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JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

No more striking figure is to be seen in Scotland to-day than John Stuart Blackie. A recent interviewer describes him "clad in a great coat, girt about the waist with a red scarf, and with an old straw hat on his head, beneath which I caught glimpses of the fine handsome old face, around which the silvery hair floated like glory."

No sketch of his life could compare in interest with that from his own pen recently given to "The Young Man."

We would like to be able to give it whole but space obliges us to condense it very considerably. He writes:

Though born in Glasgow, and of Border blood, I was at the early age of three years transported to the granite metropolis of the North, and so in respect of early influences and early training, may be entitled to pass for an Aberdonian. Of my early boyhood I have nothing either very sorrowful or very gladsome to tell, nothing that would make a chapter in a novel, or even give matter for a sentimental sonnet. I just lived as the sparrows live, when they hop about picking up what may lay on the roadside, or as the cattle and the sheep live when they are driven comfortably from field to field. Two of my most valuable memories of those boyish days are of the painful order. I was, I fancy, as a rule, a very sober, sensible, and well-behaved human creature; but I was twice flogged, and to this day I have reason to thank my father for such wise castigation. Love, no doubt, as St. Paul has it, is the fulfilling of the law; but in the nature of things men nor boys can be governed by love alone, and whether it be a wild Irishman or a thoughtless Scottish schoolboy, when he does a bad thing he ought to be made to feel that it is a bad thing; and the most effective way to teach him this is to give him a good flogging. My offences were gross, and called aloud for a sharp punishment. I once told a lie, saying that I had been to school when I was sulking in a closet; and again I had a vile habit of flinging odious names at a servant-girl against whom I entertained some grudge; and for both of these capital sins my father wisely administered the correction of the rod. For a lie, as Plato says, is a thing naturally hateful both to gods and men; and the man who thinks or speaks ill of his neighbor is a jar in the harmony of the association of moral beings, which we call society.

As for my schooling, Aberdeen has always been famous for Latin; so being made of good Scottish stuff, and working steadily at what was put before me, as the years grew I grew with them in the deft mastery and graceful handling of this learned tongue; such a proficient in it, indeed, as to be able to express myself in Ciceronian phrase without any feeling of artificial stiffness. I had a practice, which I recommend to all students of languages, viz., to pick

out necessary words and idioms from some classical model, and making a living appropriation of them on the spot, fling them about audibly without the cumbrous intervention of grammar rules or an English text.

Of our schoolboy amusements and exercises outside of the book world I have nothing particular to say. Gymnastic exercises in the form which they have now worthily assumed in the best schools on either side of the sea we had none, but left to ourselves we managed the training of legs and arms pretty well without any systematic culture. We had "robbers and rangers" for our legs, and marbles and hoops



PROFESSOR JOHN STUART BLACKIE, D.D.

for our arms and our fingers, and our eyes; and every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon we had free time to perambulate the green "links" on both sides of the "Broadhill," giving scope to our kites, which we called dragons, and speeding our balls from hole to hole with that combination of strength and calculation which the noble game of golf requires. For cruel sports, such as hanging cats and bloody noses and a boyish pugilism, I never had any taste.

"I left the school for the college at the early age of twelve. I went through the usual routine of Greek, mathematics, natural history and natural philosophy during

a three years' course in the Marischal College, with credit in three of the classes, and distinction in one; and then for a change of scene I came next to Edinburgh, there to finish my quinquennial career of Arts by attending the logic class and second Greek in the first year and the moral philosophy in the second, to which I added chemistry; a breadth and variety of purely human culture which our Scottish Church has wisely ordained to precede the special studies that belong to the clerical profession, and which, I believe, always admitting our inferiority in the higher scholarship, renders our Scottish theologians more intelligent and more accomplished men

seriously with my enjoyment of life, and with the further progress of my academical studies. But this was not without its advantages—advantages which, on a calm retrospect, I cannot but think greatly outweighing the evil. Along with the stern theology of Calvin, I got the pure morality of the Gospel, and, after studying the two, as the wisdom of life gradually taught me, I formed the plan to stick closely by the Bible, and so, by God's grace, was kept free from the entanglements, distractions and pollutions of those youthful lusts against which St. Paul warns all young men so earnestly in his Second Epistle to Timothy.

After finishing my academical career I had to choose my profession: and my religious seriousness led me, as a matter of course, to choose the Church, in the face of my father's desire that I should enter the law. Theology I accordingly studied for three years, under Dr. Brown and Dr. Mearns in Aberdeen, and had at the early age of twenty finished the prescribed course of study, and might have been formally licensed to preach without further schooling. And why was I not licensed? The why lay in a good idea of my good father. Dr. Patrick Forbes, professor of Latin and chemistry in the King's College, being a stout old Moderate and aware of the narrowness that is apt to be engendered in Scottish youth by a purely native education, had determined to send his two eldest sons to the Continent to put the coping stone on their studies; and being on an intimate footing with my father, proposed to him that his young theological Johnnie should be their companion in travel. This proposal was at once accepted, and led to my residence of two years and three months in the fatherland of Luther in the first place, and thereafter in the home of Dante, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Tasso, and the other great presagers of modern European culture south of the Alps—a residence which gave a new start to my career as a scholar, and a new color to my whole life.

Shortly after I commenced the regular course of my theological study, my father, who doubtless saw that my intellectual vision had been somewhat abnubilated by over-seriousness, sent me to take advice from the same Dr. Patrick Forbes on the method of conducting my theological studies. I came before that stout old doctor, and immediately made a declaration that in dealing with a subject of so extensive a range as Christian theology, I had deemed it advisable to commence with a general systematic scheme of the whole subject, and had accordingly submitted myself to the orthodox guidance of Boston's "Body of Divinity." "Boston! Boston! Body! Body!" said the stout old doctor; "neither Boston nor Calvin, nor any other D. D. must be allowed to stand between you and your Protestant Bible. Let them

(Continued on Last Page.)

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MRS. HYKE'S SCRAP DINNER.

I'm real sorry, Mis' Hyke, but I must go this morning. My sister's poorly an' I promised her I'd come just as soon as you got home."

"I wish you might stay a few days longer, but if you have promised your sister, of course I'll not urge you. I suppose you have baking done, so I will not have that to do to-day."

"My, yes! There's 'nough cooked up to last you all the week. Mr. Hyke hasn't eaten scarcely anything, and I'm used to cooking for a big family."

In half an hour after the above conversation, Mrs. Hyke's girl was on her way to her sister's and Mrs. Hyke was hurriedly unpacking her trunk. She had just returned from a visit to the old home in Michigan. Sarah's leaving so soon after her arrival was not what she had expected, but being a cheerful, energetic little body, she was soon bustling about as though it was the pleasantest thing in the world to assume one's burdens before the dust of travel was shaken off.

Her trunk unpacked, and room put in order, she descended to the sitting-room. Here she noted evidences of hurried sweepings, while the parlor furniture was coated with dust.

"I must attend to this at once," she thought. "Callers may drop in this afternoon."

The clock had chimed eleven before she reached the kitchen. "I will not attempt much of a dinner," she said to herself, "for Tom doesn't like to wait for his meals."

She lighted the fire and proceeded to the pantry to reconnoitre. The shelves were loaded with stale food. There were three platters of meat, two of tough beefsteak and one of stewed veal, a tureen of mashed potato, a dish of baked beans, also one of stewed tomatoes, and one of apricots, a pan of broken bits of bread, and one loaf which had evidently been baked the week previous and never placed in the bread jar, a very dejected looking cake and a mouldy pie.

"What messes!" muttered Mrs. Hyke. "No wonder Tom had no appetite. He isn't very fond of steamed bread, but by placing a cloth over it in the steamer to absorb part of the moisture perhaps he won't suspect it's steamed. I will make a meat pie of this cold meat."

Accordingly she sliced the meat, removed all bone and gristle and placed it in a deep pudding dish with nearly a pint of water, a generous slice of butter, pepper and salt. The dish was covered and set on the stove to simmer until the crust should be ready. This she made as if for biscuit, rolling it to fit the top of the dish containing the meat. A tablespoonful of flour, stirred smooth in a little cold water was added to the meat, then the crust and the whole placed in the oven just as she heard the front gate click.

"It cannot be noon. What brings Tom so early, I wonder!" and peeping out she discovered that there was a gentleman with him.

"Company for dinner, to-day of all days!" she ejaculated, "and I do believe it is Morton Williams. I haven't seen him for years, not since the night I refused to go to that party with him, and went with Tom instead. They say he has married a rich wife. I do wish I had something nice for dinner."

While these reflections were going on, Mrs. Hyke had thrown aside her kitchen apron, and was on her way to the parlor. Greetings exchanged, Mr. Hyke remarked, "I met Mort. on the street and insisted on his coming to dinner. He goes south on the one o'clock train, so I came up early."

"Twenty minutes in which to prepare a company dinner!" thought Mrs. Hyke, her spirits sinking to zero. Outwardly, however, she seemed in the best of spirits, as she excused herself and flew to the kitchen.

In a very few minutes a bread pudding, composed of half a pint of bread crumbs, over which a pint of hot milk had been poured, a beaten egg, a dust of nutmeg, a bit of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and the stewed apricots, was placed in the oven beside the meat pie. This was to be served with cream and sugar.

"In such an emergency as this, it's my good luck that we keep a Jersey cow," thought Mrs. Hyke, as she poured a little rich milk into a saucepan and crumbled in the mashed potato, adding a little more salt, pepper, butter, and a beaten egg. This was stirred smooth, arranged in a mound on a buttered plate, and coated with the white of an egg, ready to place in the oven to brown.

