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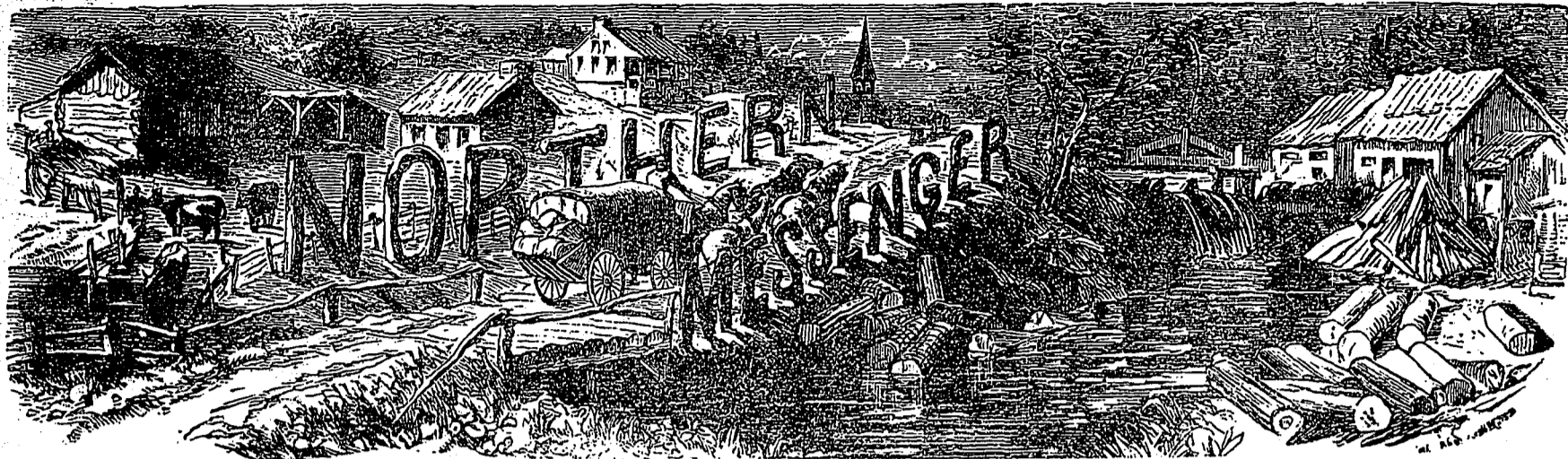
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DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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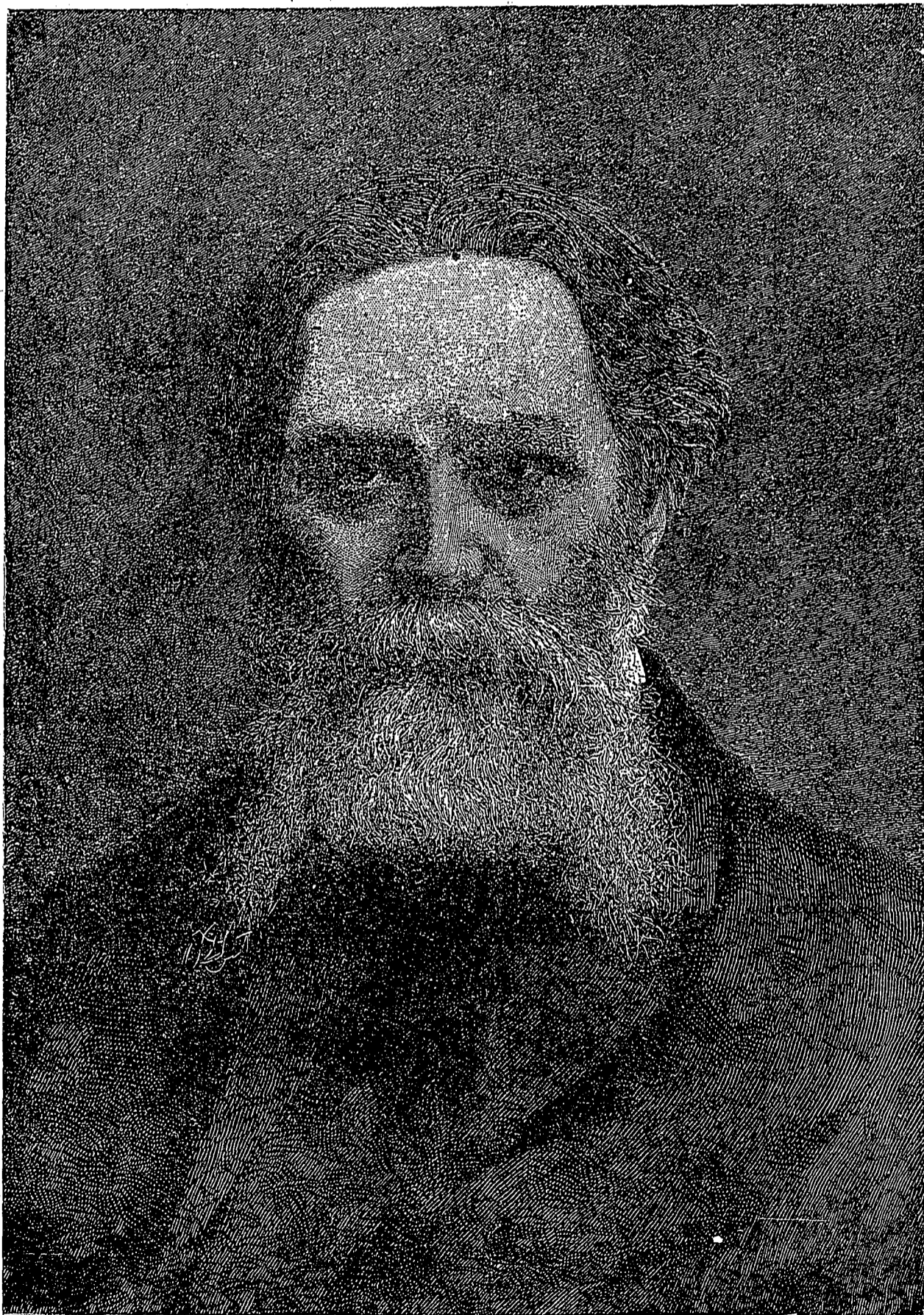
MONTREAL & NEW YORK, OCTOBER 30, 1891.

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JAMES RUSSEL LOWELL.

Of all the tributes that can be paid to a poet the highest, someone has said, is that he has revealed truth, and stirred many to noble action. Of all the poets of our time, none can be said to more truly deserve this tribute than James Russell Lowell. Mr. W. T. Stead, late of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and now of the *Review of Reviews*, tells how he was first roused from his dreams and inspired to begin practical work for his fellows by reading "The Parable" and "Extreme Unction." The words "What bonds of love and service bind this being to the world's sad heart?" he says, stung him like a spur. It has been stated on good authority that Mr. Gladstone's change of attitude on the question of Irish home rule, was in no small measure due to personal talks with Mr. Lowell, and Mr. Edmund Clarence Steadman is only one of scores of writers who speak with reverence of the kindly critic who was so ready with deserved praise, and so warm in his welcome to every young author with whom he came in contact. In giving a sketch of this beautiful life to our readers, we cannot do better than copy the tribute of George William Curtis, in *Harper's Weekly*.

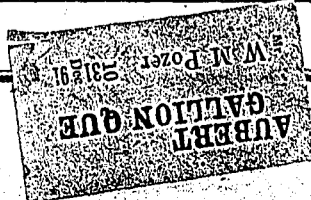
"The death of Mr. Lowell," he says, "is a grievous loss alike to his country and



JAMES RUSSEL LOWELL.

his friends. Poet, scholar, critic, and statesman, he leaves behind him no more admirable master in each department nor any more truly representative American citizen. His career was one of constant and well balanced progress, and his influence upon the literary taste and moral earnestness of the younger men of his time was most stimulating and beneficent. With Holmes and Whittier, he was the only survivor of the great morning of our literature. Irving was thirty-six years his senior; Bryant, twenty-five; Emerson, sixteen; Hawthorne, fifteen; and his friend and neighbor, Longfellow, twelve. Upon reaching his seventieth birthday, two years ago, Lowell was singularly vigorous, with the elasticity and spirit of fifty unabused years. But from the illness of a year later he never recovered. After a long absence in Europe as minister in Spain and England, and a subsequent residence in this country with his only child, a married daughter, he returned to his own house in Cambridge, only to die; and with him go a charming genius, a noble character, extraordinary literary acquirements, and a picturesque, brilliant, and delightful personality.

"Intellectually, Lowell was very remarkable. The quickness, grasp, and originality of his mind, his keen wit, his ex-



THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE BOY'S ROOM.

The boy's room was overlooked, and would perhaps have been forgotten had not a dear sister, who says her "girls are all boys," reminded me of it.

Make your boy's room as attractive as possible and allow him to enjoy it. If there are two or more boys, so much the better. You know, "what one doesn't think of another will." This may be applied to fixing up and gathering in as well as mischief.

How often do we hear, "Oh, they are so careless and leave their boots around so!" Has a place been provided for the boots or suggestions given for making one himself? Some boys are fond of delicate things; pretty fancy work, dainty draperies, etc., and take pride in keeping them nice if they are only fortunate enough to be trusted with them.

Mothers should study the tastes and talents of their boys just as closely as those of their girls. "A boy will be what he's born to be or he won't be at all." Lack of sympathy, smothering talent, is the secret to worthlessness. Above all, teach your boy to be neat, and there will be no need of anything being "good enough for his room, he will muss it up any way." If he is inclined to whittle, give him to understand that he must go to the shed, barn or back part of the yard and put all the shavings carefully into a box or basket to be used for kindling fires. If this is begun when he first arrives at the "whitting age," and kept up for awhile, it will soon be a matter of course, and there need be no further trouble about it.

Teach the boys the value of a collection of woods, and botanical and geological specimens. Get them interested in such things, as well as in good books, and when they grow up they will be proud of their collection and feel that they are too precious for money to buy. Cancelled stamps, postmarks, Indian relics, eggs, will soon become of great importance to the average boy. There is, however, a limit to even this and only a certain portion of his time, say one afternoon of each week, should be devoted to relic gathering.

