kindly with poor Bates. Time after time he had listened to his promises of amendment and encouraged him in every possible way. He often talked to him as an equal and a brother, and advised him as a true friend. Indeed, he was a man of a thousand. Bates knew what he owed to him. He knew how he had requited him for his kindness; and, when sober, his self-reproaches were bitter indeed. He wished, above all things, to show how he appreciated his generosity, but, alas! he was bound. He had the will—sometimes strong, and sometimes very, very feeble, but he lacked the power.

Just now, in response to his wife, he cried out in thick, guttural tones, 'I won't go back! I'll never ask him again. I'm a devil! I hate myself!'

The children cowered. 'Hush!' said his wife. 'Come and have tea and let to-morrow bring its own troubles. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."'

'Don't talk like a fool, Marian,' he replied. And, sitting down on a chair that stood near the table, he pushed aside the tea-tray, which sent a plate or two clattering to the floor, and leaned his head down on his folded arms

with an air of utter weariness. Jessie stooped to pick up the broken pieces, and to hide her tears too. Having tea was out of the question now; so the little boys got their lesson-books, and engaged themselves with slates and pencils.

Presently Bates looked up and said with strange calmness, 'It's a wonder that I came home; the temptation was fearfully strong to-night. I shall be sure to do it some day. Mark me, Marian, I shall! I am burning, soil and body; and the water is cool! It gives me an idea of rest. And there is no rest here: no rest anywhere! I wanted to get away from myself. But all the fiends rushed past me, shrieking—I heard them in the wind; and I disappointed them this one night.' Then he hid his face again. Mrs. Bates trembled. The blast howled down the street, and made a moaning noise about the windows.

'Hear them knocking at the door,' said Bates, mysteriously. 'That's just how they wake me in the night. I get no sleep—no rest. I wish I were dead!' He rose, and walked backward and forward like a caged tiger; his hands were clasped behind him, and they trembled visibly. He kept up a continual inaudible mutter, save when an unusually loud gust of wind seemed to struggle at the front door. Then for a moment he paused to listen.

'Now, Aleck, come and have a cup of tea,' said Mrs. Bates, affecting not to notice his strange manner. 'Here, come round to your old seat by the fire.' He gazed vacantly at her for a moment, and then turned away, speaking more naturally. 'Oh! yes; I remember,' he said. 'No, I don't want any tea. Where's Jess?'

'Here, papa,' said the child, springing forward. He smoothed her silken hair, saying, 'Poor darling!'

'We'll have tea now, papa, eh?' said Jessie. 'Yes, anything; but don't tease, dear. You shouldn't come near me.'

Jessie looked astonished, but went away quietly. After much persuasion poor Bates took a cup of tea which seemed to do him good. Then he asked Jessie to fetch his hat, —a shocking bad hat it was.

Mrs. Bates had hoped so much to have kept him at home. She was alarmed at the idea of his going out after what he had disclosed of his state of mind. 'Don't go out, dear,' she pleaded.

'I must, Marian, I could not stay here: I should go mad—raving mad!'

She followed him to the door. The cold, damp air rushed in and chilled her; it was reviving to him. 'It is such a rough, miserable night. Do stay,' she implored.

'The night suits me, Marian. It is full of unrest and darkness. It is glorious!' And he hurried away.

The wife returned to her children, and her long pent-up feelings burst out in irrepressible sobs. 'Darling mamma, don't cry,' said Jessie. 'Let me run and ask him to come back.'

'No, no, Jessie, not you.' She glanced across at the happy, unconscious babe, and Jessie understood the look.

'Not you, mamma, because if anything should happen to baby. Let me run, now, quickly. Oh, ma.' She ran and snatched up a shawl of her mother's. 'Put this round me and let me run quickly,' she urged. 'Suppose if he should do that, ma!'

That was enough. The shawl was folded about her and she was at the door.

'It is a pouring rain, my dear. Here, Jessie, wait, your shoes are thin.'

'Oh, don't mind, ma. I will run. It isn't much.' And she sprang off, a mother's prayers following her all the way.

A sudden gust dashed the small, blinding rain into her eyes. She stopped short for a minute; then recovering breath, held her arms tightly across her chest and started again. The rain came on faster and faster; the pavements became slippery with it, and shone in the flickering light of the street lamps. Jessie strained her eyes to endeavor to discern her 'father' in the distance; but when hurrying up to one or another whom she supposed to be him, the figure would suddenly disappear in a doorway. Yet she would not give up. There were not many people about, that was one advantage, for it enabled her to keep a good look-out, and otherwise spare her the jostling which she would surely have encountered had the streets been fuller. Nothing but urgent business would have called people out on such a night.

The tempest rushed sobbing along and poor Jessie's clothes were wet and heavy with

the angry rain. She was beginning to feel faint and despairing, when, just as she turned into D— street, she caught sight of her father some way on. Yes, there was no mistaking that tall, bending form: she knew it well; and, keeping her eyes steadily fixed on it, she quickened her steps. Suddenly he came to a large door-way whence a stream of light issued and glared on the muddy pavement. He passed in, and the child's heart sank. She hurried up and stood gasping under the sheltering portico.

People passed in and out, but heeded her not. It was no uncommon thing to see children waiting about there for their parents. (To be Continued).

THE CHEWER'S DOOM.

BY DOCTOR DEANE.

The cultivation of this plant was introduced into America by Sir Walter Raleigh, and is now, as is well known, largely cultivated, particularly in some of the Southern States.

The valley of the Connecticut produces a small yearly crop of this plant, but in proportion to the whole crop of the country, not more than a day's chewing or smoking for one man in proportion to the total amount chewed and smoked in the country.

One gentleman in this fertile valley recently refused to rent his farm because he understood tobacco was to be raised on it—an instance of moral courage in every way to be applauded.

I now give a few medical reasons why the use of tobacco for chewing and smoking should never be indulged in, especially by the young.

In the first place, every atom and tissue of our bodies is formed from the blood, and the blood is made from what we put in the mouth. Blood made from bread and butter and milk and meats and all natural and wholesome food is good, and helps to build up the system in a strong and proper manner; but blood that is produced by tobacco is not only unnatural, and does no good whatever to the body, but does harm by introducing into the veins a deadly poison.

Blood is good or bad, according to the material it is made from. Accordingly, blood from that which is itself a poison, must be poisonous, unless the poison has been in some way extracted.

There is poison in the potato, but this is destroyed by heat. In tobacco there is no protection against the poison which it contains, and the deadly matter goes right into the blood.

If enough tobacco could be eaten to cause death, death would follow at once. Fortunately, men do not chew it in sufficient quantities to produce death, but they do consume enough of the vile plant to do themselves great injury.

Nor is this injury any the less real because slow. The harm done the body by the use of tobacco is permanent, and year after year becomes worse and worse.

Because boys who do not see men who chew fall down dead as men who take strychnine do, they are apt to shake the head dubiously when told by their elders that tobacco is a poison.

Spit a mouthful of tobacco into the mouth of some small animal, and it will die. Men—the larger animals—do not, on the use of a bit at a time, because what they take is small, and the damage done them by it is partly repaired by the good, strong blood which their food makes, and which they take into the body by the side of this poisoned blood of which I am speaking.

Every mouthful of tobacco-juice contains a certain quantity of nicotine, which is a virulent poison.

Imagine a man opening his veins with a penknife and letting arsenic or strychnine into himself! But what is the difference, except that the mineral poison would kill him at once, and the vegetable poison—tobacco—may kill him in time, if he go on with it and use it excessively?

If even the water we drink affects the quantity and the quality of the blood, surely tobacco-juice must. The idea of any man drinking impure, muddy water is unpleasant even to think of; but what is bad water compared with the juice of tobacco?

You may think that chewers do not swallow the juice of the weed. They do. They swallow some, and more, too, than you or they think. With all the amount they expectorate from the mouth, some, notwithstanding, is swallowed.

Besides, there is a large amount absorbed. This process of absorption I must stop to explain. You will bear in mind that all over the inside of the mouth are glands in great number. The duty of these glands is to do somewhat as a sponge does when put in water—suck up the liquids that they touch. All the saliva that touches them is more or less filled with the juices of what we chew—whatever it is—and these juices, of course, float around in the mouth, and, as soon as they touch the glands, are more or less absorbed, or sucked up by them. So that, partly by swallowing a little, and absorbing a good deal more, the system, in the course of a day's chewing, gets a good deal of the poison of the tobacco-juice taken into it.

As I before said, every drop taken into the body goes to blood—and blood of the poorest sort—blood that not only does no good toward building the body up, keeping it healthy and making it long-lived, but which on the contrary, does harm, poisons the system, renders the tissues of the body liable to disease, weakens certain functions, increases the likelihood of insanity, and of sudden and even of premature death.

If more can be said against anything that goes into the mouth of man, I do not know what that article is.

Smoking is less injurious than chewing, because less poison is swallowed and absorbed; but even this is injurious to a great degree.

To say nothing in this article of the social and moral reasons against the use of tobacco, the medical ones which I have given ought to deter every boy from ever soiling his lips with the weed.

I may add that the use of intoxicating drinks is to be classed with that of the use of tobacco in its ill effects on the body.—*Golden Days.*

THE DOCTOR'S WORK.

Physicians have a great deal to do in making drunkards, and this I know by experience; for I was innocent and did not know anything about strong drink until my first babe was borne. I was very weak and the doctor recommended ale: he said that would give me strength; well, perhaps it did, but by the time my baby was ten months old I was a drunkard. Oh! warn all mothers never to take ale, for if you only knew the bitter experience that I have had in "drinking to make nourishment for my babe," as I thought, it would make your blood run cold. I have attended a great many temperance meetings, where they are always talking about men drinking. Why, there are as many women, almost, who drink as there are men. Unless you have drank yourself you cannot imagine the misery and the suffering one has to endure, when he or she is a slave to this accursed appetite. I could write and tell you things about the appetite for strong drink and what it will cause one to do, in order to get it, that I am sure you would not believe. This letter is written by one who was raised by Christian parents, and yet knows a great deal about suffering from the accursed appetite for rum.—*From Letter in the Morning.*

DON'T MENTION IT.