Her thoughts were as nimble as her fingers. "A soup is what I need to give style to this dinner of fragments," and at once the dish of stewed tomatoes, with a pinch of soda, was in the granite kettle over the blaze. A tablespoonful of butter and one of flour was cooking but not browning. Over this was poured the hot tomatoes, a generous pint of milk added, and, when it came to a boil, salted and peppered to taste, and strained through a colander. The cold baked beans were promptly converted into a salad, by arranging on a platter with thin slices of the pork with which they were baked, and pouring over them a dressing of vinegar, mustard, pepper, salt, and melted butter.

The coffee was made, jelly and pickles brought from the cellar closet, and in half an hour after the front gate clicked, the gentlemen were summoned to the dining-room.

Mrs. Hyke's spirits rose as she looked at the well-filled table. "If it only tastes as well as it looks," she thought, "it won't be a failure."

And it did taste good, if the amount eaten was any indication.

"We have boarded ever since we were married," said Mr. Williams, at dinner, "but think we will try a change this winter I tell you," he added confidentially, as he passed his plate for a second slice of meat pie, "boarding-house fare gets pretty monotonous. You are fortunate, Tom, to be able to come home to such dinners as this."

"A number one dinner, little woman!" whispered Tom, as they passed out of the dining-room.—*Housekeeper.*

EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF KINDERGARTEN STUDIES.

[Mary Clark Spaulding, in the *Mother's Nursery Guide.*]

Friedrich Froebel, to whom we are chiefly indebted for the theories and principals of the kindergarten system, says, "Story-telling is a real strengthening spirit-bath;" and again, "We tell too few stories to children, and those we tell are stories whose heroes are automata and stuffed dolls."

In the kindergarten the stories form an important part of the educative influence, as in this way much information in regard to other people, other times and places, can be introduced in a simple and attractive manner.

If a person were to visit a kindergarten some beautiful spring morning, he would very likely find the children listening with great interest to a story of a flower or tree, or of a little bird building its nest. In this way a child will make a beginning of the study of botany or natural history. It may be a very small beginning, yet "nature and life speak very early to man," and, by having his attention called to a few things, the child learns early to enjoy and love the beautiful world God has given us.

It is a curious fact that some children are more interested and affected by the tales and woes of birds, animals and plants than by stories relating to human beings. To illustrate this: A lady was once telling a little six-year-old girl a story of a little boy on his first visit to the country. He saw in the corner of the orchard what was to him a very interesting object, but which proved, on investigation, to be a bee-hive. The bees, indignant at being disturbed, stung the boy so severely that he was very ill. As the lady finished the story, she saw that the little girl was much distressed, so she hastened to add, "But in a few days the little boy was well again."

"Oh, I was not thinking of him!" replied the child, who had recently been told a story regarding the nature of bees. "But, you know, a bee 'most always dies soon after stinging any one, and it seems too bad for so many bees to die just on account of one little boy."

Rare indeed it would be to find a child

who has not employed some older person to "tell about when he was a little child." And if the story proves a success, demands are immediately made to "tell it again. Not another story, but the same one, please."

Through a desire to hear the past experience of his father or his mother, or some near friend, the child first shows an interest in history; and as his acquaintance and knowledge broadens, he wishes to know the history of his own nation and finally of all nations. A wisely chosen and well-told story develops in the child a love of reading and taste for good literature, and is a valuable aid in the art of speech.

Stories showing the continuity and unity of events are of great value. For instance, a story is told of a grain of corn, which is planted. The rain and sun help it to grow into tall stalks of corn; the farmer then cuts down the corn, the miller grinds it into flour, and, lastly, the baker makes the flour into bread. Stories of this sort teach the child the interdependence of mankind, and how no one can exist without assistance from others. Again, stories are told of workmen, the busy blacksmith, the cheerful carpenter, the merry cobbler; and as the children imitate these vocations in their games, they come into an understanding and sympathy with the working world around them. The object of kindergarten stories is not only to train the powers of observation, judgment, memory, and imagination, but also to teach the child how to deal with his fellow-beings. Froebel says: "The good story-teller effects much; he has an ennobling effect upon children,—so much the more ennobling that he does not appear to intend it."

A mistake which is often made in story-telling is that the stories are beyond a child's comprehension. We must appeal to a child through his own acquaintance with facts. A kindergarten recently related the following experience. It was Thanksgiving time, and she had been telling a story of the landing of the Pilgrims. The children sat with rapt attention while she portrayed the sufferings of the Pilgrims from hunger and cold; but when she told of their trials because no ships came to establish communication with those at home, their attention promptly wandered. This was beyond them. Hunger and cold they had experienced and could appreciate, but the other trials were a sealed book to them.

Froebel gives this advice to story-tellers: "Turn back observantly into your own youth, and awaken, warm, and vivify the eternal youth of your mind;" and as the result of following this advice, he writes: "See what joyous faces, what shining eyes, and what glad jubilee welcome the story-teller, and what a blooming circle of glad children presses around him."

MORE LIBERAL USE OF BUTTER.

No dietetic reform would be more conducive to improved health among children, and especially to the prevention of tuberculosis, than an increase in the consumption of butter. Our children are trained to take butter with great restraint, and are told that it is greedy and extravagant to eat much of it. It is regarded as a luxury, and as giving a relish to bread rather than in itself a most important article of food. Even to private families of the wealthier classes these rules prevail at table, and at schools and at public boarding establishments they receive strong reinforcements from economical motives. Minute allowances of butter are served out to those who would gladly consume five times the quantity. Where the house income makes this a matter of necessity, there is little more to be said than that it is often a costly economy. Enfeebled health may easily entail a far heavier expense than a more liberal breakfast would have done.

Cod-liver oil costs more than butter, and it is, besides, often not resorted to until too late. Instead of restricting a child's consumption of butter, encourage it. Let the limit be the power of digestion and the tendency to biliousness. Most children may be allowed to follow their own inclinations, and will not take more than is good for them. The butter should be of the best and taken cold. Bread, dry toast, biscuits, potatoes and rice are good vehicles. Children well supplied with butter feel the

cold less than others, and resist the influenza better. They do not "catch cold" so easily. In speaking of children I by no means intend to exclude other ages, especially young adults. Grown-up persons, however, take other animal fats more freely than most children do, and are besides allowed much freer selections as to both quality and quantity. It is not so necessary to raise any clamor for reform on their account.—*Exchange.*

HOT WATER.

I would like, says a lady, to find the human ill for which hot water is not a panacea. For sprains, strains, aches and headache it is unrivalled. Did you ever come home so tired you could not speak or eat, and only wanted to be let alone and permitted to die in peace? The next time you feel that way slip off your bodice and brush your hair up on top of your head. Then squeeze spongy after spongy of water as hot as you can bear it on the back of your neck and the base of your brain. After five minutes of this, bathe your face with hot water and rest five minutes on the bed or in an arm chair. If possible, drink a glass of warm milk or some gentle stimulant like beef tea or an egg beaten up in milk. Then see how much brighter life seems, and how much less objectionable your family and friends.

NATURE'S MEDICINES.

Grapo fruit, says a recent writer, is almost as good as quinine for malarial troubles and pineapples is a sure cure for sore throat. Tomatoes are perfect liver regulators—they contain a very small portion of mercury. Oranges act on the kidneys very beneficially, while lemons and grapes are efficacious in curing and preventing cancerous troubles. Water cresses act on the lungs, and are said to be a cure for incipient consumption. They certainly have marvellous tonic power, and refresh one after great fatigue. A diet of grapes as a cure-all has been proved valuable in hundreds of cases, and, if taken in time, a case of jaundice can be cured by eating nothing but lettuce and lemon juice. In the face of this, can one not almost dispense with doctors?

SELECTED RECIPES.

EGG SALAD.—Chop together equal quantities of hard-boiled eggs and cold potatoes; season with salt, pepper and celery salt; moisten with melted butter and vinegar.

HORSE RADISH SAUCE FOR ROAST BEEF.—Mix a half cupful each of grated horse radish and grated cracker, one cupful of cream, and a little salt and pepper. Simmer together for ten minutes.

VEGETABLE OMELET.—Chop an onion finely together with two crisp heads of lettuce; season with salt and pepper, stir into six beaten eggs and three tablespoonfuls of cream. Pour into a hot, buttered spider and when thickened, but not hardened, fold one-half over the other with a broad bladed knife; slip upon a warm platter and serve.

SNOW BALL CUSTARD.—Beat the whites of three eggs stiff, make a little sweet and drop in tablespoonfuls into a pint of boiling milk. As these rise, turn them, and when scalded put into a glass dish; then pour the beaten yolks into the milk; sweeten to taste; stir until it thickens, remove from the fire, flavor and pour around the white balls.

MINNESOTA ROLLS.—Rub one-half a tablespoonful of lard into one quart of flour. Make a well in the middle, put in one-half a cupful of baker's, or one cupful of home-made yeast, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one-half a pint of cold boiled milk. Do not stir, but let it stand over night. In the morning knead well; and after dinner knead again, cut out, put in pans and let rise until tea time. Bake in a quick oven.

ORANGE PIE.—Line a deep pie plate with paste, wet the edges, add rim and the following filling: Rub two tablespoonfuls of butter into a cupful of granulated sugar, add the grated rind of one, the juice of two oranges, two eggs and the yolks of two others beaten together until light, add half a pint of milk and bake immediately. Make meringue of the whites of the other eggs, one heaping tablespoonful of powdered sugar and a little lemon extract.