Most boys may be taught to care for their room and clothes, if the right course is pursued. Always consult the boy when making any changes in his room and let him help you. The secret of keeping boys at home is in making the home so attractive that they will not find it more attractive elsewhere. A durable carpet or well-finished floor and bright rugs, bed, mirror, stand with drawers for his clothes, shoebox, some comfortable chairs, paper rack, and shelves for the display of his minerals, etc., are about the essentials in fitting up a boy's room. If he is small, let him hold the nails and hand the pieces as you fit the shoebox. If he is old enough, let him make it with your suggestions. It may be lined with bright oilcloth, and you may hint that you do not want to see the pretty lining spotted with mud, and the little shoes must be carefully cleaned before putting them into a box. The wood work may be painted some pretty color, suited to the position of the room. This, too, may be done by the boy, who will take pride in showing the work to his friends when all is in order.

Some time ago, a lady told me how she got her son to fix up his room. "After reading an article in the magazine regarding mothers inviting their little boys to 'run out and play'; then, when they were older, chiding them for not spending their evenings at home, the more I thought about it the more guilty I felt, and determined to devote the next few months entirely to my boy. I began by having him do some little errands for me, something that had never been trusted to him before; asking his opinion in small matters, in order to draw him out that I might more fully understand his tastes.

You cannot know the remorse I experienced when I came to feel I was not acquainted with my boy. He was shy and reticent and would look at me in wonderment, as if he could not understand the change. I remarked one day that I should like to fix up his room; but could not do so alone. He did not reply, so I said: "Don't you think you can help mamma fix it up?"

"Maybe I couldn't do it good enough," he said, looking wistfully at me. "I'd be more bother than I'd do good."

It was a bitter dose; I was paid in my own coin. "Oh, yes, you can," I said; "I can tell you how."

It was plain to see that he had not much interest in it at first, but soon grew enthusiastic after the work was fairly begun. I let him have his own way as much as possible, making suggestions and asking his opinion on many subjects, until he seemed to feel quite important. I praised his work all along as much as I could.

When the room was nearly complete, I asked him if there was anything in the other rooms that he would like to have. He hesitated, looked at me inquiringly and said: "If I might have the picture of the angels." I was very much surprised, as that was the last thing I had expected him to fancy. Nevertheless, up went the angels and a pretty throw across the corner of the frame.

He painted the shelves and the wood-work, a little cigar box for his marbles and one a little larger for his tools. I bought him three sets of cards: Geographical questions and answers, Bible questions, Authors and Quotations, and a little book on object and drawing in outline with blank pages for practice. Other things were added, little by little; books, pictures, etc. Two easels for photographs were made of knotty vines and wire, and other things added that I really did not think Harry cared for.

He was so proud of the room that he brought one after another to see it and was so encouraged by their praise that he did not let the dust accumulate on anything. I soon found I had overlooked one thing—a dustbag. I had not thought of putting such a thing in a boy's room until I inquired how his handkerchiefs became so badly soiled.

A friend came over one afternoon to chat over some buttonholes she was working, and said to me: "Did Harry fix up his room, do the painting and all?"

"Yes," I replied, "and I am sure he would not be ashamed for any one to see the job."

Willie said he did, but I thought he was just talking. Dear me! if he was of any account he might do so, too, but I know he would daub everything up, and make more cleaning and washing than all the good he'd do."

I knew Harry had overheard the dialogue and his little heart was beating with satisfaction. Give him a trial, mothers. Get acquainted with your sons. Boys have tastes, but few are given the opportunity of airing them. Use their favorite color as far as possible in their room. You can find in it cretonne, figured scrim, madras, chintz, etc., at reasonable figures.

It may be used for curtains, cushion and bed-spread. The madras is of course suitable for curtains, the other materials with sateen or cottage Swiss, if something a little more expensive is desired. A slipper case, book, chair-cushion, lamp mat or some such article may be given for a Christmas or birthday present.

Why need there be any difference between a boy's room and a girl's room? Boys like pretty things and appreciate comfort quite as well as girls, but are given less consideration.

In one house we once visited, the guest chamber was called "Mary's room." It was not nicely or tastefully furnished but there was quite an attempt at display.

This was "Mary's room" only when girl friends were there. The room where Mary slept was large and well lighted and comfortable but plain. The boy's room was simply a closet without a single window. The bedstead was a rickety affair and the covering bits of old blankets and the remnant of an old buffalo robe. It was not because the family could not have had better. If they had used their small income more judiciously, all might have been comfortable; but like many others who think they can fool other people, if they don't fool themselves, they spend their little on outside littles and go the way of the needy—go without.

"What is that peculiar noise?" asked a lady of an intimate friend she called upon.

"If you mean that tick, tack, tack," she replied, laughing, "it is Dick practising. He has taken quite a notion to be a telegraph operator."

"I hope you do not have to listen to that all day. I would not stand it, and as to having holes put through the wall and floor, I would not put up with it."

"Well," returned the hostess, "if a boy sets his head to anything, he's going to do it, and if I don't let Dick have an instrument in his room, he will loaf about the depot, and I won't have that."—*Alta L. Lyon-Irons in Household.*

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

The buckwheat has attained such renown that it is served in some restaurants abroad as a special delicacy. There have been several fancy brands of buckwheat offered for sale lately. The best buckwheat is the old-fashioned kind purchased pure and fresh from the mill in the fall. If you are getting a good flour of this kind, it is always better to buy enough in the fall to last all winter, and store in a dry, cold place. Do not be tempted into paying a special price for any fancy brands of this flour, as they are usually simply a good buckwheat flour adulterated for the sake of profit.

The best buckwheat cakes are made of four cups of buckwheat flour, one scant cup of yellow Indian meal, a tablespoonful of salt mixed up with three cups of hot water and one cup of cold milk, making the mixture about blood warm. Beat this batter vigorously and add a cup of liquid yeast or a yeast cake dissolved in a cup of lukewarm water. Buckwheat cakes, after the first rising, should be raised with some of the batter. For this purpose there should always be made at least a pint more than is used each time, and this should be set away in a cool place to serve as yeast for the next batch of cakes. These cakes raised with buckwheat batter will be better than the first raised with yeast. It is not necessary to make fresh batter raised with yeast, even when these cakes are served three times a week on the table, oftener than once a month. After the yeast is added to the batter beat it again thoroughly, and set it in a place where it will be kept at an equally warm temperature till morning. The best dish for making buckwheat cakes in is a large pail of earthenware with a spout, which is fitted with a tight tin cover over the top, and which has a bail to handle it with. The batter can be beaten thoroughly in this, and can then be covered up tight. The cakes are easily formed into perfect circles, as they should, by pouring the batter from the spout.

If there is the least danger that the temperature of the kitchen will become very cold before morning, wrap a heavy fold of newspapers or a blanket around the cake pail. In the morning have ready a heaping teaspoonful of the best baking soda, stir it into a cup of warm milk, and add this to the batter, and beat it well in; it will foam up like soda water. The batter should be baked as soon as possible after this. If the batter is not thin enough, add more milk. There are several kinds of griddles in use. A soapstone griddle, such as used commonly in New England, does not require greasing therefore there is no smoke or odor from cooking cakes on it; but the cakes are not as tender as when they are cooked on an iron griddle. The best iron griddles are now polished bright like a French frying pan, so they are easily cleansed, and do not become rough, and the cakes do not stick to them as they do to the old-fashioned iron ones.

If these directions are carefully followed, and the materials are good, this recipe cannot fail to give the most satisfactory results. No buckwheat cakes mixed with water, with molasses added to make them brown, are ever so good or brown so evenly as those which are mixed with part milk. It is a good plan to pour clear, cold water over the batter left for yeast, and turn it carefully off when the batter is wanted. This water absorbs acidity, it does not mix with the batter, and it keeps it sweet and sound beneath.

Next to a maple syrup a rich white syrup is best to use with these cakes. This syrup is quickly and easily made at home by adding a pint and a half of boiling water to five pounds of A sugar. Put the sugar and water in a graniteware saucepan without covering it; stir it till the sugar is well melted, then bring it for-

ward and let it boil for ten minutes; pour it into an earthen jar to set away, putting in a syrup-cup what is needed on the table at a meal. Maple sugar may be made into syrup in the same way.—*New York Tribune.*

RECIPES.

SWEET INDIAN BREAKFAST ROLLS.—Three-fourths cup of molasses, one cup sour milk, one and one-half cups flour, one cup Indian meal, one-half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon saleratus dissolved in one teaspoon cold water and well beaten in the last thing. This will make twelve rolls in a common cast-iron compartment pan, which must be heated and greased. Put a spoonful of the dough in each division, and then distribute the rest evenly. Bake twenty-five or thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

RICE GRIDDLE CAKES.—Cook the rice so soft it can be mashed until the grains are broken. To each cupful of mashed rice add two teaspoonfuls milk, two eggs, a teaspoonful salt, two teaspoonfuls baking powder and flour to make a thin batter.

RICE AND APPLE PUDDING.—Pick over and wash a teacup of rice. Steam it until tender, in two cups of cold water; spread it over a quart or three pints of good, ripe apples, quartered; pour over one or two cups of milk, if preferred, or omit the milk and add a little water to the apples. Half a cup of white sugar may be sprinkled over the apples, or sugar may be added at the table, if preferred. To an unperverted appetite this dish will be relished without the sugar, or, indeed, without the milk, if carefully baked and if rich apples are used.

COLD BOILED HAM.—Cold boiled ham is much more appetizing if treated in this way. Boil until within fifteen minutes of being done, then skin it and rub all over the fat and the cut end with brown sugar, into which you have put a few drops of vinegar, then stick cloves all over it and bake in the oven for fifteen minutes. Very good for a picnic.

PUZZLES NO. 20.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Is thy God... able to deliver thee?
Where is the lamb?
Shall I die for thirst?
Who hath believed our report?
How can we know the way?
What good shall my life do me?
Art thou that my lord Elijah?
Tell me, I pray thee, thy name?
Wherefore didst thou flee away secretly?

Tell now the names of each of those who ask these varied questions; 'tis an easy task. The words are so familiar to the ear that, one by one, the speaker's names appear. Collect initials now, and re-arrange in order now, and all their places change, until they spell a sad inquiry, made On that dark night which saw our Lord betrayed.

CHARADE.

One manhood, last and vigorous
Should be this house of clay;
Only can man by being thus
Live well his little day.

We look for age to be entire,
With slow and feeble gait;
'Tis nature's law, when youthful fire
And vigor does abate.

Disease and accident may cause
E'en you to be entire;
But if the heart keep righteous laws,
There are states far more dire.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. A vowel. 2. A preposition. 3. A drunkard. 4. A multitude. 5. A fish resembling the trout. 6. One of the Gorgons. 7. Large wasps. 8. Abridges.

ENIGMA.