Many people notice wrong going on, but do not mention it for fear it would injure them in some way. Many a father raises his boy in the neighborhood of a saloon, he would not under any consideration want his boy to go into the saloon, does not want him to get drunk, he knows that place is open to tempt him, but is actually too cowardly to try to close the hell trap. Persons have frequently said to us, 'Well, I know that's wrong, but we can't remedy it by making a noise about it.' The fact is, people must notice these wrongs; speak of them and they will be stopped; but if people notice them and say nothing about it they are bound to increase. If every church member would use his or her influence against the liquor traffic publicly half the saloons would be closed in six months.—*Morning.*

A few months ago, a woman interested in relieving want and promoting Temperance opened a five-cent coffee-house in San Francisco, with so good success that three more were established, then a fifth, and all are self-supporting. Hundreds patronize these places, where a cup of coffee and a roll of bread are served for five cents.—*Signal.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

SOME NOXIOUS INSECTS.

Noxious insects may be briefly defined as those insects which injure man.

Obviously they may do this in two ways. Either they inflict direct injuries on his person, or they indirectly injure him by damaging his property. In either cases they are the result of civilization.

To the genuine savage no insects are noxious, not even those bloodthirsty parasites which we call by the general name of "vermin." A savage cares nothing for vermin of any kind, and it is not until man is far removed from savages that he begins to object to their presence.

As to secondarily noxious insects, a savage has no conception of them. He does not till the earth, and consequently has no crops to be devoured. He possesses neither flocks nor herds, and therefore even such insects as the tsetse-fly and gad-fly have no terrors for him. Neither does he wear clothes, so that he is not even aware of the existence of the clothes moth.

Take, for example, the most noxious insect which an agriculturist fears, namely, the locust, and see how it affects a savage, say a Bosjesman.

To the South African farmer the locust is the most fearful of pests. A swarm of locusts will mean absolute ruin, for the creatures will destroy in a single night the harvest on which the owner depends for subsistence.

But to the Bosjesman the locust-swarm is an unmixed blessing. He has no crop that the insects can destroy, but he finds in the locust-swarm an abundant store of food without the trouble of hunting for it. He hails the approach of the distant swarm, and as long as it remains in his neighborhood he enjoys to the full the chief luxury of savage life, i.e. eating to repletion day after day, and only sleeping off the effects of one meal to begin another.

Take, again, the great Palm Weevil, the huge jaws of which are so destructive to the palm-trees, and so noxious to the cultivator.

The savage exults when he sees the traces of the "gru-gru," as this larva is called, for it forms one of his most dainty articles of food, and all the more valuable because it requires no cooking. The gru-gru is simply cut out of the tree, held by the head, and eaten alive, as we eat oysters in this country. Many a savage and white man also, when leading a savage life, has been indebted for his very existence to the Palm Weevil. To the cultivator of the palm this weevil is one of the worst of noxious insects. To the same man, when travelling out of the reach of civilization, it is a priceless doom.

Then there are the various Termites, the terror of civilized man, the destroyers of his furniture, books, and papers, the devourers of every piece of woodwork in his house, and sometimes the underminers of the house itself.

The savages value them for the various ways in which they contribute toward his livelihood.

In the first place he eats them. In this country we revolt at the idea of eating insects, but in savage lands the Termite is eaten, not as a matter of absolute necessity, but of choice. Indeed, a savage king, to whom a traveller presented some apricot jam, declared it to be the best food he knew next to Termites.

Then, the nests which these insects rear are of great service to the savage. There are several animals, popularly called Ant Bears, which feed chiefly on the Termites, or White Ants, as they are wrongly called. These creatures are furnished with enormous claws, with which they tear out the whole interior of the nest, leaving nothing but the shell of clay, baked as hard as brick in the sunbeams.

Such empty nests serve several purposes. In the first place they are utilized of ovens, in which the native hunters can cook the animals killed by them.

Then such savages as build huts find that nothing makes so good a floor for their houses as Termites' nests ground into a powder mixed with water, beaten down until quite smooth and level, and left to harden in the rays of the tropical sun.

Lastly, they serve as tombs for the dead. The corpse is thrust into the empty nest through a hole left by the Ant Bear, the aperture is closed with stones and thorns,

and there the body may remain undisturbed by any foe except man.

Every reader of this magazine has, I presume, seen the common Water-Boatmen insects, which are shaped so much like boats, swim on their keel-shaped backs, and use their long hind legs as oars. All of them possess sharp, strong beaks, capable of penetrating the human skin, and depositing in the wound a poisonous secretion, which causes a dull throbbing pain lasting for several hours.

There are many species of Water-Boatmen but those which belong to the genus Corixa, and can be known by the flattened ends of their bodies, have the sharpest beaks, the most virulent poison, and consequently are the most noxious when handled. Even in England these Corixæ are apt to be rather unpleasant insects, but there are some parts of Mexico where the lakes swarm with Corixæ of very much larger dimensions than any British species.

Yet these insects, noxious as we might think them, are very useful to the comparatively uncivilized natives, who eat, not the Corixæ, but their eggs.

At the proper time of the year the natives sink large bundles of reeds in the water. In a week or two the reeds are thickly covered with Corixa eggs, which are scraped off and the reeds returned to the water. In fact the Corixa is treated very much like the mussel in the French breeding beds. The eggs, after being scraped off, are pressed into cakes, which are cooked and used for consumption, under the name of "haoutle."

Even the dread mosquito, the only insect which a savage can have an excuse for ranking as noxious, is really of direct value to some savage tribes.

Livingstone mentions that the shores of the Lake Nyassa swarm with mosquitoes. The late Mr. Baines told me that no one who has not seen the mosquito swarms that hang on the banks of these African lakes, can form even a conception of their multitude. They fill the air so that they seem to be an almost solid mass. If a lamp be lighted, they put it out by settling on it, while the hum of their wings is almost like the roaring of the sea in the ears of a diver.

Yet the natives can utilize even these terrible pests, which are so venomous that not even a mule could stay on the banks of the lake and live through a night. But the mosquito never seems to travel to any great distance from the water in which it passed through its previous stage of existence, and the natives can avoid it by sleeping in spots far removed from the water's edge.

They do more than this; they sweep the mosquitoes into large bags, press them together and form them into cakes, just as is done with the eggs of the Corixa. These cakes go by the name of "kungo." They are circular, about eight inches in diameter, and an inch or so in thickness. When eaten they are said to bear some resemblance to caviare in flavor.

Before quitting this part of the subject, we must not lose sight of the fact that none of the so-called noxious insects, even though they cause direct annoyance to man, were created for that purpose. Take, for example, the mosquito swarms above mentioned. Man is not the normal food of the mosquito, which can and does maintain existence without ever seeing a human being. But when man presents himself in the tract already inhabited by the mosquitoes, he becomes an intruder and has to suffer the penalty of his intrusion.

I mentioned at the beginning of this essay that the noxiousness of insects is in direct ratio to the civilization of the men whom they annoy.

In the uncivilized days of England the carrot, the turnip, the asparagus, the cabbage, the celery, and other garden plants, were mere weeds, and, in consequence, the insects which fed on them were unheeded by man. Our semi-savage predecessors could find no fault with the cabbage caterpillars, with the turnip grub, the celery fly, or the asparagus beetle, simply because the plants on which they fed had not been brought into cultivation, and their destroyers could not be ranked among noxious insects.

Then there comes the question of counter-balancing qualities.

Take the bee. A child who is ignorant of the character of the bee, seizes it, is stung, and has very good reason for considering it as a very noxious insect.

Afterward, when he learns that the bee furnishes the sweet honey which tickles his palate, he pardons the sting which has hurt

his hand. He has learned one of the counter-balancing qualities of a noxious insect. As he increases in knowledge and civilization, he learns that the wax, which as a child he would have flung aside after draining it of the honey, is by far the more valuable product of the two, and that some of the arts—metal statuary, for example—could not be conducted without it.

Take the silkworm. It destroys the leaves of the mulberry-tree, and injures the crop of fruit which man wants for himself, so that to a race of men sufficiently civilized to cultivate the mulberry-tree, it would be classed among the noxious insects.

But further knowledge about the habits of the creature enables mankind to understand its counter-balancing qualities and so although the silkworm consumes far more mulberry foliage than it did when it was considered merely as a noxious insect, we have learned to compare the value of the silk which it produces with that of the leaves which it devours, and prize the silkworm as a source of national wealth.—J. G. Wood, in *Good Words*.

WORTH KNOWING.

Keep salt in a dry place.
Keep yeast in wood or glass.
Keep fresh lard in tin vessels.
Keep preserves and jellies in glass.
Keep meal and flour in a cool, dry place.
Keep vinegar in wood, glass, or stoneware.
Sugar is an admirable ingredient in curing meat or fish.

Crusts and pieces of bread should be kept in an earthen jar, closely covered, in a dry, cool place.

Lard for pastry should be used as hard as it can be cut with a knife. It should be cut through the flour, and not rubbed.

In boiling meat for soup use cold water to extract the juices. If the meat is wanted for itself alone, plunge into boiling water at once.

To prevent meat from scorching during roasting place a basin of water in the oven. The steam generated prevents scorching and makes the meat cook better.

Broil steak without salting. Salt draws the juices in cooking. It is desirable to keep these in, if possible. Cook over a hot fire; turn frequently, searing on both sides. Place on a platter; salt and pepper to taste.