MACARONI OMELET.—Boil one pound of macaroni, salted to taste, for fifteen minutes; drain off the water and put the macaroni in a deep dish; add three eggs, a little salt, pepper, and parsley cut fine; mix thoroughly together. Put two tablespoonfuls of lard in a frying-pan over a light fire; put in the macaroni; when the bottom is brown, turn, and when browned on both sides, place on a plate and serve.

POTATOES A LA CUSTARD.—Peel and boil half a dozen large potatoes; drain, mash and whip with a fork until smooth, adding salt, pepper and butter the size of an egg. Press through a colander or potato sieve into the dish in which they are to be served, which must also be one that can stand heat. Smooth the top lightly and pour over an egg beaten with a gill of milk. Bake for fifteen minutes when it will resemble a golden-brown custard. Fold a napkin and pin around the dish when it goes to the table.

THE PAUPER'S PRAYER.

BY MARION HARLAND.

In due and decent order flowed
Prayer, cry and plaint, until
Whatever could of evil bode,
And every present ill—
The loss of friends and lack of wealth
Causeless curse and barbéd word,
The wane of faith and wane of health—
Were spread before the Lord.

Then spoke the pastor—eye on clock—
“This hour, to him who swims
Life's stormy sea, is like a rock,
On which his bruised limbs
He rests, safe from the blinding spray,
Deaf to the surges' roar,
And, gazing on heaven's blue, doth pray
For strength to win the shore.
’Tis good to dwell in hallowed place,
On angels' food to fare;
The hour of parting nears—but space
Remains for one brief prayer.”

He ceased—a modest pause ensued,
Ere a form bent and gray
Up in a shadowy corner stood
And faltered, “Let us pray.
Dear Lord, in our *prosperity*
We sinners need Thee most;
Let not forgetfulness to Thee
Move us to prideful boast,
As if by our own power or will
Our heads are lift on high,
And corn and wine our baskets fill,
While others starve and die.
When frosts are sharp and tempests fierce,
And friends are false and few,
When poisoned darts our bosoms pierce,
Rosemary turns to rue—
What *can* we do but to Thee cling,
For earth is void and vain?
But when the joy-bells loudly ring
And sunshine comes again—
Help of the tempted, by Thy might,
O hold us closely then.
Strengthen our eyes to bear the light,
For thy Son's sake. Amen.”

The stranger guest, without the door,
The pastor straight way laid:
His glance, amazed, ran quickly o'er
The garments coarse and frayed.
“Your home, my friend?” he stammered forth,
“The poor-house, reverend sir,
Some chambers there look to the north,
While clumps of pine and fir
From others bar the blessed light
And make them damp and cold.
Across my floor a river bright,
In waves of molten gold,
Dances and laughs until high noon—
To aged and to poor
The sunshine is a priceless boon.
I merit it no more
Than others; hence, I beg you, pray
That God's dear grace to me
That failed not in the darkest day,
May bless prosperity.”

The man of God, abashed, stood still,
With bowed and barbéd head,
While died upon the poor-house hill
The pauper's halting tread.
Warm, contrite drops bedewed his cheek;
Sighed he, “Prosperity!”
Father, I am the pupil meek,
The learned teacher he.”

—Congregationalist.

A HOME OF YOUR OWN.

BY THE REV. J. P. HUTCHINSON.

It was the rent day and work had not been quite as brisk as usual when Mrs. Wilson reminded her husband that the rent was due and she hadn't the money to pay it. Mr. Wilson muttered something to the effect that the landlord would just have to wait for his rent till the money came in, and lighting his pipe he was about to go out.

“Papa,” asked Jennie, his bonny, bright-eyed little daughter, “Papa, why do you pay rent?”

“Because I have to.” He was about to add, “everybody has to,” but he stopped short.

“You needn't have to unless you like,” she replied; “Mr. Robinson doesn't pay any; his house is his own; and I'm sure you are as good a man as he is, for I have heard you say you can make as much money as he does. I don't see why you shouldn't give up paying rent and have a home of your own.”

“A home of your own!”

He went out, but the words kept ringing in his ears, and echoed through his brain. On his way to the town a young woman was heard playing a piano, and the refrain seemed to be “a home of your own.”

At all events the music appeared to keep step to these words. Even the milkman's bell, as the clapper struck the silvery sides seemed to ring out to him “a home of your own, a home of your own.”

The words of his little daughter Jennie had set him thinking. They were good seed, these little words, and surely no soil should be more favorable than a loving father's heart. It was true, he made as much money as Robinson; he had as careful a wife—and he could not help thinking—one who was just as good looking—but he could not as yet see how Robinson could own a residence, while he, Steve Wilson, was but a tenant, and could hardly manage to pay the rent.

Robinson, Steve tried to persuade himself, was a lucky sort of individual. Some man have so much better luck than others. One man has a continual up hill fight with sickness and want of work, while his neighbor gets on splendidly and everything he undertakes seems to prosper. Men are like ships at sea; the same storm that wrecks one vessel only sends another the quicker to its harbor.

That night when Steve retired he had strange dreams. For his day thoughts took on peculiar forms in the realms of sleep. His little daughter was seated on his knee, so he dreamed, and he told her that he was going to have a home of his own. And yet it wouldn't be his, but theirs, her's and mamma's. And how beautiful it would be, for luck was coming his way. They would have carpets and pictures, and an organ or a piano, that she should learn to play and soothe them when they were sad or solace them when they were weary. Mamma was not to know anything about it until it was ready and complete. And the little one leaned her head upon her father's bosom as though it were a living golden seal to his vision and they were happy.

Then suddenly there came as from an inner chamber a sound of song; it was not his wife's voice; she had not, alas, sung for many a long day, but nevertheless, it was quite familiar. It was his mother's voice singing a favorite tune of hers, a tune he had often heard her hum in the sweet old days gone forevermore. But the words were new. They fitted in with sweet adaptability, however, to the old music. He will never forget the words

“A home of your own, a home of your own,
For living and loving, a home of your own.”

He awoke. He remembered that his mother had been dead these many years.

A few days afterwards Robinson was standing at his door when Steve approached him. “I say neighbor, you've got a really nice looking house; it's your own too, while I can hardly pay the rent of the place I hire. I wish you would tell me how I could manage to own such a nice place.”

Robinson seemed somewhat flattered by this testimony to his prudence and good taste and invited the other into his parlor.

Steve assented, and when seated in the cozy room took a hasty glance at the plainly but neatly furnished apartment. There were nice comfortable chairs, a sofa, a cabinet organ and a table in the centre on which was a family Bible and some evidently favorite volumes. The wall, clean and white, was relieved by a few engravings and one or two portraits, but Steve's eyes dwelt especially upon a motto neatly executed and suitably framed.

GOD BLESS OUR HOME.

Robinson took his seat opposite Steve and said, “I'll be glad, my friend, to let you know how I got my house and lot. In the first place I gave up my fire and smoke.”

“Fire and smoke! what do you mean?”

“The fire that doesn't warm your family and the smoke that cures no bacon—whiskey and tobacco. Let us figure a little; how much do you spend on drink?”

Steve muttered something to the effect that he could not exactly tell.

“Well,” said Robinson, “I feel almost ashamed myself to confess but I had my glass on an average three times a day, and then, sometimes I indulged in a dime's worth of something stronger. That made twenty-five cents a day with the extras on Saturday night. We have said nothing

about the supply for Sunday. I reckon I spent about six dollars a month on fire water—beer and whiskey. How is that with your experience?” he asked.

“I fear,” replied Steve, thinking about how he treated and otherwise frittered away a considerable portion of his earnings; “I fear I spend more than that.”

“Never mind, we'll just put it at that at present. Then for tobacco I spent at least a dime a day.”

“That would hardly do in my case,” said Steve, “my smoking and chewing would come to more than that. I'm getting rather hard on tobacco.”

“Well,” replied Robinson, “let us put three dollars a month for tobacco. There's nine dollars a month.”

“But you haven't got this house and lot for nine dollars a month have you?”

“No,” was the reply, “but I talked the matter over with my wife. She said she could manage to save something by extra care. I made her treasurer, and she's a good one. We have paid twelve dollars a month and are still paying that, until we get the amount cleared. Instead of paying the money for rent we are paying a little extra and paying it for a purchase.”

“But I can't give up my drinks and tobacco,” said Steve rising.

“Then you can't have your own home. You are likely to be always a renter. However, you asked me how I managed to get a house of my own and I have told you. And by the way, Steve, I'm a happier, healthier, and I trust, a better man, since I gave up these bad habits, and thank God there are enjoyments of a higher and better kind than we ever had before. Good day, Steve.”

Steve went on his way. He passed the saloon without entering. By very force of habit he put a piece of tobacco in his mouth and then hurriedly spat it out again. But a struggle was going on. He was accustomed to his drinks; he had formed the tobacco habit and he knew now that in various ways he spent more money than would in a comparatively short time secure him and his family a comfortable home.

His little Jennie, too, had said that he was as good a man as Robinson. He would prove that she was right. Yes, his wife and daughter should, God helping him, have a home of their own.

One evening, Steve, his wife and Jennie, went together to take shares in the local building and loan society. Steve told the secretary his plans. In return that official gave them kind and cheering words. In parting he addressed Steve as Mr. Wilson, his wife as Mrs. Wilson and the daughter as Miss Jennie.

Steve was in luck. His wife improved in health, while he was happier and more cheerful.

Some months afterwards Steve bought a lot and built a convenient little house. He has been offered a high price for the property which has considerably risen in value, but he persistently clings to the house which he and his better half conjointly planned and which is being so rapidly paid for. And inside upon the parlor wall there is the usual motto, “God bless our home,” but opposite to it there is another printed in plain, but well formed characters and which reads

A HOME OF OUR OWN,

—Union Signal.