We had rambled far into a forest,
Where we sat on a prostrate tree,
It was there we encountered a tourist,
And an active sightseer was he:
Though the soil was the roughest and poorest
Every inch he seemed anxious to see.

We found he had been a restorer,
Of ruins from rubbish and sand.
He has skill as a miner and borer,
With implements ever at hand;
And this patient, painstaking explorer,
Soon makes a survey of the land.

Some say he is gathering plunder,
Which he is carefully storing away,
In caverns unseen, that are under
The roof where he chooses to stay;
And not in the least should I wonder
If true every word that they say.

His kin has been famous for ages,
As teachers and models for men,
Their wisdom was known to the sages,
Who have left us the gifts of their pen;
And a proverb he makes for their pages,
That is copied again and again.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 19.

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE.—Praise.—Ps. 1:23.

P harah Exodus ix. 27.
R uth Ruth ii. 13, 17, 18.
A bsalom 2 Sam. xv. 4, 10, 53.
I srael Gen. xlv. 28; xxvii. 24; xxviii. 5; xxxvii. 32, 33; xliii. 11-14.
S olomon 1 Kings i. 52.
E liezer Gen. xxiv. 10, 33, 53.

A CHAPTER OF SCRIPTURE.—Gen. xiii.—(1) Gen. xiii. 1; (2) Sodom, Gen. xiii. 12; (3) Jordan, xiii. 10; Matt. iii. 5, etc.; (4) Gen. xiii. 8, 9; (5) Bethel, Gen. xiii. 3; (6) Gen. xiii. 4; (7) Gen. xiii. 2, 8, 9; (8) Gen. xiii. 6, 7; xxvi. 20; xxxvi. 7; (9) Gen. xiii. 13; Ezekiel xvi. 49; (10) Gen. xiii. 11-13, xix. 23-26; 2 Pet. ii. 7, 8; (11) Gen. xiii. 14-18; 2 Sam. xv. 9, 10; (12) Abram, Lot, Egypt, Bethel, Hui, Plain of Jordan, Sodom, Gomorrah, Zoar, Canaan, Plain of Mamre and Hebron.

ONE VOWEL SQUARE.—

O R T S
R O O T
T O D O
S T O P



The Family Circle.

SO GOES THE WORLD.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For this sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
It has troubles enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air!
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go.
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all;
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by;
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train;
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

CAPTAIN JANUARY.

(By Laura E. Richards.)

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

"I don't think, Grumio, that you ought to call me lambs and pigeon pies just now," remarked the Princess, judiciously. "Do you think it's respectful? they don't in Shakespeare, I'm sure."

"I won't do it again, Honey—I mean Madam," said the Captain, bowing with great humility. "I beg your honorable majesty's pardon, and I won't never presume to—"

"Yes, you will!" cried the Princess, flinging herself across the table at him, and nearly choking him with the sudden violence of her embrace. "You shall call me pigeon pie, and anything else you like. You shall call me rye porridge, though I hate it, and it's always full of lumps. And don't ever look that way again; it kills me!"

The Captain quietly removed the clinging arms, and kissed them, and sat the half-weeping child back in her place. "There, there, there!" he said soothingly. "What a little tempest it is!"

"Say 'delicate Ariel,'" sobbed Star. "You haven't said it to-day, and you always say it when you love me."

"Cream Cheese from the dairy of Heaven," replied the Captain; "if I always said it when I loved you, I should be saying it every minute of time, as well you know. But you are my delicate Ariel, so you are, and there ain't nothin' in the hull book as suits you better. So!" and his supper ended, the good man turned his chair again to the fire, and took the child, once more smiling, upon his knee.

"And now, Ariel, what have you been doin' all the time I was away? Tell Daddy all about it."

Star pondered a moment, with her head on one side, and a finger hooked confidentially through the Captain's buttonhole. "Well," she said, "I've had a very interesting time, Daddy Captain. First I cleaned the lamps, of course, and filled and trimmed them. And then I played Samson a good while; and—"

"And how might you play Samson?" inquired the captain.

"With flies!" replied Star, promptly. "Heaps upon heaps, you know; 'With the jaw-bone of an ass have I slain a thousand men.' The flies were the Philistines, and I took a clam-shell for the jaw-bone; it did just as well. And I made a song out of it, to one of the tunes you whistle; 'With the jaw-bone! with the jaw-bone! with the jaw-bone of an ass!' It was very exciting."

"Must ha' been," said the Captain, dryly. "Well, Honeysuckle, what did you do then?"

"Oh, that took some time!" said the child. "And afterward I fished a little,

but I didn't catch anything, 'cept an old flounder, and he winked at me so, I put him back. And then I thought a long time—oh! a very long time, sitting like Patience on the doorstep. And suddenly, Daddy Captain, I thought about those boxes of clothes, and how you said they would be mine when I was big. And I measured myself against the doorpost, and found that I was very big. I thought I must be almost as big as you, but I s'pose I'd forgotten how big you were. So I went up, and opened one box, and I was just putting the dress on when you came in. You knew where it came from, of course, Daddy, the moment you saw it."

The Captain nodded gravely, and pulled his long moustache.

"Do you suppose my poor mamma wore it often?" the child went on eagerly. "Do you think she looked like me when she wore it? Do I look as she did when you saw her?"

"Wal," began the Captain, meditatively; but Star ran on without waiting for an answer.

"Of course, though, she looked very different, because she was dead. You are quite very positively sure my poor mamma was dead, Daddy Captain?"

"She were," replied the Captain, with emphasis. "She were that, Pigeon Pie! You couldn't find nobody deader, not if you'd sarched for a week. Why, door nails, and Julius Caesar, and things o' that description, would ha' been lively compared with your poor ma when I see her. Lively! that's what they'd ha' been."

The child nodded with an air of familiar interest, wholly untinted with sadness. "I think," she said, laying her head against the old man's shoulder, and curling one arm about his neck, "I think I should like to hear about it again, please, Daddy. It's a long, long time since you told me the whole of it."

"Much as a month, I should think it must be," assented the Captain. "Why, Snowdrop, you know the story by heart, better'n I do, I believe. 'Pears to me I've told it reg'lar, once a month or so, ever since you were old enough to understand it."

"Never mind!" said the Princess, with an imperious gesture. "That makes no difference. I want it now!"

"Wal, wal!" said the Captain, smoothing back the golden hair. "If you want it, why of course you must have it, Blossom! But first I must light up, ye know. One star inside the old house, and the other atop of it; that's what makes Light Island the lightest spot in the natural world. Sit ye here, Star Bright, and play princess till Daddy comes back!"

CHAPTER II.—THE STORY.

The lamps were lighted, and the long, level rays flashed their golden warning over the murmuring darkness of the summer sea, giving cheer to many hearts on in-bound barque or schooner. Bright indeed was the star on the top of the old light-house; but no less radiant was the face of little Star, as she turned it eagerly toward Captain January, and waited for the beginning of the well-known and well-loved story.

"Wal," said the Captain, when his pipe was refilled and drawing bravely. "Let me see now! where shall I begin?"

"At the beginning!" said Star, promptly. "Jes' so!" assented the old man. "Ten year ago this—"

"No! No!" cried the child. "That isn't the beginning, Daddy! That's almost half-way to the middle. 'When I was a young lad.' That's the beginning."

"Bound to have it all, are ye, Honeysuckle?" said the obedient Captain. "Wal! wal! when I were a young lad, I was a wild un, ye see, Treasure. My father, he 'prenticed me to a blacksmith, being big and strong for my years; but I hadn't no heart for the work. All I cared about was the sea, and boats, and sailors, and sea talk. I ran away down to the wharf whenever I could get a chance, and left my work. Why, even when I went to meetin' 'stead o' listenin' to the minister, I was lookin' out the places about them as go down to the sea in ships, ye know, and 'that leviathan whom thou hast made,' and all that. And there was Hiram, King of Tyre, and his ships! How I used to think about them ships, and wonder how they was rigged, and how many tons they

were, and all about it. Yes; I was a wild un, and no mistake; and after a while I got so roused up—after my mother died, it was, and my father married again—that I just run away, and shipped aboard of a whaler, bound for the north seas. Wal, Honey, 'twould take me a week to tell ye about all my voyages. Long and short of it, 'twas the life I was meant for, and I done well in it. Had tumbles and toss-ups, here and there, same as everybody has in any kind o' life; but I done well, and by the time I was forty years old I was captain of the "Bonito," East Indian, sailin' from New York to Calcutta."

The Captain paused, and puffed gravely at his pipe for a few minutes.

"Well, Rosebud," he continued presently, "you know what comes next. The "Bonito" was cast away, in a cyclone, on a desert island, and all hands lost, except me and one other."

"Dear Daddy! poor Daddy!" cried the child, putting her little hands up to the weather-beaten face, and drawing it down to hers. "Don't talk about that dreadful part. Go on to the next!"

"No, I won't talk about it, Star Bright!" said the old man, very gravely. "Fust place I can't, and second place it ain't fit for little maids to hear of. But I lived on that island fifteen years,—five years with my good mate Job Hotham, and ten years alone, after Job died. When a ship kem by, after that, and took me off, I'd forgot most everything, and was partly like the beasts that perish; but it kem back to me. Slow, like, and by fits, as you may say; but it kem back, all there was before, and maybe a good bit more!"

"Poor Daddy!" murmured the child again, pressing her soft cheek against the white beard. "It's all over now! Don't think of it! I am here, Daddy, loving you; loving you all to pieces, you know!"

The old man was silent for a few minutes, caressing the little white hands which lay like twin snowflakes in his broad, brown palm. Then he resumed cheerfully:—

"And so, Cream Cheese from the dairy of Heaven, I kem home. Your old Daddy kem home, and landed on the same wharf he'd sailed from twenty-five years before. Not direct, you understand, but takin' steamer from New York, and so on! Wal, there wa'n't nobody that knew me, or cared for me. Father was dead, and his wife; and their children, as weren't born when I sailed from home, were growed up and gone away. No, there wa'n't nobody, Wal, I tried for a spell to settle down and live like other folks, but 'twan't no use. I wasn't used to the life, and I couldn't stand it. For ten years I hadn't heard the sound of a human voice, and now they was buzz, buzzin' all the time; it seemed as if there was a swarm of wasps round my ears the everlastin' day. Buzz! buzz! and then clack! clack! like an everlastin' mill-clapper; and folks starin' at my brown face and white hair, and askin' me foolish questions. I couldn't stand it, that was all. I heard that a light-keeper was wanted here, and I asked for the place, and got it. And that's all of the fust part, Peach Blossom."