Beef that has a tendency to be tough can be made very palatable by stewing gently for two hours with pepper and salt, taking out about a pint of the liquor when half done, and letting the rest boil into the meat. Brown the meat in the pot. After taking up, make a gravy of the pint of liquor saved.—*Floral Cabinet*.

THE CHEAPEST MEDICINE.

The cheapest medicine is sleep. It relieves languor, cures restlessness, uneasiness, and irritability; it will remedy head-ache, and teeth-ache, and back-ache, and heart-ache; it cures sorrow and nervousness, and will make heavy burdens seem light, and great trials look very small.

When weary we should sleep. To resort to stimulants is suicidal; what weary men and exhausted women and nervous and peevish children need is sleep. Many a person dies for want of it, and the point where many a sufferer turns his back from the very gates of death to the open path of life is the point where he sinks into sleep.

No matter how hard a man may work, if he can get good sleep, and feel refreshed and rested in the morning; but when the nights are restless and the morning finds us still weary, it is time to stop and rest. And for people to take tea and coffee and tobacco and stimulants to keep them awake, is to drive away their best friend, and bring on themselves untold sorrows, when they shall seek in vain for that sleep which they have so madly driven away. Do not be defrauded of your proper amount of sleep; retire early, breathe pure air, avoid all stimulants, using nothing to banish slumber. God "giveth His beloved sleep."—*The Christian*.

ARSENIC IN COLORINGS.

It is now well understood that arsenic is extensively used in the dyeing of cloth, and in the pigment of wall-papers, and that it has given rise to many instances of severe poisoning. In the former case the poison is mainly absorbed by the skin. In the latter, microscopic particles float in the air of the room and are inhaled. One effect of thus

receiving it into the system is to destroy the red blood corpuscles and thus diminish the nutrition of the nerve-centres.

The following is a striking but typical case, and has additional interest from the glimpse it gives us of the considerate character of the present Queen of England.

A gentleman employed by the latter to do a piece of work was furnished a room in the palace. Though it was well warmed and every way comfortable, he found himself quite chilly after retiring, and at length his teeth began to chatter. Attempting to rise to get a large Spanish cloak to throw over him, he was unable to move, and he began to be affected with a severe and peculiar pain. He finally fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

In the morning, he noticed for the first time that the walls of the room were covered with a brilliant green paper. The truth at once flashed on his mind. On getting out of bed he staggered like a drunken man, and it was with difficulty he could dress. The fresh air soon restored him.

The Queen, on learning the state of the case, had a piece of the paper analyzed. It proved to be highly arsenical. At once she had the paper stripped from every room in the place.

MRS. HIGGINS' RECIPE FOR UNFERMENTED WINE.—To five pounds of grapes, after they have been nicely picked over, washed and crushed, add three pints of soft water. Let them boil a few minutes in a porcelain kettle, then hang in a coarse cloth to drain. When the juice is all drained out, add two pounds granulated or loaf sugar. Let this come to a boiling point, carefully removing the scum that may arise. When this is done, put the juice into clean bottles while hot, and cork them with new corks. As it cools tighten the corks by pressing them down hard; then cover with plaster of Paris, wet with cold water to a paste and keep in a cool place. This wine will not be injured by scalding the second time. Cover the bottles well in a cloth wet with warm water to keep the juice from breaking them while hot, or while the hot juice is being put into them. We use the Concord grape, and Hartford Prolific. It would be well to put the wine into bottles that hold about the amount used for a single service.—*Waterville Minn.*

THE semi-annual oiling of furniture tends to give walnut a darker and richer look, and renews its polish. Any housekeeper who has never tried this simple process is advised to do so, and note how quickly all the white spots and blemishes disappear. No matter how old and much abused chairs and tables are, try it upon them. Ten cents' worth of oil, mixed with a little rotten stone, which may be had at any druggist's, will be sufficient to polish the furniture of a large dwelling. Apply a little at a time with a small flannel cloth, and rub until dry and smooth with a larger piece, and finish with dry rotten stone. To clean marble mantles, take one part of powdered chalk, one part pulverized pumice stone, and two parts of common soda, mix with water, and rub well the whole surface, then wash with soap and water, and you will find all stains removed.

PROMPTNESS AT MEALS.—Punctuality at meals, and especially at breakfast, on the part of all the members of the household, has a great deal to do with good order and comfort through the day. Nobody has a right to indulge selfishly in a half-hour more of sleep in the morning, if thus the work of the house is put back and delayed. Take the half-hour, if you need it, by going to bed earlier, and thus occasioning no inconvenience. This does not apply to old people or invalids, who need all the sleep they can get, but to young, strong and lazy people. No lad should ever need to be called twice in the morning. Neither should a young lady expect to have three or four knocks at her door before she chooses to arise.

TO PREVENT DUST RISING FROM A CARPET when being swept, sprinkle coarse dry salt over it. If the carpet is much soiled, rub the salt well into the fibers with the broom; then give a thorough sweeping, going over the work several times. Salt is better than tea-grounds, as it brightens the colors and sweetens the room.

BLACK BRICKS.—The black bricks now employed in the ornamentation of buildings are prepared by dipping them in coal tar, the quality of the bricks taken being the same as those used in other parts of the building. Black mortar is made by mixing with lamp black.

A TRIP THROUGH THE CLOUDS.

Have you ever taken a trip through the clouds? No. Well, with your permission, I will endeavor to give you a description of my first trip. Having the honor



THE SHADOW.

to number amongst my friends a professional aeronaut, he, one beautiful summer's day, proposed to take me with him in his giant balloon. Never having experienced what it was to be "up in a balloon," I gladly assented. When all the numerous necessities for our trip were in readiness, we took a delightful drive of about ten miles across country, where we found a most picturesque spot for our ascension. After watching the inflation of the balloon, and the adjusting of certain appurtenances, which only a professor can understand, we stepped into the car, and after a shout to those assembled to witness our ascent to "stand clear," gradually began to rise. The sun was shining brightly, and the birds were singing and chirping as if resenting such an intrusion. To me it seemed as though the earth were sinking, leaving us suspended in mid-air, so steady was our ascent. When I had fairly regained my equanimity I ventured to look over the side of the car, and found that we had just time to take a parting glance at the earth beneath, which resembled a patch-work quilt, only that the patches were not arranged quite so evenly. After watching it out of sight I turned my attention in another direction and espied what we thought to be another balloon, but which the Professor laughingly told me was but the reflection of our own in the clouds. I also perceived that the horizon instead of being round, was at this height decidedly concave—the result of refraction—and just the reverse of what I expected. At this point the Professor threw out some very thin, white paper, which fluttered about like snow-flakes, but keeping nearly on a level with us, thus showing us that our course was almost horizontal. Next a little ballast is thrown overboard and

instantly the paper falls like lead, and we find we have ascended about a mile high. The scene which now meets the eye is one of extreme grandeur, at our feet are layers upon layers of beautiful fleecy clouds, some tipped with silver, others with gold, while overhead is the sky of deep ethereal blue without a cloud to mar its surface. The Professor, after allowing me to drink in the glorious scene for some time, begins to talk about descent. He then commences to let out some gas, which causes us gradually to descend, and our return to Mother Earth is betokened by the distant lowing of cattle, bleating of sheep, and the barking of a dog. Next the grapnel is partially lowered, the valve partially opened, when out rushes the gas and we go down, down with such rapidity and force as to imbed the grapnel in the soil, causing the balloon to sway gently to the ground. Assistance soon arrives and we find ourselves about forty miles from where we started. The balloon is soon neatly packed, and we start on our way to the railway station, where we take the cars for home, arriving there at about half-past seven, after having spent one of the most delightful and memorable days in my life.

WHAT A SMILE DID.

In a little red-brick house in our village lived Gertrude White, a sweet little girl about nine years old. She was a general favorite in Cherryville. But she had one trouble: Will Evans would tease her because she was slightly lame, calling her "Tow-head" whenever they met. Then she would pout and go home quite out of temper. One day she ran up to her mother in a state of great excitement, "Mother, I can't bear this any longer," she said; "Will Evans has called me 'Old Tow-head' before all the girls."

"Will you please bring me the Bible from the table?" said the good mother. Gertrude silently



THROWING OUT BALLAST.

obeyed. "Now will my little daughter read to me the seventh verse of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah?" Slowly and softly the child read how the blessed Saviour was afflicted and oppressed, yet "opened not his mouth."

"Mother," she asked, "do you think they called him names?" and her eyes filled with tears as

the sorrows of the Son of God were brought before her mind.

When Gertrude went to bed that night, she asked God to help her to bear with meekness all her injuries and trials. He delights to have such petitions.

Not many days passed before Gertrude met Will Evans going to school, and remembering her prayer and the resolution she had formed, she actually smiled at him.

This was such a mystery to Will that he was too much surprised to call after her, if, indeed, he felt any inclination; but he watched her till she had turned the corner, and then went to school in a very thoughtful mood.

Before another week passed they met again, and Will at once asked Gertrude's forgiveness for calling her names. Gertrude was very ready to forgive, and they soon became friends, Will saying: "I used to like to see you get cross, but when you smiled I couldn't stand that." Gertrude told Will of her mother's kind conversation that afternoon, and of its effect upon her. Will did not reply, but his moistened eyes showed what he felt, and he said he would never call her names again.—From "Little and Wise," by the Rev. Dr. Newton.

BEAUTIES OF THE UNDER GROUND WORLD.

It has often happened that in the course of excavations in search of minerals, the workmen have come upon some singular hollows or openings in the rock, caused by convulsions of the earth or earthquakes, or caverns through which torrents have flowed in former ages, and have left them for nature to ornament in the most beautiful and fantastic manner.