JESSIE.

BY WILLIAM LUFF.

It was a cold, bleak, wintry outlook. Snow had been falling during Sunday night, and Monday morning saw the London streets in white apparel. A ragged-school teacher was passing along Bow-street, a leading thoroughfare out of the Strand, when she saw, shivering on the kerbstone, a nine-year-old scholar of the previous night.

Poor little mite! Her nose was blue with frost, while her toes were peeping up from holes in her old shoes, as if to sympathize with their more elevated brother.

“Why, Jessie, you half-starved looking little morsel, what are you doing out here in the snow?”

“I's waiting, teacher.”

“Yes, I see you are; but what are you waiting for?”

“The black van, teacher,” replied Jessie, with a troubled look.

What black van did she mean? The police-court was in Bow-street, the old court before it was removed to the new premises opposite, and to this place of trial prisoners were brought in the Queen's omnibus, free of charge. It was this police-van for which the shivering child was waiting.

“But who do you expect, Jessie?” inquired the friend sadly.

The child hung her head, as if ashamed, and then whispered—

“It's mother, teacher.”

“Oh, my darling, I am so sorry! What makes you say so?”

“Last night, teacher, you know how you told us about that man who didn't die and have to be put in a black box. You said he went to heaven in a chariot of fire, like the Lord Mayor's carriage, only better; and I was so full, I ran home to tell mother all about it. I rushed upstairs (we live atop of the house) and was going head first into the room; but the door was locked. I knocked, and then I kicked; but no one answered. Then I knew mother had gone out to get drink. So I crouched down in the corner and waited. The clocks struck eleven, then twelve, and mother didn't come, then I knew she'd got locked up.”

“And what did you do in your trouble?”

“I just told Jesus all about it.”

“But what have you had for breakfast?”

“Ain't had no proper breakfast, teacher.”

“Well, what have you had?”

“Soon as it was light, I came out and went round Covent Garden Market and picked up some orange peel and I ate that.”

Who would not abhor the cursed drink that causes children to thus sleep coverless on the stairs and go supperless and breakfastless!

“I must get you some breakfast,” said the lady, and entered a ham and beef shop at the corner, where she bought a pork pie, and then next door a loaf.

“Can you say ‘Thank you’ to Jesus for this?” she said, as the girl opened eyes, hands, and mouth.

“Yes, teacher, and thank you, too.”

“It's a comin', teacher,” she suddenly exclaimed; and sure enough the van appeared. Jessie pushed through the little crowd, and when she saw her mother she sprang forward.

“Here I am, mother!” But the police pushed her on one side and hurried the prisoner in.

Four years after, that teacher went to see Jessie in the infirmary, aged thirteen. Neglect and want had done their work.

“Your Jessie is dying, ma'am,” said the nurse, as she entered.

“Hush! don't say it so loud; she will hear.”

“All right, teacher,” said Jessie, “I don't mind.”

How beautiful.

“Come and sit down, teacher,” she continued, and then told about the woman in the next bed.

“She do swear so.”

“And what do you do for her, Jessie?”

“Why, I try to tell her about Jesus, teacher. Dear teacher, I don't fret 'cos I'm here. I'm going home to heaven soon, for all my sins are washed away in the blood of Jesus. You won't leave me?”

Then she dozed for a time. Presently she said—

“Tell Polly Bruce my favorite text for a keepsake. ‘There remaineth—therefore—a rest—to—the people—of—God.’”

Again she dozed. She had no further property to dispose of. Suddenly she exclaimed—

“It's a comin', teacher!”

Bow-street and the police-court rose before the teacher's eye, but it was no black van that she saw; rather it was the chariot of light. Sweetly she explained—

“Jesus is a sendin' for his little Jessie. Here I am, Jesus!” and she reached up her thin hand.

Would she speak again? Teacher kissed her. The lips gave their last utterances on earth—

“Jesus wore a crown of thorns—and I—a crown of glory.”

Nurse came and lit the gas, and they had to say of her who told Jesus, thanked Jesus, and worked for Jesus, that she went to Jesus.—The Christian.

ENGLAND'S MOST NOTED BABY.

The baby just now of most interest to the British people is the little Lady Alexandra Duff, eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Fife and granddaughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales. This little lady is very near the British throne, for should the Duke of York die and leave no children, the Duchess of Fife being the eldest daughter of the Prince of Wales would, of course, be the next heir, for, fortunately as it has proved for Britain during the past fifty odd years, no Salic law bars a woman from the English crown. The baby is now just two years old, having been born on the 17th of May, 1891.

It is hard to realize as one looks at the youthful face of the Princess of Wales that she is the baby's grandmother. She looks hardly a day older than when she was similarly photographed, holding the baby's mother.

JERUSALEM OF TO-DAY.

BY CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE D.D., LL.D.

Jerusalem is cut off from the country around on all sides except the north, where an isthmus of level land joins it to the surrounding landscape for a limited breadth. Therefore the area available for the streets and open spaces of Jerusalem must have been virtually the same in all ages. Originally wider than was needed for the small population, more or less of the site was appropriated to the wants of the citizens, as their numbers increased during peace, or shrank after war. Hence, the Jerusalem of to-day actually covers less ground than that of Herod Agrippa, the north wall of which extended nearly half a mile farther out than its successor of the present day, an expansion possible only in that one direction. Even on all the other sides, however, the slopes which now lie waste were enclosed within the walls during the more prosperous times of the city. The defences even passed outside the pool of Siloam, five hundred feet beyond the present wall; thus sinking, at this south-west corner, no less than five hundred feet below the level of the palace of Herod, at the Joppa gate.

We have therefore to do, in our day, with a very shrunken, decayed place, as it may well be, after its bitter experiences during the last eighteen centuries. Coming towards the city, as I did, from the south, one is almost in it before he knows.

A sight of it may indeed be had by riding to the shoulder of one of the rounded heights on the road from Bethlehem, but the road has to be left to obtain this pleasure. On the north side, on the other hand, the fact that the ground is on the same level as the city, prevents anything like a view. Returning from striking the Dead Sea, however, the whole town rises before you, from the side of the Mount of Olives, stretching away, in a slow ascent from the walls of the old temple enclosure to the tower of David, at the western

limit of the city, a hundred feet higher. Nothing could be more effective than the picture as a whole; the yellow, time-eaten walls; the wide open space, from part of which once rose the temple, made sacred by the footsteps of the Son of God, and from which now rises the exquisite form of the Dome of the Rock, formerly known as the Mosque of Omar, and the venerable pile of the Mosque of el Aksa, famous for its memories of the Crusaders; the wide grounds, of about thirty-five acres, dotted with olives, plane-trees, and even palms, reminding one of the image of the Psalmist, which speaks of the righteous of the old economy as "planted in the house of the Lord, and

of Hippius, while at different points, higher roofs than the average break the monotony of the general scene. One feature, indeed helps in this, the small domes which rise from all the roof line huge half-eggs to cover the junction of the stone arches below. These arches meet in the middle of the roof, springing from each corner of every chamber, for wood is too scarce for use in building, and stone takes its place.

But if the view of Jerusalem be picturesque as a whole, the details, when seen more closely, are often sordid enough. Entering, say, by the Joppa gate, dilapidation reigns wherever you turn. The walls, which rise to the height of from forty to

lived, more than a hundred tons. This block, moreover, is one of a course of stones, six feet in thickness, which extends, with intervals, along this side, for six hundred feet. The bottom of the valley on the east sinks from one hundred and fifty feet at the north-east corner to nearly twice as much at the south-east one.

Turning south-west, in crossing the hill "Zion" the walls pass above the valley of Hinnon, though at a distance of about six hundred yards north of its hollow. "Zion" is half outside of the walls, and three hundred feet above the lowest parts of the ravine. Then, turning north, till they reach the citadel, Herod's old fort, they strike north-west till they meet the wall on the north. Their whole length is somewhat less than two and a half miles, while the space enclosed by them is, after all, less than that of Hyde Park in London. A sixth of this, moreover, is occupied by the old temple grounds, now those of the Dome of the Rock, while various points of considerable size are walled in, as at the barracks and the Armenian convent, making the limits available for houses very small.

These houses, when we enter the gates, are found to be much less romantic than they appeared from a distance, for they are poorly built, and are, for much the greater part, very mean. The streets and lanes would throw a sanitary inspector into a fit of horror, and a paving committee would certainly have to invent a new adjective, to embody their disgust, at the condition of things under foot. After dark no one could go down even the best street—that from the Joppa gate to the temple grounds—without a lantern, so awful is the footing; the road has not been repaired, I should think, for hundreds of years.

As to the side lanes, one fact may serve as a poor candle-beam thrown on their manifold abominations; each house has an opening, beside its door, through which the household sewage flows out across the lane! Every part of the town is filthy, but the palm is borne off, as we might expect, by the Jews' quarter.