And the child drew a long breath, and her face glowed with eager anticipation. "And now, Daddy Captain," she said, "now you may say, 'Ten years ago this fall!'"

"Ten years ago this fall," said the Captain, meekly acquiescing, "on the fourteenth day of September, as ever was, I looks out from the tower, bein' a-fillin' of the lamps, and says I, 'There's a storm comin'!' So I made all taut above and below, and fastened the door, and took my glass and went out on the rocks, to see how things looked. Wal, they looked pooty bad. There had been a heavy sea on for a couple o' days, and the clouds that was comin' up didn't look as if they was goin' to smooth it down any. There was a kind o' brassy look over everythin', and when the wind began to rise, it wa'n't with no nat'ral sound, but a kind of screech to it, on'arthy like. Wal, thar! the wind did rise, and it riz to stay. In half an hour it was blowin' half a gale; in an hour it blew a gale, and as tough a one (barrin' cyclones) as ever I see. 'T had like to ha' blown me off my pins, half a dozen times. Then nat'rally the sea kem up; and 'twas all creation on them rocks, now I tell ye. 'The sea mountin' to the welkin's choek'; ye remember, Pigeon Pie?"

The child nodded eagerly. "Tempest!" she said, Act I, Scene 2: "Enter Prosper! and Miranda." Go on, Daddy!"

"Wal, my Lily Flower," continued the old man. "And the storm went on. It roared, it bellowed, and it screeched; it thumped and it kerwhalloped. The great sea would come bunt up agin the rocks, as if they was bound to go right through to Jersey City, which they used to say was the end of the world. Then they'd go scoopin' back, as if they was callin' all their friends and neighbors to help; and then, bang! they'd come at it agin. The spray was flyin' in great white sheets, and whiles, it seemed as the hull island was goin' to be swallowed up then and thar. 'Taint nothin' but a little heap o' rocks, anyhow, to face the hull Atlantic Ocean gone mad; and on that heap o' rocks was Januarius Judkins, holdin' on for dear life, and feelin' like a hoppergrass that had got lost in Niag'ry Falls."

"Don't say that name, Daddy!" interrupted the child. "You know I don't like it. Say 'Captain January!'"

"I tell ye, Honeysuckle," said the old man. "I felt more like a sea-cook than a cap'n that night. A cap'n on a quarter deck's a good thing; but a cap'n on a pint o' rock, out to sea in a north-east gale, might just as well be a fo'c'sle hand and done with it. Wal, as I was holding on thar, I seed a flash to windward, as wasn't lightning; and the next minute kem a sound as wasn't thunder nor yet wind nor sea."

"The guns! the guns!" cried the child, in great excitement. "The guns of my poor mamma's ship. And then you heard them again, Daddy?"

"Then I heard them agin!" the old man assented. "And agin! a flash, and a boom!" and then in a minute agin, a flash and a boom! "Oh, Lord!" says I. "Take her by to the mainland, and put her ashore there!" I says; cause there's a life-saving station thar, ye know, Blossom, and there might be some chance for them as were in her. But the Lord had his views, my dear, the Lord had his views! Amen! so be it! In another minute there kem a break in the clouds, and thar she was, comin' full head on, straight for Light Island. Oh! my little Star, that was an awful thing to see. And I couldn't do nothin', you understand. Not a livin' airthly thing could I do, 'cept hide my face agin the rock I was clingin' to, and say, 'Dear Lord, take 'em easy! It's thy will as they should be took,' I says, 'and there ain't no one to hender, if so be as they could. But take 'em easy, good Lord, an' take 'em suddin!'"

"And he did!" cried the child. "The good Lord did take 'em sudden, didn't he, Daddy Captain?"

"He did, my child!" said the old man, solemnly. "They was all home, them that was goin', in ten minutes from the time I saw the ship. You know the Roarin' Bull, as sticks his horns out o' water just to windward of us? the cruellest rock on the coast, he is, and the treacherousest; and the ship struck him full and fair on the starboard quarter, and in ten minutes she was kindlin' wood, as ye may say. The Lord rest their souls as went down in her! Amen!"

"Amen!" said little Star, softly. But she added in an eager tone, "And now, Daddy, you are coming to me!"

(To be Continued.)

HOW TO MAKE LIFE HAPPY.

Take time; it is no use to fumble or fret or do as the angry housekeeper who has got hold of the wrong key, and pushes, shakes and rattles it about the lock until both are broken and the door is still unopened.

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures.

Try to regard present vexations as you will regard them in a month hence.

Since we cannot get what we like, let us like what we can get.

It is not riches, it is not poverty, it is human nature that is the trouble.

The world is like a looking-glass. Laugh at it and it laughs back; frown at it and it frowns back.

Angry thoughts canker the mind and dispose it to the worst temper in the world—that of fixed malice and revenge. It is while in this temper that most men become criminals.—Selected.

IN A MISSIONARY HOSPITAL.

Dr. Neve, one of the physicians in charge of the Church Missionary Society's hospital in Kashmir, sends to the *Gleaner* some very interesting jottings from his notebook concerning his daily routine of work. One day, he writes, I was seated in the hospital consulting-room, engaged as usual in seeing the out-patients, when I marched a funny little object. It was a little six year old girl, with unkempt hair, one ragged and scanty garment, and a sharp intelligent face. There was no one with her, and the most careful inquiry failed to elicit any information about her home or parents. When asked, "where do you come from?" she pointed west. Interrogated further she stated that she had slept on the roadside the previous night. About her origin we could, however, ascertain nothing. Like Topsy she appeared to have "grewed."

That the Mission Hospital was the best place to which she could have come was quite certain. For she was suffering from a terrible deformity, which quite marred her beauty; her head was bound down to the left side by an enormous scar, resulting from a previous burn, so that the cheek was almost in contact with the tip of the shoulder, to which it was firmly attached.

How this forlorn little maiden happened to stray into our consulting-room—whether it was her own idea, or whether she had been directed to us—we never found out.

We at once admitted her, and in the course of a day or two an extensive surgical operation was performed. As the result of this, her condition became greatly improved, and after careful attention, in the course of two or three months it was evident that, although her head was curiously tilted to one side, the original deformity was largely removed. And what was to be done now? Were we to turn out the poor little vessel to take its chance amongst all the brazen and the iron and the earthenware pots which are floating down the current of life? If so, what about the shallows and the rapids and the falls? No, we felt that she was sent to us to be cared for, and so with the aid of kind friends we sent little X—to the Christian boarding school at Z—, where we know that she will be brought under good and holy influences, and where we hope and pray that she may grow up to be a Christian not only in name, but in word and deed.

"NOLENS VOLENS."

Medical responsibility seldom extends so far as amputating the limb of a patient, against his own and his friend's wishes. Yet I have to confess to such a deed. Nothing else could apparently save his life. He himself was too young to understand, and his father was in his dotage. Poor boy! the coup was promptly effected without any suspicions of what was intended. The turmoil, the shrieks and invectives of Mahamdh's father and mother, when they discovered that the thigh had been amputated, were awful to hear. Their curses made the stoutest of our assistants quail. Such a thing had never before been done in the hospital.

Three weeks passed—the first few days were anxious ones for me, the perpetrator; but at the end of that time he was sitting up and gaining strength. Whenever we went into the ward, blessings greeted us; the old man solemnly taking off his turban prayed to God for us, and to Jesus Christ to save us. The poor old man's infirmity and poverty, the lad's inability to work, often called up their tears, but these again yielded to their praises. A year has passed.

We called recently at their poor cottage a few miles from here; and where did one ever get a warmer welcome! "Holy Jesus give thee honor" was their exclamation. A number of their neighbors crowded in to see us. They are very poor. The lad quite weak for want of nourishment. We hoped he would have come to us for a time to be properly fed, and to learn more of the Word of Life, but the Mohammedan neighbors interfered to prevent it.

"BLESSINGS ON YOU!"

One of the pleasures of going out into the district is the meeting of old patients. It is rare for us to camp for a day or two at a village without meeting several such. They can usually be promptly recognized by the friendly manner with which they hasten to greet us. An elderly man comes forward, smiling all over his face.

"Salaam, Sahib," he says: "don't you remember me?" "Yes; I remember your face. You were in our hospital." "I was, Sahib. Don't you remember my little girl, Zih! I brought her in with a bad arm and you cured her." "Of course, now I know; you are Zih's father. Where is she? Is she all right now?" "Yes, Sahib, thank God and you! I will bring her along to-morrow. Blessings on you! God give you a long life." On the morrow he appears, bringing little Zih (from whose arm some dead bone had been removed six months ago), looking bright and happy, with her wound quite healed and her arm strong. Then they produce a basket of eggs and apples, and after a little chat, in which I learn that they have not forgotten all which they heard in the hospital, they take their leave, after pronouncing a choice assortment of benedictions on my head.

INGRATITUDE.

Gratitude is not usually a very strong

pressed and down-trodden and miserable, that, having found a haven of rest in the hospital, they resent bitterly any attempt to discharge when cured.

A CONTRAST.

Some patients, however, are genuinely grateful. Rabiina was an old man who came in from the country. Like most of the villagers, he was more simple-minded than the townfolk. After an operation had been performed on his eye for cancer, he was for some time an inmate of our wards. He always took the greatest interest in the Scripture teaching. Not infrequently, when I was reading a chapter, I handed him another copy of the Testament, so that he was able to follow. If there was any point which the others could not understand, he often would assist in explaining. Sometimes, indeed, he was almost too zealous to help, and would make a little excursus on his own account. But even then his remarks were usually to

dinners, breakfasts, balls, theatre parties. Harry was a favorite in society.

Somehow, to-day, these things bored him. It suddenly flashed on him that his life was poor, and filled with trifles.

"There is some stuff in me fit for better work than this!" he thought, as he stood in the hall, hesitating.

There was a picture by Corot in the drawing-room. He looked at it.

"If I could paint something that would last, or write a book! Something that would give thousands of people comfort and happiness when I am gone!" he thought.

On the other wall was a copy of Vibert's picture of the returned missionary priest, showing to his superior his scars given by the savages. Harry's blood warmed. "I, too, could sacrifice myself for a great cause," he said. "But what cause do I care for? There is not a single great purpose or meaning in my life."

He looked out at the sunny street, down which the people were hastening to church. He grew grave and thoughtful. He remembered how, when he was a little fellow, his mother took him to church. Her religion had been her life. She had died when he was still a boy.

"Is her faith what I need?" his soul asked, groping in the darkness for something live and real.