You will understand how the natural caverns are formed that you may have seen on the seacoast: the moving waters, carrying with them gravel and sand, enter the cracks and crevices in the

by the impurities of the water that has dropped on them. Sometimes these crystals are of a pure white, and have, when the cave is lighted up, a richness and transparency that can scarcely be imagined. Others have the appearance of stone, moss, and shells, in every variety of color.

Caverns of enormous extent occur in Iceland; that of Gurtshellir being forty feet in height, fifty in breadth, and nearly a mile in length. It is situated in the lava that has flowed from a volcano. Beautiful black stalactites hang from the spacious vault, and the sides are covered with glazed stripes, a thick covering of ice, clear as crystal, coating the floor. One spot in particular is mentioned



THE HORIZON.

by a traveller, when seen by torch-light, as surpassing anything that can be described. The roof and sides of the cave were decorated with the most superb icicles, crystallized in every possible form, many of which rivalled in delicacy the clearest froth or foam, while from the icy floor arose pillars of the same substance, in all the curious and fantastic shapes that can be imagined. A more brilliant scene, perhaps, never presented itself to the human eye.—Methodist.

BE UP AND DOING.

A tribe of American Indians sent an earnest entreaty to a mission station six hundred miles distant, to send them a teacher, to instruct them in the knowledge of the true God. The missionaries were obliged to refuse. They could scarcely keep up their own station with the staff of men and the means at their disposal. Six times the same message was returned, though with the deepest sorrow that English

Christians had not sent them men enough or money enough to grant the application.

At last fresh help came from England, and a teacher was sent. But it was now too late. The tribe had engaged in war, their angry passions were excited, and all desire for Christian instruction had passed away. The teacher returned, bitterly grieving that the door was closed, and that it was now impossible to proclaim to them the message of the gospel.

Let us learn the lesson. Be up and doing at once. There are but twelve hours in the day, then cometh the night when no man can work. The work may be taken from us, or we may be laid aside from the work. Therefore let us throw heart and soul into our Master's service. Let us give freely and pray instantly. Let us refuse no call which He gives us. Let us yield up ourselves and all we have to be used for Him. Every soul is unspeakably precious. Men and women are rapidly passing into eternity. Many know not the joyful sound, and are perishing for lack of knowledge. Christ is ready to bless the weakest testimony which is given in His name. Therefore let us go forth, believing in His name. Therefore let us go forth, believing in His power and help. Let us remember that "the time is short," the warfare great, and fight manfully for the kingdom of Christ.—*Friendly Greetings.*

ONE DOLLAR.

In a New England home there once lived a mother who could attend church only when her husband was away from home, for when he was present, he would not allow her the use of the carriage, and she could not now walk three miles to service, though she had gladly done so in her younger days. Her husband was so intemperate and penurious, that she lacked many things to make her comfortable; her life was constantly filled with sorrow. One day, when she had been speaking to me of her trust in Jesus, for no hard circumstances could ever quench that, she went into another room and returned, bringing a dollar which she had saved by laying away a few cents now and then.

"I wish to give you this," she said, "for I love every child of God. I want my children to hear Christ preached. It is only a little, but it is all that I could save. I do not wish this put on the subscription paper. I desire you to have it, and I am praying for you."

I hesitated some moments, but could deny no wish like hers. What result from what some would term an humble offering? Her heart was blessed. You say truly. The preacher was cheered. Yes. What more? The same winter two of her sons were led to Christ. The connection be-

tween all these facts was close and noble.—*American Messenger.*

ALL AT FULL LENGTH.

In books and newspapers, when we come to a stroke like this—, or perhaps to one letter with such a stroke after it, it generally means an oath, or some other bad word, which the author would not put down full because it was so bad.

But there is a book in which there are no strokes, but all the bad words which people say are put down at full length. It is a book which no man has ever read. But everything that is in it will come out one day.

It is the book of God's remembrance; the book, or books, of which it is said, "and the books were opened: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books."

Everything in those books is set down at full length: all the sins, all the oaths, all the bad words, all the wicked thoughts.

Are there any bad words written there against your name? Any oaths, such as would be put down in a common book, or a

will be dressed in rags. Well, well," says he, "so long as I may see the king's face, and sit at the king's table, I will enter among the beggars." So, without mourning because he had lost his silken habit, he put on the rags of a beggar, and he saw the king's face as well as if he had worn his scarlet and fine linen. My soul has done this full many a time, and I bid you do the same; if you cannot come as a saint, come as a sinner, only do come, and you shall receive joy and peace.—*C H Spurgeon.*

GROUND SQUIRREL.

The little ground squirrel, or chipmunk, is quite often met with around our roads and fields. Smaller and of a darker color than the red variety, this cheerful little animal is peculiarly distinguished by two white stripes bordered with black, running along each side of the back, from neck to near the tail. It is amusing to see him running along the fence or stone wall, cunningly peeping out here and there, and then darting back again, as though playing hide-and-seek with you.



THE GROUND SQUIRREL.

newspaper, with a — ? Ask God to forgive you for them. Pray that the blood of Jesus may blot them out. They must be blotted out before the books be opened, or you are lost! And nothing can do it but that precious blood. Oh, seek it, and then go and sin no more.—*Friendly Greetings.*

COME AS A BEGGAR

A certain king was accustomed on set occasions to entertain all the beggars of the city. Around him sat his courtiers, all clothed in rich apparel; the beggars sat at the same table in their rags of poverty. Now it came to pass that on a certain day one of the courtiers had spoiled his silken apparel, so that he dare not put it on, and he felt, "I cannot go to the king's feast to-day, for my robe is foul." He sat weeping, till the thought struck him, "Tomorrow, when the king holds his feast, some will come as courtiers, happily decked in their beautiful array; but others will come and be made quite as welcome who

Often two or more are noticed playing romps around some old stump or stone heap, and, like boys playing tag, when one has fairly touched the other, he turns and is pursued, and thus they alternate until tired with their sport.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

"How can I be beautiful?" Every boy and girl, man and woman wants to know that. Here is Mr. Emerson's beauty recipe; "There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us." Do you suppose that recipe will work? Think of the most beautiful people you know. Do you not think they are those who try very hard to make others happy? I know very many beautiful people who would have remained very plain had they sought only to please themselves.

We want to try Emerson's rule for becoming beautiful, so it will not do to forget that, "There is no beautifier of complexion, or form,

or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us."

But we should like him to tell us what things last longest.

He is ready to tell whoever wants to know. "Beauty is the quality which makes to endure. In a house that I know, I have noticed a block of spermaceti lying about closets and mantelpieces for twenty years together, simply because the tallowman gave it the form of a rabbit; and I suppose it may continue to be lugged about unchanged for a century. Let an artist draw a few lines or figures on the back of a letter, and that scrap of paper is rescued from danger, is put in a portfolio, or framed and glazed, and, in proportion to the beauty of the lines drawn, will be kept for centuries." And there are beauties of heart, mind, and character that do not meet the eye, but are none the less powerful in "making to endure."—*St. Nicholas.*

LIFE A SERMON.

"Our every life is a sermon."

"Life's a sermon!" Let us preach it,
Preach it ere this hour is past;
Up and preach it! do not waste it;
Perhaps this day may be your last.

"Life's a sermon!" How, then, live ye?
Is it full of lies or love?
Is its logic clear and truthful?
Does it point the heart above?

"Life's a sermon!" What, then, saith it?
Does it onward, upward move?
Is it written clearly, plainly,
Every deed a word of love?

"Life's a sermon!" What's its substance?
Is it woven from thyself?
Does it only prate of pleasure,
Pride and ease, and love of self?

"Life's a sermon!" Ever preaching,
Vast its influence here—above
All its notes a tinkling cymbal,
Should the heart be dead to love?

"Life's a sermon!" All must preach it,
Battling oft with many a foe;
Oh that God may see Christ's beauty
Gleaming through its tears and woe!

"Life's a sermon!" O Great Master!
Make it pure, and true, and free,
And its web, though tangled, broken,
Yet may guide some soul to Thee!

—*W. Poole Balfern, in London Christian World.*



The Family Circle.

"FREELY YE HAVE RECEIVED FREELY GIVE."

"Shall I take and take and never give?"
It was not in the lily to answer "Yea;"
So it drank the dew and sunlight and rain;
And gave out its fragrance day by day.

"Shall I take and take and never give?"
The robin chirped, "No, that would be
wrong."
So he picked at the cherries and flew away,
And poured out his soul in a beautiful song.

"Shall I take and take and never give?"
The bee in the clover buzzed, "No, ah no."
So he gathered the honey and filled his cell,
But 'twas not for himself that he labored so.

"Shall I take and take and never give?"
What answer will you make, my little one?
Like the blossom, the bird, and the bee, do
you say,
"I will not live for myself alone?"

"Let the same little hands that are ready to
take
The things which our Father so freely has
given,
Be ever as ready to do a kind deed,
Till love to each other makes earth seem like
heaven."

—J. H. Ashfield, in *The Child's Paper*.

THE LOAD OF WOOD.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

The boys were talking about the kind of business they would choose, when Uncle Asa came into the room. As Uncle Asa had tried several kinds, and been prosperous in all, they appealed to him for advice.

"What I want to know is this," said Charley, in the course of the discussion which followed; "you have bought and sold a good many things, but what has turned out to be the most profitable?"

Uncle Asa considered a moment, while a curious smile passed over his pleasant rosy face.

"Well, if I were to name any one thing, which I have handled, and which has in the long run proved most to my advantage—well," said the old gentleman, nodding decidedly, "I think I must say, a load of wood."

"A load of wood?" chorused the boys. They had expected he would say wool, or wheat, or hardware, or indigo; and they couldn't believe his reply was quite serious.

"But it is!" said Uncle Asa. "A load of wood, and not a large load, either; not nearly so large as it looked. It was really the beginning of my fortunes, and I am sure I owe more to it than to anything else I ever dealt in."