The population is sadly changed from the prophetic anticipation of the days when no foreigners would defile the Holy City by their presence, for representatives of more peoples, one would think, than met under the shadow of the tower of Babel, make a confused hubbub of many tongues, where-

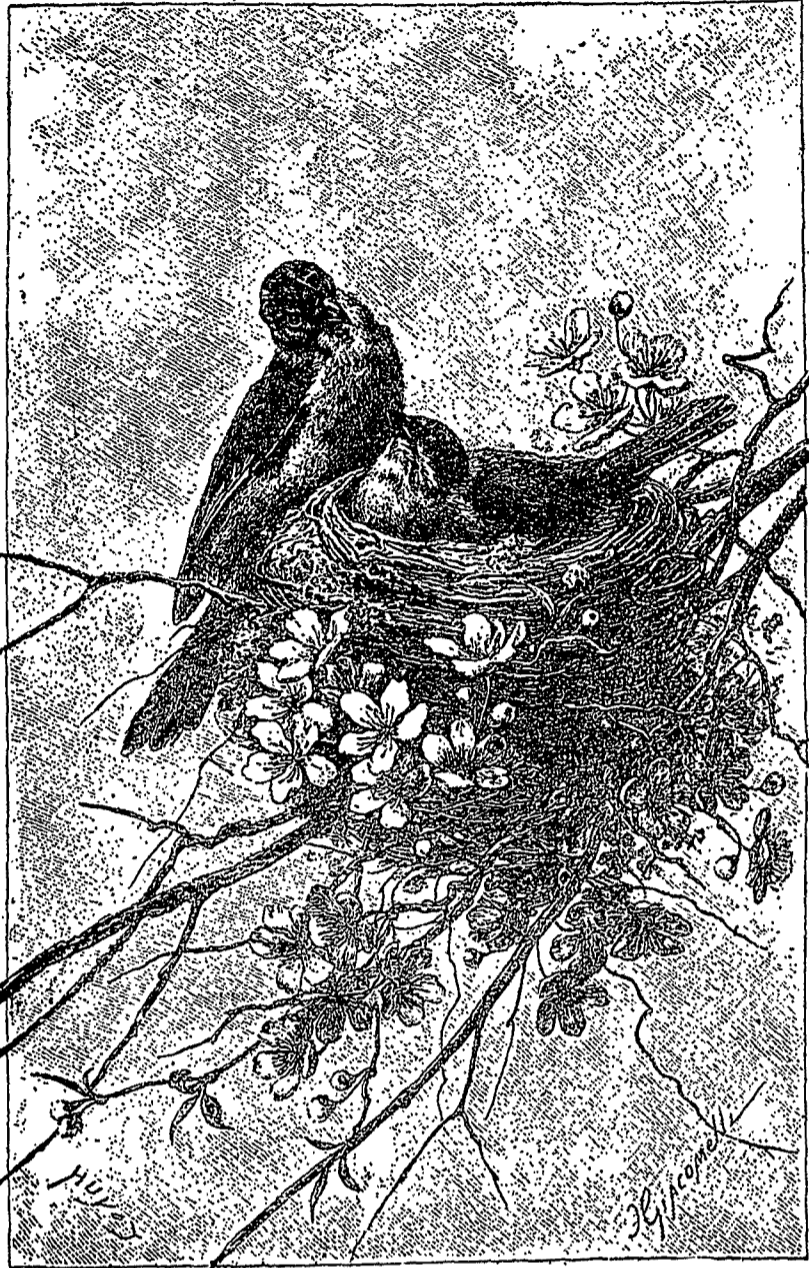
ever you turn. Armenians, Russians, Greeks, Turks, Kurds, Arabs, Jews, men from every nation under heaven, gather here as on the feast of Pentecost in olden times; and no one could say how many other varieties of humanity stream past you, or squat on the ground,—the favorite seat of Orientals,—or in the window-spaces of the holes they think shops. Apart from its unique past Jerusalem is a miserable place; but that past redeems it from its hatefulness, and, in spite of it, throws over the whole scene an indescribable romance. — Golden Rule.



THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER GRANDDAUGHTER.

flourishing in the courts of our God." Beyond rise the strange, flat-roofed houses shown in detail by the slow rise of the ground, and interrupted here and there by the waving crown of a palm, or the tall, thin outline of a poplar. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre lifts its worn dome, for a dispute about the repairing of which the huge armies of Russia and the forces of France, Italy, and England, met in the fierce conflicts of the Crimean war. Still beyond, the hateful flag of Turkey floats, in all its barbarian symbolism over the barracks, in what was once Herod's Tower

fifty feet, were mostly erected by Sultan Solomon, about the year 1542, apparently from the material, and on the line, of the walls of the Middle Ages. They run along the space north from the Joppa gate, on a level with the town; then turn south, along the crest of the valley of the Kedron, or, as it is also called, the valley of Jehoshaphat. This portion is much older than the rest, as shown by its being constructed, in parts, of stones with the old Jewish bevel on their edges. The size of some of these stones further attests their age; one, at the south-east corner, weighs, it is be-



LINNETS AT HOME.

THE STORY OF A SHORT LIFE.

BY JULIANA HORATI EWING.
CHAPTER II."—an acre of barren ground; ling, heath, broom
furze, anything." *Tempest, Act I., Scene I.*"Sound, sound the churion, fill the life!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."
Scott.

Take a highwayman's heath.

Destroy every vestige of life with fire
and axe, from the pine that has longest
been a landmark, to the smallest beetle
smothered in smoking moss.Burn acres of purple and pink heather,
and pare away the young bracken that
springs verdant from its ashes.Let flame consume the perfumed gorse
in all its glory, and not spare the broom,
whose more exquisite yellow atones for its
lack of fragrance.In this common ruin be every lesser
flower involved: blue beds of speedwell by
the wayfarer's path—the daintier milkwort,
and rougher red rattle—down to the very
dodder that clasps the heather, let them
perish, and the face of Dame Nature be
utterly blackened! Then:Shave the heath as bare as the back of
your hand, and if you have felled every
tree, and left not so much as a tussock of
grass or a scarlet toadstool to break the
force of the winds, then shall the winds
come, from the east and from the west,
from the north and the south, and shall
raise on your shaven heath clouds of sand
that would not discredit a desert in the
heart of Africa.By some such recipe the ground was pre-
pared for that camp of instruction at Asholt
which was, as we have seen, a thorn in the
side of at least one of its neighbors. Then a
due portion of this sandy oasis in a wilder-
ness of beauty was mapped out into lines,
with military precision, and on these werebuilt rows of little wooden huts, which were
painted a neat and useful black.The huts for married men and officers
were of varying degrees of comfort and
homeliness, but those for single men were
like toy-boxes of wooden soldiers; it was
only by doing it very tidily that you could
(so to speak) put your pretty soldiers away
at night when you had done playing with
them, and get the lid to shut down.But then tidiness is a virtue which—like
patience—is its own reward. And nine-
teen men who keep themselves clean and
their belongings cleaner; who have made
their nineteen beds into easy-chairs before
most people have got out of bed at all;
whose tin pails are kept as bright as aver-
age teaspoons (to the envy of housewives
and the shame of housemaids!); who es-
tablish a common and a holiday side to the
reversible top of their one long table, and
scrupulously scrub both; who have a place
for everything and a discipline which obliges
everybody to put everything in its place;
—nineteen men, I say, with such habits,
find more comfort and elbow-room in a hut
than an outsider might believe possible,
and hang up a photograph or two into the
bargain.But it may be at once conceded to the
credit of the camp, that those who lived
there thought better of it than those who
did not, and that those who lived there
longest were apt to like it best of all.It was, however, regarded by different
people from very opposite points of view,
in each of which was some truth.There were those to whom the place and
the life were alike hateful.They said that, from a soldier's stand-
point, the life was one of exceptionally hard
work, and uncertain stay, with no small
proportion of the hardships and even risks
of active service, and none of the more
glorious chances of war.That you might die of sunstroke on the
march, or contract rheumatism, fever, or
dysentery, under canvas, without drawingIndian pay and allowances; and that you
might ruin your uniform as rapidly as in a
campaign, and never hope to pin a ribbon
over its inglorious stains.That the military society was too large
to find friends quickly in the neighborhood,
and that as to your neighbors in camp,
they were sure to get marching orders just
when you had learnt to like them. And if
you did not like them—! (But for that
matter, quarrelsome neighbors are much
the same everywhere. And a boundary
road between two estates will furnish as
pretty a feud as the pump of a common
back-yard.)The haters of the camp said that it had
every characteristic to disqualify it for a
home; that it was ugly and crowded, with-
out the appliances of civilization; that it
was neither town nor country, and had the
disadvantages of each without the merits
of either.That it was unshaded and unsheltered,
that the lines were monotonous and yet
confusing, and every road and parade-
ground more dusty than another.That the huts let in the frost in winter
and the heat in summer, and were at once
stuffy and draughty.That the low roofs were like a weight
upon your head, and that the torture was
invariably brought to a climax on the hot-
est of the dog-days, when they were tarred
and sanded in spite of your teeth; a pro-
cess which did not insure their being water-
tight or snow-proof when the weather
changed.That the rooms had no cupboards, but
an unusual number of doors, through
which no tall man could pass without
stooping.That only the publicity and squalor of
the back-premises of the "lines"—their
drying clothes and crumbling mud walls,
their coal-boxes and slop-pails—could ex-
ceed the depressing effects of the gardens
in front, where such plants as were not up-
rooted by the winds perished of frost or
drought, and where, if some gallant creeper
had stood fast and covered the nakedness
of your wooden hovel, the Royal Engi-
neers would arrive one morning with a lit-
tle announcement as the tar and sand men,
and tear down the growth of years before
you had finished shaving, for the purpose
of repainting your outer walls.On the other hand, there were those who
had a great affection for Asholt, and affec-
tion never lacks arguments.Admitting some hardships and blunders,
the defenders of the camp fell back success-
fully upon statistics for a witness to the
general health.They said that if the camp was windy
the breezes were exquisitely bracing, and
the climate of that particular part of Eng-
land such as would qualify it for a health-
resort for invalids, were it only situated in
a comparatively inaccessible part of the
Pyrenees, instead of being within an hour
or two of London.That this fact of being within easy reach
of town made the camp practically at the
headquarters of civilization and refinement,
whilst the simple and sociable ways of liv-
ing, necessitated by hut-life in common,
emancipated its select society from rival
extravagance, and cumbersome formalities.That the camp stood on the borders of the
two counties of England which rank highest
on the books of estate and house agents,
and that if you did not think the country
lovely and the neighborhood agreeable you
must be hard to please.That, as regards the Royal Engineers, it
was one of your privileges to be hard to
please, since you were entitled to their
good offices; and if, after all, they some-
times failed to cure your disordered drains
and smoky chimneys, you at any rate did
not pay, as well suffer, which is the case in
civil life.That low doors to military quarters
might be regarded as a practical joke on
the part of authorities, who demand that
soldiers shall be both tall and upright, but
that man, whether military or not, is an
adaptable animal and can get used to any-
thing; and indeed it was only those officers
whose thoughts were more active than their
instincts who invariably crushed their best
hats before starting for town.That huts (if only they were a little
higher!) had a great many advantages over
small houses, which were best appreciated
by those who had tried drawing lodging al-
lowance and living in villas, and whichwould be fully known if ever the lines were
rebuilt in brick.That on moonlit nights the airs that fan-
ned the silent camp were as dry and whole-
some as by day; that the song of the dis-
tant nightingale could be heard there; and
finally, that from end to end of this dwell-
ing-place of ten thousand to (on occasion)
twenty thousand men, a woman might
pass at midnight with greater safety than
in the country lanes of a rural village or a
police-protected thoroughfare of the met-
ropolis.But, in truth, the camp's best defence
in the hearts of its defenders was that it
was a camp,—military life in epitome, with
all its defects and all its charm; not the
least of which, to some whimsical minds,
is, that it represents, as no other phase of
society represents, the human pilgrimage
in brief.Here, be sudden partings, but frequent
reunions; the charities and courtesies of an
uncertain life lived largely in common; the
hospitality of passing hosts to guests who
tarry but a day.Here, surely, should be the home of the
sage as well as the soldier, where every hut
mightily carry the ancient motto, "Dwell
as if about to depart," where work bears
the nobler name of duty, and where the
living, hastening on his business amid "the
hurryings of this life," must pause and
stand to salute the dead as he is carried by.Bare and dusty are the parade-grounds,
but they are thick with memories. Here
were blest the colors that became a young
man's shroud that they might not be a
nation's shame. Here march and music
welcome the coming and speed the parting
regiments. On this parade the rising sun
is greeted with gun-fire and trumpet cha-
rions shriller than the cock, and there he
sets to a like salute with tuck of drum.
Here the young recruit drills, the warrior
puts on his medal, the old pensioner steals
back to watch them, and the soldier's chil-
dren play—sometimes at fighting or flag-
wagging,† but oftener at funerals!