His sister was a professedly religious girl. She was very active in church work. But he had never spoken to her of her religion. She was coming now, on her way to church.

She came down the stairs buttoning her glove. Something in her brother's face startled her. Could Harry be unhappy? If they were more intimate she would ask him what troubled him. She hesitated, and he came quickly up to her.

"Going to church, Alice?"

"Yes, of course."

"It—counts for a good deal to you, eh? Church, I mean. It is a help—a—kind of life, I suppose?"

"There is not much help in Doctor Ray's sermons," she said. "He has no ability. And the soprano has a wretched voice."

He walked with her out of the door. There was a hunger in his soul that must be stayed. Even her jesting tone did not drive him back.

"She has the secret. My mother had it. I might learn it. There, perhaps,—in the hymns or prayers—somewhere."

But Alice joked about the hats and gowns of the women they passed. "If you will come to church you will see such guys!" she exclaimed. "It is a perfect study on costume."

"Thank you. I will not go."

He left her at the corner and sauntered down to the club. That night when they met at dinner he was his usual gay self.

"Are you quite well, Harry?" she asked. "I thought you looked pale and troubled this morning."

"I fell into an anxious mood, and was inclined to take life seriously," he said, somewhat bitterly. "But nobody else does it, and why should I?"

"Your trouble is gone, then?"

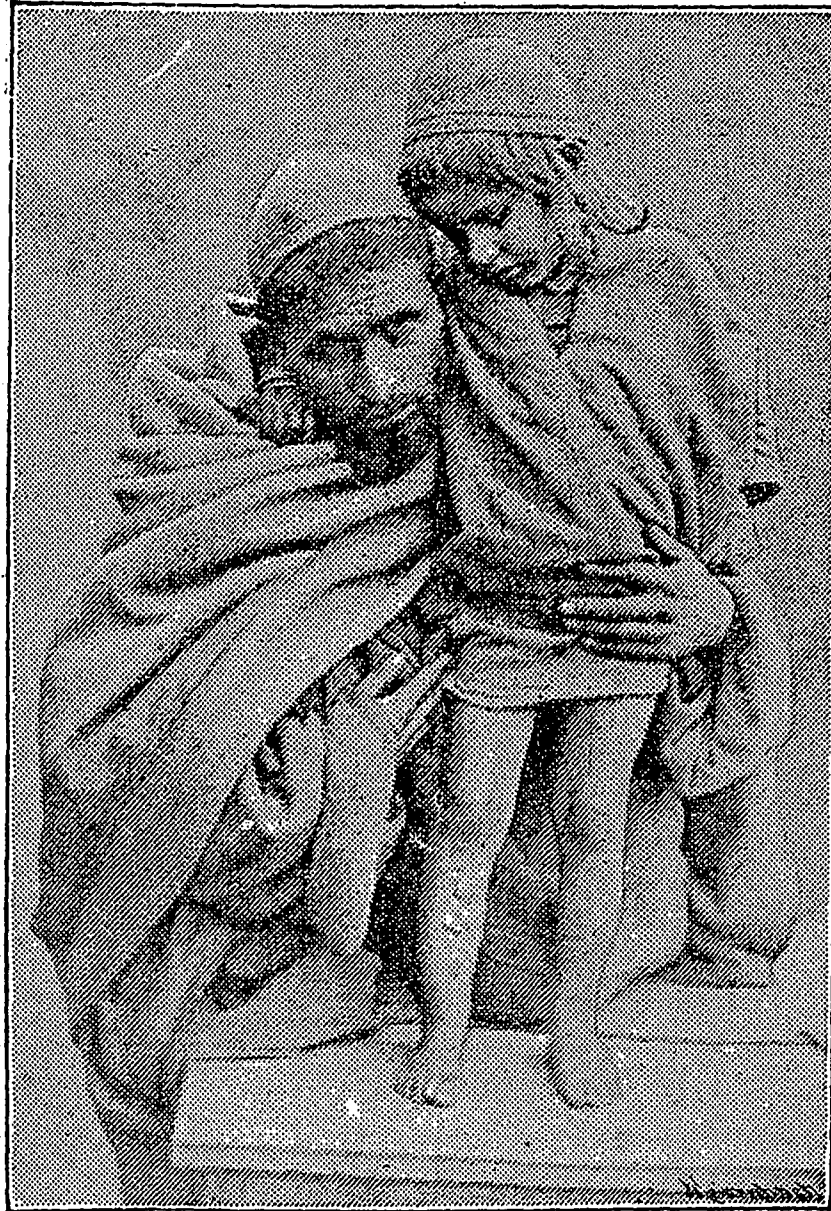
"Oh, quite gone!" he said.

She was silent, for in spite of his light tone she felt that he blamed her. What had she done?

She puzzled about it during dinner, but soon afterwards forgot it. Harry and she journeyed side by side through life for years. But between them there was a great gulf, and she never tried to cross it. She had lost her opportunity.—*Youth's Companion*.

DR. PARKES once took three soldiers and made them march twenty miles a day, loaded with guns, pouch, knapsack, etc., for six days. They had the same food on each day, but on two days he gave them brandy and water, on two other days coffee, and on the other two, weak beef-tea to drink. All three said that brandy revived them for a time, but they were more tired after they had taken coffee or beef-tea.

IF ONE PERSON cheats another out of a single cent, the one who is cheated has "the best of the bargain." True the other has the copper, but it is what the Scotch might call an "uncanny" copper. It is the sign of sin and guilt. Its possession does the thief more harm by far than he would suffer by dressing in rags and living on bread and water.



MEHRI AND HER FATHER.

element in the Kashmiri character; the want of it is apt to be rather conspicuous, and although occasionally disagreeable in its manifestations, sometimes it is amusing and sometimes pathetic.

An example of a rather gross case of ingratitude was a tailor who was brought in with a most dangerous complaint of some days' standing, which threatened to become rapidly fatal (strangulated hernia). After operation he made an uninterrupted recovery. But he was a man who loved a grievance; so, instead of rejoicing that he had been snatched from the jaws of death, he made great complaints about being kept in the hospital ten days, instead of being allowed to go home at once.

More amusing are those cases in which, after recovery from disease, a patient is displeased because you refuse to give him money, as in the case of an old man, blind in both eyes with cataract. After his sight had been restored, his dissatisfaction at not being subsidized quite swallowed up his gratitude for recovery of vision.

The pathetic cases of ingratitude are those in which the poor people are so op-

pressed and based on the passage under consideration.

MEHRI AND HER FATHER.

Mehri (pronounced almost like our "Mary") was a little Kashmir patient. She was such a sweet, pretty little thing, her father's pet, and a great favorite in the hospital. In the picture, which is reproduced from a photograph, we see her looking with pride at her legs, and no wonder, for this is the first time she has walked for three months.

SHE "DID IT NOT."

Harry Fawcett came out of the dining-room and lingered irresolutely in the hall. It was Sunday morning. He had breakfasted late, as usual, on that morning. On other days he was at his office before nine.

"A young lawyer," he said, "must look as if he had business, if he means to have any," and Harry, though a rich man, was ambitious to do good work in his profession.

He took out his note-book and glanced over his engagements for the day and week;



JIMMIE AND JOE.

BY HATTIE LUMMIS.

"Isn't it pretty?"

"Lovely! And it's so hard to decorate a church tastefully. I think Kitty's a regular artist."

"It does look nice," admitted Kitty, with a flush of gratified pride. She was the new chairman of the flower committee, and had set her heart on making a conspicuous success of the church decorations for this first concert. A pleased smile still lingered about her lips as she went to the back of the church, and from that post of observation surveyed the works of her hands, with her head on one side, like a meditative robin.

"Say, ma'am," said a voice at her side. Kitty turned and met the black eyes of a little boy, whose thin, expressive face she vaguely remembered having noticed in the Sunday-school. He held in his arms a tin can, containing an unthrifty, struggling geranium, its ungainliness crowned by a single blossom of faded pink. "Say, ma'am," repeated the boy, smiling shyly into Kitty's face, "I've brought you Jimmie."

"O, indeed," said Kitty, naturally looking about for a smaller child, whereupon the boy, perceiving her mistake, held out his plant, and with an air of making a formal introduction, announced, "This is Jimmie."

Kitty smiled in spite of herself. "That is Jimmie, is it? And who are you, please?"

"Me? O, I'm Joe," answered the boy, carelessly. "You see," he went on, lowering his voice, "the other Jimmie, that was my brother, died, and this one's named after him. See, he's got a blossom. I brought him for you to decorate with."

"Indeed!" said Kitty again. "Well, take it up front, and I'll see what I can do with it. O dear!" she added, as Joe promptly obeyed, "I didn't want any potted plants this time. They always look so stiff."

"Of course you needn't use it," said another of the girls, with sympathetic interest.

"Well, we'll see," said Kitty, uneasily. "Come, girls," she continued, rousing herself. "We mustn't stand and talk any longer, or we'll never get through."

The concert next evening proved a decided success, and the church decorations won even more approval. Kitty, as chairman of the flower committee, received many congratulations; but in the midst of her triumph a melancholy voice fell on her ear,—"Please, I don't see Jimmie anywhere."

"I'm afraid Jimmie was forgotten," said Kitty, with some embarrassment. "Look in the little back room, and I guess you'll find him there."

"Who is Jimmie, pray?" asked one of the gentlemen, curiously; and Kitty explained, wondering, as she did so, that she had not

noticed before how quaint and pathetic a story it really was. The young man beside her listened attentively. "Hath cast in more than they all," he said under his breath when she had finished.

Kitty flushed vividly. "Mr. Marshall, I know you think that I should have put that ugly geranium in front, and have spoiled everything."

"You don't admire my artistic taste, do you?" said the young man, smiling. "Why do you imagine that, Miss Kitty?"

"Because, well, because I wish myself that I'd used it," said Kitty, candidly.

She turned with an impulsive movement, and hurried after Joe. At the door of the anteroom she found him, leaning against the wall, and crying bitterly.

"They've killed him, ma'am," he sobbed. And, indeed, in the hurry and confusion the geranium had been overturned, and was broken off at the roots.

"Never mind. I'll get another flower for you," said Kitty, trying to soothe him, "something prettier."

Joe shook his head, uncomfited. "Another flower wouldn't be Jimmie. I loved Jimmie."

Kitty considered a moment. "See here, Joe. I think I can take a slip off this geranium that will grow nicely. And if it does, I will put it in a pretty red pot, and it will be Jimmie, just the same. Won't that be all right?"

"Yes'm," said Joe, smiling through his tears. "And do you s'pose it will really grow?"