"Tell you about it? Of course I will, if you wish it; and perhaps it will help to start you in the right direction."

"It was when I was a boy—about your age, Charley; I think I was sixteen—that fall. The summer work was well over; the winter school had not yet begun; and my cousin Medad and I were considering how we should earn a little pocket-money. My father heard us talking over some boyish schemes, and said to us—

"I can give you an idea better than that. There's the oak that blew over last spring, in the mill-pasture. You may cut it up, and have all you can make out of it."

"But there's work in that," I said.

"Yes; so there is in almost any honest job people are willing to pay money for. But it isn't so hard as you think," said my father. "One stroke at a time; so many strokes an hour; so many hours a day. That's the way great things are accomplished. It isn't much of a tree; you'll wish there was more of it before you get through."

"Well," Uncle Asa continued, "we undertook the job, and we did wish there was more of it. With a cross-cut saw and beetle and wedges, then with a hand-saw and an axe, we reduced that tree to stove-wood in a very short time; and had fun out of it too. Boys have only to be interested in their work, you know, to find it pleasant."

"We saw profit in every stick, and had as much talk about the way we would dispose of the wood, and what we would do with the money, as if we had been young millionnaires discussing some great project."

"There's a good deal in the way you pile wood, to sell it," Medad said. "There's Jake Meeker—he says he can take nine cords of wood and pile it over and make ten of it, easy as nothing."

"Yes," I replied; "and my father says he can throw his hat through some of Jake's wood-piles—such great holes! He don't really make ten cords of it that way."

"Yes, he does," Medad insisted. "There's holes through every wood-pile; and you measure so much for a cord, whether they're big or little."

"But that's cord-wood," I said. "You can't pile stove-wood so as to make so much more of it."

"We'll see about that," Medad replied, with a laugh. "We're going to make the most of our job, ain't we?"

"Of course," I said; and waited with a good deal of curiosity to see how he would manage.

"He showed me in a day or two. We had an old one-horse waggon; we harnessed Dolly to it, and backed it up to our wood-pile. Then we began to lay the sticks loosely in the box, so as to make them take up as much room as possible."

"But they did not fill up so fast as we had expected; for we knew that if we piled them too loosely, they would be apt to shake down together on the way to the village; and so cause our load to shrink before we sold it."

"Medad looked at the wood in the box when it was half-filled, and then at that which remained on the ground, and shook his head dubiously. 'Twon't do!' he said. 'We ought to make three loads of it; but at this rate we sha'n't make two. I've an idea!'"

"What?" I said, wondering how he would get out of the difficulty.

"Throw it all out again; I'll show 'ye!"

"I didn't like that notion; but he insisted, and the wood was all unloaded, but a few sticks in the bottom of the waggon-box. With these he began to build the load, as he aptly termed it. Instead of laying the sticks together all one way, he placed a few on the bottom far apart, and others, cross-wise on those, also very far apart, cob-house fashion. Then he called upon me for more wood."

"But, Mede," I objected, "this will never do."

"Why won't it do?" he demanded.

"It's cheating, isn't it?"

"It's no more cheating than the way Jake Meeker piles his wood is cheating! Other folks do so. Only we make our pile a little more hollow than common."

"I couldn't deny the truth of this argument. And if others made the most of their wood by their skill in piling it, why shouldn't we do the same?"

"Still I hesitated. A man might perhaps be excused for cheating a little; but we were preparing to cheat a good deal."

"The principle is the same," Medad said, when I mentioned my scruples (pretty fellows we were to talk of principles)! "It ain't cheating exactly; but even if it is, it's what everybody does, in the way of business. Ye can't get along without it; mabby ye can in the next world, but ye can't in this. Who tells the bad points in anything he wants to sell? Don't everybody cover them up, and show the good points, and make the most of 'em? Of course they do. Hand me more sticks!"

"I wasn't convinced in my heart and conscience by this plausible speech. But my cousin, who was a year older than I, had a great influence over me, and I must confess that I was a little too anxious to get rich out of that wood. So I merely said, 'Don't make the hollows too large, Mede,' and handed him more sticks."

"I'll look out for that," he said. "Now you'll see."

"After about half the load had been built hollow, he put our crookedest and meanest sticks over it, and then covered the whole with nice wood closely packed, filling the waggon, so that, to all appearances, we had on a fine compact load."

"My father came out and looked at it as we drove out through the yard, and praised us for our industry. 'Well, well, boys,' said he, 'you've got a handsome load of wood, I must say. I'd buy it of you, but I suppose

it will be just as well for you to take it to town and see what you can get for it."

"I think it will be better," said Mede, with a sly wink at me. "What is such a load as that worth?"

"Stove-wood, like that—white oak—solid load right through," said my father, running his eye over the waggon-box, "ought to bring at least two dollars."

"We're going to get three for it," said my cousin.

"That's too much," said my father. "Never, boys, try to get more for a thing than it is really worth."

"I knew that he always acted upon this principle himself; and I felt some pangs of conscience as I thought of the empty spaces hidden in that load."

"But I'll tell you what you may do," he said. "Drive to Deacon Finch's store, and get him to look at your load. He knows better than I do what wood like that is worth in the village, and if he says three dollars is about right for it, why, my father added, with a shrewd twinkle, 'get it if you can!'"

"He knew very well that Deacon Finch wouldn't say any such thing. And as we drove out into the road, my cousin laughingly said that the deacon was the last man he would ask to examine that load."

"But as we were driving into the village, we met Deacon Finch in his chaise; and the temptation to play a sharp game on him was too much for my cousin. For my own part, I was feeling pretty sick of the idea of selling the load in its present shape to anybody; and I strongly objected to the proposed attempt on so sagacious a man as the deacon."

"It happens just right; don't you see?" Medad insisted. "He won't get out of his chaise; and it's a splendid-looking load, as you look down on it. If he buys it, he will tell us to drive it to his house; and of course he won't go to see us unload it."

"So he drove up on the roadside, and stopped the deacon as he was passing. 'Mr. Finch,' he said, 'wouldn't you like to buy a load of first-rate white-oak wood? Just look at it, if you please.'"

"I've wood enough," said the deacon. "But it's a nice-looking load you've got; and I guess you won't have any trouble in disposing of it."

"What is such a load as that worth, delivered in town?" asked Medad. "We cut it ourselves."

"How much is there?"

"I don't know; haven't measured it; just call it a load," said Medad.

"Good as that all the way through?" queried the deacon.

"About the same," said Medad.

"Well, from a dollar-seventy-five to two-and-a-quarter; somewhere along there," replied the deacon.

"Will you give us two-and-a-quarter for it?" Medad was quick to enquire.

"I told you I had wood enough. But I like to encourage boys; I'll look at your load." And to the terror of one of us, very sure, Deacon Finch slowly and deliberately got out of his chaise.

"I don't suppose anything in our looks caused him to suspect our honesty; for my cousin did the talking, and I must say I could not but envy the cool and candid manner with which he carried on his part of the interview."

"You are Mr. Prank's boys, ain't you?" said the deacon, going to the hind end of the waggon.

"I am Mr. Prank's son," Medad replied promptly. "This is my cousin."

"Good wood; well-split; pretty smart boys!" said the deacon, tumbling over a few sticks on top. "Gifess I'll take it."

"Shall we deliver it at your house?" Medad asked, almost too eagerly.

"Wait a minute! What's here?" cried the deacon thrusting down his hand and pulling up one of the hidden crooks. "Is there much like that?" And he began to dig down straight into one of our choice hollows."

"See here, if you please!" said Medad, alarmed, "you needn't take the wood if you don't like it, but don't spoil our load!"

"Spoil your load!" echoed the deacon, with indignant scorn, thrusting in his arm up to his shoulder. "You wouldn't be afraid of my spoiling an honest load; but what sort of a load is this? It's a perfect cheat, and you are a couple of rascals!"

"You needn't take it if you don't want it!" Medad repeated, more angry than ashamed, I am sorry to say. "We just put it that way to make a handsome load of it;

but we don't expect anybody to pay for it till they've seen it thrown off."

"The deacon did not, evidently, put much faith in this falsehood; for he reprimanded us again sharply as he climbed back into his chaise."

"I guess he was about right, Mede," I said, as we watched him drive away. "We are a couple of rascals!"

"Pshaw! who cares? It's what everybody does," said Mede, blusteringly; "what he does himself, everytime he sells goods out of his store. It takes a rogue to catch a rogue. We'll look out next time!"

"He laughed scornfully when I begged him to drive home and re-load the wood in honest fashion. But he was shy of making the sale where the deacon would be likely to hear of it."

"We'll go over to the East Village," he said. "I'll be dusk when we get there; nobody will know us; and by that time nobody can look into our load."

"This plan was carried out in spite of my too feeble objections. I drove the horse, while Medad went from door to door in the East Village, offering the wood 'dog-cheap,' he said, because it was so near night and we wanted 'to sell out and go home.'"

"His idea of 'dog-cheap' was two dollars, although he tried hard to get three. At last we found a woman who confessed that she was out of wood, and must get some soon, but said she was too poor to buy cord-wood, and then hire a man to cut it."

"Medad convinced her that it would be much better for her to buy ours already cut."

"But I haven't got three dollars in the world!" she said. "I'm really poor, drefle poor! If you'll throw off half your load into my shed, I'll give you a dollar and a half."

"Can't do that, nohow," said Mede; "for nobody then will want to buy the other half. I should think not!" he said to me aside, with a comical grimace.

"Will you trust me for the other dollar and a half?" she asked. "I am Mrs. Ober, Widow Ober; everybody knows me."

"That didn't suit my cousin's views, either."

"Tell ye what!" he said. "Give me two-and-a-quarter now, and you shall have the load; it's too little, but we've got to get home."