(To be Continued.)

POLITENESS.

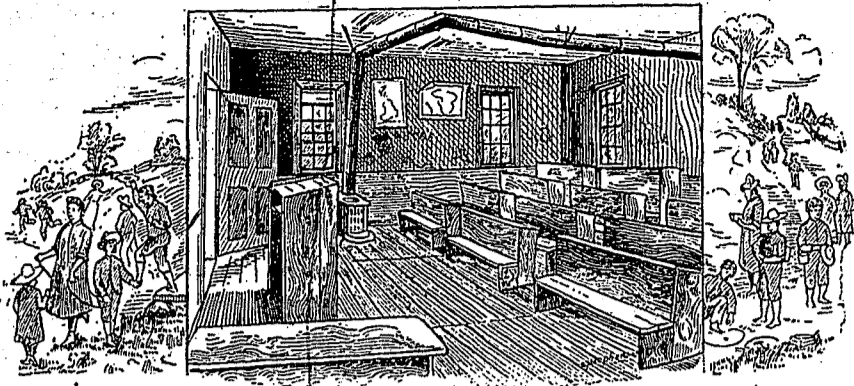
My little ones, do not be afraid of polite-
ness—it will not hurt you. Have none of
that false shame which crushes the life from
so many of your good and noble impulses,
and causes you to shrink from performing
little acts of tenderness and love toward
one another. Let your feet, your hands,
your voice be the willing servants of that
great master of politeness, the heart.
Politeness teaches how to obey, gladly,
fearlessly and openly. The truly polite
child is a good son, a good daughter, for
politeness teaches him the duty and respect
he owes to his parents; he is a kind and
grateful brother; his very willingness to
help his sister makes her feel better and
stronger. He is a true friend, for he scorns
the unkind words that wound those who
love him. Politeness and charity are twins
—they make the true gentleman, the true
gentlewoman, helpful, loving, unpreten-
tious. The world would be better if the
young boys and young girls, who are soon
to be our men and women, would obey the
watchword of true politeness, which is
charity.—*Ram's Horn.*

THE BUSY BEE.

When you eat a spoonful of honey you
have very little notion as to the amount of
work and travel necessary to produce it.
To make one pound of clover honey, bees
must deprive 62,000 clover blossoms of
their nectar, and to do this requires 3,750,-
000 visits to the blossoms by the bees.
In other words, one bee to collect enough
nectar to make one pound of honey must
go from hive to flower and back 3,750,000
times. Then, when you think how far
bees sometimes fly in search of these clover
fields, oftener than not one or two miles
from the hive, you will begin to get a small
idea of the number of miles one of the in-
dustrious little creatures must travel in
order that you may have the pound of
honey that gives them so much trouble.
It may also help you to understand why
the bee is unamiable enough to sting you
if you get in its way. When one has to
work so hard to accomplish so little, it is
quite irritating to be interfered with.

* Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

† "Flag-wagging," a name among soldiers' chil-
dren for signalling.



THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

"Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by rans official;
The warning floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial.

The charcoal frescos on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The fact that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!"

WHITTIER.

THE STORY OF A SHORT LIFE.

BY JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

CHAPTER III.

"Ut migraturus habita" ("Dwell as if about to depart")—Old House motto.



HE barrack-master's wife was standing in the porch of her hut, the sides of which were of the simplest trellis-work of crossed fir-poles, through which she could watch the proceedings of the gardener without baking herself in the sun. Suddenly she snatched up a green-lined white umbrella, that had seen

service in India, and ran out. "O'Reilly! what is that baby doing? There! that white-headed child crossing the parade with a basket in its little arms! It's got nothing on its head. Please go and take it to its mother before it gets sunstroke."

The gardener was an Irish soldier—an old soldier, as the handkerchief depending from his cap, to protect the nape of his neck from the sun, bore witness. He was a tall man, and stepped without ceremony over the garden paling to get a nearer view of the parade. But he stepped back again at once, and resumed his place in the garden.

"He's Corporal Macdonald's child, madam. The Blind Baby, they call him. Not a bit of harm will he get. They're as hard as nails the whole lot of them. If I was to take him in now, he'd be out before my back was turned. His brothers are at school, and Blind Baby's just as happy as the day is long, playing at funerals all the time."

"Blind! Is he blind? Poor little soul! But he's got a great round potato-basket in his arms. Surely they don't make that afflicted infant fetch and carry."

O'Reilly laughed so heartily, that he scandalized his own sense of propriety.

"I ask your pardon, madam. But there is no fear that Blind Baby'll fetch and carry. Every man in the lines is his nurse."

"But what's he doing with that round hamper as big as himself?"

"It's just a make-believe for the big drum, madam. The 'Dead March' is his whole delight. 'Twas only yesterday I said to his father, 'Corporal,' I says, 'we'll live to see Blind Baby a band-master yet,' I says; it's a pure pleasure to see him beat out a tune with his closed fist."

"Will I go and borrow a barrow now, madam? added O'Reilly, returning to his duties. He was always willing and never idle, but he liked change of occupation.

"No, no. Don't go away. We shan't want a wheelbarrow till we've finished trenching this border and picking out the stones. Then you can take them away and fetch the new soil."

"You're at a deal of pains, madam, and it's a poor patch when it's all done to it."

"I can't live without flowers, O'Reilly, and the colonel says I may do what I like with this bare strip."

"Ah, don't touch the dirty stones with

your fingers, ma'am! I'll have the lot picked in no time at all."

"You see, O'Reilly, you can't grow flowers in sand unless you can command water, and the colonel tell me that when it's hot here the water-supply runs short, and we mayn't water the garden from the pumps."

O'Reilly smiled superior. That's as true a word as ever ye spoke, madam, and if it were not that 'twould be taking a liberty, I'd give ye some advice about gardening in camp. It's not the first time I'm quartered in Asholt, and I know the ways of it."

"I shall be very glad of advice. You know I have never been stationed here before."

"'Tis an old soldier's advice, madam."

"So much the better," said the lady, warmly.

O'Reilly was kneeling to his work. He now sat back on his heels, and not without a certain dignity that bade defiance to his surroundings he commenced his oration.

"Please God to spare you and the colonel, madam, to put in his time as barrack-master at this station, ye'll see many a regiment come and go, and be making themselves at home all along. And any one that knows this place, and the nature of the soil, tear-rs would overflow his eyes to see the regiments come for drill, and be take themselves to gardening. Maybe the boys have marched in footsore and fasting, in the hottest of weather, to cold comfort in empty quarters, and they'll not let many hours fit over their heads before some of 'em'll get possession of a load of green turf, and be laying it down for borders around their huts. It's the young ones I'm speaking of; and there ye'll see them, in the blazing sun, with their shirts open, and not a thing on their heads, squaring and fitting the turfs for bare life, watering them out of old pic-dishes and stable-buckets and what not, singing and whistling, and fetching and carrying between the pump and their quarters, just as cheerful as so many birds building their nests in the spring."