"I'm sure of it," answered Kitty, heartily. "You may come to my house next week, and see how he's getting along." She picked up the broken geranium, and smiled a good-bye after Joe, who went away, wiping his eyes on his sleeve, and looking quite happy again.

In his new quarters Jimmie flourished amazingly. Joe made his appearance several times during the next few days, to inquire concerning his friend's welfare, and to remark approvingly that he seemed to be "enjoying himself first rate." Then several weeks passed, and though Jimmie was promoted to the dignity of a red flower-pot, and was given a position in the front parlor window, no Joe appeared to rejoice in his success.

"I see Jimmie is in blossom," said Kitty's sister Maud one morning at breakfast. "Wonder why your other protege doesn't make his appearance. Can he have forgotten his flower?"

"I hope he isn't sick," said Kitty, thoughtfully. "I must look him up, I guess." But in some unaccountable way the days slipped by, and she heard nothing of Joe, till one morning Nora made her appearance, announcing a woman at the door, who wanted to see Miss Kitty.

Kitty hurried into the hall. The thin, sallow woman at the door lifted a pair of black eyes that at once betrayed her rela-

tionship to Joe. "Excuse me, Miss," she said in evident embarrassment; "but my boy says you've got a plant you're keeping for him, and he's taken a notion he wants to see it. He's sick, and of all children to take ideas I never saw his beat."

"Is Joe sick?" asked Kitty, with ready sympathy. "I'm so sorry."

The woman turned away her head. "He's going like his brother," she said in a stifled voice. "He won't never be any better."

Kitty leaned forward, and took the work-worn hands in hers. "Come into the house and rest a little," she said. "I should like to go back with you."

Joe was lying in his little bed, his sunken eyes looking blacker and more brilliant than ever. He noticed Kitty without surprise, but at the sight of the geranium in her arms his face suddenly grew expressive. "Is that Jimmie?" he asked feebly.

Kitty smiled assent. "Yes, this is Jimmie. Hasn't he grown large and handsome?"

Joe nodded. "I s'pose," he went on, musingly, "that when people think we're dead, God only just puts us in a better flower-pot, and makes us grow and blossom so they'd hardly know us."

"O dear," said his mother, beginning to cry. "Did anybody ever hear such ideas?"

Joe stroked the green leaves thoughtfully, then raised his face to Kitty with a look of appeal. "Say," he whispered, "don't you think Jimmie's 'most pretty enough now to put in the church?"

"I'll put him in the church next Sunday, if you like," said Kitty, in a voice she vainly tried to render steady.

Joe smiled. There was a faint flush on his pale cheek.

"I mustn't tire you now, dear," she said, stooping to kiss him. "But I'll come again and see you to-morrow."

She came again in the morning with a basket of choice flowers. But upstairs, in his bed, little Joe lay very still, and in the white hands folded on his breast was a single cluster of pink geranium.—*Golden Rule.*

TRAIN THE SMILING MUSCLES.

The story of Nanny Falconer's experiences as told by Mrs. Clara Doty Bates in the July *Wide Awake* is an instructive lesson not only to young people but to many of the little girl's elders who have fallen into her bad habit of frowning. Though she had the advantage of beginning early to train the right muscles, much can be done in later years, by continual and conscientious effort, to remove these traces of worry and irritability which so disfigure the face. Here is the latter half of the story:

Her mother took Nanny's hand and led her to the mirror.

"Look in there, my child. What do you see?"

"I see your lovely face," sobbed Nanny. "First, dry your eyes. Now look at yourself. That is not an ugly face, even when it is wet with tears. Those lines are full of sweet temper. The laughing muscles are strong and flexible—you see they make dimples," as Nanny half smiled. "They like smiling best of anything. The shadow of crossness is all a bad habit. It is quite a new one too, Nanny, not settled and hopeless. . . . Here," pointing between the brows, "is the trouble. You use these muscles too much. You will soon have a mark there that will stay, I'm afraid."

"Yes, Don says it will surely freeze the first cold morning."

"Don't listen to the boys. Listen to me. We can make our faces, like our manners, largely what we like, as we can be rude and abrupt, or gentle and considerate, so we can be dark and forbidding in countenance, or open, fair and sweet. Keep the right face muscles in training and the mood will be pretty certain to follow their action."

Nan laughed merrily. "What do I know about muscles, Mamma? You are so scientific."

"What you do not know you can learn. A docile spirit need never show a sour face."

"Please tell me how. Often when Don and Rick call me cross, I don't feel so. I may be only thinking."

"Sit down. It has seemed to me that if

you would think to a little better purpose you might avoid being found so much fault with—as you call it."

"But isn't thinking of one's self vanity?"

"Not if you think with the hope of making yourself more lovable to those about you. To study to be pleasing is not vanity."

"But when I haven't thought of feeling hateful, why do I look so?"

"Because you are not on your guard. I have myself often got an unconscious look at myself in the glass and have seen looks of worry when I wasn't ill. Ah, these muscles you know so little about, Nanny—they are very ready tale-tellers."

"They are story-tellers, you mean. They tell what isn't so."

"They get into bad ways. And if you do not want them to make mischief you must educate them."

"But I might study physiology a year and yet look cross all the time."

"So you might if you didn't take the trouble to rule your face from within."

Nanny discerned her meaning. "I should be like an idiot if I always laughed," she said.

"Don't be perverse, daughter. You know very well what I mean. Try this rule for a week, and see what the result will be: Whenever you feel irritable, even in a slight degree, go to the glass and straighten every drawn line into repose. You need not laugh, nor even smile, but relax the tension of the worry and see to it that there is not one visible trace of it left. By that time your fret will have vanished."

Nanny tried the rule, with varying success, but with a general result of good. While she did it she never had reason to complain that people called her cross. In later years Nanny Falconer had a famous face. "You never have any trouble," some one said to her, even when she was passing through bitter waters, "you always look glad."

An old negro describing her called her, "The lady with the glory-to-God face." And everywhere she went the sunshine of happy looks was shed broadcast about her.

She herself told me this story, of how she came to realize that a pleasant countenance is largely a matter of will, and that worried looks, and cross and sad looks, are things of habit which can be educated away.

SIX RULES FOR BOYS.

This letter from Henry Ward Beecher to his son is declared, says a special to the *New York Tribune*, on good authority, never to have been published. It is reminiscent of the worldly good sense of the advice given to Laertes by Polonius, but it is also permeated by the leaven of Christian experience. The precepts in it are those which, if followed, would produce a good man as well as a gentleman:—

You are now for the first time really launched into life for yourself. You go from your father's house and from all family connections, to make your own way in the world. It is a good time to make a new start, to cast out faults of whose evil you have had an experience, and to take on habits the want of which you have found to be so damaging.

1. You must not go into debt. Avoid debt as you would the devil. Make it a fundamental rule: No debt! Cash or nothing.

2. Make few promises. Religiously observe even the smallest promise. A man who means to keep his promises cannot afford to make many.

3. Be scrupulously careful in all your statements. Accuracy and perfect frankness, no guess-work. Either nothing or accurate truth.

4. When working for others sink yourself out of sight; seek their interest. Make yourself necessary to those who employ you by industry, fidelity and scrupulous integrity. Selfishness is fatal.

5. Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody expects of you. Demand more of yourself than anybody else expects of you. Keep your personal standard high. Never excuse yourself to yourself. Never pity yourself. Be a hard master to yourself, but lenient to everybody else.

6. Concentrate your force on your own proper business; do not turn off. Be consistent, steadfast, persevering.

COBWEB CHAINS.

"What is all this about?" asked Mr. Patterson, stopping his march up and down the deck of the excursion steamer, and looking with grim face at the paper which his little grand-daughter held out to him. "A temperance pledge, eh? Upon my word, you are beginning early. And you want me to sign it? For what, pray?"



"I DO WISH YOU WOULD."

"Why, Grandfather, if you would Clyne says he would; he says a boy cannot be expected to sign what his Grandfather doesn't."

The corners of Grandfather Patterson's mouth drew down as though he was rather amused than otherwise with this statement, but he did not choose to let Elise see his smile.

"Good for Clyne!" he said grimly. "Why should you particularly want to get his name to this document? Do you consider him in special danger of being a drunkard?"

"Why, no, Grandfather; only of course everybody is in danger who drinks the least little bit."

"Indeed! there is just where I don't agree with you; and there is just where I object to your father's and mother's fanaticism. If they would confine their efforts to drunkards, and let respectable people who know how to behave themselves alone, I would not have a word to say."

"But, Grandfather," said little Elise shrewdly, "you do not think there would be any drunkards, do you, if everybody signed the pledge not to drink a drop?"

Grandfather Patterson laughed in spite of himself this time, and looked kindly down on the little girl. "You are a chip of the old block," he said; "take after your Grandmother. But I don't believe you will get Clyne to sign your straight-laced pledge; he is too fond of cider."

Elise looked very grave. "That is just the trouble," she said, in a low tone; "he says perhaps he might sign if it wasn't for that; he says he doesn't care about the cider so very much, only the boys would make such fun of him for not drinking it when he goes to Uncle Markham's. That was when he said he would sign the pledge if you would; he said he should like to see anybody make fun of you, and if he could say, 'Grandfather and I don't drink cider any more,' he would just as soon do it as not."

"Quite a compliment!" said Grandfather Patterson, stroking his bearded chin as he spoke. "I am inclined to think I would make the effort, tremendous as it is, if I saw an occasion; but since I have no special fears of Clyne's becoming a drunkard through the use of sweet cider, I must decline to lead off, even for the sake of such a loyal following. Run away now, and don't bother the gentlemen on board with your paper; they will be laughing at you the next thing, and you know you do not like to be laughed at any better than Clyne does."

Elise turned away with a sorrowful face; she had felt so hopeful of success, for as a rule her Grandfather did not like to deny her anything. Clyne's father was dead, and he and his mother lived with Grandfather Patterson; and Clyne had very different teaching from Elise, whose father was a temperance fanatic, Grandfather Patterson said, and had made another of his wife. Elise was a fanatic, too, if being very earnest and alert with her temperance pledge was a sign; but try as she would,

she could make no progress with Clyne. She tried it frequently during the years which followed, once very earnestly. It was after they had been separated for nearly two years, and had passed, Elise her thirteenth and Clyne his fifteenth birthday. Clyne was fond of his cousin; he thought her very pretty, and smarter than any of the girls in their set. "If she weren't such a dreadful little fanatic," he said to Grandfather Patterson; "she talks her temperance pledge yet, don't you think, as hard as ever! Carries her pledge book in her pocket, and makes herself a laughing stock by coaxing everybody to sign." She coaxed Clyne in vain.