"Two dollars and twenty cents was all she had; and Mede consented to take that. The poor woman paid down the money with a heavy sigh; and we threw the wood into her shed."

"She offered to hold a lantern for us; but we were glad enough to dispense with that luxury. I don't know when she discovered what a small pile the wood made, which looked so large in our waggon; certainly not until after we were gone, for she came to the door as we backed around, said she was very much obliged to us, and bid us good-night."

"That's the way to do it!" said my cousin, on the way home. "We'll sell the other two loads just at dusk."

"I didn't say much. I was feeling sick. And when he gave me my share of the 'plunder,' as he called it—and plunder indeed it was—it was with a strange sense of loathing that I put it into my pocket. After all my anticipations of pleasure in receiving money fairly earned, that was the miserable result. Instead of a sweet satisfaction, nothing but remorse and disgust!"

"I found that my cousin did not feel just right about the transaction, either. 'If we had shaved the sharp old deacon,' he said, 'twould have been a good joke, though it was almost too hard on the poor widdier.'"

"He was, somehow, different from me. He hardened his heart against all compunctions; which I could not do. I didn't like to talk about our success, as my father called it after we got home; and went to bed at night miserable enough."

"I did not see Medad again until the next afternoon, when he came over to talk about taking another load of wood to town."

"If we take any more," I said, "it must be honestly loaded, or I'll have nothing to do with it. It was an awfully mean thing we did yesterday."

"He laughed foolishly, and said he guessed I was right about it. 'I'm sick of the business anyway,' he said. 'Let your father take the rest, and give us what he thinks it's worth.'"

"So ended our wood speculation," Uncle Asa added. "I've quite forgotten what father gave us; indeed, that was a matter of

no consequence compared with what I made out of the load we sold the widow."

"But I don't see that you made much out of that!" said Charley.

"Ah, but I did; though I made something better than the most brilliant fortune ever achieved. I'll tell you how."

"I had it in me, as you see, to be a little—or, perhaps you will say, a good deal—dishonest. And if I had begun in a different way I might have gone on cheating more and more all my life, until I should have quite forgotten there was such a thing as conscience. But luckily I overdid the thing at the start."

"I can never describe the shame and misery I felt in consequence of that trick we played off on poor Mrs. Ober. The very sight of split wood sickened me long afterward. I got no comfort out of my share of the money she paid us; I hadn't the heart to spend it, and it was a source of bitter recollections to me while I kept it."

"Then you may be sure that it was anything but a relief to me to hear—as I did the following spring—that the poor woman was actually in want. I was at the town meeting when I accidentally heard the matter spoken of. 'Why can't she get along?' one man asked another. 'She works hard.'"

"Yes," said the other; "and she's saving, in her way. But she don't know how to make a trade, and any body can cheat her. You would think it must be somebody pretty mean that would take advantage of a poor widow with six children; but there are just such wretches in the world, I'm sorry to say."

"I didn't care to hear any more. I went straight home; took out of the till of my chest the dollar and ten cents I had kept there all this time; folded the money in a letter, on which I wrote 'from a friend,' addressed it to Mrs. Ober, and mailed it that very night."

"After that a part of the load was taken off from my conscience. But I could find strength and peace of mind only in a resolution which I had already formed, and which was fairly buried into my soul by what I had overheard at the town meeting."

"That resolution was, never in all my life to resort to dishonesty of any kind, no matter what the seeming necessity or the temptation."

"It is a resolution I have never broken. It hasn't kept me poor either. I am not very rich and yet I believe I am better off to-day than I should be if I had been dishonest. I have always enjoyed a reputation for fair-dealing; and the result has been that my worldly prosperity has been solid to the core."

"But, boys, that is nothing compared to the satisfaction of always feeling that my gains were fairly earned, and that I had helped others while helping myself. A few thousands, more or less, are of no importance. But, O my boys, peace of mind is all-important."

"And Medad Prank—what ever became of him?" Charley inquired.

"I can't say that Medad took the lesson so seriously to heart as I did. He has always had the reputation of being a little tricky. Life has been a scramble with him—a scramble for riches. And it was thought at one time that he had a large fortune. But it burst like a bubble in 'seventy-three, and he has been scrambling in the old way ever since."

"I was the only one who really made anything out of that load of wood."—*Youth's Companion*.

HOW HE WAS SAVED.

Dr. Tyng, Sr., tells the following story: "Once, at St. Denis Hotel, in Broadway, New York, I was summoned to visit a sick young man, who came from Charleston with a widowed mother. I had known her there. They had been at Saratoga, and had come back to New York, and in this hotel the young man was lying about to die. His mother had sent for another clergyman to visit him; and he said the poor young man was crazy; and when I asked that clergyman, 'What did you do to him?' he said: 'Do! I tried to pacify him; I tried to quiet him; I said, 'We will not talk; but say a little prayer,' and I left him in peace.' His mother was not satisfied, and sent for me. He lay before me, a splendid youth of nineteen, his eyes like jets of the brilliancy of a diamond."

"Doctor Tyng," said the young man, 'my mother has always told me that I must

be converted—that I could not be saved except I was 'born again.' I am not converted. How can I be converted? Can I be converted? Oh! tell me—how, how can I be saved?"

"What man's eyes who felt the worth of the soul would not flow with tears at the remembrance of such a mother? A rich, cultivated woman, who had taken her boy's hand from his birth, and had said, 'Julian, my dear son, you must be converted'; and now, sitting by his couch, with all a mother's love, still pleading and urging him to give himself to Jesus—still telling him that he must be converted. How many mothers are doing this?"

"I sat by the side of that youth and told him the story of Jesus. I showed him the simplicity of salvation, and that his Heavenly Father had received and accepted him when Christ willingly died to bear his load, and he was to come in the simplest faith of a little child and rest himself gratefully, hopefully upon Jesus alone. We spent an hour in conversation. Twenty-four hours after I called again. Oh! how changed that face—it shone like an angel's. He reached out his long, tapering, trembling hand to me with the sweetest smile, and said:

"Oh! sir, I understand it! I understand it! Love for Jesus is conversion! Sir, all night I was asking Jesus to let me love Him—to show me how to love Him—and I feel to-day as if my whole soul were overflowing with love to Jesus. Is that conversion?"

"My dear Julian, that is conversion! And all was well."

DISHONEST MEN VALUE HONESTY.

A young man came to me one day with a case of conscience. He was corresponding clerk in a flourishing house of business. His employers had begun to direct him to write letters to customers containing statements which he and they knew to be false. He had objected and they said, "We are responsible for these statements; it is nothing to you whether they are true or false." I said to him, "Do they sign the letters, or ask you to write them in your own name?" As soon as the question left my lips I saw that, if there were a difference, both would be wrong, and I hastened to tell him so. He said, "I have to sign them with my name, pro Messrs. Blank." I said, "Your course is perfectly clear; you must decline to do it." He said, "Then I shall be dismissed," and after a pause, "I have a wife and family." I replied, "My dear friend, this is a trial of faith and principle; you must do right and trust to God to take care of you and your family." I met him some days after. "Well, Mr. —," I said, "how are you getting on?" He replied: "I am still in my situation; I had an interview with the partners, and told them I could not write letters I knew to be untrue. They were very angry, and I expected to receive notice; but I have not received it yet." Months passed, and he remained in his situation. After a while he called on me again; I saw by his face something had happened. "Well, Mr. —," I said, "have you had your dismissal?" "No," he said, "I have not," and smiled. "What then?" "A very confidential post in their service, with a higher salary, has fallen vacant, and they have put me into it!" On second thoughts those unprincipled men had come to the conclusion that the clerk who would not deceive a customer would not deceive them; and was too valuable to be lost.—*Daleth*.

WHERE WERE YOU?

Where were you last Sunday? "At home not feeling very well." Did you ever close up your store, and, by way of ex-planation, stick up a notice, 'Detained at home by headache?' and why not, pray? "Visitors came in, and I could not leave them." Ah! Would you continue in your service a young man who should offer you a like excuse from staying away from your store on Monday evening? And when you stand at the bar of God, and the Judge asks you why you did not go to his sanctuary more, will you look him in the face and say, 'Oh! we had company.' "It looked like rain; indeed, it had begun to sprinkle." Did it? Had it? Would the prospect have kept you away from market or store? Indeed, have you not been known to go to a concert or a dancing party in the midst of what might have been the beginning of another deluge? Is it not time an

umbrella was invented that would protect church members from the rain on Sunday?

"I went to hear the Rev. Dr. Boanerges." And so the Athenians of Paul's time are not dead yet, but some still who spend their time in nothing else but either to tell or hear some new thing? Is this what the houses of God are for? Is this to make "them gates of heaven?"

"I had an engagement that prevented me from attending." You had? And on God's day you were immersed in business? Have you had advices that the fourth commandment has been repealed? Surely it is safer and more profitable to overcrowd Saturday than to lose a Sunday!—*Standard*.

"NO, I THANK YOU" OR, STOP BEFORE YOU BEGIN.

BY WASHINGTON HASBROUCK, PH. D.

Success depends as much on not doing as upon doing; in other words, "Stop before you begin," has saved many a boy from ruin.

When quite a young lad, I came very near losing my own life and that of my mother by the horse I was driving running violently down a steep hill and over a dilapidated bridge at its foot.

As the boards of the old bridge flew up behind us, it seemed almost miraculous that we were not all precipitated into the stream beneath and drowned. Arriving home and relating our narrow escape to my father, he sternly said to me:

"Another time, hold in your horse before he starts."

How many young men would have been saved if early in life they had said, when invited to take the first step in wrong-doing: "No, I thank you."

If John, at this time a clerk in the store, had only said to one of the older clerks, when invited to spend an evening in a drinking-saloon, "No, I thank you," he would not to-day be the inmate of an inebriate asylum.