"A very pretty picture, O'Reilly. Why should it bring tears to your eyes? An old soldier like you must know that one would never have a home in quarters at all if one did not begin to make it at once."

"True for you, madam. Not a doubt of it. But it goes to your heart to see labor thrown away; and it's not once in a hundred times that grass planted like that will get hold of a soil like this, and the boys themselves at drill all along, or gone out under canvas in Bottomless Bog before the week's over, as likely as not."

"That would be unlucky. But one must take one's luck as it comes. And you've not told me, now, what you do advise for camp gardens."

"That's just what I'm coming to, ma'am. See the old soldier! What does he do? Turns the bucket upside down outside his hut, and sits on it, with a cap on his head, and a handkerchief down his back, and some tin tacks, and a ball of string,—trust a soldier's eye to get the lines straight,—every one of them beginning on the ground and nearly going up to the roof."

"For creepers, I suppose? What does the old soldier plant?"

"Beans, madam,—scarlet runners. These are the things for Asholt. A few beans

are nothing in your baggage. They like a warm place, and when they're on the sunny side of a hut they've got it and no mistake. They're growing while you're on duty. The flowers are the right soldier's color; and when it comes to the beans, ye may put your hand out of the window and gather them, and no trouble at all."

"The old soldier is very wise; but I think I must have more flowers than that. So I plant and if they die I am very sorry; and if they live, and other people have them, I try to be glad. One ought to learn to be unselfish, O'Reilly, and think of one's successors."

"And that's true, madam; barring that I never knew any one's successor to have the same fancies as himself: one plants tress to give shelter, and the next cuts them down to let in the air."

"Well, I suppose the only way is to be prepared for the worst. The rose we planted yesterday by the porch is a great favorite of mine; but the colonel calls it 'Marching orders.' It used to grow over my window in my old home, and I have planted it by every home I have had since; but the colonel says whenever it settled and began to flower the regiment got the route."

"The colonel must name it again, madam," said O'Reilly, gallantly, as he hitched up the knees of his trousers, and returned to the border. "It shall be 'Standing Orders' now, if soap and water can make it blossom, and I'm spared to attend to it all the time. Many a hundred roses may you and the colonel pluck from it, and never one with a thorn!"

"Thank you, O'Reilly; thank you very much. Soapy water is very good for roses, I believe?"

"It is so, madam. I put in a good deal of my time as officer's servant after I was in the Connaught Rangers, and the captain I was with one time was as fond of flowers as yourself. There was a mighty fine rose-bush by his quarters, and every morning I had to carry out his bath to it. He used more soap than most gentlemen, and when he sent me to the town for it—'It's not for myself, O'Reilly,' he'd say, 'so much as for the rose. Bring large tablets,' he'd say, 'and the best scented ye can get. The roses'll be the sweeter for it.' That was his way of joking, and never a smile on his face. He was odd in many of his ways, was the captain, but he was a grand soldier entirely; a good officer, and a good friend to his men, and to the wives and children no less. The regiment was in India when he died of cholera, in twenty-four hours, do what I would. 'Oh, the cramp in my legs, O'Reilly!' he says. 'God bless ye, captain,' says I, 'never mind your legs; I'd manage the cramp, sir,' I says, 'if I could but keep up your heart.'—'Ye'll not do that, O'Reilly,' he says, 'for all your goodness; I lost it too long ago.' That was his way of joking, and never a smile on his face. 'Twas a pestilential hole we were in, and that's the truth; and cost Her Majesty more in lives than would have built healthy quarters, and given us every comfort; but the flowers throve there if we didn't, and the captain's grave was filled till ye couldn't get the sight of him for roses. He was a good officer, and beloved of his men; and better master never a man had!"

As he ceased speaking, O'Reilly drew his sleeve sharply across his eyes, and then bent again to his work, which was why he failed to see what the barrack-master's wife saw, and did not for some moments discover that she was no longer in the garden. The matter was this:

The barrack-master's quarters were close to the iron church, and the straight road that ran past both was crossed, just beyond the church, by another straight road, which finally led out to and joined a country highway. From this highway an open carriage and pair were being driven into the camp as a soldier's funeral was marching to church. The band frightened the horses, who were got past with some difficulty, and having turned the sharp corner, were coming rapidly towards the barrack-master's hut, when Blind Baby, excited by the band, strayed from his parade-ground, tumbled basket and all, into the ditch that divided it from the road, picked up himself and his basket, and was sturdily setting forth across the road just as the frightened horses came plunging to the spot.

The barrack-master's wife was not very young and not very slender. Rapid move-

ments were not easy to her. She was nervous, also, and could never afterwards remember what she did with herself in those brief moments before she became conscious that the footman had got to the horses' heads, and that she herself was almost under their feet, with Blind Baby in her arms. Blind Baby himself recalled her to consciousness by the ungrateful fashion in which he pummelled his deliverer with his fists and howled for his basket, which had rolled under the carriage to add to the confusion. Nor was he to be pacified till O'Reilly took him from her arms.

By this time men had rushed from every hut and kitchen, wash-place and shop, and were swarming to the rescue; and through the whole disturbance, like minute-guns, came the short barks of a puppy, which Leonard had insisted upon taking with him to show to his aunt despite the protestations of his mother; for it was Lady Jane's carriage, and this was how the sisters met.

They had been sitting together for some time, so absorbed by the strangeness and the pleasure of their new relations, that Leonard and his puppy had slipped away unobserved, when Lady Jane, who was near the window, called to her sister-in-law: "Adelaide, tell me, my dear, is this Colonel Jones?" She spoke with some trepidation. It is so easy for those unacquainted with uniforms to make strange blunders. Moreover, the barrack-master, though soldierly looking, was so, despite a very unsoldierly defect. He was exceedingly stout, and as he approached the miniature garden gate, Lady Jane found herself gazing with some anxiety to see if he could possibly get through.

But O'Reilly did not make an empty boast when he said that a soldier's eye was true. The colonel came quite neatly through the toy entrance, knocked nothing down in the porch, bent and bared his head with one gesture as he passed under the drawing-room doorway, and bowing again to Lady Jane, moved straight to the side of his wife.

Something in the action—a mixture of dignity and devotion, with just a touch of defiance—went to Lady Jane's heart. She went up to him and held out both her hands: "Please shake hands with me, Colonel Jones. I am so very happy to have found a sister!" In a moment more she turned round, saying, "I must show you your nephew. Leonard!" But Leonard was not there.

"I fancy I have seen him already," said the colonel. "If he is a very beautiful boy, very beautifully dressed in velvet, he's with O'Reilly, watching the funeral."

Lady Jane looked horrified, and Mrs. Jones looked relieved.

"He's quite safe if he's with O'Reilly. But give me my sunshade, Henry, please; I dare say Lady Jane would like to see a funeral too."

It is an Asholt amenity to take care that you miss no opportunity of seeing a funeral. It would not have occurred to Lady Jane to wish to go, but as her only child had gone she went willingly to look for him. As they turned the corner of the hut they came straight upon it, and at that moment the "Dead March" broke forth afresh.

The drum beat out those familiar notes which strike upon the heart rather than the ear, the brass screamed, the ground trembled to the tramp of feet and the lumbering of the gun-carriage, and Lady Jane's eyes filled suddenly with tears at the sight of the dead man's accoutrements lying on the Union Jack that serves a soldier for a pall. As she dried them she saw Leonard.

Drawn up in accurate line with the edge of the road, O'Reilly was standing to salute and as near to the Irish private as he could squeeze himself stood the boy, his whole body stretched to the closest possible imitation of his new and deeply revered friend, his left arm glued to his side, and the back of his little right hand laid against his brow, gazing at the pathetic pugeant as it passed him with devouring eyes. And behind them stood Blind Baby, beating upon his basket.

For the basket had been recovered, and Blind Baby's equanimity also; and he wandered up and down the parade again in the sun, long after the soldier's funeral had wailed its way to the graveyard, over the heather-covered hill.

(To be Continued.)

(Continued From First Page)

stalk about on the stilts of a scholastic dogmatism as high as they please, but you place yourself at the feet of Jesus Christ, and learn from him directly. Take your Greek Testament, interleave it, and make notes carefully of what you read; make a vow to read no 'Body of Divinity' for two years, and after that you will likely find that they are not worth reading." I followed his instruction conscientiously, and have during the whole course of a life protracted considerably beyond the usual term, known how to combine profitable and carefully the study of the original Scriptures with a total abstinence from theological systems and sectarian commentaries.

Transplanted to Germany at the age of twenty, with an eye open to all new impressions, some notable revelations were soon made to me. First I learnt how to learn languages, not by a painful machinery of dry rules and dead books, but just as we learn to swim by plunging into the water and plashing about, and never fear. The next thing I learned was that the German universities are the model institutions of the kind, the real πανεπιστημιον, as the Greeks phrase it, or bazaar of universal knowledge, while the Scottish universities except in the medical department, Edinburgh, are mere shops for retail trade in certain useful articles; and the English universities are shops of a higher order and more gentlemanly appearance, dealing only in a few select articles sought after by persons of much money and great leisure, more from a certain aristocratic tradition and respectable show, than from any practical fruits which they are destined to bear.