"I do wish you would," she said, staying her pretty white fan, and looking earnestly into his merry blue eyes: "I know of two or three boys who I think would sign if you did; you are a leader in that set, and you ought to be careful."

"I am," said Clyne; "I never coax them to steal, or lie, or anything of that sort."

"Oh, Clyne! I do wish you would talk seriously about it; it seems so strange that a sensible boy like you cannot see the danger there is in playing with such an enemy! I am going to tell you just what I think; I believe you are a victim to your liking for the stuff! You used to be bound, when you were a little fellow, by the fear that the boys would laugh at you, and now you are bound because you like the taste of hard cider and home-made wines."

lity, and not be whining around in search of some one to influence him."

What was the use in talking to Clyne? His Grandfather upheld him, and his mother smiled at his bright replies, and told Elise she would have to sharpen up her wits if she was going to talk the temperance pledge into Clyne.

Elise went away again, and the years went on. Clyne was eighteen when she saw him next, and his poor mother knew, what Elise did not, that more than once during the holiday season he came in late with bloodshot eyes and stammering tongue; and once, O, that dreadful once, lay upon the floor, unable to move, unable to speak, and sank into a drunken sleep before her frightened eyes. Neither was that the last time, though Clyne meant it should be, and promised that it should be. "I can't help it, mother," he said, turning bleared eyes upon her, one dreadful morning when they talked it over. "I never meant to touch the stuff again, but I did. Elise was right; I am bound, and the chains are not made of cobweb, either. Grandfather need not talk about disinheriting me, it is his fault; I would have signed Elise's pledge when I was nine if he would have done so."

Elise is still trying; she talks to Clyne about One mighty to save him from himself, able to break the strongest chains and set him free; but he has gotten no farther than to say, "Elise, I would promise you now if I could keep my promise, but I am afraid I can't."—Pansy.



"WHAT IS ALL THIS ABOUT?"

Clyne laughed lightly. "Cobweb chains, my dear, croaking cousin; I could break them like that; if I choose," and he snapped an imaginary thread with his finger. "I remember how much afraid of a laugh I used to be when I was a little fellow, but I have gotten over that. I do like cider and wine; I see no reason to deny the taste. Grandfather has always had home-made wines, you know, and I have drunk them; why shouldn't I like them? Not that I am extravagantly fond of such things; I do not doubt but that I could break off the use of them if I chose; I should miss them, of course, so would you miss your cup of chocolate; but because a fellow is fond of a thing is no sign that he is in danger of making a beast of himself. There is where you blunder, Elise; you did when you were a little chicken; you don't give a person credit for common-sense and self-control."

"All people have not common-sense and self-control," said Elise earnestly. She foresaw that her handsome cousin had much too high an opinion of himself to make it worth her while to try to convince him that he did not know his own weaknesses, so she determined to try to win him for the sake of others. "You cannot deny that some boys go wrong, even from what you call small beginnings, and therefore you, if you are stronger, ought to throw your influence as a shield around those who are not."

"O, bother! I'm tired of all that kind of talk, Elise. I think it is weakening; I do, honestly. Let every fellow look out for himself, I say; learn to understand that he must stand on his own responsi-

SIXTEEN EXPLORERS HAVE
CROSSED THE DARK
CONTINENT.

Africa has been crossed by explorers sixteen times. The first journey was made in 1802-1811 by Honorato da Costa, a Portuguese. Francesco F. Coimbra went from Mozambique to Benguela in 1838-48, and Silva Porta from Benguela to the mouth of the Rovumay in 1853-56. Livingstone left San Paulo de Loando in 1854 and reached Quilmane in 1856. The fifth crossing was accomplished by Gerhard Rolf, who in 1865 and 1866 travelled from Tripoli to the Gulf of Guinea, near the mouth of the Niger. Lieut. Cameron, twenty years after Livingstone, did the sixth trip, between Bagamoyo and Benguela. Then came Stanley (1874-77), from Bagamoyo to the mouth of the Congo; Serpa Pinto (1877-79), from Bagamoyo to Port Natal; the Italians, Matteuci and Massari (1880-82), from Suakim to the mouth of the Niger. Between 1882 and 1884 Wissmann went from San Paulo de Loanda to Sadaani, on the Zanzibar coast, and Arnot, a Scotch missionary, went from Port Natal to Benguela. The twelfth crossing was made in 1884-85 by Capello and Ivans, Portuguese; the thirteenth in 1885-86 by the Swedish Lieutenant, Glerup, who passed but six months in reaching Bagamoyo from Stanley Falls, on the Lower Congo. The Austrian, Oscar Lenz, went from the mouth of the Congo to Quilmane in 1885-87. The fifteenth crossing was Stanley's last one. The sixteenth was done by the French Captain Trivier, who took two years to go from Angola to Mozambique. Besides these sixteen successful crossings, there are on

record many trips of exploration that were cut short on the Dark Continent by the tremendous natural difficulties. It is remarkable that in the last ten years more crossings have been made than in the preceding eighty, and that while long ago ten years were required for the undertaking, one year or even six months may now be sufficient.

THE SMALL AND THE GREAT.

One night a man took a little taper out of a drawer and lighted it, and began to ascend a long, winding stair.

"Where are you going?" said the little taper.

"Away high up," said the man, "higher than the top of the house where we sleep."

"And what are you going to do there?" said the little taper.

"I am going to show the ships out at sea where the harbor is," said the man. "For we stand here at the entrance to the harbor, and some ship far out on the stormy sea may be looking out for our light even now."

"Alas! no ship could ever see my light," said the little taper. "It is so very small."

"If your light is small," said the man, "keep it burning bright and leave the rest to me."

Well, when the man got up to the top of the lighthouse, for this was the lighthouse they were in, he took the little taper and with it lighted the great lamps that stood ready there with their polished reflectors behind them. And soon they were burning steady and clear, throwing a great, strong beam of light across the sea. By this time the lighthouse man had blown out the little taper and laid it aside. But it had done its work. Though its own light had been so small, it had been the means of kindling the light in the top of the lighthouse, and these were now shining brightly over the sea, so that ships far out knew by it where they were, and were guided safely into the harbor.

A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.

On a recent journey, I met in a railway coach a gentleman well-known in the church as a devout and liberal layman of the best type. Having a long distance to ride together, we fell into an interesting and somewhat confidential conversation concerning our personal experience in the Christian life. I became deeply interested in my friend's views and feelings as he modestly related them to me. At length, he took from his pocket a small book, and pointed to a record which some years previously he had made in the book. It was in substance as follows: "From this time forward, I solemnly purpose to serve God as a calling, and to do business to pay expenses." That record revealed the secret of my friend's rich religious experience, and of his exceptionally large contributions to Christ's church. He is still a comparatively young man, with a growing family; he is not wealthy, as rich men estimate wealth, but possesses a competency, as do thousands of others whose contributions are pitifully small. But he has learned the true philosophy of life, and so richly does it freight his life with blessing that no persuasion could induce him to abandon it. He does not intend ever to hold in his possession for personal uses any more wealth than he now has; henceforth his life is consecrated to the high service of the master, and all the proceeds of that consecrated life, save his current expenses, which are very moderate, are to be sacredly devoted to the Redeemer's kingdom.—C. H. Paney, D. D.; LL. D., in Western.



SANK INTO A DRUNKEN SLEEP.

WHEN IS THE TIME TO DIE?

I asked the glad and happy child, Whose hands were filled with flowers, Whose silvery laugh rang free and wild Among the vine-wreathed bowers; I crossed her sunny path and cried: "When is the time to die?" "Not yet! not yet!" the child replied, And swiftly bounded by.

I asked a maiden; back she threw The tresses of her hair; Grief's traces o'er her cheeks I know, Like pearls they glistened there; A flush passed o'er her lily brow; I heard her spirit sigh; "Not now," she cried, "O no! not now, Youth is no time to die!"

I asked a mother, as she pressed Her first born in her arms: As gently on her tender breast She hushed her babe's alarms; In quivering tones her answer came,— Her eyes were dim with tears; "My boy his mother's life must claim For many, many years."

I questioned one in manhood's prime, Of proud and fearless air; His brow was furrowed not by time, Nor dimmed by woe and care. In angry accents he replied, And flashed with scorn his eye; "Talk not to me of death," he cried, "For only age should die."

I questioned age; for him the tomb Had long been all prepared, But death, who withers youth and bloom This man of years had spared. Once more his nature's dying fire Flashed high, as thus he cried; "Life! only life is my desire;" Then gasped, and groaned, and died.

I asked a Christian; "Answer thou: When is the hour of death?" A holy calm was on his brow And peaceful was his breath; And sweetly o'er his features stole A smile, a light divine; He spake the language of his soul,— "My Master's time is mine."

—Old Poem.

PLEDGES AND SALOONS.

Thirty-five or forty years ago my father had a splendid Temperance Society. He conducted it upon Scriptural principles. The pledge was administered after Bible reading and prayer in every case, and frequently people signed upon their knees. In twelve months from its commencement 400 members were on the Society's roll. At that time he believed and often said, "The best way to close the public-houses is to preach the gospel and get all the people to abstain." Every effort was made by regular visiting and meetings to keep the society together. As soon as members broke the pledge they were induced to resign amid fervent prayer for grace to keep it. Things continued in this way for ten years. At the end of that time my father called his committee together for a special examination of the roll, and a special looking-up of members. The sad fact was revealed, that out of the 400 original members not ten were found true to their pledge. Upon close and careful enquiry the conviction was forced upon the committee that in almost every case the fall was traceable to the temptations of the public-house. Gospel preaching, prayer, visitation were all found to be powerless in face of these multitudinous traps of the devil. I will remember his coming home one evening, filled with sadness and despair. The fate of his lapsed members was a sore burden on his heart. I shall never forget the words he used, "I am sure," he said, "we have done our very best in every possible way to rescue and keep the people, and now I am as certain of one thing as I am of my existence that so long as the public sale of intoxicating drink is allowed in this manner by the Government, all the preaching and praying in the world won't save one in a thousand from drunkenness." These words astonished me, coming from one who had such faith in the word of God. But my subsequent experience has proved it entirely true. And I ask every Christian to-day whether with all the gospel preaching of the past 40 years the drunkards have been saved, and why not? Because the public-house still exists. How long are we blindly and stupidly to delude ourselves in this matter? As sure as we allow this overpowering temptation to continue

we shall, so far as the masses are concerned, preach and pray and work in vain. Drink will mock and thwart all our efforts, and though we may here and there save one, yet for each one saved a thousand will be doomed to a drunkard's hell.—Walter Bathgate, in The Sunbeam.