If James, a clerk in another store, when invited to spend his next Sabbath on a steam-boat-excursion, had said, "No, I thank you," he would to-day have been perhaps an honored officer in the church instead of occupying a cell in the State Prison.

Had William, when at school, said when his comrade suggested to him that he write his own excuse for absence from school and sign his father's name, "No, I thank you; I will not add lying to wrong-doing," he would not to-day be serving out a term of years in prison for having committed forgery.

In my long and large experience as an educator of boys and young men, I have noticed this—that resisting the devil, in whatever form he may suggest wrong-doing to us, is one sure means of success in life. Tampering with evil is always dangerous.

"Avoid the beginnings of evil," is an excellent motto for every boy starting out in life.

Oh, how many young men have endeavored, when half-way down the hill of wrong-doing, to stop, but have not been able! Their own passions, appetites, lusts and bad habits have driven them rapidly down the hill to swift and irremediable ruin.

My young friends, stop before you begin to go down the hill; learn how to say to all invitations to wrong-doing, from whatever source they may come, "No, I thank you," and, in your old age, glory-crowned, you will thank me for this advice.—*Golden Days*.

ONLY HALF THE WIDOW'S MITE.

A gentleman called upon a rich friend for some charity.

"Yes, I must give you my mite," said the rich man.

"Do you mean the 'widow's mite'?" said the gentleman.

"Certainly," was the answer.

"I shall be satisfied with half as much as she gave," said his friend. "How much are you worth?"

"Seventy thousand dollars."

"Give me then your check for thirty-five thousand. That will be half as much as the widow gave; for she, you know, gave her all."

People often try to shelter themselves behind the widow's mite, but her example, rightly interpreted, would fill to overflowing the channels of true benevolence.

"MAMMA, ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN?"

An influential lady, the wife of a prominent lawyer in C—, who had been under deep conviction for several days, gave the following account, at a prayer-meeting, of her conversion:

"Last evening my little girl came to me, and said, 'Mamma, are you a Christian?'"

"No, Fannie, I am not."

"She turned and went away, and as she walked off I heard her say, 'Well, if mamma isn't a Christian I don't want to be one.' And I tell you my dear friends it went right to my heart, and then and there I tried to give myself up to Christ."

Mothers who read this, in the language of that little child, "Mamma, are you a Christian?"

"SACRED MONEY."—Some years ago a gentleman heard two children talking earnestly about their "sacred money." The expression interested him, and he learned, upon inquiry, that these children were in the habit of setting apart at least one-tenth of all the money that came into their hands, and using it for Christian work. They each kept a purse for this fund, and an account of all that was put in it and paid out of it. Their father said that they invented the expression "sacred money." They would often give much more than a tenth to this fund, but never less.

TIMIDITY creates cowards and never wins success. It is a strong and abiding faith in one's own ability to perform that overcomes difficulties that others thought could not be surmounted.

Question Corner.—No. 20.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed Editor NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

229. What book of the Bible is the history of a prophecy against a city which was at that time the metropolis of the world?
230. Why was the prediction against the city not fulfilled?
231. What does Christ say about this?
232. Who set up a monument in the midst of the Jordan; and what event was it to commemorate?
233. At the division of the land of Canaan among the twelve tribes, what place was given to Joshua?
234. Where did the Israelites bury the bones of Joseph when they brought them up out of Egypt?
235. What wicked man was proclaimed king by the oak in Shechem?
236. What man prophesied against him?
237. How long did he reign and how did he meet his death?
238. What man and his wife who had been banished from Rome became fellow-workers with Paul in Corinth?
239. To what place did they accompany him when he left Corinth?
240. What does Solomon say "maketh a glad father"?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 18.

205. Abraham, Gen. xv. 5.
206. Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, Zeboim and Bela or Zoar, Gen. xiv. 2.
207. Abraham, Gen. xii. 2.
208. The turning of the water into wine, John ii. 1.
209. To Abram, Gen. xiv. 13.
210. Abraham purchased a burying place for Sarah at Macpelah, Gen. xxiii. 3.
211. Isaiah lxvi. 24.
212. In the parable of the sower, Matt. xiii. 3, 8.
213. Yes.
214. From a fish's mouth, Matt. xvii. 27.
215. See Luke iii. 22; ix. 35; John xii. 28, 29.
216. Manasseh, 2 Chron. xxxiii. 1, 7.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Love.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 18.—Ada L. Potts, 12 en; Jennie Sneath, 11 en; Rahm Altton, 12.
To No. 17.—Maggie Sutherland, 12; Herbert W. Hewitt, 10; Cora McIntire, 8; Louisa J. Wensly, 7.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1880, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday School Union.)

LESSON IV.

OCT. 24.]

JACOB'S PREVAILING PRAYER.

Gen. 32: 9-12; 22-30.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 26-30.

9. And Jacob said, O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac, the Lord which saidst unto me, Return unto thy country, and to thy kindred, and I will deal well with thee:

10. I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast shewed unto thy servant; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two bands.

11. Deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau: for I fear him, lest he will come and smite me, and the mother with the children.

12. And thou saidst, I will surely do thee good, and make thy seed as the sand of the sea, which cannot be numbered for multitude.

22. And he rose up that night, and took his two wives, and his two women servants, and his eleven sons, and passed over the ford Jabbok.

23. And he took them, and sent them over the brook, and sent over that he had.

24. And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day.

25. And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with him.

26. And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go except thou bless me.

27. And he said unto him, What is thy name? And he said Jacob.

28. And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed.

29. And Jacob asked him, and said, Tell me, I pray thee, thy name. And he said, Wherefore is it that thou dost ask after my name? And he blessed him there.

30. And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel: for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Men ought always to pray, and not to faint.—Luke 18: 1.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Believing prayer prevails with God.

INTRODUCTION.—Jacob reached Haran, and was well received by Laban. He was, however, sharply dealt with in serving for a wife, and served for fourteen years to gain Rachel; had secretly left for Canaan; was pursued by Laban; made a covenant of peace with him, had a vision of angels at Mahanaim; and now was alarmed by the approach of his brother Esau, whom he had not met since his flight from the house in Beersheba.

NOTES.—JAB-BOK, this stream falls into the Jordan from the east, about midway between the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea. Its modern name is Wady Zurka, that is, the "blue," from its deep blue mountain water; at the ford it is about ten yards wide.—IS-RA-EL, "prince of God," a name quite in contrast with that of Jacob, or Supplanter, and one which was to apply to his descendants.—PE-NI-EL or PE-NU-EL, "face of God," situated near the ford of Jabbok, about forty miles from Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(1.) PLEADING GOD'S PROMISES. (11.) WRESTLING PRAYER. (11.) BLESSING OBTAINED.

I. PLEADING GOD'S PROMISES.—(9.) GOD OF MY FATHER, the Almighty heard and helped Abraham and Isaac, and had promised Jacob to deal well with him; hence the confidence of this appeal. (10.) NOT WORTHY, the coming of Esau must have reminded Jacob of his sin of deception years before. (11.) DELIVER ME, I PRAY THEE, in peril men are often driven to God, and God mercifully hears them, though unworthy. (12.) THOU SAIDST, God's word can never fail, so he pleads God's promises. "This is a beautiful specimen of all hearty prayer, and has all the attributes of real prayer."—Cormack.

II. WRESTLING PRAYER.—(22-23.) PASSED OVER JABBOK, the Patriarch did all in his power to secure safety first, then sought God's help. (24.) ALONE, he wrestled until the morning; mark the firmness displayed; A MAN, this mysterious person is called an "angel" in Hosea 12: 4, and in the following verse, "the Lord of Hosts." (25.) I WILL NOT LET THEE GO, EXCEPT THOU BLESS ME, persevering prayer brings a blessing. (See Central Truth.) Jacob appears to have known the character of the person with whom he wrestled, and therefore his importunity.

III. BLESSING OBTAINED.—(27.) THY NAME, he was called "Supplanter;" ISRAEL, the supplanter's name becomes "prince with God;" BLESSED HIM THERE, His name He would not give, but adding a blessing, indicative of His character; so now his people are blessed, "Heaven comes down our souls to greet, and glory crowns the mercy-seat." (30.) PENIEL, see Notes; Jacob wished to see God face to face.

I WILL deal WELL WITH thee.

LESSON V.

OCT 31.]

JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.

Gen. 37: 1-5, 23-36.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 32-35.

1. And Jacob dwelt in the land wherein his father was a stranger, in the land of Canaan.

2. These are the generations of Jacob. Joseph, being seventeen years old, was feeding the flock with his brethren; and the lad was with the sons of Billhah, and with the sons of Zilpah, his father's wives; and Joseph brought unto his father their evil report.

3. Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age; and he made him a coat of many colors.

4. And when his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren, they hated him and could not speak peaceably unto him.

5. And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it his brethren: and they hated him yet the more.

23. And it came to pass, when Joseph was come unto his brethren, that they stripped Joseph out of his coat, his coat of many colors that was on him;

24. And they took him, and cast him into a pit, and the pit was empty, there was no water in it.

25. And they sat down to eat bread: and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and behold, a company of Ishmeelites came from Gilead with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt.

26. And Judah said unto his brethren, What profit is it if we slay our brother, and conceal his blood?

27. Come, and let us sell him to the Ishmeelites, and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother and our flesh. And his brethren were content.

28. Then there passed by Midianites merchantmen; and they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit, and sold Joseph to the Ishmeelites for twenty pieces of silver: and they brought Joseph into Egypt.

29. And Reuben returned unto the pit; and, behold, Joseph was not in the pit; and he rent his clothes.

30. And he returned unto his brethren, and said, The child is not; and I, whither shall I go?

31. And they took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in the blood:

32. And they sent the coat of many colors, and they brought it to their father; and said, This have we found: know now whether it be thy son's coat or no.