Nothing better for all Britons, Scotch as well as English, than to follow the example of Patrick Hamilton and others of our noble reformers in the sixteenth century, and study, for six months or a year in some German university, before they are old enough to be encased in the narrow bonds of Scottish orthodoxy, or dressed up in the dainty self-containment of English scholarship. Travelling, in fact, in these days of easy and cheap transmission, is not to be looked on so much a matter of pleasure for the few as of duty for all that aspire to the higher culture. For myself I can safely say, looking back on my pedestrian tours through various parts of Europe, during a period of more than sixty years, extending from Iona in the far west to Stamboul in the far east, and from Petersburg in the freezing north to Cairo in the sunny south, that I have learned more, and more vividly, from the realistic stimulus of travel, than I could have learned from all the books in the British Museum. A dead record can never do duty for a living fact.

At Gottingen for six months, and at Berlin for other six, I had the advantage of looking face to face on some of the leading names in German scholarship and reflection—names now part of the currency of all educated men, but at that time only beginning to be known in their European magnitude. With such advantages I could not fail to take the first step in true scholarship, by being made fully alive to the smallness of my own, and indeed of all Scottish attainments in the higher learning; but after all, the greatest benefit which I got from my twelve months' experience of German academical life was from a letter of introduction which Neander gave me, when leaving Berlin for Rome, to a great German man at that time acting as Prussian ambassador at the papal court, the Baron von Bunsen. Familiar intercourse with a noble, well rounded and highly cultured man is the greatest piece of good fortune that can happen to a young man in his entrance on life. This good fortune was mine; and I advise all young men to pray for no higher blessing than the reverential and loving fellowship with such a man, to whom they may look up daily, and grow by his gracious influence, as the flower looks up to the sun, and grows with the brightness of the summer.

During a residence of fifteen months, chiefly in Rome and the neighborhood, I naturally fell into the society of artists, both German and English, and received the greatest benefit, not only from the pure humanity and genial sociality that characterizes that class, but specially from this: they taught me to use my eyes, an exercise too often neglected in the bookish style

of teaching to which too many of our modern educators have enslaved themselves. Another thing that occupied me during my residence in Rome was archaeology.

My youthful probation was now nearly at an end the quadriennium utile of the Scottish law was nearly exhausted, and I had now to choose a definite profession. I must learn to stand on my own legs and march on a road of recognized advance. The Church, as the reader knows, was my natural and self-chosen career; why then did I not enter it? Not from any change in my inclinations; but simply because I had a remarkably tender conscience, and did not choose to adhibit my signature without reservation to a document of detailed propositions on the most serious subjects that can occupy the human intellect, marshalled in formal array by polemical men, in a polemical age, and for polemical purposes. I was at the same time much given to thinking, and thinking is twin sister to doubt; and besides, the absolute orthodoxy with which I started on my theological career some half-dozen years before, had been rudely shaken by continued familiar intercourse with such large and liberal Christian men as Professor Neander and the Baron von Bunsen. Accordingly I drew back from the Church; and now there was nothing left for me but the law, with a side glance at literature, if the Pandects and the statute books should fail. My father, with his old liberality, promised to give me an allowance of \$500 for three years, and after that I was to shift for myself. I knew he was a man of his word; so I set my face to the writer's desk and the Institutes; bravely passed as advocate on the usual presentation of a Latin thesis and examination in the general outlines of Scottish law; and by the expiration of the appointed term, though my practice and my fees at the bar were almost null, I managed to make up \$500 a year, independently of paternal aid, by writing articles in *Tait* and *Blackwood* and the *Foreign Quarterly Review*.

"I was now thirty years old, and having no special genius for law, must have drifted into the wide field of general literature, with a fair chance of making shipwreck, as I am by nature and habit too much of a severe systematic student to make a living by the graceful playfulness of a writer in magazines, or the pugilistic dexterity of the politician. But a happy combination of personal merit in the travelled scholar, and paternal influence in the world of patronage, led to my appointment as Professor of Latin in the newly created chair in the Marischal College, Aberdeen. With this appointment the days of my professional manhood commenced; and the young man is no more. Here, therefore, the recollections and reflections of the old man in reference to his years of pupillage and minority, must cease. As a P.S., however, I will set down here a few of the rules of conduct which have guided me through life, and which I have no doubt may have contributed largely to any praiseworthy work that I have been able, in the course of a long life, to achieve.

I. Never indulge the notion that you have any absolute right to choose the sphere or the circumstances in which you are to put forth your powers of social action; but let your daily wisdom of life be in making a good use of the opportunities given you.

II. We live in a real, and a solid, and a truthful world. In such a world only truth, in the long run, can hope to prosper. Therefore avoid lies, mere show and sham, and hollow superficiality of all kinds, which is at the best a painted lie. Let whatever you are, and whatever you do, grow out of a firm root of truth and a strong soil of reality.

III. The nobility of life is work. We live in a working world. The lazy and idle man does not count in the plan of campaign. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Let that text be enough.

IV. Never forget St. Paul's sentence, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." This is the steam of the social machine.

V. But the steam requires regulation. It is regulated by intelligence and moderation. Healthy action is always a balance of forces; and all extremes are dangerous; the excess of a good thing being often more dangerous in its social consequences than the excess of what is radically bad.

VI. Do one thing well; "be a whole man," as Chancellor Thurlow said, "do

one thing at one time." Make clean work, and leave no tags. Allow no delays when you are at a thing; do it and be done with it.

VII. Avoid miscellaneous reading. Read nothing that you do not care to remember; and remember nothing that you do not mean to use.

VIII. Never desire to appear clever and make a show of your talents before men. Be honest, loving, kindly and sympathetic in all you say and do. Cleverness will flow from you naturally, if you have it; and applause will come to you unsought from those who know what to applaud; but the applause of fools is to be shunned.

IX. Above all things avoid fault-finding, and a habit of criticism. To see your own faults distinctly will do you good; to scan those of your brother curiously can serve only to foster conceit and to pamper insolence. Learn to look on the good side of all things, and let the evil drop. When you smell the rose learn to forget the thorn. Never condemn the conduct of your fellow-mortals till you have put yourself dramatically into his place and taken a full measure of his capacities, his opportunities and his temptations. Let your rule in reference to your social sentiments be simply this: pray for the bad, pity the weak, enjoy the good, and reverence both the great and the small, as playing each his part aptly in the Divine symphony of the universe.

While in Marischal college, Professor Blackie entered warmly into the movement for University reform in Scotland, and was the means of effecting some important changes in the higher branches of education in that country.

In addition to his Academical work, Professor Blackie has been very active as a popular lecturer, and has become noted as a warm advocate of nationality. His name is closely connected with the movement which resulted in the abolition of the Test Act, requiring the professors of the Scottish University to be members of the Established Church. He has published two volumes of songs, one "Songs for Students and University Men," and one of "War Songs of the Germans," with historical sketches. Naturally, none of his writings on philology and kindred subjects have become so well known as his little volume of practical advice to young men on "Self-culture." Among his more recent works are, "The Wise Men of Greece," "The Natural History of Atheism," "What History Teaches," "Lay Sermons," "Language and Literature of Scotland," and "Scottish Highlanders and the Land Laws." The foundation of a Celtic chair in Edinburgh University, is mainly owing to his exertions.

GROGERS' LICENCES.

A correspondent writes:—Among the sad records in the *Alliance News*, I have noticed some special remarks in reference to the share the grocers and wine licences have as regards the sum total of our drunk-cursed country. A man of my acquaintance was at a certain village—a lovely, healthy, and pretty spot—a short time ago, when he heard speak of a case of this sort. A butcher's wife went to purchase some things at a grocer's shop. As she complained of being rather unwell the master proposed to sell her some wine, and observed that it would do her good, so she was persuaded to buy a bottle, and liked it and sent for more and more, and it sent her to an early grave. If it had been arsenic or any poison from the chemist there would have been an inquest; but it was not thought necessary in this case.

The same writer also "knew of a case where a farmer failed and paid a few shillings in the pound. A gentleman who was one of the creditors and had to do with settling the affairs said that a certain grocer sent in a bill for upwards of £12 for goods. The gentleman wrote for particulars, and when the statement came there was upwards of £9 charged for various kinds of intoxicating drinks, and the creditors and their families had to suffer loss."

"Very recently," he adds, "it was whispered that a young woman who had a little money left her was indulging freely in wines and spirits. A lady friend was unwilling to believe the rumor, but was induced to go the other Saturday evening to see for herself. She found the young person helplessly intoxicated, and yet she piously observed, 'I am so poorly that I

shall not be able to go to the sacrament tomorrow morning.'" Her friend found out from bottles, &c., that she had got the drink from several grocers; and her friend was at the trouble of going personally to tell them of this sad case and what their stuff was doing. To the credit of one of them he replied, 'Well Mrs. —, after what you have said, Miss So-an-so shall not have any more drink from here.' But the others, being besought not to sell her any more and assured that she was drinking her life away, coolly replied, "We have it to sell."—*Alliance News*.

A WISE LITTLE GIRL.

A few years ago, in a school, a young girl fainted and fell to the floor. In a moment the teacher had raised her to a sitting posture, and we frightened children crowded around her, wringing our hands and crying. We thought she was dead; but in the midst of the confusion a young girl of a dozen years came to the rescue, by stretching the unconscious girl flat upon her back. In a quiet, firm voice she said: "Sarah has only fainted, and you must stand back and give her air." Instantly the circle around her widened, the windows were thrown open, the compression about the chest was removed, and in a few minutes the young girl was herself again. "Who taught you to act so calmly and promptly?" inquired the teacher, when quiet was restored. "My mother," was the answer.—*Exchange*.

THE "MESSENGER'S" MERITS.

The name of Miss Annie M. Sully, of Athelston, Ont., should have been included in the list of those who took part in the recent competition.

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