A DANGEROUS IDOL.

Daniel, a native of New Zealand, is only twenty, and his pretty little wife sixteen. He is a local preacher. There was a secret society which had great influence over the heathen. It had idols of its own, on which it was death for anyone to look who was uninitiated. The popular superstition was so strong on the subject that the members of the society, out of pure benevolence, kept these idols buried. But on one occasion rain had partially disturbed the soil, and a group of boys passing, of whom Daniel was one, perceived with horror that a portion of one of them was exposed. Under ordinary circumstances they would have hurried away from the fatal spot, but Daniel stopped them. "Boys," he said, "the missionaries say it is all nonsense about our dying because we look at those hideous old idols!—no one has ever tried—suppose we try! We'll dig this one up and look at it." It was a bold venture, but boys are the same all over the world—the spice of danger lent a charm to the enterprise. Quickly they set to work and unearthed the grim object of their terrors. Setting it up, they gazed boldly at it, and finding that nothing happened, they went in search for others. Soon the sacrilegious act was reported through the island, and, doubtless, mothers trembled and watched to see their children fade away, but as no evil consequences ensued, the idols fell into disrepute, and were soon abolished, and now the generation to which Daniel belongs, as well as many an aged cannibal, has seen by faith the unveiled face of the Incarnate God, and lives.

NOT A BAD MOTTO.

A gentleman who recently visited Mr. Edison's great laboratory, at Menlo Park, and whose son was about to enter upon business life, asked the Professor to give him a motto for his boy, so that he might remember it as a guide and stimulus in after life. Mr. Edison laughed a little at the novel request, and then said:—"Well, I'll give him this—tell him, never to look at the clock!" Which means this—that the man who succeeds to-day is not the man who does just what he has contracted to do and no more, but the man who throws his heart into his work, feels a genuine interest in it, and does not grumble if he has to work ten minutes after office hours.

"MESSENGER" BIBLE STUDENTS.

The publishers of the Northern Messenger are pleased to be able to announce to their young Bible students the results of the last Bible Competition.

THE SENIOR PRIZE.

Among the older students the first prize has been won by Miss Clara P. McEwan, Lakefield, Ont., and the second by Master Aubrey W. Fullerton, Round Hill, N.S.

SPECIAL MENTION.

The following deserve special mention either for neatness of papers or excellence of matter:—Margery Sorby, Ont.; Anna B. Christian, Ont.; Rebecca J. McDonald, Ont.; Lizzie Armstrong, Ont.; Daisy Hitchcock, Ont.; Maude G. Parry, Ont.; Jennie Grant, Ont.; Annie A. MacKay, Ont.; Jennie Follick, Ont.; M. E. Standen, Ont.; A. W. Maunder, Ont.; Charles H. Emerson, Ont.; Robert Cripps, Ont.; Sophia Hicks, Que.; Edith Baumgarten, Que.; Mabel Pridham, Que.; Eva Green, Mich.; Lillian Newton, Kansas.

OTHER SENIOR COMPETITORS.

Many of the following competitors are to be commended for good work done:—Mary Anderson, Ont.; Daisy B. Firby, Ont.; Virgil Burrill, Ont.; Lizzie H. Gingrich, Ont.; Maude Miller, Ont.; Mary Crow, Ont.; Jennie McKenzie, Ont.;

Sophia Boyle, Ont.; Grace Claypole, Ont.; Jane Greer, Ont.; Ernestine Bingham, Ont.; Linnie Therr, Ont.; Minnie A. Wilson, Ont.; Mabel Sprout, Ont.; Mary E. Parson, Ont.; Lily R. Ross, Ont.; John T. Rydall, Ont.; Arthur E. Young, Ont.; Andrew Stewart, Ont.

The following is the sketch winning the senior prize:—

JONATHAN AND DAVID.

"And the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul." This was the beginning of that friendship which almost all the world knows about and loves to read of, Jonathan, the prince, the heir to the throne of Israel, and David the shepherd lad, "the stripling," as he is called, from the little village of Bethlehem. He had been anointed God's chosen king by Samuel, had come to Saul's court, had won the admiration of the people by his slaying of the great Philistine giant, and then also had won Jonathan's heart, and they made covenant together, Jonathan giving up his clothing, his sword and his bow as pledge. King Saul's jealous temper was soon aroused against David, the song of the women after battle, "Saul has slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands," could not be tolerated, and in a fit of anger Saul threw his javelin at the young man and finally removed him from the court, making him captain over a thousand men. Through all this the loyal friend, Jonathan, remained constant and watchful.

David was thrown in the way of every danger, slaying two hundred Philistines that in payment he might receive the king's daughter as his wife, and as he overcame those dangers, one by one, Saul's jealousy burned fiercer than before, till at length he speaks to Jonathan and to all his household, that they kill David. What a mistake that was to take David's best friend in the kingdom into a plot to kill him. Jonathan sent him word to hide himself until he should make peace with his father. This he succeeded in doing for a time, but Saul's hostility could not be buried for long. Again, and for the last time, David fled from before him in the court, and Jonathan and his wife lovingly covered up his flight. Shortly after David met his friend and renewed his vows of friendship and determined on a sign to show whether he might return once more in safety or not, the sign to be in the words Jonathan should address to his armor-bearer after shooting three arrows near David's place of concealment. The sign on that day was the one which smote Jonathan's heart to give, a sign which separated the friends for almost the last time, and in the field when the little lad gathered up the arrows, the record says "he knew not anything," but they knew and they fell upon each other's necks and kissed each other and separated, the one to go to an enraged father, the other to take refuge with the Philistines. Once more they met during Saul's pursuit of David. Jonathan found one opportunity to comfort his dearly beloved friend. The meeting was in a wood, and there Jonathan showed his grand character in full light. "Fear not, thou shalt be king, and I shall be next unto thee," but the brave, magnanimous man, the example for all time to those who would make firm friends, fell in battle soon afterwards at Gilboa, and David's lament still echoes in our ears. "Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away." "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of battle, O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places!" CLARA P. McEWEN. Lakefield, Ont.

JUNIOR PRIZES.

The first junior prize has been won by Miss Edina A. Thornburn, Broadview, Assa., and the second by Miss Jennie C. Crozier, Grand Valley, Ont.

SPECIAL MENTION.

Special mention either for neatness, or excellence of matter must also be made of Sarah A. Lawrence, Ont.; Bessie Laing, Ont.; Maud M. Goodwin, Ont.; Mabel Brownell, Ont.; R. M. Millman, Ont.; John Cochrane, Ont.; Gertrude McClenaghan, Que.; Helena Fairbairn, Que.; Addie Bushby, Man.; Unity M. McGee, N.S.; Laurie Brown, Mich.

OTHER JUNIOR COMPETITORS.

The following are also deserving of commendation:—Jessie McDonald, Ont.; Jennie R. Sprout, Ont.; Louise Jones, Ont.; Florence McCormack, Ont.; Isabella McLeod, Ont.; Sarah A. Tracy, Ont.; Levia E. Tracy, Ont.; Eva Caldwell, Ont.; Tena Shelton, Ont.; Chilton Leek, Ont.; Willie Hiles, Ont.; W. G. Stevenson, Ont.; Arthur Brownell, Ont.; Donald Farquharson Stewart, Ont.; Henry Cullen, Ont.; Stewart Slater, Ont.; Asa Donor, Ont.; Alex. Y. Johnston, Ont.; Mabel Moeser, Que.; Mable F. Awde, Que.; Rosie Hicks, Que.; Ethel May Young, Que.; Fred. Moeser, Que.; Ruby S. Skaling, N.S.; Evelyn Fraser, Man.; Eva McFadden, Ill.; Emma Nelson, N. Y.; J. H. Bingham, Dt.; John Ivor Guyther, N. Dak.; Oliver M. Cunningham, Mo.; Alfred Davidge, Ont.; Alfred Harris, Ont.; Frank French, Ont.; Walter Gillanders, Que.; Mercy S. Mann, N.B.; Edwin Colpitts, N.B.; Annie Crawford, Man.; Annie R. Guyther, N. Dak.; John L. Perham, N. H.

The following is the junior prize sketch:—

STORY OF DAVID AND JONATHAN. This picture represents a scene in the life of David and Jonathan. They lived in the reign of Saul, the first king of Israel, who was Jonathan's father. David, who afterwards became the

second king of Israel, was the son of Jesse, a native of Bethlehem. The first word of their attachment for each other was after David had killed Goliath, the Philistine giant. Jonathan became so fond of David, that he stripped himself of his clothes and gave them to him, even to his sword and girdle.

Saul, who at first had been very friendly and had given David a position of trust in his army, now became so jealous, when he heard David's deeds of valor praised, that he twice threw a javelin at him. He was also afraid of him, because the Lord was with David, and was not with him, so he sent him away and made him captain over a thousand men. Another of Saul's plans to get rid of David, was by sending him to fight the Philistines, telling him he should have his daughter in marriage if he proved he had killed one hundred. Saul hoped that David would meet his death in this way. David fulfilled the conditions and became the king's son-in-law. Saul tried next to get his servants, and even Jonathan, to kill David, but though Jonathan knew that David would be king after Saul, he always warned him whenever his father had any new plan against his life, bidding him keep out of Saul's sight, and then pleading with Saul not to kill David who was innocent of any evil and who had also done so much for Israel, until Saul's heart was softened and he promised not to hurt David. After this David went back and lived in the king's house. But Saul again tried to kill him by sending messengers to take him in his own house. But Michal, David's wife, hearing of it, let him down out of the window and put an image in his bed. Then David went to Samuel the priest. Saul pursued him there, but the Spirit of the Lord came upon him and he did David no harm. After this David went to Jonathan and asked that he might hide till after the feast of the new moon. If Saul inquired why David was absent, Jonathan should answer that he had gone to keep the feast at his father's house. If this pleased Saul, David was safe, if it displeased him David must fly. He also renewed the covenant which they had made. But David's absence angered Saul and he tried to kill his son, so Jonathan knew David must not return. Next day the friend parted with many tears and did not meet again. Afterward when Saul and his sons were killed in battle, David grieved exceedingly for his friends, even of Saul, his enemy, he spoke no evil. David was also very kind to Mephibosheth, Jonathan's crippled son. EDINA A. THORNBURN, aged 12. Broadview, Assa.

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