33. And he knew it, and said, It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces.

34. And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days.

35. And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted; and he said, For I will go down unto the grave unto my son mourning. Thus his father wept for him.

36. And the Midianites sold him into Egypt unto Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh's, and captain of the guard.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Who is able to stand before envy?—Prov. 27: 4.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Sin destroys natural affection.

NOTES.—THE GENERATIONS, history, narrative, or account of the lives and actions of Jacob and his sons. The preceding chapter gives the most complete genealogy of Jacob's family which is to be found in the Bible.—ISH-MEELITES, "a caravan" the descendants of Ishmael, son of Abraham and Hagar. They have always led a roving life, wild and predatory. They are to this day the untamed though tributary masters of the desert.—MID-IT-AN-ITES, "strife, contention;" strictly the descendants of Midian, son of Abraham and Keturah. They were idolaters, but enterprising as traders, carrying on commercial business by caravans. They often led the children of Israel to worship their gods.—OFFICER, a chamberlain or courtier (Esther 1: 10). These chamberlains were important and influential persons, like members of a cabinet now.—CAPTAIN, chief marshal, or head of the executioners. The body-guard of the king of Egypt sometimes consisted of one thousand men.—COAT OF MANY COLORS, "a garment distinguished for small spots, stripes, or fringes."—Taylor Lewis. But Professor Green says it should read, "A long tunic with sleeves." "Joseph's history is amplified beyond that of any of the patriarchs hitherto."—Lange.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(1.) ENVY. (11.) CRUELTY. (11.) LYING.

I. ENVY.—(2.) JOSEPH BROUGHT, Joseph, with fidelity, told his father of the sins of his brothers. (4, 5.) HATED HIM, this hatred and jealousy, caused by the father's special love for Joseph, showed their evil hearts; COAT (see Notes); DREAM... HATED HIM MORE, Joseph's frankness may be admired, though his prudence, if he knew the meaning of his dreams, seems quite below the other qualities of his character.

II. CRUELTY.—(23.) STRIPPED, first they robbed him of the beautiful coat which was a token of his father's regard. (24.) CAST HIM INTO A PIT, this was Reuben's suggestion, to save his brother's life. (25.) THEY SAT DOWN TO EAT BREAD, this shows their heartless cruelty. (26.) JUDAH now intercedes for his brother, and pleads that the youth's life be spared. (28.) SOLD JOSEPH, for twenty pieces (there were no coined pieces: these must have been bars weighed), as a slave, little caring for the life of slavery and suffering into which they had consigned him. (29.) REUBEN... RENT HIS CLOTHES, this shows the sincerity of his love for Joseph, and his desire to save him.

III. LYING.—(30.) CHILD IS NOT, Reuben appears to have been kept in ignorance of the fate

of Joseph. (31.) DIPPED THE COAT, to deceive the father by acts rather than words. (32.) THIS HAVE WE FOUND, this was untrue, they had taken it from Joseph; KNOW NOW WHETHER IT BE THY SON'S COAT OR NO, not our brother's but "thy son's." Then followed the sorrow of their father. (34.) MANY DAYS, because of the act of those envious, cruel, lying sons. (35.) ROSE UP TO COMFORT, the weeping father refused comfort from them.

JOSEPH AS A TYPE OF CHRIST.—"Inasmuch as Israel's history is a typical history of Christ, and Christ's history the typical history of the Church, so is Joseph a type of Christ himself. What he suffered from his brethren, and which God's decree turned to his own and his nation's salvation, is a type of Christ's sufferings, caused by His people, but which God's decree turned to the salvation of the world, including, finally, the salvation of Israel itself."—Deitzsch.

"Jesus Christ is typified in Joseph, the beloved of his father, sent by his father to his brethren, the innocent one sold by his brethren for twenty pieces of silver, and then becoming their Lord, their Saviour, the Saviour of those who were aliens to Israel, the Saviour of the world,—all of which would not have been if they had not cherished the design of destroying him, if they had not sold and rejected him. Joseph, the innocent one, in prison with two malefactors—Jesus on the cross between two thieves; Joseph predicts favorably to the one, but death to the other; Jesus saves the one, whilst he leaves the other in condemnation. Thus has the Church ever regarded Joseph's history."—Pascal.

ENVY

LOVE

CAUSED

THE BRETHREN

THE FATHER

TO HATE

TO LOVE

STRIP

CLOTHE

SELL

MOURN FOR

JOSEPH

THE OLIVET SHEPHERD.

I was at Jerusalem, and painting a view of the city from the Mount of Olives. Olivet is a higher hill than those on which the city of Jerusalem is built; the deep valley of the Kedron separates Jerusalem from Olivet. No water comes down the brook Kedron now, it has been so much filled up with rubbish. On the slopes of Olivet shepherds feed their flocks, though some parts of the hillside are cultivated with olive plantations and patches of corn-land. I became great friends with one of these shepherds, and he used to watch me paint. He was much interested, and he said he liked to see me "write down the city;" they have no idea of pictures, thinking it writing. When I took my lunch I left my camp-stool, and sat under a small olive-tree a few yards away from my picture, and always gave part of my lunch to the shepherd. I would give him some bread or an orange; he would take those and eat them. I never offered him meat; he would have refused that, for fear the flesh might be pork. The Arabs are like Jews in that respect; they never eat pork, and have a horror of it.

One day when we were under the tree I saw one of the sheep go up to my easel and rub himself against it. I was in great fear that it would upset my picture, so I said to the shepherd, "Go, drive that sheep away;" but he did not leave my side and only called out a name. The moment the sheep heard the call he left my easel and came to the shepherd. I was so astonished, and said to him, "Do you know your sheep by name?" He said, "Yes, all." So I said, pointing to one which was some distance off, "What is the name of that one?" He called out a name; that sheep came. I tried him with several others, and they each came as they were called. So ever afterward I used to give him some bread, every day, and get him to call out the name of some sheep; and when it came he gave it some of the bread. They were very fond, too, of orange-peel, and would eat that when he gave it to them. This sort of thing went on every day that I was on the Mount of Olives painting that picture.

Now read the tenth chapter of St. John; see how often our Lord compares himself to a shepherd, a "good" shepherd, who calls his sheep by name, and they know him and follow him. So you see when our Lord said those things to the people, they would quite understand all his meaning, for they would so often have seen the same thing done by shepherds about. Our Lord was very fond of comparing Himself to a shepherd, and those who loved Him to sheep, or lambs or "little" children because they are both so innocent, and want ever so much care and love, and have no strength or knowledge of their own.—Henry A. Harper, in Sunday Magazine.

SAVING THE FRAGMENTS.

I remember a busy man who had very little time for reading or study, but whose mind was a perfect storehouse of information on almost every subject.

"How does it happen that you know so much more than the rest of us?" I asked him one day.

"Oh?" said he, "I never had time to lay in a regular stock of learning, so I save all the bits that come in my way, and they count up a good deal in the course of a year."

His example is worthy of imitation.—Ex.

WHAT TEN CENTS WILL BUY.

Scott's "Lady of the Lake," complete in six cantos, and his translation of Burger's "Will Huntsman." Wordsworth's "Hart Leap Well," "Pet Lamb," "We are Seven," "Alice Fell," and "Poor Susan." Tennyson's "May Queen," "Light Brigade," and "The Letters." Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night," "A Man's a Man for a That," and "John Anderson." Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." Byron's "Waterloo." Hood's "Song of the Shirt," "Reveries," and "Faithless Nelly Gray," "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night." Gray's "Elegy." Poe's "Raven." Cowper's "John Gilpin." "Mother's Picture," "Slavery," and "Immanuel's Land." Bishop Percy's "Friar of Orders" and "Moorish Victory." Bishop Ren's "Morning and Evening Hymns" in full. Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." Mrs. Norton's "Bingen on the Rhine." Mrs. Browning's "Rosaunt of the Page." Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," complete. Macaulay's "Battle of Ivry," "The Watch at the Sepulchre." Longfellow's "There is no Flock However Watched and Tended." Father Prout's "Bells of Shandon," and about fifty other minor poems, songs and hymns, part of them for children.

All the above are in the first six numbers of GEMS OF POETRY, a handsome eight-page weekly at 75c a year, or 10c for the first six numbers post-paid.

One dime remitted to JOHN DOUGALL & Co., No. 7 Frankfort street, New York, or to JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal, will secure by return of mail the above described six numbers, post-paid. Probably there never was so much first-class poetry offered for so small a price before.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States who cannot procure the International Post Office orders at their Post Office, can get instead a Post Office order, payable at Rouse's Point, N.Y., which will prevent much inconvenience both to ourselves and subscribers.

NOTICE.

Subscribers to this paper will find the date their subscription terminates printed after the name. Those whose subscriptions expire at the end of the present month will please have the remittances mailed in time.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE and TOBACCO PLEDGE cards will be sent to any address in Canada for \$3.00 a hundred. A sample sent on application to John Dougall & Son, Montreal, Q.

ANY PERSON INTERESTED IN Manitoba would do well to buy a copy of "The Letters of Rusticus," with maps, for sale at the MESSENGER Office; 82 pages, price 30 cents. John Dougall & Son, Montreal, Q.

MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS, \$3.00 a year, post-paid.

MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS, \$1.10 a year, post-paid.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal, Q.

THE CLUB RATES for the "MESSENGER," when sent to one address, are as follows:—1 copy, 30c; 10 copies, \$2.50; 25 copies, \$6; 50 copies, \$11.50; 100 copies, \$22; 1,000 copies, \$200. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at Nos. 36 and 37 Bonaventure street, Montreal, by John Dougall & Son, composed of John Dougall, of New York, and John Redpath Dougall and J. D. Dougall, of Montreal.